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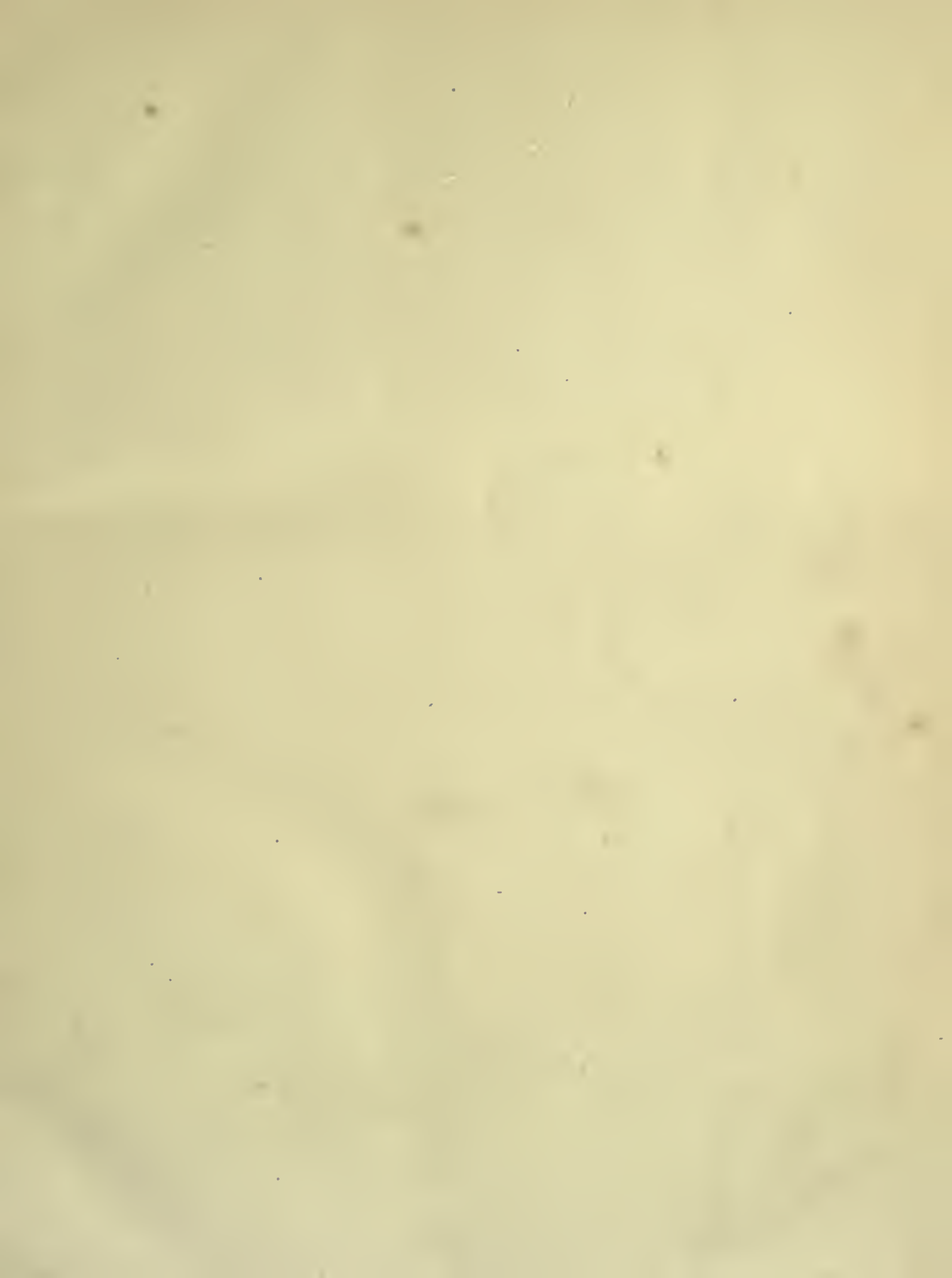
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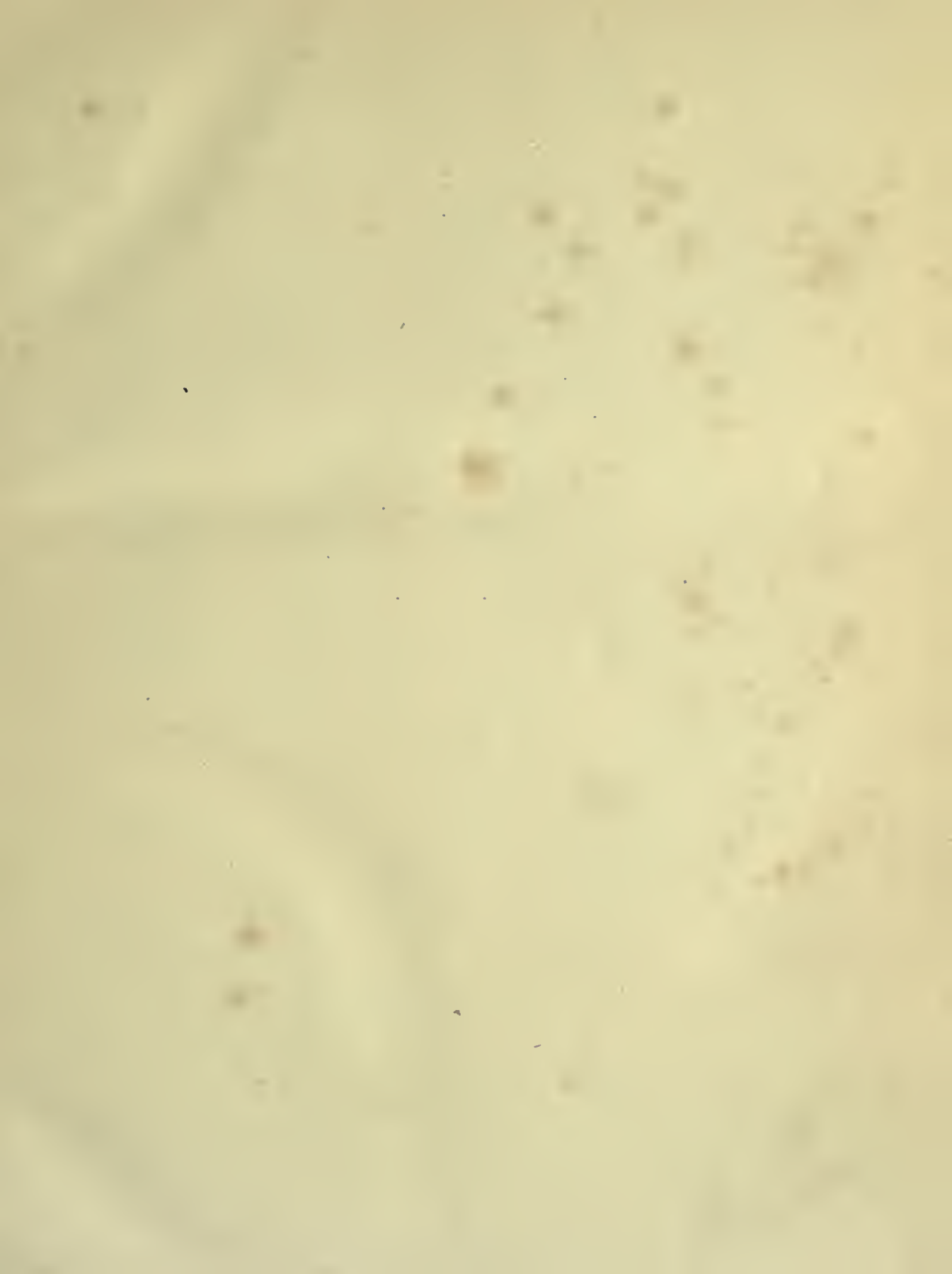
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JAMES NICHOLSON



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PUNCH



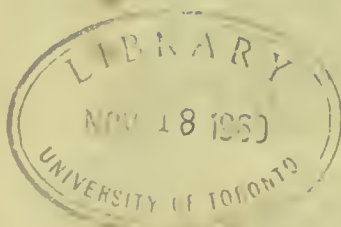
VOL LXIV

LONDON:

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1873.



AP
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P8
1873



“AND now,” said MR. PUNCH, “to pay my respects to the SHAH. You have, of course, seated him on my best Divan, TOBY, which I trust you had caused to be properly dusted.”

So saying, MR. PUNCH, with even a more fascinating smile than usual, entered the Chamber of Reception at 85, Fleet Street.

“*Bigarosh muck warbouth selattyn ti pagbluth blocktinder,*” said NASSR-ED-DÍN, returning the smile, and saluting.

“*Batman collothun chenica masherbath cowfriski, digling ahasuerus jonnycrab, halimanthus y pop grodibungus,*” replied MR. PUNCH, bowing three times as he alone can bow.

“If you prefer to talk English,” said the SHAH, “pray do.”

“I prefer it very much indeed, your Majesty. Permit me to observe that I am immeasurably and inconceivably honoured by this condescending visitation, and that the day will be dear to me as the most distinguished and fortunate period of my existence.”

“That is humbug, and you know it,” said the SHAH.

“It is humbug, and I know it,” said MR. PUNCH. “But I desire to exhibit my accomplishments to your Majesty.”

“Exhibit your grandmother, and give me a pipe,” said the SHAH. “I thought I had come to one place where I might talk plain Persian, leastways English, and hear no flammery-flummery.”

“To hear is to obey,” said MR. PUNCH, clapping his hands. Three housemaids, of extreme beauty and neatness, instantly entered, and various exquisite refreshments were placed before the illustrious pair.

“Not bad-looking moon-faces, those,” said the SHAH, as the maidens, with deep reverence, withdrew.

“Beautiful myself,” said MR. PUNCH, “I love to see myself reflected in all about me. May I offer your Majesty some sherbet?”

“Sherbet doesn’t go off with a bang, and effervesce like that, at least in Persia,” said the SHAH. “Are you sure you use the right name?”

“I am like Humpty-Dumpty, Sire, in *Through the Looking-Glass* (elegantly illustrated by my friend, JOHN TENNIEL), and when I wish a noun to mean anything, I make that noun mean what I wish. This is sherbet, Sire, made by a meritorious French widow, from a recipe found in the writing-desk of Champagnecharlemagne, heretofore King of France.”

“When at Rome we must do as they do in Rome,” said the SHAH, pensively.

“No, you mustn’t, Sire,” returned MR. PUNCH, “or you would do without honesty, drainage, punctuality, and soap and water. But in my office you may do as I do. *Lackshibbloom tommywarboy,*” he added, raising his glass.

"*Bong flippas dindy gudgeon*," replied the SHAH, returning the courtesy. "By the beard of the Prophet, that widow knows what she is about."

"Most widows do," said MR. PUNCH. "And how do you like us English, my successor of DARIUS?"

"Who was he?"

"How should I know, Sire? But it is the right thing to say. We'll make it XERXES, if more agreeable, as it is equally idiotic."

"I am a Kadjar," said the SHAH.

"We have many of your namesakes here, Sire, only their name is spelt with a variation. Your revered father was MOHAMMED, and his illustrious predecessor was FETH ALI, who succeeded to the magnanimous AGA-MOHAMMED, founder of your unsurpassable dynasty."

"You know everything, I believe, Berglerbeg."

"That, I think, is Persian for Governor, Sire. Yes. My eye and FREDERICK MARTIN have told me several things about Your Majesty, within the last week. But I am not proud, as every one of my contemporaries has availed himself of the same authority. Is the tobacco to my Lord's liking?"

"Houri's breath," said the SHAH, piously. "Now, can I do anything for you? Do you want any diamonds?"

"I make them, Sire, and sell them at three pence a packet. No, Your Majesty, PUNCH asks nothing of Kings except that they would follow his counsels. Those who do not, have a habit of soon ceasing to be Kings. You are wise. I learn that you are going to develop the resources of your country, with the aid of my friend SIR JULIUS DE REUTER and his capitalists. I wish your Majesty brilliant success. *Lackshibbloom*. How do you get on with LORD GRANVILLE?"

"He is a delightful man. He speaks French beautifully. But"—(*whispers*).

"But your Majesty wants him to speak English?" said MR. PUNCH, winking.

"I confess that I would rather have six words than six hundred from a friend, when I have told him my need."

"We'll square it, Majesty. I have sent for him. He is in the next room. We'll have it out with him, and your Majesty shall return to Teheran with your face whitened before the peoples, and shining like the moon in the firmament. Jump up, Sire! Jump, my bounding Bactrian! On to the book, Sire! We will march upon the Foreign Minister in an impressive manner. Steady, Lord of the Lion and the Sun."

And in this wise went the SHAH and MR. PUNCH to confer with LORD GRANVILLE.

(*The result to be revealed at a fitting season.*)





"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

"OH, PAPA! WHAT DO YOU THINK! FOUR OUT OF OUR TWELVE BOXES ARE MISSING."
 "HURRAH! BY GEORGE! THAT'S THE BEST PIECE OF NEWS I'VE HAD FOR A LONG TIME."

EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

Educational.—Large attendances at the School for Scandal.
Chemical.—Drugs in the market.
Botanical.—Turning over a new leaf.
Military.—March of intellect.
Naval.—Blowing great guns.
Meteorological.—Showers of circulars.
Surgical.—An infusion of new blood.
Agricultural.—CORNEY GRAIN very amusing.
Commercial.—Number of far-fetched jokes, according to the import returns, slightly in excess of the year 1871.
Philanthropic.—Advice freely given.
Scientific.—Aquariums going on swimmingly.
Farming.—Ploughing in Oxfordshire.
Grazing.—Scraping your shins.

THE DOUBLE DAY IN NOVEMBER.

PHŒBUS, with unclouded ray,
 Evermore for London shine
 On November's twice third day;
 Heed the number of thy Nino.
 With the Crown that never fails
 Hymn wo then the Civic Chair.
 Then was born the PRINCE OF WALES;
 Then comes in the New LORD MAYOR.
 Phœbe, being not elsewhere
 Absent, shed thy light serene
 Though in every thoroughfare
 Stars of gaslight mock thy sheen;
 While the People rend the air
 Shouting, o'er their gogs and ales,
 Glory to the new LORD MAYOR:
 Ditto to the PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE was a Young Lady called LILY,
 Say, was she or was she not silly?
 She rejected a hand
 Bringing riches and land,
 Because she disliked the name "BILLY."

SYMPATHY.—Things were a serious aspect when the Bakers threatened to strike. The bread itself looked "sad."

ODD THING.—To encore a song, and to be quite satisfied when another is sung in its stead.

MEAN THING.—To ask for discount when you buy the wedding-ring.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY TASK.—Cram, without examination.



"DISTANCE LENDS," &c.

Wiry Keeper. "THAT'S OUR GROUND, SIR, JUST ROUND THAT FURTHEST HILL."
(Brown (from London), who had understood his Moor was within easy distance from the Railway Station, and has been walking for the last Two Hours, and hasn't "A Dry Thread," Caves In.)

A SONG WITHOUT SENSE.

(Adapted for Slow and Sentimental Music.)

O who will o'er the moon so free,
 O who will gallily ride
 Upon a rocking-horse with me,
 That carries twelve inside?
 I promised her a slice of cake,
 Made by a kangaroo:
 Alas! my brittle heart will break,
 For all in vain I woo.

How fondly I recall the time,
 When, sitting on the stile,
 We heard the beetle's drowsy chime,
 And saw the cuckoo smile!
 But now no more the beetle sings,
 The birds are silent too,
 For tho' I've bought four wedding-rings,
 'Tis all in vain I woo.

MONEY AND MATRIMONY.

For thy meteors, moist November, oft
 I've watched till late at night.
 O that in my little garden there would
 fall an aerolite,
 Having withinside a diamond which
 would for a million sell!
 No man now upon less money could
 afford to marry well.

DOMESTIC PETS.

EVERY dog must have his day;
 And every cat her night.
 This is the sort of thing men say
 When they have gotten tight.

THERE was a Young Lady called FLORY,
 In goodness she placed all her glory,
 And boxed both her sisters'.
 Four ears into blisters,
 Because they had told her a story.

DECEMBER ANSWER TO JANUARY'S PRIZE CHARADE.—But-ton.

TRE man who is equal to himself is generally a match for others.

HOW TO ROLL IN WEALTH.—Marry a rich carriage-maker's daughter.

UNSEASONABLE THING.—To say "Good morning" on a very foggy day.

A COURT CIRCULAR.—From a Royal Tradesman.

A "YOUNG SHAVER."—A barber's baby.

A LARGE FAMILY PARTY.—All of us!



THE TWO MOTHERS. A VISIT OF SYMPATHY. NOV. 10, 1872.

Queen Lionessa. "AND HOW IS THE DARLING, MY DEAR MADAME HIPPO?"
Madame Hippo. "OH, HIM BERRY WELL, MAJESTY, TANK YOU, M'AM. BLESS MY HEART! 'SPECTS ALL THE WORL' COMIN' TO SEE DIS BABY, NY 'M BY! YEAP, YEAP!"

EDUCATION—A CHRISTY 'UN.
Quee. What's the best food for Niggers?
Ans. Thyme.
Quee. And why?
Ans. Because Thyme was made for slaves. Yah! Now, Massa Bones!

FOR THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—When a man is himself again, who was he in the interval?

TO POOR PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Takes your honey-moon trip in the Isles of Scilly.

ERYTHOLOOY.—"Give the meaning of apathy," asked the Examiner. The Candidate answered, "Not caring a penny."

SYMPATHY IN DISTRESS.—"What an idiot I have been!" cried a betting man, who had lost his fortune on a horse. "Where shall I seek an asylum?" "At Earlwood," replied his friend.

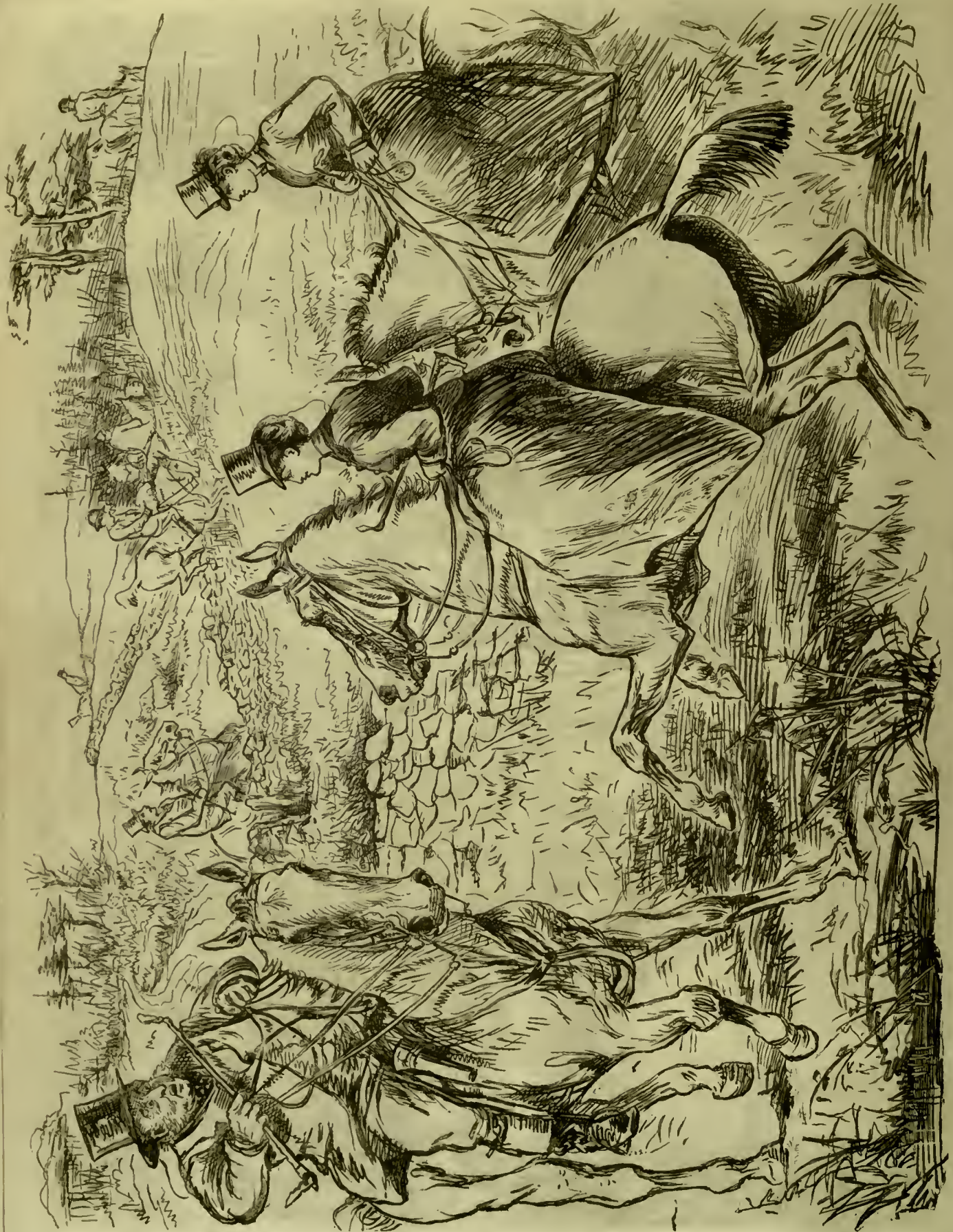
A NOTE AND QUERY.
Now the Swallow seeks her dwelling in the chimney. Very well. Tell us, if there's any telling, Where she did, ere chimneys, dwell?

AFTER A BATTLE.—The arguments a Cushman uses for overbearing you're something so ingenious and subtle, that they may fairly be called Cautistical.

NO MORE LITIGATION.—We should have no need to clamour for legal reforms, and a great saving could be effected in the Estimates under the head of Courts of Law and Judicature, if people would only judge for themselves.
MORAL ANTIMONY.—A Barrister receives instructions from an Attorney. He discovers his client to be a rogue, and throws up his brief.
HERALDING FOR SIGN-BOARDS.—The Pawnbrokers' Arms—Popguns.

THIS IS PRECIOUS SLOW LETS GO AND HAVE SOME BEER

THIS IS PRECIOUS SLOW! LETS GO AND HAVE SOME BEER.



HUNTING LADIES.
 OLD BRYNCH ESCORTS THE TWO MISS SCRAMBLETONS OUT HUNTING, AND WITH DIFFICULTY KEEPS THEM IN SIGHT. THEY COME TO A STONE WALL, WHICH B. NEVER DREAMS OF.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT!

English Tourist. "I say, LOOK HERE. HOW FAR IS IT TO THIS GLENSTARVIT? THEY TOLD US IT WAS ONLY——" Native. "ABOUT FOUR MILES."
Tourist (aghast). "ALL BOG LIKE THIS?" Native. "EH—H—THIS IS JUST NAETHIN' TILLT'!"

ECCLESIASTICAL PUNNING.—It is needless to repeat the joke made by Pope GAZOON on the English youth, whose countrymen he sent St. Augustine to convert. Was a similar pun intended by the Pontiff who appointed the 28th of August for St. Augustino's Day?

HAGIOLOGY.—June 5. Festival of St. Boniface. In the Army of Martyrs a host in himself. St. Boniface is the Patron of the Licensed Victuallers.

MALAPROPIANA.

Mrs. MALAPROP has been very much interested in a description of the Honeycombs at Rome.
Mrs. MALAPROP possesses a Shakespeare with Margaret notes.

Mrs. MALAPROP recommends the consecrated milk.
Mrs. MALAPROP hates your chymical people.
Mrs. MALAPROP is looking out for the Christmas Novices.

NOTE ON OLD ENGLISH FARE.—Christmas plum-pudding is quite as indigestible as wedding-cake, but the latter has consequences which, happily, do not follow eating the former. They are carved alike—in wedges. Beware the thin end of the wedge; still more the thick.

STICKING TO THEM.—Beards are not so much worn as they were, but the Oysters, always tenacious, have made no change.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PAST YEAR.

BEATING about the bush.
Drawing the long bow.
Fishing in troubled waters.
Catching tartars.
Hooking husbands.
Flying in the face of Society.
Harping on one string.
House-hunting.
Killing two birds with one stone.
Outrunning the constable.
Ringing the changes.
Sailing close to the wind.
Shooting folly flying.
Thrift-hunting.
Walking over the course.
Going on a wild-geese chase.

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS.

THE storm-cock on the leafless tree-top flies.
I've twinges in the shoulder and the knee.
And my corns shoot, and so do my own wife's.
We shall have rain before or after tea.

GREAT BABES IN THE WOOD.

LINKED together, heart and soul, in September let us stroll.
Then the mushrooms we can cull, if we find each other dull.
Otherwise, our lips we'll stain with the blackberries in your lane.

THERE was a bold sailor of Cardiff, Who said to himself, "It is hard if I can't have a stir made About a young mermaid I'll bring the Museum at Cardiff."

A REGULAR FEAST DAY.—May 29. Restoration of CHARLES THE SECOND. The restaurant, MONK'S.



THE CHANNEL QUESTION SOLVED;
OR, EVERY ONE HIS OWN BESSEMER!

OFFENCES OF THE PAST YEAR.

KNOCKING people down with a feather.
Throwing dust in their eyes.
Blowing them up.
Stealing kisses.
"Taking elk."
Murthering tunes.
Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
Setting fire to the Thames.
Roasting friends.
Cutting up authors.
Quarrelling with bread and butter.

THERE was an eccentric at Chester, Who walked about in a sou'-wester.
And stood on his head When he got into bed, Which was only a second-hand tester.

THE INNOCENT TO HIS MATE.

COME where the redbreast warbles;
Come where the beetles crawl:
There will we play at marbles, Under the garden wall.

AN APRIL FOLLY.

"Good morrow, 'tis St. Simpleton's Day.
All in the morning cool, And I'm not up at your window To be your April Fool."

IMPOLITE THING.—To grumble at the high price of coals when you are dining with a colliery owner.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Note. A Creature of Impulse—Football.







ON THE HILLS.

Deer Stalker (Old Hand, and fond of it). "ISN'T IT EXCITING!? KEEP COOL!"

[Jones isn't used to it, and, not having moved for the last half-hour, his excitement has worn off. He's wet through, and sinking fast in the Boggy Ground, and speechless with Cold. So he doesn't answer.]

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

BUTTERFLIES were broken on wheels.
Cats looked at kings.
Cricketers made ducks' eggs.
Little birds whispered in the ear.
A good many mares' nests were discovered.
People smelt a rat.
Others were still as a mouse.
Others plucked crows.
Others took "rooks."
Birds of a feather flocked together.
Puppies and dull dogs were as numerous as ever.
Cucumbers maintained their usual uselessness.
Unsuccessful attempts were again made to put salt on birds' tails, to catch weasels asleep, and to introduce pigeons' milk.
The British Lion had a strong dose of "Genova" administered to him.

THE ANGLER'S CATCH.

The fly is on the water,
The fish are in the creel.
For caught by whipping trout are,
But you can't so catch an eel.

CHIRAZ was a Young Lady of Norwood,
Who chattered just like a macaw would,
Her Ma said, "In vain
Do I try to stop JANE;
Praps a husband who kept her in awe,
would."

A SCIENTIFIC WANT.—We have statics and hydrostatics, pneumatics and rheumatics; but none of these exactly represent the feelings of young ladies, when they see a new bonnet or a new baby, or hear of another ball or a fresh party—this is Ecstasies!

MORAL FOR THE MONTH.—Midsummer is apt to be attended with thunderstorms. The highest points are those which most attract the electric fluid. The bolt which strikes the palace spares the pigstye. Humak!

RUDE THING.—To take out your watch during the sermon.

RUDER THING.—To take yourself out during that discourse.



THE ARCHERY MEETING.

Curate (to Fair Stranger). "I PERCEIVE YOU ARE NOT A TOXOPHILITE!"

Fair Stranger (promptly). "OH DEAR NO! 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' I ASSURE YOU!"

WORK OF THE PAST YEAR.

ARRINO French.
Building castles in the air.
Chopping logic.
Cracking jokes.
Cleansing Augean stables.
Cutting and drying.
Fencing questions.
Hedging bets.
Imprinting kisses.
Knitting brows.
Nursing omnibuses.
Putting shoulders to wheels.
Securing the country.
Skinning flints.
Sowing wild oats.
Reaping the consequences.
Splitting hairs.
Ventilating grievances.
Wading through books.
Wool gathering.
Spinning yarns.
Cheese-paring.
Trimming.

GARDENING NOTES.

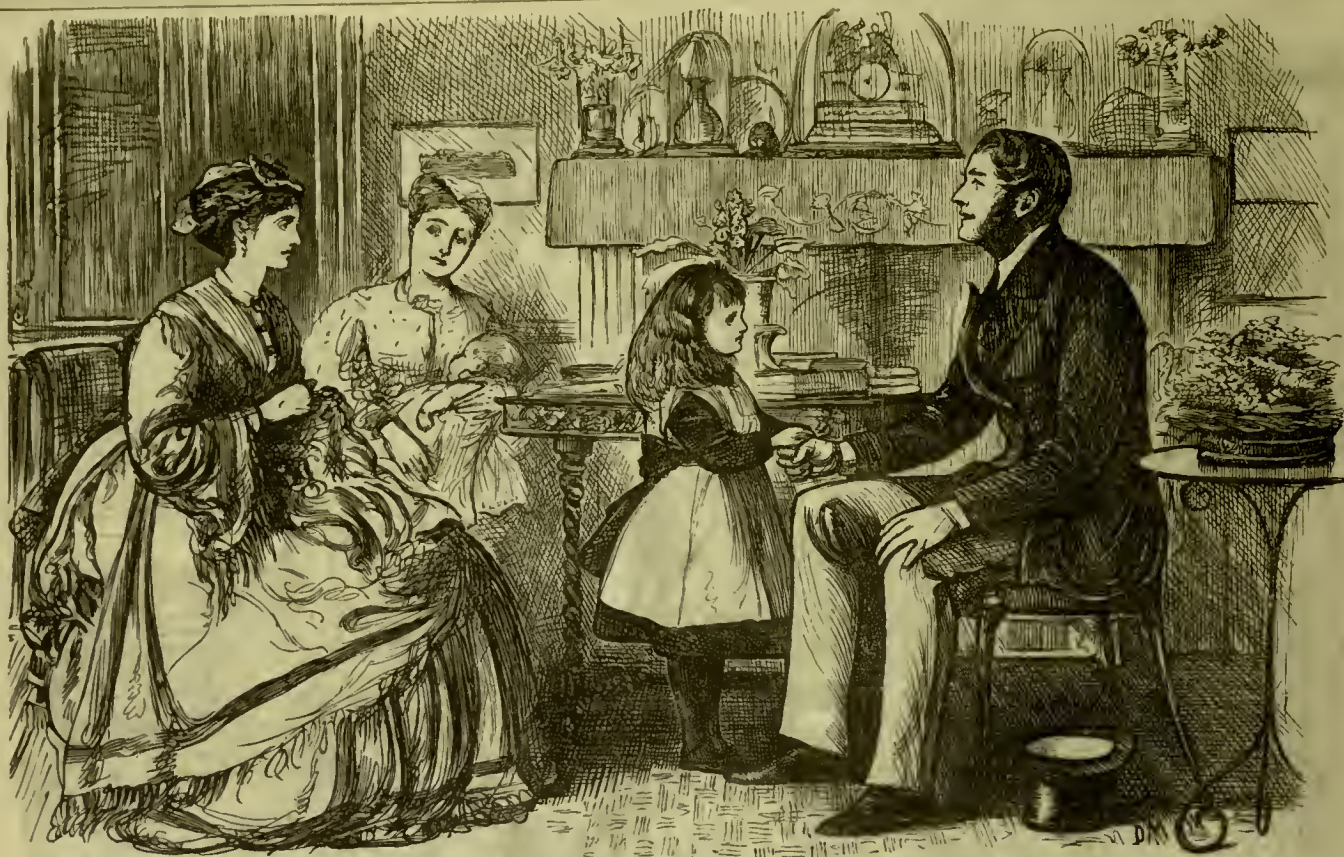
A Tiny sort of a Tree is a Spruce Fir.
Grass that can't be expected to grow straight is evidently Rye-Grass.

THERE was a Young Lady called ETHEL,
Who, hisping, to CECIL said, "TETHIL!
In rain, hail, or freeze,
I'm for Church, if you please,
But I cannot abide Little Bethel."

OCTOBER 2.—Pheasant-eating begins.
NOVEMBER 2.—St. Cecilia's Day. A Monster Concert is given by the Amalgamated Organ-Grinders, Scotch Bagpipers, Street Balled Singers, and Nigger Minstrels of London.

THERE was a stout Bishop of Venice,
Who, when he had finished at tennis,
In pontificalibus
Ran out to hail a bus—
Then a new feature at Venice.

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—Our friend, WYLD FLOWERS, is an enthusiastic naturalist. His wife has lately presented him with twin daughters. He has called them FLORA and FAUNA.



HIGH LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Doctor. "I AM PLEASED TO SAY, MRS. FITZBROWNE, THAT I SHALL BE ABLE TO VACCINATE YOUR BABY FROM A VERY HEALTHY CHILD OF YOUR NEIGHBOUR, MRS. JONES—" Mrs. Fitzbrowne. "OH DEAR, DOCTOR! I COULD NOT PERMIT THAT. WE DO NOT CARE TO BE MIXED UP WITH THE JONESES IN ANY WAY."

LINES TO MY LADY-LOVE.

(By a Common-place Person.)

To thee, were I a humble bee,
I'd hourly wing my honeyed flight;
To thee, were I a ship at sea,
I'd sail, tho' land were in my sight:
To thee, were I a pussy cat,
I'd spring, as tho' 'twere on a rat!
To thee, were I a stickleback,
I'd swim as fast as fins could move;
To thee, were I a hunter's hack,
I'd gallop on the hoofs of love:
But as I'm but a simple man,
I'll come by trial, love—if I can!

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

A.D. 1001. Invention of the riddle,
"When is a door not a door?"

A.D. 1220. First asking of the question,
"Where was Moses when the candle
went out?"

A.D. 1342. Discovery of the conundrum,
"Why does a miller wear a white
hat?"

A.D. 1508. A tongue is cut at supper,
and for the first time a joke is cut upon
it.

A.D. 1650. Introduction of the pleasant
saying, "Who stole the Donkey?"

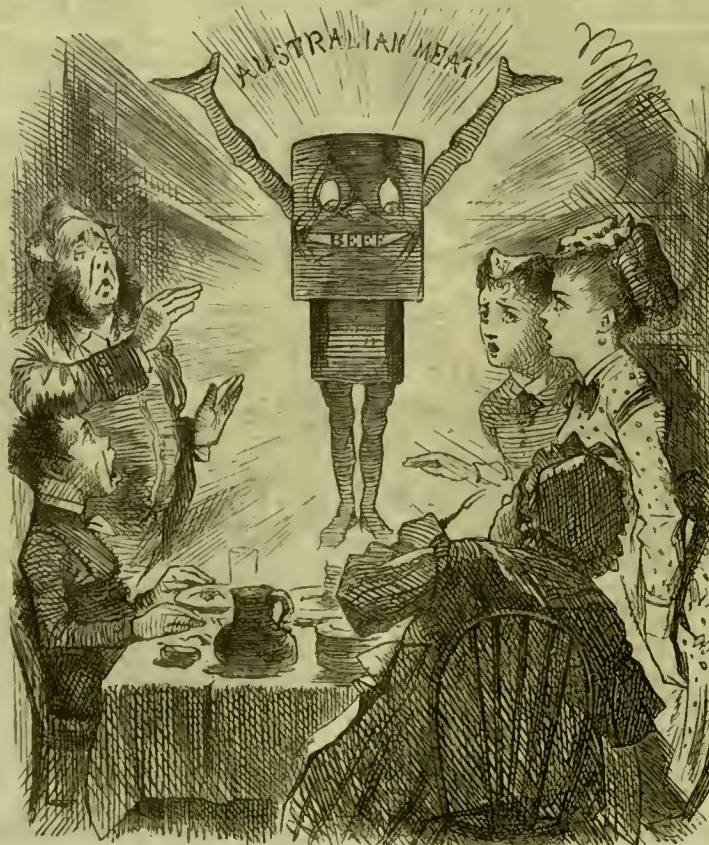
A.D. 1703. Jones helps Smith to trifle,
and has the happiness of making the first
pun ever made upon it.

THERE WAS A Rich Merchant of Bristol,
Who shot at a cat with a pistol:
The cat's living still,
And the merchant by will
Enriched an Old Cat down at Bristol.

WHAT'S THE distinction between Winter
and Summer?
One's the Double Vest time, and the
other's the Half-vest time.

ORNITHOLOGY AT SCHOOL.—Our old
English ancestors called the Song Thrush
or Throstle the Mavis. The Mavis eats
slugs and snails. Here are a slug and a
snail. *Utrum horum, Mavis, occipe.*

FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Is
there any connection between the Wisper
and the Soued?



"HA, HA! YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE ME."

Vide "The Bottle Imp."

PRIZE CHARADE.

(To be asked in January and answer to be
looked for in December.)

WITHOUT my first Chance wouldn't stand
a chance,
My first can make you jump and look
askance.

The House of Commons dearly loves my
first,
Without it, too, some folks would be
athirst.

My second is what certain snobs admire,
And far more useful than a coal for fire.
My whole is what my whole must have
to be

Of use to Sweeper, Sailor, or M.P.
I'm from the deep, or from the richest
mine,

Or from the forest. On the railway-line
I'm carried, and the shivering soldier
thinks

His lucky stars that gave me to the ranks,
I'm blessed by saints, though often
cursed by sinners,
Whom I have kept away from festive
dinners.

Take me to China and you'll find that tea
Is nothing when a Mandarin sees me.
So think me over, meditate, and guess,
And if you're right, depend on't, I'll
say "Yes."

A SUGGESTION.

"FROZEN over is the pond, love.

Dearest KATE,

Let us therefore, O my fond love,

Go and skate."

"But the ice is so thin,

We might both tumble in.

"Tra la la la!"

"Well; but if a drag we borrow,

What do you say about to-morrow?"

"Ask Mamma."

ADVICE TO SPONSORS.—Never name the
boy to whom you stand godfather, JOHN
EDWARD. The diminutive of JOHN is
JACK; that of EDWARD is NEDDY. The
latter diminutive is bad enough by itself,
but the former, prefixed to it, makes
it twice as bad. Plain Donkey, an appellation
sufficiently opprobrious, becomes
doubly objectionable when expanded
into Jackass.



"THE LAST (CO-OPERATIVE) FEATHER."

'My Lady.' "JUST TAKE AND TIE UP A COUPLE OF THOSE SACKS BEHIND THE CARRIAGE, JAMES. THERE'LL BE ROOM, IF ONE OF YOU RIDES ON THE BOX!!"

ZODIACAL ZANYISMS.

ARIES, the RAM, harbours need for defence.
TAURUS, JOHN BULL, will be put to expense.
GEMINI, TWINS, make their Sires doubly blest.
CANCER, the CRAB, is oft hard to digest.
LEO, the LION, as BYRON hath said,
Will turn tail and flee before VIRGO the MAID.
LIBRA, the BALANCE, at Banks is the thing.
SCORPIO, the SCORPION, cau both pinch and sting.
CAPRICORNUS, the BILLY-GOAT, TAFFY knows well.
SAGITTARIUS, the ARCHER, they called WILLIAM TELL.
AQUARIUS, the WATERMAN, carries two pails.
PISCES, the FISHES, have true fins and scales,
My dears, but you always confound them with whales.

THERE was an old "salt" down at Barmouth,
Who married a widow at Yarmouth,
A second at Goole,
And another at Poole,
Yet lived to be ninety at Barmouth.

THE BIRDS' BETROTHAL.

"My Snowdrop," the cock blackbird quoth
Unto his Valentine.
"My Crocus," said the hen, "in troth,
With that yellow beak of thine!"

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—HAROLD has proposed for CONSTANCE. She thinks him delightfully eligible in every point of view; but the higher powers are not equally enthusiastic. A family meeting is held consisting of Papa, Mamma, Uncle CHRISTOPHER, and Aunt EMILY. Two people anxiously await the decision of this COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

CUTTING AND MAIMING.—When you see a man mangling a goose or a hare at the dinner-table, you may safely predict of him that he will never carve his way to distinction.

THE FESTIVE BORED.—At a Public Dinner.



A RARA MONGRELLIS.

Tourist. "YOUR DOG APPEARS TO BE DEAD, AS HE PAYS NO ATTENTION TO ME."
Shepherd. "NA, NA, SIR. SHE'S A YARRA WISE DOG, FOR ALL TAT. BUT SHE ONLY SPEAKS GAELIC."

CASUALTIES OF THE PAST YEAR.

A CONGREGATION was carried away.
A meeting was set by the ears.
A man was buried in thought.
A great many persons drowned their sorrows.
Others were overwhelmed with thanks.
Others were smothered with kisses.
Others cut their own throats.
Others split their sides.
Many people lost their heads.
Others ran them against a stone wall.
Others fell between two stools.
Others stuck to their posts.
Others were riveted to the spot.
Others cut off their nose to spite the face.
There was a flood of light literature.
The Registrar-General's Reports show about an average number of cases of blind sides, deaf ears, cold shoulders, noses put out of joint, wry faces, turned heads, people without a leg to stand on, and people falling over head and ears in love.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

"'Tis the twenty-ninth of May;
Deek with oak-apples your hair."
"O yes! We'll keep any day
When there's anything to wear."

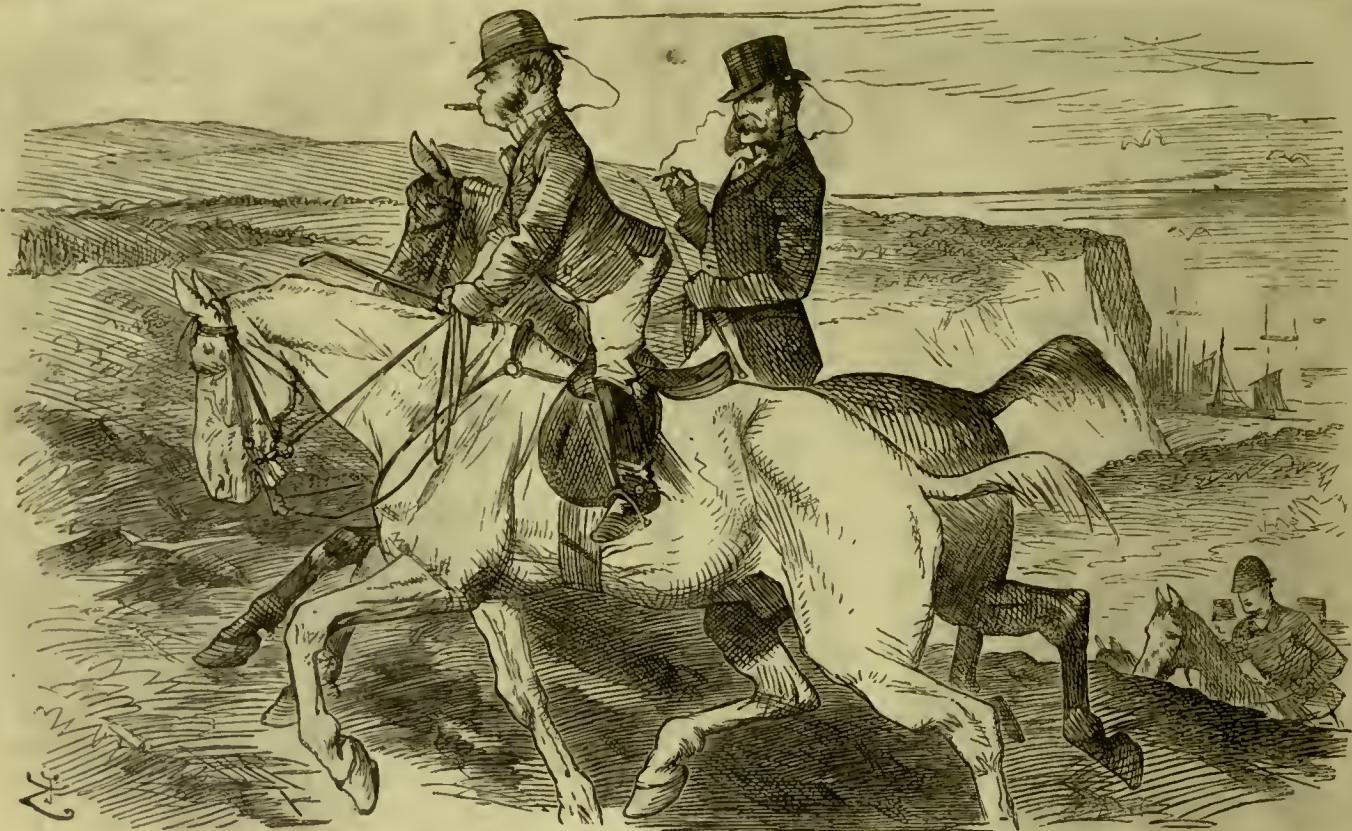
THERE was a Young Lady of Ifield,
With whom a gay Flirter had trifled,
Till she snatched up a pen,
Crying, "Write the day When,
Or I'll strangle you till you are stifled."

NOTION IN NOMENCLATURE.—Our Saxon ancestors called the months by names of their own. If the members of the Wittenagemote, when it had broken up, had been accustomed to stump the constituents, and there had been learned Associations went at the same time to hold their annual Congresses and palaver, they would perhaps have conferred this title of Month-Monath on September.

WHAT a host of learned women there would be, if all those of the sex who sometimes "look blue" had any pretensions to be considered literary characters!

FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Is molecule a little mole?

OLD ENGLISH FARE.—By a stage-coach



A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS. LITTLE NIMROD'S NEW HUNTER.

Little N. "CARRIES ME SPLENDIDLY! PLenty OF POWER, YOU SEE!"

Charles (his friend). "HA!—Quite so. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE BATHING MACHINE?"

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Mr. BROWN begins to light his fire according to the almanack, instead of the thermometer.

Mr. JONES dare not praise a picture until he knows who painted it.

Mr. ROBINSON once journeyed to Jerusalem, and cannot meet you for five minutes without saying he has done so.

Mr. FLUKKA never plays a game of billiards with a friend without alleging that he has not touched a cue for upwards of a twelvemonth.

Mr. GROWLER never misses any chance, when the Tories are in power, of proclaiming his opinion of the decadence of England.

Mr. TOMKINS can't enjoy a play of marionettes, because he won't restrain himself from looking at the wires.

Mrs. FURSE keeps an album, puts a pug dog, and collects old postage-stamps.

Mr. GRABE is always ready to borrow a cigar of you, but never volunteers to lend you one.

Miss SIMPENTON can't travel half-a-dozen miles without a lady's-maid and half-a-dozen hand-boxes.

Mr. HURRY hires a Hansom to take him to an omnibus.

Mr. MONEYBAGGE aspires to be a member of the School Board, although he calls intelligence "reliable," and peculiar, "pecolier."

Mrs. DAWDLTON can crochet, knit, and tat, but, except in great emergencies, cannot sew a button on.

Mr. HUNKS prefers, he says, to travel second-class, because the first-class is so stuffy.

Mr. DUFFER gives to beggars, and avoids a poor-box.

THERE was a Young Person in Poland,
Who bought some Macassar of Rowland:
Her hair grew so thick,
It was propped by a stick—
A thing which had happened in no land.

FOR THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—When a man is a Cipher can he take care of Number one, and is everybody at liberty to set him at naught?

A COMPLETE SUIT.—Bob wig, billycock hat, d eky, jean coat and waistcoat, jack-boots, and nankeen trousers.



NEATLY TURNED.

Gallant Paddy. "SHURE, THEY'RE ILLEGANT CREASES, DARLIN. BUT CHOOSE YER OWN BUNCHES. SOME IV 'EM'S LIKE YOURSELF—BETTER LOOKING THAN OTHERS!"

MEDITATIONS UPON MATRIMONY.

(By a Married Man.)

LIFE is beset with dangerous temptations. When you take your wife down Regent Street, always leave your purse at home.

In connubial arithmetic, a husband must be reckoned as less than half a man when his better half is with him.

Pity the poor gentleman whose wife will have a latch-key!

Marriage would in many cases be a blissful state, if it were not for cold mutton.

When you detect a wife's unusual affection for her husband, you may expect to see her before long in a new bonnet.

Pleasant is the Derby Day with bachelor acquaintances; but a trip to a West End jeweller's is a costly price to pay for it.

If your wife says, "Dear Mamma is coming for a week or so," you may prepare your mind to receive her for a month or two.

Lovers sometimes rave about the sunshine that gilds a married life; but, when they come to bask in it, they find it is mere moonshine.

SONG ON ST. CUTHBERT'S DAY.

"Easy Shaving! Easy Shaving!"

Legend still above my door:

In the breeze whilst beards are waving:

Men get shaven now no more.

Cutting and shampooing only,

I with soaps and greases rub on.

But my little shop is lonely,

Now the Barber's Trade is gone!

THERE came a Queer Stranger to Dawlish,
High-shouldered, low-spirited, tallish:
He mooned on the beach,
And he spouted a speech,
Which sounded quite Exeter-Hall-ish.

ASTROLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY.—In the beginning of March, according to ZADKIEL, "Saturn steals on." Does he, the old thief? But we thought the Thief-god or god of Thieves was Mercury.

FOR THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—When was the last Fairy seen in England?



NEW-YEAR GREETINGS FROM ALOFT.

MR. PUNCH, with his accustomed frankness and generosity, freely admits that it *was* a Happy Thought which incited the *Daily Telegraph* to give us, on Christmas morning, a gratulatory message from nearly every place where Englishmen abide in this Planet. He expects that his contemporary, and all his contemporaries, and the Universe generally, will as chivalrously recognise the still Happier Thought which prompted him to arrange that all the Planets should send him messages on New Year's Day. He has the greatest pleasure in laying these upon the face of the Earth, or rather upon its tables.

Mercury.

Happy New Year to you! It must be a bore to you to have only one New Year's Day in 365. We have one in 87. This is because Mercury is made of quicksilver. Very hot weather. Our neighbour, Sol, is poking up his coals like fun. Wish we could send you some of our grapes, which are about the size of your pumpkins. We are very happy, and our beloved KING SALAMANDER is going to be married to the beautiful PRINCESS ASBESTOS. They spend the honeymoon in the State Volcano.

Venus.

We wish you all joy! Venus has been looking towards you many evenings of late, but you are all too busy with your noses turned down to your mud, to look at her. Our best love to the ASTRONOMER-ROYAL, and to MR. LOCKYER. We are perfectly happy here, so we have nothing like what you call news to send you. Our fruits and flowers are glorious, and all the silver fountains of perfumed water are in full play. Ivory Temple of Ashtoreth being rebuilt. Compliments to MR. SWINBURNE, the poet.

The Moon.

We send you the proper greeting, but there is no very good feeling towards you. You have dragged us with you into horrible atmospheres, and we have hardly had a glimpse of the Sun for a moonth. You are always bothering over reforms, can you not agitate for a repeal of the union between you and us, and then we should glide away, like one of your balloons, into pleasanter regions? We noticed your gas-strike, and pitied you. The last scenes in *Babiland*

Bijou are exceedingly like the scenery in the Moon, but your ladies have two eyes, which is ridiculous. We have, however, no such splendid being as Amazon-Queen HELEN BARRY.

Mars.

The Red Planet salutes you. But you are a slow lot. Why don't you get up a good war or two? We had hopes of you last year. When you do get at fighting, however, we allow that you do it handsomely, and we are pleased to see that you are making the most awful guns ever heard of. Soon may you have occasion to use them, and we drink to the early glory of the *Devastation*. No time to say more, as all we heroes have to get uncommonly drunk out of The Skulls to-night.

Jupiter.

So your little year has come round again! Well, such happiness to you as you are capable of feeling. We pity your barbarous and uncivilised condition very much, and would send you missionaries, but the smallest dwarf among us would terrify you into fits, as a Mouster. We could send you mighty news, but you could not comprehend it, still, perhaps, you may manage to understand that in one of our four little Moons there has been disaffection—something like your Fenianism—and that we sent over six Mammoths, who stamped it out in the twinkling of a star. Well, little Earthmen, creep about and be merry, there is plenty of room for you in space, and there is some reason for your existence, no doubt, as there is for that of our toad-glowworms, which are about your size, but much handsomer.

Saturn.

The "Chilly Orb on the Verge of Creation" sends a word to the invisible speck calling itself The Earth. You must be a curious nest of animalculæ, probably noxious to one another, though incapable of doing harm to your superiors. Here we are without passions or wishes. Exist, if it amuses you to do so.

Uranus.

Happy time to you, little folks! Have you heard from Jupiter or Saturn? Don't be humbugged by their preposterous airs. Because they are big, they think they are great. It's not an uncommon blunder with you, as DANTE, MILTON, and SHAKESPEARE told us the last time they came here to a festival. We know all about you, and

admire you awfully, with deductions. Our news would not much interest you, or you should have it; but look out for such a jolly comet. He'll be with you in 9765 of your years. You'll hear something to your advantage, for he is going to bring you within a million miles of us—if he doesn't swallow you *en route*. Don't have any nonsensical ideas about Uranus. We are most delightful people, and your RABELAIS comes and reads his book to us. We are always laughing, and what we hear about you makes us laugh more than anything else. You must be awful fools, but that's your misfortune. Be jolly while you may.

The Sun.

I hope you are quite well, as this does not leave me at present. Fact is, I am under repair. But what a set of little idiots you are! You go splashing about into unlucky atmospheres, get yourselves as wet as you can, and then abuse me, because, in drying you, I make clouds come up, and you can't see me. I'm all here, my dear little Earth, so don't frighten yourself. Don't believe a word that chap FROUDER says about your folks coming here some day. I wouldn't have you at any price; and he's an idiot. I hear that little fool of a moon of yours is giving herself airs. If you were worth a ray, some of you would find your way to her, and teach her manners. DR. CROLY told you that it could be done easily, if you only knew how. But that's your look-out. Mind, I intend to dry you thoroughly, and until that's done you'll see very little of me. However, you can go on bellowing, if it amuses you, but after all these years you might know better.

Vesta.

O my dear Earth, don't speak to me. I used to like you very much, but really your conduct—and you get worse and worse. I do hear such things! There really can be nothing between you and me until you alter very much indeed. I would wish you happiness, but it can come only with virtue.

Juno.

I cannot do better than quote the words of your own poet, who is good enough to visit me sometimes:—

"Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing;
Hourly joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you."

Ceres.

I hear what Juno says, and I imitate her:—

"Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing,
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest,
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you."

INCREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE.



HE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is most busily employed in maturing a scheme for making public playgrounds of the Crown Lands lately squabbled over on the Thames Embankment.

At the request of MESSIEURS LOUIS BLANC, JULES FAYRE, and GAMBETTA, M. THIERS has telegraphed to Chislehurst, offering immediately to resign his office, on condition that the EMPEROR will resume his former power as President of the Republic.

THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS is

actively engaged in correcting the proof sheets of two most interesting and instructive emanations from his pen, the one whereof will be entitled *Ayrton's Police Letter Writer*, while the other will bear the name of *Ayrton's A B C of Art*.

It is a curious fact, but one well-known to skilled geologists, that, scattered in the drift of certain parts of Cambridgeshire, fossil sausages are found among the friable deposits.

Members of Convocation will no doubt rejoice to learn that DR. GOULBOURN has most thoughtfully invited MR. SPURGEON and DEAN STANLEY to visit him at Norwich, for the purpose of preparing a scheme for the amendment of the Athanasian Creed, and for introducing certain liberal reforms into the rubric.

At a recent festive meeting of the Royal Academy, it was proposed and carried, *nemine contradicente*, that in future no R.A. should have the privilege of hanging any picture "on the line," unless it were adjudged to be deserving of the place by the voice of a Committee yearly chosen by outsiders.

It is not generally known that RAFFAELE, the "Old Master," as we presume to call him, was in reality a music-master, and gained his fame as an *artiste* by playing airs upon the banjo in the cars of New York railways, where the tunes which he performed are still known as RAFFAELE'S CAR-TOONS.

According to a rumour which is current in the Navy, the Lords of the Admiralty have decided that a yacht shall be constructed, for their use, upon the BESSEMER invention for preventing marine nausea.

MR. PETER TAYLOR has signified his wish to assist at the next prison whipping of garotters.

It is reported at the Clubs that the Rangership of Hyde Park will be offered, in the middle of next week, to MR. ODGER.

So averse is MR. GILPIN to the punishment of hanging, that he will not even let a bit of Christmas beef be hung upon his premises.

Provincial readers doubtless will hear with deep regret that the gallant Corps of Beefeaters on duty at the Tower will in future be filled only by the strictest Vegetarians.

The world will hear with some surprise that the Estimates, next year, will be framed upon a plan for abolition of the Income-tax.

PERSECUTION ABROAD AND AT HOME.

REFERRING to BISMARCK and the Governments of the German Empire, the POPE, in his late Allocution, was pleased to observe:—

"These men, heaping calumny on ridicule, do not blush to attribute persecution to Roman Catholics."

Persecution, we all know, is an enormity of which Roman Catholics are, and ever were, incapable, on their own principles. The Inquisition persecuted heretics by burning them no more than criminals are persecuted in being hanged. When will the world be made by Infallible Holiness to see that Roman Catholics cannot possibly persecute; can only be persecuted? They are manifestly persecuted by disability to exterminate heretics by law. MR. DAWSON BURNS appears to consider himself and his associates persecuted because they are not empowered to suppress the trade in generous liquors by a Permissive Prohibitory Act. Doubtless this view of the case is also taken by DR. MANNING, the advocate, likewise, of compulsory total abstinence; and with equal reason the titular teetotal Archbishop might complain of the ill-usage he endures, in common with Roman Catholics generally, inasmuch as they are denied, even in a district where they constitute a majority of the ratepayers, the right to vote for the abolition of all places of worship but their own. All this is so clear, and BISMARCK and his like must know it so well, that, unless lost to all sense of shame whatsoever, they could not attribute persecution to Roman Catholics without blushing; yet, as the POPE says, it is too certain that they do.

One of the Best Compliments of the Season.

THE Zoological Society have, with great propriety, awarded a Medal to MR. BARTLETT, the able Superintendent of their Gardens. Remembering a recent interesting event in the Regent's Park, we should not have been surprised to hear that MR. BARTLETT had been made a Companion of the (Hippopotamus's) Bath.

A DEFINITION AT A DANCE.—Woman is a creature endowed with a self-ornamental instinct.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



ow, Mr. Editor, for Your Representative Man to go some-where on Boxing-night, was an absolute necessity. But where? I, as Your Representative, tried Drury Lane, and couldn't get in—no, not three days before, and Covent Garden was equally out of the question. If these two were full, where next? The Alhambra. The application was satisfactory, and what Love might not have been able to do was effected by Money. Crowded in every part: even up to the Oriental pigeon-hole at the very top, from which elevated position only the heads of the performers could, by any possibility, have been visible, when they approached the foot-lights, with the bodies under them horribly foreshortened, or rather flattened into mere lumps.

Anybody visiting the Stalls at the Alhambra Theatre, should practise some sort of gymnastics in order to render himself sufficiently lithe for the position necessary to be assumed on entering any row of these seats. If your Stall is in the centre of a row (as mine was) you must incur the wrath and hatred of all those on whose toes you are compelled to trample, the anger of all in front against whose back hair you can't help brushing, and, finally, the loss of your own temper at being complained of by others, when you yourself are suffering torments from the unnaturally angular attitude which you have to preserve in progression. *Revocare gradus* is equally unpleasant, unless your neighbours have quitted before you. Your Representative's advice to intending stall-occupiers is, "Look at the plan, and don't take the seats at the back, opposite the entrance, as there are no doors, and there is such a draught!"

The Alhambra was unlucky as a Boxing-night choice. It announced, as a "*New Grand Spectacular Opera Bouffe Feerie*" (whatever that may mean), *The Black Crook*. The most important person in it, however, was a Miss JULIA SEAMAN, who played a tragic Indian Princess without the least attempt at fun. She played it very well, and, though at a considerable distance from the stage, I heard every word of her part, which is saying a good deal for the Alhambra, specially on Boxing-night. I was not any happier when I had heard it: but this wasn't the lady's fault. Mlle. CORNELIE D'ANKA did not appear, and a clever lady read her speeches and sang her songs. This was unfortunate.

How they manage to produce a Spectacle at all on so small a stage is a marvel, and one is almost inclined to add what Dr. JOHNSON said about the wonderful performance on the violoncello. The piece lasted from seven till past eleven; and this after the excursions which Monday's and Tuesday's performances had rendered indispensable.

In *Babil and Bijou*, which has set the fashion for this style of entertainment, there is something to laugh at—I mean Mr. BROUGHTON and the Turtle, besides the procession of the Origin of Man, with Lord Dundreary and the Ape,—but in *The Black Crook* there is, at present, nothing laughable, though, as there is plenty of room for improvement, some witticisms or practical fun may, in course of time, be introduced.

The *Biche au Bois*, in Paris, was full of startling effects and pantomimic changes. These, probably on account of the limited stage appliances, are omitted, and hence one strong element of its popularity is wanting.

The Costumes are for the most part brilliant.

Your Representative was pleased to notice the excellent terms that some of the gorgeously-clad warriors of the ballet were on with their admirers among the audience. There was no pride, I was rejoiced to see, among these ladies, although they were dressed so finely. They had, I imagine, some capital jokes on the stage, as, when one of the performers spoke, the supers and chorus went into convulsions. I was glad to see them enjoying themselves, but the humorous jests, whatever they were, did not reach the row of stalls where Your Representative was seated. MR. FREDERIC CLAY has written a song for Miss KATE SANTLEY, which is likely to be popular: it was the one cheery thing in the piece, and was deservedly encored; nay, if I remember aright, it was demanded

three times. If there are many draughts on that stage, it strikes me that the young lady just named will be a sufferer.

There were ballets in plenty fairly danced, but with nothing grotesque or laughter-moving in them, such as playgoers, in holiday time, love to see from the Vokes's at Drury Lane, the DAUBANS, formerly at the Gaiety, and the PAYNES, till now, at Covent Garden.

In short, *The Black Crook*, as a whole, is uncommonly dull; but as anything, however absurd, may be introduced into such an Extravaganza without injuring the dialogue, situations, or story, it is not unlikely that the Management will hit upon something to give that amount of "Go" to the entertainment, which, as now represented, it most certainly requires.

Your Representative has nothing more at present to say of the Theatrical novelties, but hopes to make a speedy round, and report progress. There are two duties at Christmas time: one is to go to the large West End Theatres, and the other to visit the Grecian, and see what MR. CONQUEST is doing. To save Paterfamilias trouble, it may be as well to state that there is a Pantomime at the Princess's and at Astley's, and morning performances at the Big House on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Poor Pantomimists, 'tis enough to make you all turn tragedians! Wishing everybody generally, and you, Sir, in particular, a Happy New Year,

I am as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE WEARIEST WAIT OF ALL.

(See the POPE's Christmas Allocution.)

THERE's a sound that at still Christmas midnight
Comes fitfully borne on the gale,
Of carols, to sleep that forbid night,
With their quavering, querulous wail,
And their wind and string burden sonorous,
As much out of tune as of time—
Then we know the Waits' regular chorus,
And stop ears against music and rhyme.

Mere and more grow the Waits, whom the season
Into voice is too certain to call,
Whose rhymes have their more or less reason,
With "Give, give!" for key-note of all.
But through e'en their most dolorous singing,
And crack'dest of music, we know
A faint far-off echo is ringing
Of the Bethlehem choir long ago.

But there's one old Wait of this Christmas
Whose carol is saddest of chime,
As he calls on a deaf world to list mass,
In a tune that is all out of time.
Through the night, that for him ever darkens,
Still droning his descendant of wrong,
In the ears of a world that but hearkens,
To grumble, "Hang him and his song!"

Poor old POPE!—o'er the wide waste of waters,
No more by his dykes kept in hold,
He calls on his stray sons and daughters,
Broke loose from the Vatican fold;
But his voice, through the midnight all moonless,
Awakes nor regard nor reply,
And hollow and empty and tuneless,
Comes back, on the night-wind, to die.

Christmas rev'llers, as homeward they royster,
Old Wait after Wait may pass near,
Some to tavern address, some to cloister,
And some to whoever will hear;
But of all the old Waits on their trial,
Whose waiting is hopeless as thine,
Who wait 'till the hands of Time's dial
Shall backwards for forwards incline?

Affirmative Negation.

Giles. Did e'er a man ever see sitch wet weather in all his barn days afore?
Hodge. Noah!

A HAPPY THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS.

It is consoling to reflect that when a Norfolk turkey falls ill of the pip, it is never sent to table until it is s-kewered.

A TEETOTAL CONFESSOR.

By both consumers of 'generous liquors, and total abstainers from them, the following extract from the *Morning Post* will be read with interest and sympathy:—

"THE FIRST PLEDGED TEETOTALLER.—The national penny subscription, on behalf of JOHN KING, the first man who, in 1832, at Mr. JOSEPH LIVESSEY'S request, signed the total abstinence pledge in England, has just been closed. KING is nearly 77 years of age; his sight is very defective, and nearly gone; his wages as a gate-keeper on the Southport line of railway are very small, and his income has not been such as to enable him to make provision for his old age. The subscription has not much exceeded £300."

By a curious coincidence, the paragraph above quoted is followed by a recommendation of that "celebrated and delicious old mellow spirit," KINAHAN'S LL. Whiskey. To many readers this will suggest the very improper surmise, that if a man does not wish to live to be reduced to destitution in his old age, he should abjure thin potations and addict himself to spirituous liquors. Poor JOHN KING, the aged Teetotaler in distress, will, to the eyes of too numerous persons of another way of thinking than SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S and that of the REV. DAWSON BURNS, present himself as an awful example of the effects of total abstinence. Some bibulous parents will perhaps even be so abandoned as to point this abstemious man out to their children with the same object as that with which, on the other hand, the Spartans used to exhibit a drunken Helot. These considerations render it very desirable that the subscription-list on MR. KING'S behalf, which has been closed, should now be immediately reopened, chiefly in order that the lovers of generous liquors may exercise their generosity by relieving the necessity that has fallen on an exemplary person—relief which will be generous the more that, under their adversaries' banner, he has come to poverty.

THE NATION'S NET PROFIT.—That of the British Fisheries.

A STRIKE IN THE CHURCH.

WHERE is the prevailing epidemic amongst the Working Classes to stop? It has now extended to an order of Working Men not accustomed to work in their shirt-sleeves, or in flannel jackets, or caps of brown paper. The *Times*, a few days ago, contained the following

piece of ecclesiastical intelligence:—

"REMEDIAL CALAMITY.—The London Correspondent of the *Birmingham Gazette* states that four Curates at Richmond struck on Sunday, but the Vicar, being a man of energy, summoned assistance by telegraph, and was enabled, notwithstanding the defection, to get through ten services in two churches."

There is, however, to be noted this distinction between the Working Men of the Trades' Unions and the Journeymen Parsons; that the latter, in the case above specified, did not strike for higher wages, as most Curates have more reason to than any other of the labouring classes. They appear to have struck on behalf of Ritualism against a Vicar who insisted on asserting Church of England principles. Such a strike is remarkably different from that whereby the Stokers were like to have plunged London in darkness. A general strike of Ritualist Curates would, so far from that, have precisely the opposite effect, in the opinion of all men except those whose conscientious but illogical convictions have induced them to pin their faith on a system of pseudo-Popery, or whose really ill-considered priestcraft has contracted the supposition that people are to be led by the nose with it.

There is an old aphorism, of high authority, which should make Curates loth to strike for any cause whatsoever. Every Curate may be said to carry a Bishop's

crossier in his portmanteau. A word to the wise is sufficient without recourse to objectionable "iteration."

Two SORTS.—There are goody goody books; there are also baddy baddy books, and rather too many of them.



PROPHETIC.

Syrusan (thinking of the Weather). "THEY SAY WE SHALL HAVE MORE WATER YET!"

Milkman (thinking of his Milk). "AH! THAT YOU WILL, MY DEAR!"



THE "WATER-BABY."

(A Vision of our present Deluge. Respectfully dedicated to CANON KINGSTON.)

"FETCH 'IM OUT, BOY, BOY, FETCH 'IM OUT!"



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



"When he rides," suggests ENGLEMORE.

"No, that's not it!" chuckles MICKLETON, delighted at his first failure.

"I can't guess," I reply.

"O, you can."

"No, indeed, I can't. I never could."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he laughs heartily. "I asked lots of fellows in the City, and they couldn't make it out at all. Old DUMPTON bothered himself over it for half an hour or more, and as to MAGENDIE I thought he'd have gone into fits when he heard the answer. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"What is it?" asks ENGLEMORE.

We are both getting hungry, and I've just stopped a yawn.

"I'll tell you," replies MICKLETON, winking rather to himself than at either of us. "An Alderman goes on four legs when he becomes a *Mare*. Eh? Good? Isn't it?"

"Ah, I see," says ENGLEMORE. "Lord Mayor." "Capital." "Capital," I echo. Then both keeping up a laugh, we once more attempt the door, ENGLEMORE observing that he's afraid we shall be late.

The Cuckoo coming out at that instant, is of the same opinion. He only rushes out for one second, or less, to cry "Cuckoo" at the half-hour, and jumps in again, banging the door after him, as if he'd got private and important business to attend to within at which he mustn't be disturbed on any account. He was too quick for me, and I haven't seen him, as yet.

"Half-past six," I say, moving towards the door.

"Plenty of time," observes our host, "we're never very punctual. By the way," here he stops us once more, "talking of riddles,"—we weren't, but that is of no consequence to him—"I made one the other day as I was going up in the train."

We can't help ourselves. ENGLEMORE can only murmur sadly, "Colonel Conundrum," and yield. I never saw a man so suddenly and completely depressed as ENGLEMORE after these two riddles, and in the presence of a third.

Happy Thought.—Look at my watch and slightly yawn.

No good. MICKLETON must tell us this. If we've heard it will we say so? "Why is a Charity-boy—"

Brilliantly Happy Thought.—Yes, we have heard it. Very old one.

"No, no, it's not the one I mean," he says.

"Quite the same," returns ENGLEMORE, turning the door-handle. MICKLETON goes on,—

"When is a Charity-boy like a blue-bottle?"

☞ "Give it up, Massa Bones," says ENGLEMORE, in despair.

Do I give it up? Certainly. Certainly. What is it?

"Well," says MICKLETON, amazingly delighted at his third success, "the answer is, when he's *buzzy*. Ha! ha! ha!" He roars at it.

We are a bit sulky. ENGLEMORE observes that it's not so good as the others. I agree with him.

"No!" exclaims MICKLETON. "Then I've got a better. It's a first-rate one. I met little PINKER at BIRCH's the other day, and asked him. He said it was the best thing he'd ever heard. Look here. 'When is the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES—'"

Here the door is pushed open from the outside. MRS. MICKLETON enters in full dress.

"What, JAMES! not gone to dress yet? It really is too bad. The dinner will be spoilt, and I shall be kept waiting."

Here a bell rings loudly.

Happy Thought.—Leave the Riddlemaker to explain. We go to our rooms.

I've come down here to learn about Gardening and Farming, and he's not said a word on those subjects at present. ENGLEMORE calls him Professor. Of what? Conundrum-making?

Happy Thought.—Dinner.

We have a very pleasant dinner. MICKLETON introduces different wines to us of rare excellence.

Remembering that I have come to learn a great deal from him about farming, I try to turn the conversation in this direction.

It appears that if there is a subject which both MICKLETON and his wife carefully avoid, it is farming. As for horticulture, Mrs. MICKLETON informs me that "she has become quite tired of flowers." Speaking, I think, at her husband, who, while pretending to be completely absorbed in giving ENGLEMORE the remarkable history of a dinner claret, is clearly uncomfortable, she goes on to say,

"The fact is, I have been so long down here without seeing anything except flowers, or anybody except the gardener, that I have become utterly weary of them."

With a secret feeling that I am siding with my hostess against my host, but that he, as a man of the world, will understand this politeness, I reply, "Well, yes, I suppose that it must be a trifle dull."

"Very dull," she returns emphatically. "It's all very well for you gentlemen who have got your Clubs and your business in town, to come down for a day now and then," (such a look at MICKLETON, who smiles feebly at ENGLEMORE), "and say you enjoy the country so much. But it would be a very different thing if you were obliged to stay here, all alone, from one year's end to the other."

"O, well!" exclaims MICKLETON, jovially, "we'll take a house in town for the season, next year, and you'll enjoy this place all the more when you return."

"My dear JAMES," replies Mrs. MICKLETON, with a sarcastic smile, "you've said that every year as long as I can remember, but you've never done it."

MICKLETON tries to laugh it off, and I see that by showing myself interested in farming and gardening, I have evidently put my foot in it.

Happy Thought.—Take my foot out of it. Change the topic at once. Ask MICKLETON if he's going up to town to-morrow. He frowns at me rapidly, and shakes his head. I've put my other foot in it. It seems that I've got both feet in it, as Mrs. MICKLETON takes the reply into her own mouth.

"Of course he'll go up early to-morrow."

"Business," I hint, faintly, in order to do MICKLETON a friendly turn.

"There can't be much *business* going on, as my husband is always complaining of what's *not* being done in the City; but if he makes a new Conundrum, or thinks of a good story, he's not happy till he has gone up to the office and told it to all the people who *call themselves* his friends."

"My dear!" interposes MICKLETON, evidently wishing to restrain his wife's remarks before us, and in the presence of the footman. However, as a large stand with an enormous bush occupies the centre of the table, he is hidden from her as completely as I am from ENGLEMORE, whose eye I only manage to catch through the leaves, or by dodging a little on one side.

"It's quite true, my dear," she continues. "And then, Mr. ENGLEMORE, just before dinner I often receive a telegram to say he won't be down that evening, in consequence of having to meet somebody who is of the greatest importance to him."

"Well," says the unfortunate Conundrum-maker, "I do have to meet people who are of great business importance to me, at dinner."

We (his Guests) smile.

I say, "Of course you have," and smile. ENGLEMORE winks privately at MICKLETON, but is detected by Mrs. MICKLETON, when he laughs, and observes that "Boys will be boys," which, though meant kindly, does not exercise a soothing influence on our hostess.

"Boys, indeed?" she says. "I should think so. From what I've heard, they're a nice set of boys, too, on the Stock Exchange. And when he stops in town, as he's always doing—on *business*—he comes back with a lot of Conundrums, as if his trade was to make Christmas crackers, and then he drives all over the country asking these. But it's very dull for me down here, as you may imagine."

Happy Thought.—MARIANA in the Moated Grange.

Luckily, at this moment, ENGLEMORE changes the conversation by asking Mrs. MICKLETON if she'll assist him at his House Warming, when he proposes having Theatricals and a Ball.

MARIANA of the Moated Grange jumps at the idea. So does



HINT TO FOX-HUNTERS.

(Should the Floods continue.)

Emily. "ISN'T THERE A BIG BANK AND RAILS SOMEWHERE HERE, CHARLES?"

Charles. "YES, NOT FAR OFF. MIND YOU KEEP HIS HEAD STRAIGHT. I MEAN, LOOK TO YOUR STEERING, AND SIT TIGHT!"

MICKLETON. So do I. Anything to get rid of the unpleasant subject. We all go in heartily for ENGLEMORE'S scheme.

MICKLETON, seeing his wife in so excellent a frame of mind, won't hear of her quitting the room, as she is the only lady, and it would be dull for her in the drawing-room. She stops with us.

Consequence of this is that the only topics interesting to me are tabooed, and I have come down here for—nothing.

It's late in the year. The Gardeners from GURCH'S are, I suppose, hard at work at the Nook. I should like to ask MICKLETON, who, I still believe *does* farm (or why should he have received us dressed in a shooting-coat, clodhopping boots, and gaiters?), what one ought to do in the garden at this time—viz., just the end of the year.

Will catch him in the morning. I decide upon this to myself while they are discussing the house-warming.

MICKLETON asks ten Conundrums—his wife encouraging him now—before we take our candles for bed.

MICKLETON comes up to see that I'm "all comfortable."

Opportunity not to be lost.

Happy Thought.—Seriously, before going to bed, I ask him, "You know all about gardening. What would you do in a small garden at this time of year, with only one gardener and a help?"

He ponders to consider. He looks at the floor. Then he looks up, shakes his head knowingly, and replies, "I know; I've heard it before. It's like the ship weighing anchor, and drawing four feet of water, and what's the name of the Captain? SMITH, eh?"

He thinks it's a riddle. I am about to disabuse him of this notion, when ENGLEMORE looks in, and says,

"Hallo! Colonel Conundrum out again?" Whereupon he and MICKLETON both laugh heartily, the latter observing, jocularly, something about an old bird not being caught so easily; and then they both say "Good-night!" and retire.

Evidently I shan't get much gardening information out of Colonel Conundrum. What a habit for a man to get into!

FEASTS OF FOND MEMORY.

THERE is a sweet savour
Suggesting the flavour
Of what in mine youth was a great treat to me.
I nose it, whilst roaming,
Sometimes, in the gloaming:
Sally Lunn at the fire somewhere browning for tea.

O joy I can't utter,
Hot tea-cake, with butter,
Or muffin, or crumpet, all gushing, galore,
When young lips were squeezing!
'Twere now full as pleasing
As it then was when these at their corners ran o'er.

Hot rolls, of a morning,
To shun I've had warning,
But now love as much as I ever did, quite.
The middle piece, crummy,
And oozy, and plummy,
Would still yield me all its remembered delight.

Toast, likewise, I dote on,
Hot, buttered, oft gloat on,
With eggs, in idea, for a morning's blow-out.
But that, for digestion,
Is out of the question.
So I breakfast on porridge for fear of the gont.

NOTION OF NOBILITY.

A MAN of Birth is commonly one whose remote ancestor did something, and his intermediate predecessors, for many centuries, nothing at all.



AT THE CHURCH-GATE.

Ethelinda. "IT'S RAINING! WHAT SHALL WE DO!"

Edelgitha. "HAPPY THOUGHT! LET US WAIT FOR AFTERNOON SERVICE!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADULTERATION.

FROM a pile of letters addressed by Retail Traders to a well-known London firm of condiment and provision merchants, namely, MESSRS. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, dealers who refuse to put copper into their pickles and preserves for the purpose of colouring them in order to please the eyes of idiots to whom food is repulsive that does not look pretty, *Food, Air, and Water* extracts the following sample:—

"We are sorry to inform you that our customer has returned the case of *petits pois* on account of their bad colour; it is, consequently, thrown on our hands, and we shall be glad if you will take it back, as we have no sale for a second quality. If you have anything better, we shall be glad of your quotation, but they must be perfectly green."

Like their customers. The British Tradesman very commonly incurs a great deal more than his due share of censure and satire for the rogues of which in too many instances he is guilty of adulterating provisions. The blame ought to be fairly divided between him and the British Public. It is a fact, for instance, that anchovies had, for a long time, if they have not somewhat generally still, to be dressed with red-ochre for the British market. Without the addition of that pigment (not fit even for pigs) they would have been less marketable. The quality of knavery on the part of the seller of sweetmeats and condiments coloured with salts of copper and arsenic, and other poisons, is to a great extent developed by another quality on the side of the customer.

"Fools are the game that knaves pursue."

The latter class of our Fellow-Men would not so greatly abound in South London, and elsewhere, as they do, if the former were less numerous.

Table Talk.

MRS. MALAPROP, when dining out lately, was heard to ask for some Paragon Vinegar, and to admire the beautiful order in which her friend kept her Electric-Plate.

THE SAFE SIDE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Seeing is not believing.

SEYMOUR, SAY LESS.

O, DUKE, had you not spoke so fast,
But on your tongue clapt hobblers,
Remembering "Each man to his last,"
Holds good of Dukes as cobblers,
And owning that Dame Nature may
Refuse e'en SEYMOURS one sense,
At Newton Abbot, t'other day,
You'd not have talked such nonsense.

When GLADSTONE, wishful Arts to grace
'Gainst claims of Science swingein',
On one brain-level claimed a place
For fiddle and steam-engine—
The courage was not his who dared
The bold juxtaposition,
But SOMERSET'S, who straight declared
GLADSTONE a bad logician.

"Fiddlers," you say, "on squeaking strings
Have scraped three hundred years,
Yet what good from their fiddling springs
To asses, through their ears?"
COLUMBUS sneeringly yon name
In a breath with PAGANINI,
And hint that Genoa, meting fame
To both alike, 'a a ninny.

You sing in raptures, warm for you,
The locomotive's glory,
How its touch changes old to new,
And lifts the world a storey:
How, while its grasp links sea and land,
The lightning's fettered fires,
In Science's strong harness stand
Ready to ride the wires.

All true, my lord Duke, and what 'then?
What idiot e'er denied
The load that Science lifts for men,
When to toil's levers tied?
Who e'er compared what violin
And steam-engine can do?
Unless some Duke of donkey-kin,—
(Of course I don't hint *who*.)

Not less each perfect work of Art
From a great master's hand,
With Science's beat work hath part,
And claims as high to stand.
And though a SEYMOUR, and K.G.,
At STRADUARIUS sneer,
I'd rather STRADUARIUS be
Than e'en a SEYMOUR's peer.

Economy in the North.

"THE Glasgow St. Andrew Society will give prizes of £21 and £10 10s. respectively, for the best two Essays 'on the Jacobite Episode in Scottish History, and its Relative Literature.' It is desirable that the Essays be within such compass as to be read aloud within two hours."

By St. Andrew, these thrifty Scotchmen are determined to have their penn'orth! Ten guineas, or even twenty, for an Essay which may take two hours to read aloud, cannot be condemned as a reckless expenditure of money; especially as it is stipulated that the copyright of the successful Essays shall be the property of the Society. After thinking the matter well over, we have determined not to compete.

Pen in your Teeth!

A NEW YORK firm (so a paragraph in the *Times* informs us) has this year imported 15,000,000 goose-quill tooth-picks.

Let our American cousins, above all the editors among them, be grateful.

Every feathered goose that furnishes fifteen tooth-picks robs fifteen featherless geese of as many pens.

Punch, much suffering under a nightmare of Christmas correspondence, calls this "quill-driving in the right direction"—to honest picking of teeth instead of wicked raising the wherewithal to keep them going.



"BAFFLED SCIENCE SLOW RETIRES."

SCENE—*Conversazione of the Therebihangsatailological Society.*

Dr. Fossil. "YOU OBSERVE, LIKE THE *OS CALCIS*, THERE IS A PROJECTION HERE OF THE——"

Lady Listener (eager with demonstration). "THAT SHOWS WE CANNOT HAVE BEEN MONKEYS, DR. FOSSIL; BECAUSE IN REAL PEOPLE THAT PART IS THE FUNNY BONE."

Military Escort (with evidently clear View of the Theory). "VERY TRUE. I THINK IT'S AB-URD, YOU KNOW, TO IMAGINE THAT THAT—AW—FELLAH COULD EVER HAVE BEEN A MAN—ARM IS MUCH TOO LONG TO HOLD A GUN PROPERLY; PROVES IT, BEYOND A DOUBT—AW!"

[Exit Dr. Fossil, a sadder if not a wiser man.]

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

Our Young Friends are home for the holidays, but should not quite waste all their time, or forget all that they have learned. A few of these Questions and Answers from Mangnall might surely be enjoined as a study, even in the most indulgent of households.

- Q. What King first affixed a Seal to his documents?
 A. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. Hence comes the phrase, the Seal of Confession.
- Q. What is a barometer?
 A. A thing you knock in the hall, and then you grunt.
- Q. Are not umbrellas of great antiquity?
 A. Some of them, and shocking shabby, too.
- Q. Is not ROGER BACON said to have made the first map?
 A. Yes. It was one of Hoga Norton, where the pigs play on the organ.
- Q. Are not turnips a most useful vegetable?
 A. Yes, for shying at persons you don't like.
- Q. What people drink their wine warm?
 A. Chinese, and idiots.
- Q. Has not the Coast of Barbary been infested with pirates?
 A. Yes; but they have all gone to America and turned publishers.
- Q. What did men and women wear before hats were invented?
 A. Heads.
- Q. What are Dutch tiles made of?
 A. Beaver or felt, just like our own hats.
- Q. Why is butter wrapped up in newspapers?
 A. In memory of NATHANIEL BUTTER, who printed the first, in 1622.
- Q. What is drawing on stone called?
 A. Usually very bad.

- Q. What are bricks?
 A. Jolly, kindhearted, clever people, like Mr. Punch.
- Q. How are they formed?
 A. By reading *Punch*, and acting up to his precepts.
- Q. What is the peculiar property of diamonds?
 A. Causing a lady who wears them to despise one who doesn't.
- Q. What is tortoise-shell?
 A. The skin of the most beautiful kind of domestic cat.
- Q. Were the ancients acquainted with the use of forks?
 A. Only of pitchforks, which must have been inconvenient at dinner.
- Q. How, then, did they carve without forks?
 A. With knives, as is still the custom.
- Q. Where is the Elephant found?
 A. It is difficult to lose him, he is so large.
- Q. What is rhubarb?
 A. An excellent if nasty medicine, and much used in spring tarts.
- Q. What is peppermint?
 A. A thing taken by horrid old women in churches and omnibuses.
- Q. What do you mean by forging iron?
 A. Don't be angry with me. I haven't been doing anything of the sort.

AN ADDRESS WANTED.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET has been speaking on the subject of Applied Education. Will some one, ducal or otherwise, say a few words about Misapplied Education?

In ancient times, at this season, the Servants became Masters. In modern times, the Servants are our Masters at all seasons.



"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Host (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor). "HADN'T YOU BETTER COME ON THE CARPET, OLD FELLOW! I'M SO AFRAID YOU MIGHT SLIP, YOU KNOW."

Guest. "O, IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW—THANKS! THERE'S A NAIL AT THE END, YOU KNOW!"

OUR PROSPECTS FOR 1873.

MR. LOWE will deliver his annual financial speech, extending over several newspaper columns. In six lines towards the end he will open his Budget—surplus of three millions: destination, America.

A rich Baronet or two will be raised to the Peerage.

There will be a new Lord of the Admiralty.

The Law Courts and Law Reform will go on, both probably at the same rapid rate of progression.

When Parliament has sat about a month, some exhausted Member will ask MR. GLADSTONE when the holidays are going to begin.

The performances of the Ritualists will be continued with new tricks and dresses.

Convocation will spend most of its time in debates upon the Athanasian Creed.

Some astounding revelations will be made of the ignorance and superstition still existing in this country.

Ink will be shed over SHAKESPEARE, the origin of the Collar of SS. and of Man, Woman's rights, Spiritualism, Primogeniture, the Agricultural Labourer, the British Navy, Co-operative Associations, Domestic Servants, Arctic Exploration, the Income Tax, and the high price of everything.

Hundreds of novels will be published, of which about five per cent. will be remembered in twelve months' time.

Several persons will die at the age of a hundred and upwards, in the full possession of their faculties, and leaving behind them eleven children, sixty-eight grandchildren, &c.

We shall hear of the Medes and Persians, the MONTAGUES and CAPULETS, MAHOMET and the Mountain, CAPTAIN MACHEATH, TALLEYRAND, LORD BACON, DR. JOHNSON, ADAM and SYDNEY SMITH, JOSEPH MILLER, the CHANCELLOR OXENSTERN, the Upas tree, and many other old established favourites.

PERSECUTION IN GERMANY.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"The Pope's Allocution, which led to the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Berlin and the Vatican, has, it seems, been published in German by several Prussian Catholic papers, two of them printed in Berlin. The offending journals are to be prosecuted."

Although an Allocution is not exactly a Bull, yet, in grappling with the former, the German Government regularly takes the Bull by the horns. The Pope is to be honoured for having the courage of his opinions to a degree which is exemplary in these times of truckling to the gregarious "wish" and "opinion." It is really a pity that his Bulls are all blunders; but happily they are not suffered to toss anybody. BISMARCK and his EMPEROR bid fair very soon to reduce papal Bulls to oxen.

Ritual and Rapping.

(Or, the Tables Turned.)

No more high spiritual things
The grovelling Pastor handles,
He gloats on censers, croziers, rings,
Albs, chasubles, and candles:

The Layman, scorning all we see,
And all this globe inherits,
Plays idiot tunes in other key,
And scares himself with spirits.

Exchange of Butter.

WE rejoice to see, from the Irish agricultural returns, that the Green Isle sent us 116,501 firkins of butter last year, against 48,592 the year before. Let us set off the butter of her farmers against the bitterness of her "National" editors, agitators, and home-rulers. On the other hand, after reading FROUDE'S *English in Ireland*, one cannot say that England has this year sent Ireland any extra quantity of butter—in that consignment, at all events.

LET HIM ALONE.

"WHY is he Hated?" with a hiss
Asks enmity, unsated:
A more befitting question this,
"Say, why is GLADSTONE Baited?"

Testimonials will be presented wherever the sun never sets on the British Dominions.

We shall read some wonderful anecdotes about dogs.

New magazines will be started, supported by a powerful array of contributors—in the prospectus.

We may see and hear the last of the Claimant.

The conjunction of the planets portends trouble in one of our Public Schools.

Premiums will be offered for the best essays on *Vegetarianism*, or *Etiquette*, or *Late Hours*.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN will publish most eloquent books with most eccentric titles.

JACKSON SMITH and JOHNSON BROWN will advertise that they wish henceforth to be distinguished as GRANVILLE FORTESCUE, and HARCOURT CLAVERING.

There will be a scandal in high life.

The newspapers, about September, will get hold of a tale of a Sea Serpent.

Sometime in the Autumn, an announcement will be made that the Government, to their great regret, are obliged, in consequence of the pressure of business, to abandon the idea of introducing a Bill for the Municipal Government of the Metropolis next Session.

Begging letters will appear in the newspapers on behalf of Trafalgar and Waterloo veterans, allowed by this great and grateful country to die in poverty and the workhouse.

MR. AYRTON will distinguish (perhaps extinguish) himself.

The year will not pass over without a job or two.

A REFLECTION.

MOST men wish to stand well with the world, yet in these days of heavy assessments, how few of us there are who would not much rather be under-rated than over-rated!

"WHY IS MR. GLADSTONE HATED?"



THE *Spectator*, having propounded the above agreeable question, and having given its own answer, is followed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* with an answer of an entirely different kind. The former journal says, *inter alia*—

"The same intense hatred for MR. GLADSTONE crops out where you generally look for only lukewarm sentiments of any kind. The *Saturday Review*, which has no intellectual *raison d'être* except the depreciation of warmth of conviction of every kind, and a mild preference of the common-place because it is common-place, seldom mentions MR. GLADSTONE's name without a passion that seems to amount nearly to loathing."

The *Pall Mall* intimates that the reason why MR. GLADSTONE is hated is to be found in—

"certain tendencies of ecclesiasticism—its dreamy benevolence, its impatient

despotic temper, its too ingenious subtleties, its womanish obstinacy, its intellectual unscrupulousness, the facility with which it imposes untruth for truth on the mind of him who is given over to its influence, and the mischief which the domination of such a spirit naturally brings into the daily work and the practical life of a nation."

Now this cannot be pleasant reading for the PREMIER, or his friends, or society generally, we trust, when it is saturated with all the sweet and healing influences of the Christmas season, and when universal philanthropy is disturbed by nothing but incessant indigestion. Is this the way to be writing while holly prompts the jest and mistletoe the kiss? Is this the sauce for pudding, the spirit for mince-pie? How can amiable journalists sit down to pen such unkindness when very likely they dined with their beloved aunts overnight, and expect to meet all their affectionate cousins tomorrow? Where are the gentle hands that draw closer as the new year is born? Where are the sweet sentiments that should crop up, unshaved—we mean unshamed—as the glad bells proclaim peace and goodwill? Truly, truly, and with melancholy tears in our manly eyes we write it, if Christmas can do no better for us than this, we fear that Christmas must be an everlasting humbug. Might we ask for the smallest glass of Cognac?

THE HARROWING OF THE HELLS.

(DECEMBER 31, 1872.)

In depths of Pandemonium
Is weeping, woe, and wail,
Asmodeus and Ashtareth
Droop each a doleful tail:
And Beelzebub, disheartened,
Can scarce prick up an ear,
The New Year's allocution
Of PÈRE RENARD to hear.
For this day sees the closing
Of the year, and something more—
The shutting-up, in Vaterland,
Of Hell's long-open door:
The last spin of the little ball,
The last turn of the card,
The last chant of the Croupiers,
Tho Devil's *eri de garde*—
"Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

In Hombourg and Wiesbaden,
If we had eyes to mark,
Though Allée, Cours, and Kursaal,
Salle, and Redoute, and Park,

Are hov'ring baffled squadrons
Of devils, blue to-day,
At the fitting of their patrons,
The Potentates of Play.
KING BENAZET, like BOABDIL,
His Baden riding through,
Utters farewell for ever
His ancient realm unto:
KING BLANC on brow of Tannus
Would draw his bridle-rein,
For a long adieu to Hombourg—
But that he goes by train!
So "Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

From forth the Kursaal portals
Issues a funeral band,
Black-coated, white-cravatted,
With cards and balls in hand:
Croupiers that bear the tables—
Dead tables!—to their tomb,
The cloths with squares and numbers
Laid o'er like palls of doom.
With devils for pall-bearers,
That skip on either side,
Whose *noir* to *couleur* changes,
In effort grief to hide.
And sad those Croupiers' bearing,
Those Inspectors' faces long,
As their Hell-gates behind them
Clash, with the mocking song—
"Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

O European rascaldom,
O French cocotterie,
And you, that world-wide order,
Chevaliers d'Industrie!
How is your glory vanished,
Your richest seed-field shorn,
Your fattest, happiest hunting-ground
How hungry and forlorn!
But comfort ye, in Monaco,
By San Sebastian's shore,
The Gates of Hell, if here shut up,
Will open wide once more!
Or if not, there are Bourses
And Money-Markets dight,
Where more than double zero
Rewards the adventurous knight—
There, "Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

While of all Saints, Saint Mammon
For most of us is head,
And a purse devoid of money,
The devil we most dread,
Let prim and pious Emperors
Shut up the Kursaal Hells;
While roguery keeps the kernels,
What good to smash the shells?
With JAY GOULDS o'er the Atlantic,
And their good cousins here,
Why should *Chevaliers d'Industrie*
Their fate forecast in fear?
Long will it be ere rascaldom
Needs table, card, and ball,
Must droop its head, throw up its hand,
In answer to the call—
"Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

From the French.

A RADICAL, but handsome M.P., was observed, the other night, talking volubly to an exceedingly obese lady. Remark thereon being made to a French Gentleman, he said, "O yes, he is accustomed to address the masses."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



RULEY Happy Thought.—This being such peculiarly unseasonable weather for going down to The Nook to see how GUTCH's men and the new Gardener are getting on—accept ENGLEMORE's invitation to stay in Town for a night or two, as he says he particularly wants to consult me (and the MICKLETONS) on his forthcoming theatricals and fancy ball.

Note.—Received telegram from my galvanised Aunt. Be home day after to-morrow. Our party, little Unoles and Nurse, &c., to be moved at once to The

Nook. As I shan't be up in Town again for some time, more reason to take advantage of it now.

At dinner, a Gentleman, who was at the Grecian Theatre on the first night of the Pantomime, tells us "something that will amuse us." Thinking over it afterwards, it strikes me as a

Happy Thought.—To put it into verse.

ENGLEMORE says, "Do so, BARKINS, and come out as Mister Reciter."

Without coming out as Mister Reciter, I put forward the following rhythmical version, which I call

A BALLAD OF BOXING-NIGHT.

Being the Narrative of what happened to an Eastern Youth, who had saved up Sixpence in order to go and see the Pantomime on Boxing-night at the Grecian. A fact.

BILL MIVINS, hero of my rhyme,
Height five feet, boots and socks in,
Vowed he would see a Pantomime
Upon the night called "Boxin'."

An "arrand boy" from door to door
Is honest BILL. "And which is
Better, a arrand boy what's poor,
Or arrand knave what rich is?"

He saved his earnings; and this way
He had a goodly store got—
Fippence three fardens. Yet a day
And he'd one farthing more got.

These small coins filled his pockets in
An inconvenient manner;
Says BILL, "For this 'ere 'eap o' tin
I'll get a silver tanner."

Tanners are sixpences, and so
Are "tizzies," also "benders;"
This doth a wealth of language show
Common to our East-enders.

Far happier BILL on Boxing-Day
Than any monarch regal,
He'd got the wherewithal to pay
His entrance to *The Eagle*!

At six the doors would open wide,
Not earlier or later,
And then he soon would be inside
The Gre-ci-an Theatyr.

Joy beamed upon BILL MIVIN's face,
Framed 'twas by two locks curly;
He cried, "I'll have fust gallery place!"
And so he went there early.

"Fust come, fust served," he thus observed,
Alone at half-past four there;
But in an hour, despite a shower,
There were some ninety score there.

How to hold on BILL understands;
He pushed, he backed, he tussled;
He needed elbows, arms, and hands,
That he might not be hustled.

His treasured Sixpence, in his right,
Was in no trifling danger;
He saw that it next minute might
Be collared by a stranger.

Scores more from East, West, North, and South.
Says BILL, "Here's vere I'll put it."
He popped the Sixpence in his mouth,
And, having done so, shut it.

Each man his neighbour now opposed
(Describe the scene can no pen),
BILL scrooged, but kept his mouth well closed
Until the doors should open.

They're open now! the first rush in!
BILL MIVINS would have followed,
But for a blow upon the chin—
And BILL the Sixpence swallowed!

Now, carried onward by the stream,
Each bent on getting a place,
He stopped, all dazed, as in a dream,
Before the dreaded pay-place.

He had no money. Gone his all!
They shout, "Now then! the man pay!"
"Get out!" says a Policeman tall;
"Let them advance as can pay."

Outside the Grecian walls BILL sat,
In double-deep dejection,
He thought upon the Sixpence: that
Was food for his reflection.

At a bright thought his tears he dried,
And then upon the flat way
He stood upon his head, and tried
To get the Sixpence that way.

Then he "turned wheels," as street-boys do,
But he made nothing of it;
He tried gymnastics all he knew,
Without return or profit.

A Chemist's? Should he—no, or yes?
He feared an operation.
BILL would be charged, too, if success
Should crown the speculation.

Once more he stood upon his head,
Policemen wished to take him;
But he explained, and so, instead,
They only stopped to shake him.

They held him like a man that's drowned,
Until he turned quite dizzy.
Success at last their efforts crowned—
Gug—guggle—"Here's the tizzy!"

When he came in, the gallery cheered
The triumph of his long quest;
The Grecian youth had persevered,
And his reward was CONQUEST!

The Last Outrage.

It appears that we are resolved upon finally alienating one of our noblest Colonies. In the journals last week appeared a notice of the demise of a gentleman, and there was added, "Canadian papers, please copy." The gentleman's name which our friends are asked to copy is "COUNT MARSHBUSHWINSOFF." American States, please annex—after this it would be childish to affect to wish to retain Canada.



ANSWERED."

"O, LOOK HERE, MR. CRISPIN! I BOUGHT THESE BOOTS HERE ONLY A WEEK AGO, AND THEY'RE BEGINNING TO CRACK ALREADY!"
 "AH, MISS! PERHAPS YOU'VE BEEN WALKING IN THEM! OUR BOOTS ARE INTENDED FOR CARRIAGE PEOPLE, YOU KNOW!"

FROM THE GREEN-ROOM.

"THE *Daily News* says that gossip is busy with the reconstruction of the Government, and mentions the retirement of EARL SPENCER, and the shifting of MR. BRUCE to some other position, MR. CHILDERS succeeding him. There are also speculations as to some place being found for MR. AYRTON."

In regard to this last arrangement, there are some venomous persons who would quote a certain speech by *Lady Anne to Richard, Duke of Gloucester*, touching the only place for which she considered him fit. But this would be most improper. India, however, is not too warm for MR. AYRTON, as he came thence, and we own that, if love of his natal soil should prompt him to demand an oriental appointment, our compassion for the poor Indians and their over-tutored minds would not conquer the more selfish feeling with which we should hear the news. EARL SPENCER has long been heartily tired of Ireland, and this we cannot understand, as he must have plenty of excitement there—Fenian plots, Belfast riots, and an agrarian outrage twice a week ought to be enough for the most *blasé* official. "Topsy last night, and tippy again this morning; what more would you have? Do you want to be a hangel?" was the just remonstrance of a "flesh-and-blood" husband to his grumbling spouse. As for shifting MR. BRUCE, we have had our little quarrels with him, but he is a valuable official, all the same, and we would rather make shift with him than shift him to make room for MR. CHILDERS, for the fact that MR. CHILDERS does not show off well in sudden debate is not absolutely convincing proof that he would make a good Home Secretary. On the whole, *quieta non movere*, which was SIR ROBERT WALPOLE's motto, would be an excellent one for MR. GLADSTONE, in this and other matters. He is too good a man to play cards, we dare say, but he may take it from those who are not so good that a hand is not strengthened by mere shuffling. But he understands the theatre. Let him borrow a hint from *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon, and insist that his actors shall be thoroughly "up in their parts," and show proper respect to their generous benefactors, the Public.

OUT OF PLACE ALTOGETHER.—A Frog on a Toadstool.

SENSE AND SOBRIETY.

In a leader on the recent speeches of the two Members for the City of Oxford thereat delivered, the *Times* made the very just remark that "MR. VERNON HARCOURT seems to have gained more applause than his sober colleague." That which seems to have been the case in this instance was indeed so, and no wonder. MR. VERNON HARCOURT talked genuine, and not Ministerial, Liberalism. He insisted on the point that an essential principle of Liberal policy is the maintenance of personal liberty, and he declared that principle to have been violated by certain excesses of paternal legislation, fit only for a puerile people. MR. VERNON HARCOURT condemned the vexatious and restrictive Parks Regulation Act, and the more restrictive and more vexatious Licensing Act. He therefore gained, as he was well entitled to, "more applause than his sober colleague." The sobriety ascribed in that phrase to a Cabinet Minister means reticence on the subject of Liberal complicity with Teetotal and Sabbatarian tyranny. The epithet, sober, applied to MR. CARDWELL, is eulogistic of MR. VERNON HARCOURT, and not the contrary.

A GROWL FROM GRANDPAPA.

WISH me what? Many happy New Years?
 When my years at the most must be few!
 If one only prove happy, my dears,
 'Twill be more than I ever got through.
 Besides, whether they're happy or not,
 Should my last year of all be this New,
 You'll come in for whatever I've got,
 And the sooner the better for you.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE.

Moralist. Who knows what to-morrow will bring forth?
 Positivist. The day after.



A ROW IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

MR. A-B-T-N. "CHANGE THE CAST!! HANG IT, GOV'NOR! YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO CUT ME OUT OF MY FAVOURITE AND HIGHLY POPULAR PART OF THE 'WALKING GENTLEMAN'!"



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He, as usual, addresses the Editor, and writes some account of the holiday performances at Drury Lane, and the Olympic.



H, SIR.—I am unable to go everywhere at once: I cannot be in more than two places at one and the same time. I have even tried doing two places at once, and have failed. I cannot cram all the Christmas pieces into one week's notice; no, not if you were to give me two columns, each as big as NELSON's or the DUKE OF YORK's, to do it in.

There are many I can't go to, in time that is to be of any use to the public, and there are some I won't go to. I am speaking as Your Representative, i.e., as the Representative of your known obstinacy—I mean firmness and decision.

I represented you, Sir, at Drury Lane. Everybody said you were looking very well. But that is

neither here nor there. MR. E. L. BLANCHARD's Twenty-Third Comic Annual is entitled (for the title is no longer a secret, and I am at liberty to divulge it) *The Children in the Wood*. Sir, Your Representative laughed most heartily, and enjoyed it most thoroughly, being of the audience's opinion that, taken altogether, it was the best thing in Pantomimes he'd seen for some considerable time. MR. FREDERICK VOKES is the Cruel Uncle, all legs and moustache. Apart from his imitatively grotesque dancing, his quiet pantomimic acting is something first-rate in this peculiar line. The performance of the MISSES VICTORIA and ROSINA VOKES, as *Master William* and *Miss Mary*, is capital throughout. They always play as if they thoroughly enjoyed it themselves, and though the most extravagant steps are performed by them, they never once overleap the bounds of propriety, nor even so much as suggest vulgarity; and this fact, in these nothing-to-wearisome days and can-canistic times, is well worthy of note and very much to their credit.

But, Sir, what a dear old pathetic tale it is. Despite big heads, despite all the fun of the fair ones, despite rum-tum-tiddy-iddy tunes, when the poor Babes, faint and weary, lie down on MR. BEVERLEY's mossy bank to plaintively yield to hunger, and, loving boy and girl, to embrace for the last time on earth in the sweetest and purest affection, and in each other's arms to die, I warrant you that from the topmost boy in the gallery above, to the oldest *habitué* in the stalls below, all momentarily experienced a choking sensation in the throat, and, feeling just the slightest moistening of the eyelids, were much relieved when the old rum-tum-tiddy-iddy struck up, and the queer squirrels and comic birds came hopping with their pantomimic leaves to destroy the illusion. I am speaking, I know, Sir, your distinguished sentiments when I say that all who visit Old Drury will thank MR. BLANCHARD for flavouring his Christmas bowl of pantomimic and burlesque merriment with just this one drop of the essence of the story's poetry. The pathos of the familiar situation is charmingly and touchingly rendered by the two Vokes Babes aforementioned.

For the scenery—"May every blessing wait on my BEVERLEY, my loved BEV—... but oh! how unlike my BEVERLEY!"—it is not so bright as usual. The Dreamland scene, however, is pretty enough, and the tableaux illustrating old nursery rhymes and fairy stories are most effective.

The comic scenes of the Harlequinade are carried on with much spirit; and the two Clowns, MESSRS. EVANS and HARVEY, have some good fooling. The former had better take a friendly piece of advice and omit the pail from his trombone performance. A nod is as good as a wink from Your Representative in his own little stall.

I have not yet been to the Adelphi. Little WAGG after supper gave us a specimen of MR. EMMETT, the American actor, and I smiled at the Emmettation. I made this joke as Your Representative. I also announced that MR. BATEMAN had become an Irvingite. Some one said he'd heard this before. I then asked the new Conundrum, "What part of Grammar is Remorse?" and somebody answered, "The Syn-tax;" which is, strange to say, the answer. This brilliant conversation decided me upon visiting, next evening, the Olympic Theatre.

Without Love is not a Christmas piece, thank goodness! and therefore, at this season, does not call for special notice. Suffice it, that such a piece, however well played, can never enlist the sympathies of any audience, whether French or English. There is in it no virtue to rob Vice of its reward, and all the characters are morally bad—past hope of redemption—with the exception (as far as Your Representative could understand the matter) of *Fifine* and *Suzanne* (waiting-maids), and *Victorine* and *Cecile* (professional bride-a-maids), whose gloves appeared to have grown grey in the service. These were the exceptionally good people among the women. Among the men I had my doubts about the virtue of *Armand* the *Coiffeur*: but as, in such a state of society, it is a relief to doubt, I am inclined to give him the benefit of it, and pronounce his guilt not proven. The three other Goody-goodies were *Messieurs Cabanet*, *Jules* and *Henri*, who appeared for a few seconds in the last Act, only to be told that they were ruined men. They had been asked, poor fellows, to a Wedding Breakfast. They were the "Company"; and, as the Company, they had to hear about the smash of the Commercial Company in which they were deeply involved. They bore it with exemplary fortitude. One smiled slightly, and appeared a little bashful. That was the effect of the news on him: nothing more. He was the youngest of the party, and I pitied him, for it seemed to me that the sudden shock had turned his brain. The well-bred, imperturbable servants elicited my warmest admiration. MR. RIGNOLD drinks champagne, and immediately dies. *Whose Champagne was it?* Here's a chance for Advertising Wine Merchants! "CAUTION.—Beware of Inferior Wine. THE CHAMPAGNE which exercises nightly so fearful a power over MR. RIGNOLD of the T.R.O., is not THE FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE SOLD BY," &c., &c. Here would follow the name of the firm, who forthwith should bring out an entirely new brand, and patent it as the "*Vive Chiquet!*" or, Rignold Reviver." But I have said that this is not a Christmas piece, and I have to answer the question proposed in the bill, namely, *How I found Crusoe?* I found him going on as well as could be expected, or indeed better. It is certainly one of the prettiest things in London, in the way of scenery, costumes, and music. The idea seems to have been originally a very good one, but its strength has been somehow allowed to evaporate in the boiling. And yet there are so many good things in it, that the trifle, which is given at an hour to suit late diners, ought to draw, and do good holiday business even after holiday time. The quintette, in imitation of the Christy style, announced as "*Wash me early, Mother dear*," is deservedly encored. The piece would still gain by excision; and Your Representative would unhesitatingly excise the "*Not Worth a Damsel's Smile*" refrain, and also the first line of *Robinson Crusoe's* first song. To his second song (where he pretends to be prompted by the parrot) I say reform it altogether. In this piece, MR. CRELLIN's imitations of popular actors—in WEBSTER, BUCKSTONE, of IRVING as *Charles the First*, and in *The Belle*, of TOOLE and J. CLARKE (of the Adelphi), are very clever, especially those of MESSRS. CLARKE and TOOLE, which were immediately recognised, and acknowledged with a tribute of genuine applause. Mimicry is a dangerous power for an actor to possess, but GARRICK was an exquisite mimic.

To say that in this lightest of light pieces there are about thirty or forty charming young ladies, and that among them are Miss ROSE CULLEN, Miss EMMA CHAMBERS (who used to be "such an admiral" in the St. James's burlesque of *Poll and Partner Joe*), Miss BRABANT, and others of often-photographed beauty, and to add to this, that the theatre is in every respect the most elegantly decorated, and one of the most luxuriously comfortable of all our smaller theatres, is but to do justice to MR. ALFRED THOMPSON's taste and talent, and to the discernment and liberality of the present Manageress, Miss ADA CAVENDISH, to whom for myself and as Your Representative, I offer my best wishes for a happy new year, and many of them.

I have finished my present week's Theatrociniun, or review of Theatres; and so, Sir, being somewhat tired, I,

"With a yawn
Of sheer fatigue, subsiding to repose,"

lay down my pen, recline in my arm-chair, light The Fragrant Soother, open my *Middlemarch*, and cease, *pro. tem.*, to be

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Line upon Line.

MR. PUNCH is glad to see that one of the Railways, at least, is equal to the wet situation. The Great Northern preserves its fish. Can tickets for a day's sport be obtained at King's Cross? Would the Manager oblige by stating what kind of fish are to be caught, and give any other picaresque hints? Here is his advertisement:—

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN AND TRESPASSERS.—ALL PERSONS fishing or trespassing on the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, after this notice, will be prosecuted.



OUR THEATRICALS.

Brown (rehearsing his part as the "Vicomte de Chersiac"). "YAS, MARIE! I'VE FONDLY LOVED YE. (Sobs dramatically.) 'TIS WELL—BUT NO MAT-TAR-R!"

Housemaid (to Cook, outside the Door). "LAUKS, 'LIZ'BETH, AIN'T MASTER A GIVIN' IT TO MISSIS!"

HUMBLE PETITION TO HELPS.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS is very cruel. He has been saying that if a superior being were to ask him whether he would rid the world of Inaccuracy or of Lying, he would say, "Let us get rid of Inaccuracy." Now SIR ARTHUR goes into and adorns not only high, but good society, and we ask him, plaintively, what Society, which loves him, has done to him that he would reduce it to the dead level of accuracy in its speech. We don't lie, exactly, and when True THOMAS wanted to decline the tongue that could not lie because it would unfit him for ladies' society, he was a rude old THOMAS. But all the charm of conversation would vanish if Imagination did not wait on Assertion, and Ignorance on both, and Cheek on all three. The most frightful story in our whole literature is that of the *Accurate Child and the Astounded Visitor* (MR. BARLOW may know it) wherein is truth, and the infant, aged seven, was COLERIDGE'S. "My Papa has left the house, seven, or perhaps nine minutes, and he stated that he was going to call on our friend, MR. JONES. Unless he have varied his intention, you will, by following him, find him at MR. JONES'S house. I cannot precisely inform you of the number, but as there are only two houses in the terrace, if you fail to detect him on inquiring at one, you will certainly discover him on application at the other." "SIR ARTHUR, your slave," as DEAN SWIFT says, but please let us talk as inaccurately as we like. It will be all the same one hundred, or say for most of us, forty years hence.

Heterodox Intelligence.

SOME French papers have announced the death of M. FÉLIX ARCHIMÈDE POUCHET, describing him as "the celebrated writer on spontaneous generation." This, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is not so. "His son, GEORGES POUCHET, now about thirty-five, was the author of *Heterogenesis*." This statement has greatly puzzled "Ignoramus," who writes to say that he should have thought that *Heterogenesis* had been written by BISHOP COLenso.

NOTE FROM LORD BYRON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

My line, "Thou dashest him," &c., seems, like *Charles Surface*, to give a great many worthy men cause for uneasiness. One of them suggests that it ended, "There let him Pray." Sir, if I had used that word seriously, I should have been a hypocrite, and if ironically, it would have been vulgar profanity in presence of the awful Ocean. What I wrote was

"There let him Bray."

I wonder that this did not, for various reasons, occur to my "amender."

Elysium.

Yours truly,

THE GHOST OF BYRON.

Funny.

Who will explain this paragraph?—

"HONG KONG, DEC. 31.

"MR. WADE has reprimanded the British Consul at Ningpo, who, with his American colleague, had brought the disturbance at Hangchow to an end. The American Minister has thanked the latter gentleman."

A British Consul and an American join to put down a disturbance, and put it down. The British Consul gets reprimanded by his Minister; the American Consul gets thanked by his.

Which course is likeliest, "*Encourager les autres*,"—and in which direction,—to put down disturbances, or to stand by and let them blaze?

TOUJOURS HAYMAN.

THERE was a certain King, when, according to the venerable jest, the Jews were like old Sulton (for they grew mitier and mitier in the days of Moredecay) and this King waxed very angry at hearing so much about one HA-MAN. We sympathise with that King, and pray our kind contemporaries to consider our feelings.



EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR.

Pater. "ERNEST, A WORD. YOU WERE IN TURNS DEPLORABLY DULL AND VULGARLY FLIPPANT AT DINNER LAST NIGHT. MY DEAR BOY, YOU GRIEVED ME. SURELY YOU HAD NOT BEEN TAKING—NO, YOU COULD NOT BE SO—HOW WAS IT?"

Pilius. "MY DEAR FATHER, IT SHALL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN. I AM HEARTILY SORRY. DRINKING!—NO. THE FACT IS, I HAD LOOKED IN HERE, AND THE ONLY PAPER DISENGAGED—IT ALWAYS IS—WAS THE *S—Y REVIEW*. I READ TOO MUCH OF IT. I AM QUITE ASHAMED." [They shake hands, and exult.]

PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

ON Wednesday last week, being the First of January, *Mr. Punch* distributed a number of New Year's Gifts to meritorious and distinguished Personages. He sent to—

MR. GLADSTONE—A file of the *Morning Advertiser*.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR—A Portrait of his predecessor, LORD ELDON.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—The first half of a Bank of Elegance Note, conscience-money.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL—Various photographs of CASTRO.

MR. AYRTON—A handsomely bound edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son*.

MR. GÖSCHEN—A rope's end.

MR. FORSTER (in recognition of his educational services)—A Cane.

MR. BRUCE—A Cushion for his Official Chair.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON—A Punchbowl and Ladle.

THE REV. MR. DAWSON BURNS—A Pewter Pot, and a bottle of Pick-me-up.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY—*Law's Serious Call to the Unconverted*.

MR. DARWIN—A Pocket *Paradise Lost*.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL—*Hervey's Meditations*.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING—DEAN SWIFT's *Tale of a Tub*.

MR. WHALLEY—*The Garden of the Soul*.

MR. SPURGEON—A Rosary.

MOTTO FOR THE GRECIAN.—"When Greek meets Greek," then they go to the Grecian.

MONEY-MARKET AND CITY IDYL.

THE January Dividends
Will now be shortly paid.
His money to the State who lends
To lose is nought afraid.
But O, how very small the rent,
Though certain it may be,
Whereof the Fundholder, per cent.,
Receives no more than three!

So little were enough to make
That man, Bank Stock who owns,
Go sell it out, and, wide-awake,
Invest in Turkish loans;
Of six per cent. because thereby
May dividends be had.
But ah, where interest is high,
Security is had!

Suppose that into Joint-Stock Shares
My capital I cast.
How stand the Company's affairs?
How long will sunshine last?
Concerns of highest name oft fall.
Then cash is worse than fled,
Each being liable for all,
Unless they're limited.

At present Gas is paying well,
But there's an awful doubt—
How soon may be, ah, who can tell,
New source of light found out?
When I should bray an' 'twere an ass,
Demented by the moon,
Beholding all my worth in gas
Collapse like burst balloon.

Ye Banks, ye Railways, and ye Mines,
Ye Speculations all,
I watch your fluctuating signs,
Your prices' rise and fall.
O, would that I had clairvoyance
To penetrate the veil;
See which of you defies mischance,
And which of you will fail.

Some are, among e'en men on 'Change,
Who credit Spirits' knocks.
Lie out of their familiars' range
The secrets of the Stooks?
Alas, no Medium can be found
Mongst all of the possessed,
To say what are and are not sound,
And guide me to invest!

SCHOOL.

(To be sung during the remainder of the holidays.)

UNLESS for a spooney, a dunce, and a fool,
Howe'er we may grumble, there's no place like School.
The games and the larks that a fellow has there,
Through all the vacation are wanting elsewhere.
School, School, sweet, sweet School!
Wherever I wander, there's no place like School.

In study and learning I take such delight—
Could always be at it from morning to night:
Though holiday tasks to perform 'tis my rule,
For downright hard "swotting" there's no place like School.
School, School, sweet, sweet School!
For downright hard "swotting" there's no place like School.

Festive Fancies.

THE elegance and taste conspicuous in the decorations which the raw materials of Christmas fare were this year as usual embellished withal, must have commanded the admiration of all observers. But another time, perhaps, the Grocers will give their Australian meat tins their merit—ornaments of gay rosettes. The turkeys, trimmed with bows of pink and azure, looked, as young ladies generally remarked, "sweetly pretty." It is said that an eccentric poulterer once, when a public mourning occurred about Christmas time, decked out his turkeys with black ribbon.

DARWIN'S MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

MR. PUNCH,

WHEN next you see the illustrious author of *The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals*, will you, if you please, ask that distinguished Naturalist if he himself has ever, in his own person, experienced a certain sensation which he offers to explain, namely, "the thrill or slight shiver which runs down the backbone and limbs of many persons when they are powerfully affected by music." The persons wont to experience that sensation, and acquainted with the Darwinian hypothesis of Man's pedigree, are, some of them, curious to learn whether its projector is, as to his musical sensibilities, one of themselves.

Perhaps, Sir, you would therefore have the kindness to ascertain for us if the thrilling effect of music, which MR. DARWIN refers to, is a fact of his own consciousness, or one which he has only been informed of by others. Few, perhaps, if any of those others, are fully prepared to accept the theory suggested by him to account for this mysterious feeling in the observation that "music has a wonderful power of recalling, in a vague and indefinite manner, those strong emotions which were felt during long past ages, when, as is probable, our early progenitors courted each other by the aid of vocal tones."

If any truth is embodied in this suggestion, would not every one susceptible of musical influence have always found the most powerfully thrilling music to be that of love-operas like the *Sonnambula*, and the other chief works of modern Italian composers, such as BELLINI and DONIZETTI? Eh, Mr. Punch?

Would not the frame of such an one be made to thrill, and his flesh to creep, by those saccharine strains rather than by the choruses of *Israel in Egypt*, the *Dead March in Saul*, the funeral movement in BEETHOVEN'S *Sinfonia Eroica*, the supernatural suggestions in MOZART'S *Requiem*, and the weird harmonies and

discords of *Der Freischütz*? Would not *La ci darem, Batti, batti*, and *Vedrai carino* in *Don Giovanni*, for example, usually thrill the sensitive hearer very much rather than he is thrilled by the tremendous opening of the overture of that Opera, and the awful music announcing the *Statue*? If the thrill struck by music be traceable to an amatory origin, would not *My Pretty Jane* be

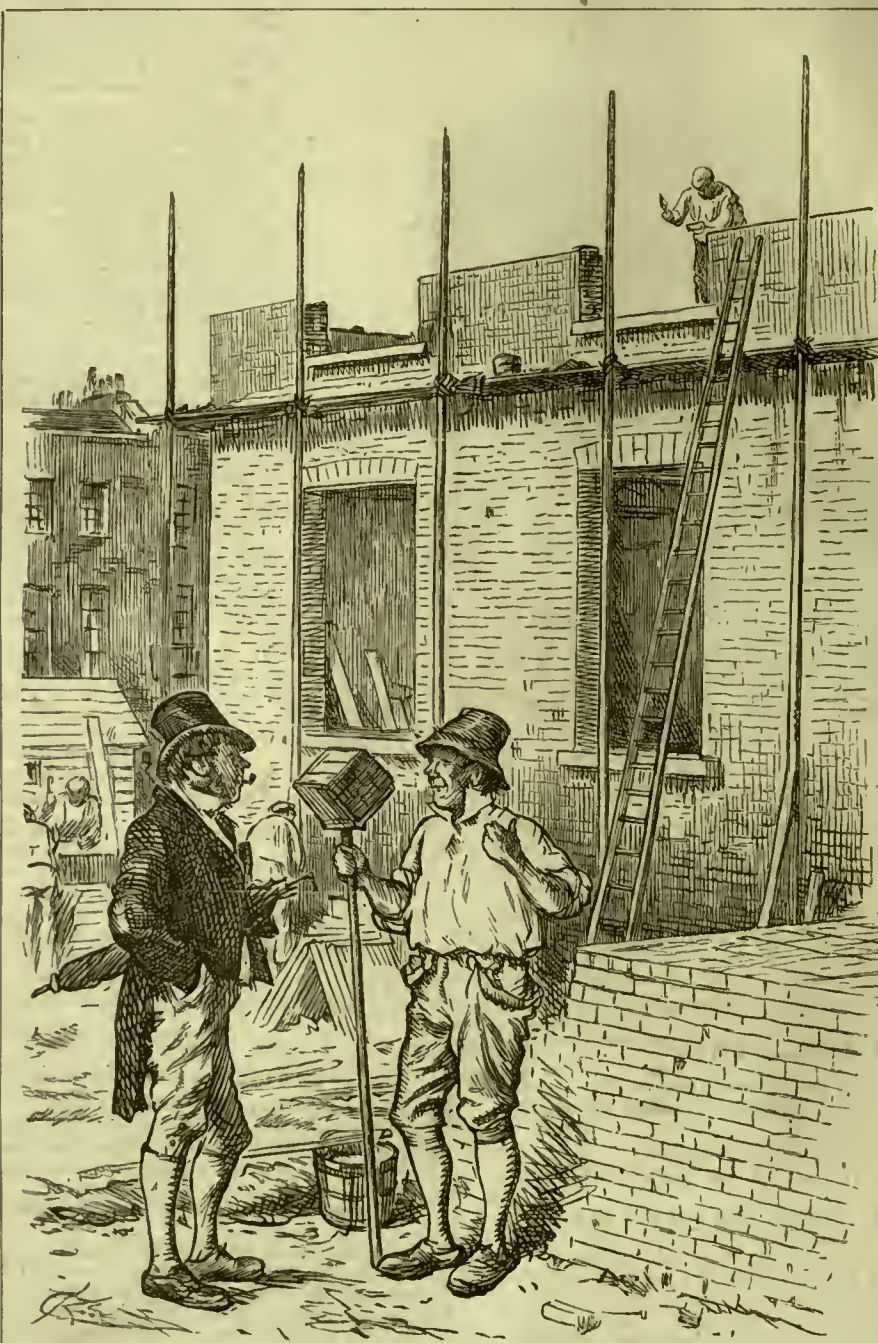
a piece of music considerably more thrilling than *King Death*?

If, on the other hand, music of the grim and unearthly, or the holy and heavenly, sort, is that which generally proves the most thrilling, and MR. DARWIN'S speculation as to the origin of the vibrations imparted by music to us is sound, then must the sublimest effects in the compositions of SEBASTIAN BACH, HANDEL, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, and WEBER, be musical developments of the squeaks, squalls, and grunts, and growls, in which our ancestral apes, or other brutes, used to woo, instead of expressing themselves in "vocal tones" of a quality softer, and "more condoling," as *Bottom* hath it.

To the majority of persons endowed with an ear through which it is possible for music to touch their higher sentiments, do you think, Sir, that MR. DARWIN'S conjecture as to the cause of its operation through the human mind on the human body, will indicate that he himself has any the least proportion of "music in his soul"? Don't you fancy that, in their eyes, it will rather betray an entire inability to discern any difference in import, if in tune, between Dr. Martin Luther's Hymn and Alice Gray? Should you not, yourself, indeed, be very much surprised to hear that our great Genealogist was capable of distinguishing the *National Anthem* from *The Devil among the Tailors*? As a matter of fact, on the violin, and as good a musician, as well as fiddler, as HERR JOACHIM. In that case, his way of accounting for the mystery of music can only be regarded as the crotchet of a musical genius to account for a quaver.

Your Servant, Sir,

ADAGIO.



"A CONTINUED MIND."

Tirence (Bricklayer's Labourer, acclimatised, to Paddy [just] from Cork). "SELL YER PIG AN' FOURNICHURE, AN' COME OVER WID BIDDY TO THIS BLISSED COUNTRY. I GET T'REE AN' T'RIPENCE A DAY FOR CARRIN' BRICKS UP A LADDER, AN', BE JABERS, THERE'S A POOR DIVIL UP AT THE TOP DOIN' ALL THE WORK FOR ME!"



"SMALL MERCIES."

Young Larkspur. "HULLO, GRUMMLES, HOW ARE YOU? WHAT'S THE MATTER? I HEAR YOU'VE HAD A LEGACY LEFT YOU! MY DEAR FELLOW, I CONGRAT—"

Grummles (dismally: he never could look at the bright side of things). "O, BUT A FELLOW CAN'T EXPECT MORE THAN ONE IN HIS LIFETIME, AND THIS IS ONLY TEN POUNDS, AND THE ESTATE'S IN CHANCERY!!" [*They liquor up despondently.*]

"PERSONAL STATISTICS."

The oldest Beadle is BENJAMIN BRAGGITT, of the parish of St. Simeon Skylites, aged eighty-two; the youngest, THOMAS TOWDEREY, of the Worshipful Company of Leather Breeches Makers, aged thirty-nine.

The oldest Town Crier is STEPHEN STENTERTON, of the Berough of Wraxeter, aged ninety-six; the youngest, ROBERT SHOUT LOWDER, of the town of Ebbingsfield, aged twenty-four.

The oldest Crossing-sweeper is JAMES CHIVINS, at the corner of Granville Place, aged seventy-three; the youngest, TOM PXEWIPE, in Throckmorton Square, aged nine.

The oldest member of the Swell Mob is GEORGE FOGLE, *alias* ALGERNON HARRINGTON HARCOURT MONTGOMERY, *alias* "GOROKOUS GEORGE," aged fifty; the youngest, CHARLES PRIGGINSON, *alias* "KIDDY SWIPE," aged sixteen.

The oldest Sheriff's Officer is MOSBY CROOLE, aged sixty-six; the youngest, DABBY WHITECROSS, aged twenty-three.

The oldest Charwoman is MRS. JUGLETT, aged seventy-one; the youngest, MRS. PRIMNEY, aged twenty-nine.

The oldest Maid is MISS BARBARA ANNE PRIMFLOWER, aged ninety-four; the youngest, MISS LEILA LAURA CHITWOOD, aged two minutes and a half.

The oldest Bore is SIR WINDHAM YARNLEY, aged seventy-six; the youngest, MR. SOLOMON DAMPER, aged thirty-one.

The oldest Veterinary Surgeon is MR. MATTHEW HEWBANK, aged eighty; the youngest, MR. CLATTERFORTH HOESMORE, aged twenty-two.

The oldest Huntsman is TOM BOSSMORE, of the Runnymede Hounds, aged seventy-nine; the youngest Whipper-in, HARRY VULPS, of the Reynardson, aged twenty-three.

The oldest Judge of Port Wine is GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER FIELD

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

(*A Duet.*)

SCIENCE said to Superstition,
"Out on you and all your fools,
Jugglery and imposition,
Surging tables, chairs, and stools ;

"Mediums floated to the ceiling,
Skyward, as ascends the lark ;
Spirit voices heard, and feeling
Spirit-fingers in the dark !

"All this nonsense you, believing,
All this humbug, bosh, and fudge ;
Go along, you self-deceiving
Fools, and idiots hoaxed by 'SLUDGE' !"

Superstition answered Science :
"You're another ! Talk of me
Setting reason at defiance ?
Talk of my credulity ?

"If my bright imagination
People space with airy shapes,
What of your dull brains' creation,
Hairier forms ; ancestral apes ?

"To the monad every being
You that trace, including Man,
More believe in without seeing ;
Swallow more than all I can.

"You at my beliefs a scoffer !
Of your own conjectures, you
Not one fact in proof can offer ;
Would have millions, were they true.

"O, but all your speculations
Rest, assumptions though immense,
On materialist foundations
Now so dear to common sense !

"Cease my cackle ? Held your braying !
You crawl. I, at least, aspire.
If among the clouds I'm straying,
You, Miss, flounder in the mire."

AN EDUCATIONAL INSTRUMENT. — The Grinding Organ.

MARSHALL, G.C.B., aged eighty-eight; the youngest, MAJOR DE CRESCINGCOURT, aged thirty-six.

The oldest Whist-Player is ADMIRAL LORD NORMAN, aged eighty-three; the youngest, LIEUTENANT CAVENDISH D'HOYLY, aged twenty-one.

The oldest Vestryman is ABRAHAM JAWSWORTH, Esq., aged ninety; the youngest, GUSTAVUS TIDDIMAN, Esq., aged thirty.

The oldest Woman is—No! Politeness forbids! Besides, we have so many "old women," that it is almost impossible to settle the question of precedence.

CHEMISTRY AND CRIME.

INSISTING on the propriety of putting ferocious murderers to death rather than going to the expense of keeping them in prison, "R.," the writer of a letter, on "The Sacredness of Human Life," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, offers a suggestion which, if put in practice, would combine economy with gentleness:—

"If we are too squeamish to hang, let prussic acid or chloroform be called in aid until such time as we shall discover the blessed secret whereby we may instantly 'veil' such people out of the world."

Certainly, it may be said that in cases, wherein the reformation of criminals is hopeless, the cheapest and best way next to it with them would be their chloroformation. For the halter, chloroform, as Humanity must allow, and the lower orders of East London generally may be conceived to say, would be a good halternative.

SUGGESTION FOR A PANTOMIME.

SCENE—A Street in Ancient Rome, with Inscription over Door—
"M. T. CICERO'S OFFICES." Enter CLOWN and PANTALON.

Clown. *Hic sumus!*

WONDROUS BEER.



WRITING from Paris, the Correspondent of a readable contemporary states that:—

"A good deal of controversy has been going on respecting the water of Lourdes. A common *marchand de liqueurs* attempted to sell it in bottles with his other wares, whereupon the BISHOP OF TARBES interfered, and condemned the publican in a pastoral."

Foolish Bung! Why did he incur episcopal censure, by the open sale of spiritual in common with spirituous liquor? He might have sold it under a disguise with impunity, at a great profit. He might have used it to water his brandy with. Or, if scrupulous,

he might have disposed of his Lourdes water in a genuine way, through brewing beer with it. If it contains anything medicinal, it would then perhaps, more or less, have approached to the quality

of Stogumber ale. No reasonable person can doubt that any miraculous properties it may possess it would have exerted, with at least undiminished strength, in the form of malt liquor. Miraculous water would perhaps have been found to make miraculous beer. Ale made of Lourdes water might have proved to be a beer that nobody ever got the worse for by drinking, but everyone always the better, and the brewer and vendor of it might have made his fortune by supplying the public with the desideratum of beer which, whilst remarkable for its cordial effect, was not an intoxicating fluid.

Denied.

A SCIENTIFIC Musician, named SIDLEY TAYLOR, A.M., who is quoted by our dear and disportive old friend, the *Musical World*, has laid down some "Acoustical propositions." We have no doubt of his learning, but we utterly deny his very first allegation. He says:—

"Sound can pass through solid, liquid, and gaseous bodies, but not through a vacuum."

We have, unhappily, heard too many delightful songs delivered by men and women with perfectly empty heads, to admit this for one moment.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He addresses the Editor concerning the Renovations in the Spectacle at Covent Garden, the Grecian Pantomime, and that at the Crystal Palace.

THREE more Christmas pieces. At Covent Garden *Babil and Bijou* has been renovated. It scarcely wanted it, as the main—"Spring Chorus" of the piece was as good as ever. In this wretched weather I am personally obliged to Mr. RIVIÈRE for having put *Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring*, into the mouths of all the errand-boys, walking butchers, pedestrian bakers, tinkers, tailors, whistling sailors, and all such as have time for a tune, while trudging through the dirty streets, and o'er the flooded gutters. "Spring, Spring, gentle Spring!" that's all I know of it, and I come to grief in the second line. I have met a parrot and a bullfinch that do precisely the same thing. My friends stop me when I begin, or *exceunt*, frowning. I hope to have the first eight bars of the air perfect by the time I call upon You, Sir, in your study; but, as Your Representative, I am not a good hand, or, I should say, ear, at catching anything. Vaccinate me, however, with a taking tune, such as this present popular melody, and I'm a pleasant companion. Now then, what's the next article?

As for the novelties in the ballet department, there is M. ESPINOSA, who makes quite a Tee-to-tum of himself as a Dancing Dervish, and MADAME ESPINOSA, with some dancing ladies, as "Tartares." Good name for a ballet, by the way, *The Teetotum and the Fair Tartar*. But quite alone comes HENRIETTE D'OR, the most graceful, the most refined *danseuse* since the days of lengthy book-muslin skirts. Even when she is representing a Bacchante, there is nothing sensual or gross in her impersonation. Hers is not the dance in which wild orgies culminate, but it is that of the Priestess of Bacchus rejoicing in the gift of the Vine to men. Were all descriptive dancing like this of HENRIETTE D'OR, the Golden Age of the ballet would have returned. The special artist, M. COLLODION, is clever, but he only executes two caricatures, and before he begins he writes above them for whom they are intended, which is complimentary neither to his own talent nor to the intelligence of the public. Miss BARRY does more than look the Amazonian *Prince Fortinbras*: she acts it. Many of the dresses and some of the music is new, and, taken altogether, the brilliant spectacle of *Babil and Bijou* is, as yet, unsurpassed by anything of the kind in London, or out of it.

True to my Christmas duties, I represented You, Sir, at the Grecian, and wondered much at the Speaking Head of Mr. Nobody, which walks and talks (bether CHARLES THE FIRST, he's always cropping up now-a-days!) in the second scene of *Niz*, which is the name of the Pantomime. This is the novel feature of the perform-

ance, as the CONQUESTS, *père et fils*, do as many astounding jumps, hops, skips, and tumbles as of old, and in the Incantation Scene a LULU-like bound is repeated every two minutes. The perpetual question is, "Where are they now?" And the answer comes, "All over the place." So the *spécialité* of the Grecian is as heretofore, and the theatre is so densely crowded that on Saturday nights the people walk on one another's heads, until they drop in somewhere, when they sit how they can, and see as much as they can with half an eye; for in these compact bodies you may be firmly wedged in sideways, and unable to use more than one eye, and that only with a dangerous wrench. West-end Managers have sung in their Eastern brother's ear, "To the West, to the West!" but the Bounding Brother of the Eastern Boundary does not, very wisely, care to give up the *trapèzes* on which he has to fly, for others which he knows not of.

After all, Sir, the holiday place for the million is Mister Crystal Palace. Better than the Theatres, because, including a theatrical entertainment, it gives you and yours—"and yours" being in the Christmas holidays the important point—a first-rate Pantomime, full of funny business worked into, and got out of, a story that all know something about, though for detail they must consult the C. P. Pantomime, namely, *Jack and Jill*. Then there is a transformation scene, which is probably unequalled in London at the present time, which is saying a good deal, but not too much. The Arabs, too, have left their tribes and tents in the desert for London lodgings and tent bedsteads, in order to show an appreciative public at the Crystal Palace what are their habits and manners when at home on their own native sand. They pile themselves one on the top of the other as if the highest up aloft was going to inspect the roof of the Crystal Palace, to see if any repairs might be necessary. Fingers were made before forks, and lads before ladders; the use of which is entirely superseded by these Beni Zoug-Zoug Arabs, who, without any mechanical appliance, could send one of their young men, or even their "Venerable Chief" himself, mounted on the shoulders of several other Beni Zoug-Zougs, up to the attic window of a Belgravia mansion. Your Representative, Sir, hit at once, when he saw the performance of the Zoug-Zougs, on the enormous trade which the Oriental Forty Thieves must have driven in housebreaking. Nothing more simple. The celebrated *troupe* of Forty (always under the guidance of their "Venerable Chief") enter the streets of Bagdad, for example: they make their ladder of men, the fortieth steps from the thirty-ninth's shoulders on to the roof of CALIPH HAROUN'S palace, and through the trap-door he descends into the sumptuous rooms below. The thirty-nins in the street attract the attention of the household by their performances until Number Forty has finished his little business, when up goes the human ladder again, down comes the fortieth thief with his pockets full, when, breaking the ladder up into its living component parts, away they scamper to the trackless desert. They are

marvellous fellows. It would be a bad speculation on the part of the College of Surgeons to pay them so much down to insure the possession of their skeletons *in futuro*. Why, they haven't got any bones, or, if they have, they must be supple as whalebones. Then after this sight there's the Aquarium. To see the Crabs in solemn conclave, like a party of old fogies, who know each other's stories by heart, seated round a table on a Club-night, is in itself as refreshing as a good scene in a comedy. Then to see King Octopus in a pantomime, with Cod for Clown, Shrimps for Sprites, and Mackerel for the Silver Fairies; and there's Captain Cnttle (of whom, when found, make a note), to serve as a farce to wind up the entertainment.

Now, Sir, with the exception of the Polytechnic, where You would like to be represented in the Diving Bell, I think I've given a report of things specially Christmassy, and have directed the attention of Parents and Guardians, and holiday-makers and holiday-takers generally, to the spectacles of Covent Garden and the Alhambra, the Extravaganzie Trille at the Olympic, the Pantomimes at Drury Lane and the Grecian; and last, but not in any sense least, the Crystal Palace, with its varied amusements. I am awery, I own it. I would lay down my pen and sleep—if I could. But the brain, acted upon by pantomimic fancies, is over-excited, and will not be soothed. Morphous! unaided by MR. DANIEL HOME, I invoke thee! The Drowy God appears before me. He stretches forth his hand towards me, as I recline in my old arm-chair where my forefathers eat. He holds out a paper. "*Tolle! lege!*" says the Phantom. "One line will induce the soundest slumber." I take it. It is the *Saturday Review*. I read . . . half a sentence . . . the charm works . . . Good . . . night . . . all's well . . . with

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.



THE *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that Tuesday last week, the 7th of January, was what used to be called "St. Distaff's Day," when "our ancestresses were in the habit of resuming their spinning operations after the Christmas holidays." Our judicious contemporary, having truly remarked that "the distaff, spindle, and spinning-wheel have long since disappeared, and woman is engaged in far more sublime occupations than spinning flax," suggests, with manifest reason, in so far as the strong-minded declaimers of the female platform are concerned, that the practice of spinning might be advantageously resumed. In spinning, however, Woman would, now-a-days, be opposed by a competitor that would render it unprofitable. Steam has superseded Woman. The

spinster would find herself cut out by the spinning-jenny. But what then? St. Distaff's *cultus* might very well be revived, *mutatis mutandis*. The Sewing-Machine, among the wiser sort of women, has replaced the distaff. The 7th of January might, in future, be observed as the day of St. Sewing Machine, or St. Elias Howe's Day, in honour of that engine's inventor and the United States. Or the day might be dedicated to one of its improvements, or improvers; St. Agenorina, St. Singer, or St. Wanzer the Less. If strong-minded women would transfer their feet from the stump to the sewing-machine, they would turn them from the error of their ways, and at the same time employ their hands in occupation exclusive of the misemployment which is apt to be found, for hands otherwise unoccupied, by somebody mentioned in a poem by DR. WATTS.

Speculation and Sanskrit.

THE new translation of an ancient work which PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER is bringing out constitutes a theme of interest in commercial circles. Gentlemen on the Stock Exchange, especially, are anxious to know whether acquaintance with the *Rig Veda* hymns will help anybody to rig the market.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,

EX-EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

BORN AT THE TUILERIES, APRIL 20, 1808. DIED AT CHISLEHURST, JANUARY 9, 1873.

"THE EMPEROR died this morning—half-past ten."

So runs the tidings, writ-up, short and round,
On mud-splashed windows of each dusty den,
Where, daily, the day's news takes shape and sound.

And the unresting tide of life, that flows
Through London's arteries, 'twixt heart and brain,
Stays to take in, then on its errand goes,
Nor settles, straight, to even pulse again.

News, this, of the deep voice that speaks to all,—
Lightest of heart or gravest—those who care,
And know least of the world's dice as they fall,
Or, keenest, back the game, or, deepest, share.

News, whose dull fall through Time's dark pool will urge
The pulses of an ever-widening ring,
That cease not, till they touch the farthest verge
Reached by man's message on the lightning's wing.

It was no common life that so could fill
The thought of Europe: 'tis no common death,
Kings, Statesmen, Nations, with such shock to thrill,
As rarely greets surcease of exile's breath.

Already scores of ready penmen draft
Of his life's course to power their bird's-eye view,
Through poverty, and perjury, and craft,
And redder stains that the blurred track imbrue.

Let whose will count of his faults the cost,
And point a moral in his saddened end;
This is the thought in England uppermost—
He, who has died among us, lived our friend.

If sinners may by suffering, too, be shriven,
What penance those last years had to sustain!
The sting of fall and failure deeper driven
By the dull stroke of slow and sleepless pain.

Who that has judged him harshliest but has found
Comfort in thinking love was there to tend
The exile's eve, and cheer home's narrow bound—
That wife and son were with him to the end.

The time to weigh him fairly is not now;
Nor are the true weights any France can bring:
That sprang to fix the crown upon his brow,
And her own neck beneath his feet to fling.

Heavily both have answered for their sin:
Nor did the EMPEROR heavier fall undo,
Than France, that backed him still while he could win,
Nor turned against him till the luck turned too.

But now 'tis England, and not France, that stands
Silent beside an exile's dying bed,
Mindful of kindness rendered by his hands,
Sorrowing with those that sorrow for the dead.



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

Mrs. Brown (whose Daughter has just been performing admirably on the Piano-Forte). "Do FOUR DAUGHTERS PLAY, MRS. JONES?"
Mrs. Jones (whose four Daughters have only been listening). "No." *Mrs. Brown. "SING?"* *Mrs. Jones. "No."*
Mrs. Brown. "PAINT IN WATER-COLOURS?" *Mrs. Jones. "No. WE GO IN FOR BEAUTY!"*

VERNON HARCOURT AND VERACITY.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT, in some of his late speeches, has placed himself in striking contrast with most of the other leading politicians, both Liberal and Conservative, by speaking the truth. For example, at the Druids' Dinner, the other day, in discussing the impost by which the incomes of a part of the people are taxed to pay the expenses of the whole, instead of attempting to defend confiscation with sophistry, and to stifle complaint with sneers, he condemned the false and dishonest apology, alleged by financial swindlers' advocates on behalf of the Income-tax, that it weighs only on the rich who are well able to pay it, and he maintained that, on the contrary, it falls "with the greatest severity on the poorest of all the classes of the community—that which, upon limited means and small profits, has to keep up a state of respectability." The lie which MR. VERNON HARCOURT refuted is one of those lies which Statesmen are very apt to tell in talking to simpletons; lies coupled with truths, from which the generality of people at public meetings have not sense enough to disentangle them. It is quite true that the rich are well able to pay the Income-tax; but to say that the Income-tax weighs only on them is telling a falsehood which transcends common lying. The rich, as a rule, can afford to live up to their incomes, and it matters nothing to wealthy people whether their incomes are taxed, or duties are imposed upon the luxuries on which they expend them. The class rightly described by MR. HARCOURT as the poorest of the country, consists of persons under the necessity of living as much within their incomes as possible. They need to make all the provision that ever they can against ruin constantly staring them in the face. The Income-tax, substituted for indirect taxation, wrings from them the savings they ought to put by, and, by way of compensation, offers them the advantage of buying cheapened superfluities, which, how cheap soever, are too dear for them at any price. Thus are their slender incomes in large measure confiscated by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and amends are made them with facilities to squander the rest.

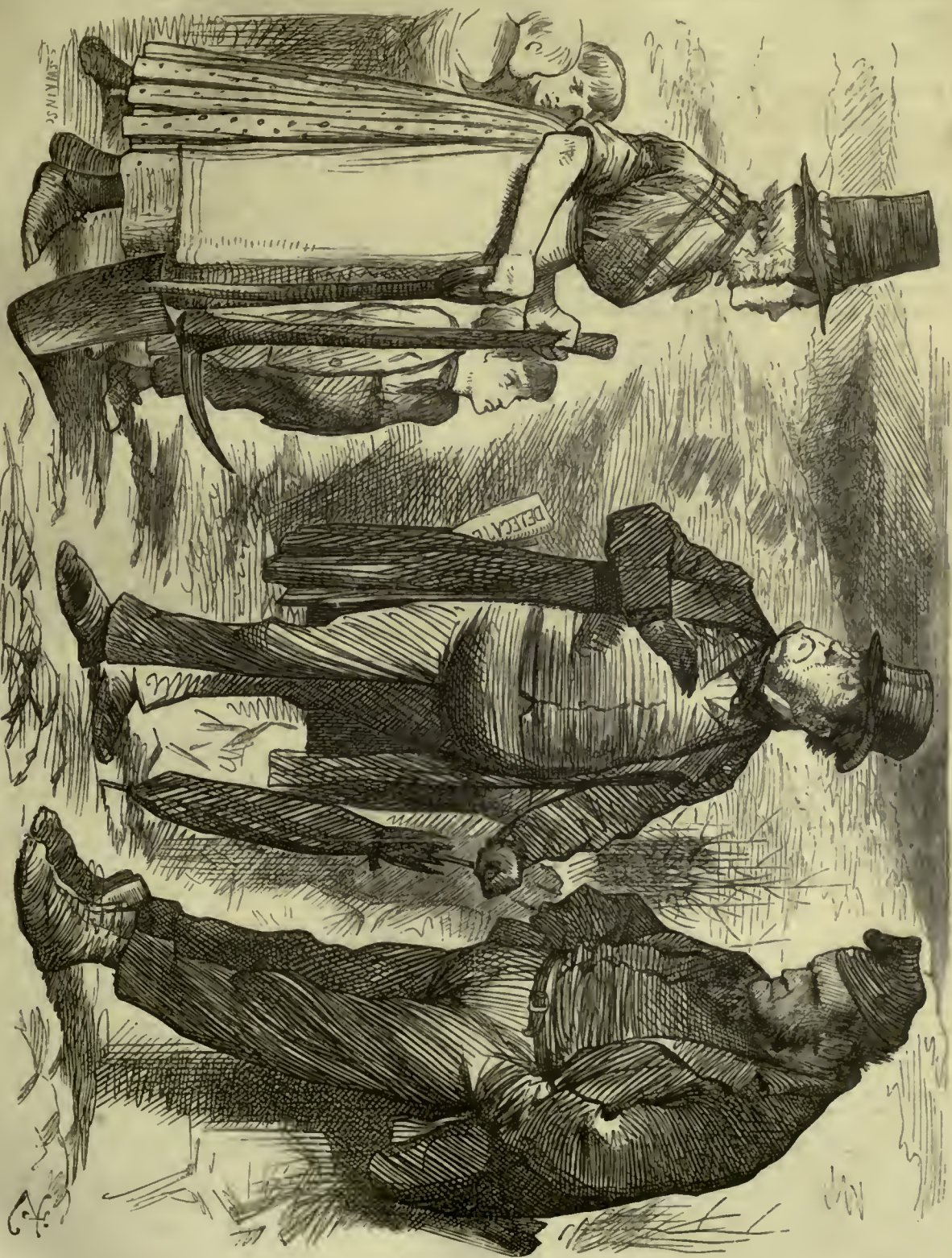
WISDOM ON THE WEATHER.

CLEARLY, certain proverbs should be altered according to the weather. This may seem at first a startling proposition, but consider it a moment and you will see there is some sense in it. Look, for instance, at the proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun." Surely, in weather like the present, when the sun is never seen, nobody would dream of using such a proverb. In order to be applicable to this damp and dismal time, it should be altered to "There's nothing new under one's umbrella." Or take the common saying that "Every man should lay by something for a rainy day." In weather like the present, when the days are always rainy, a proverb such as this becomes exceedingly perplexing. In fine weather a man may fitly lay by something; say, for instance, his umbrella. But in days of constant deluge he cannot well do this, without the certainty, at any rate, of getting a good ducking. The only proverb wholly suited to the weather of this winter is the saying that "It never rains but it pours:" the truth whereof, for the last four months, has been copiously manifest.

Our Concession to Rome.

"His Holiness has lately delivered an address in which he compared himself to TOBIT."—*Roman News.*

DEAR Father, we love you, but surely 'twas no bit
 Of luck, that suggestion of likeness to TOBIT:
 By miracle TOBIT grew blind to the light;
 You claim to possess a miraculous sight.
 But one thing we hasten to grant, nothing loth,
 The stories, dear Père, are Apocryphal—both.



MRS. TAFFY'S ELIXIR.

“EH, MISTER! YOU CAN BAWL LUSTILY FOR THE BALLOT FOR YOUR POLITICS, BUT IF THERE WAS A BALLOT FOR ‘STRIKES’ YOU KNOW WELL THAT MY MAN THERE WOULD BE AT WORK, EARNING A DINNER FOR THE CHILDREN AND ME, LOOK YOU.”



HAPPY THOUGHTS.

*Return of my Aunt—The Nook after the late Rains—A Surprise—
The End in View.*



WHEN I see the front garden from over the gate
I hardly know The Nook again. It is as
much changed for the better as a slovenly
man who has had' his hair cut.

My Aunt has arrived. She has been Ganlaved for the Neuralgia, and is quite well again; which, however, she says, she has no doubt would have been the result if she'd undergone the treatment at home. She is at first a little annoyed with me about the GLYMPHYS, because she had predetermined a match; and, secondly, she is astonished at my not having met her at the Station. These matters are, subsequently, duly explained.

Little UNOLES JACK and GILL are also here. When we appear at the front gate, they are playing at horses on the gravel-path, which seems to be, I point out to ENGLEMORE, nicely dry in spite of the rain. They are affectionate children. On seeing me, they run away, crying. "They think you're 'Bogie,'" ENGLEMORE remarks. They've gone indoors to summon my Aunt.

The old woman left in charge of the house comes to the front door. She recognises me, and sniffs. She prepares for my reception by giving her face a rub round with the corner of her apron, and then she opens the gate, stands behind it nervously, and curtsies.

"Mrs. BASCOE in?" I ask. It may be remembered, but it probably is not, that my Aunt's name is BASCOE.

"Yes, Sir," says the old woman. "The lady come as the day before yezzerdy. She ain't been altogether well since comin', she ain't. Werry damp it is for them as ain't used to't."

"Damp!"

"Your name must be Mister Drainage," says ENGLEMORE, surveying the lawn. "The ground here's like a greasy sponge. Not nice, Colonel Greasy Sponge, eh?"

"What's to be done?" I ask, for I see that the cottage is in a similar position to what the Ark must have been in after the first half-inch of waters had subsided.

"When I came," says my Aunt, after the first salutations and congratulations are over, "you had to walk through one big puddle to the front door, and you couldn't put your foot out of the French windows—"

"Without putting your foot in it," suggests ENGLEMORE.

My Aunt nods, and continues—"The revandah was a perfectly swopeless homp."

"Sammy Swamp," says ENGLEMORE, translating the phrase in his own fashion. "Your Aunt's right. Look at it now."

I do look at it, and in another second it occurs to me that the Masons and Builders left here some time since to put everything in order, have achieved a triumph of constructive skill by sloping the pavement of the verandah from the garden down to the house!

"Mister Cellar below, eh?" asks ENGLEMORE.

"Yes, but nothing in it."

Plenty of water by now. Little Tommy Temperature increases; William Water ditto. Steam up. General Damp—everywhere. No dry goods store." He shakes his head ruefully. My Aunt puts her hand to her side, in anticipation of rheumatic effects.

I turn to him and on him, rather savagely, "Hang it, ENGLEMORE, you recommended the place. You said 'Nook'—"

"And you Nooked. Good boy. But your little ENGLEMORE

didn't know about Colonel Clay-soil, and he didn't give orders to Mister Builder."

I admit this. I remark that the garden, considering all things, looks promising.

He cheers me up on this score. "Very promising. It'll be Little All-right if you give it time. Builder must put this square, or no £ s. d. Touch up the cellars. Dry your eyes. Ring up again, and go on with the next performance."

He is right. If drained properly, and so forth, I am sure there can't be a healthier spot than The Nook.

"The bloom is on the rye as far as the children go," says ENGLEMORE.

My Aunt replies, "Yes, I'm glad to see them with such cheesy rokes."

We are recovering our good-humour.

Happy Thought.—Make the best of a good job; for it is a good job done, excepting the builder, who must have been a perfect fool. Talking of perfect fools, how's my new Gardener getting on? "Not that he's a perfect fool," I say pleasantly, smiling: "on the contrary, he appeared to be a very intelligent—"

"Did he?" my Aunt says, dubiously. "Well, I can't make him out myself. Nor any one else, I should say. He's got odd ways of going on."

Happy Thought.—Perhaps he has begun his "fancy gardening," and my Aunt doesn't understand it.

"At times,—I don't wish to frighten you, or myself, or anybody," she says, with great consideration, whereat ENGLEMORE nods approvingly,—"but at times I think he's queer."

"At odd times," suggests ENGLEMORE.

But as my Aunt looks uncommonly serious, ENGLEMORE frowns at me, as if I'd made an inopportune joke.

"Queer?" I repeat, and look at ENGLEMORE, who, unseen by my Aunt, goes through a pantomimic performance of lifting up his hand to his mouth, pretending to take a draught, and then touching his forehead significantly.

"You mean that he drinks?" I say to ENGLEMORE.

"Liquor's his name, probably," he returns.

"He frightened that old rag-doll of a woman whom you've put to keep house here," my Aunt continues; "and, though I don't understand much about gardening myself, yet it doesn't seem to me that he's going on right."

The Rag-Doll meets us in the passage, and corroborates this statement. "Nuffin ain't been right since he come, and Gurch's men left. I raily don't think as he's safe with a pick, or a 'oe, and children about."

I inquire as to his habits. She has seen him at meals.

"No, Sir, he don't drink, leastways not nuffin to speak on, but he's strange. His second day here he dashed in among them salary beds quite like a mad person."

"Good gracious! I hope he's not a luniao!" my Aunt exclaims.

"I ain't not so sure o' that, Mum," says the Rag-Doll, sniffing and retiring, first behind her apron, which she holds up to her face, and sniffs over its corner at us; then, under that cover, she backs down the passage, and goes sideways into the kitchen.

All my Gardener's information concerning the MIKADO, Japanese Gardening, and the DUKE of SHETLAND, flashes across me. I do not feel comfortable as I enter the Kitchen Garden.

"Hallo!" exclaims ENGLEMORE; and we all three stand in utter amazement at the scene before us.

Happy Thought.—Fancy Gardening certainly.

One part of the place looks as if it had been devastated by a fearful storm, while another seems to have suffered from some eccentric convulsion of nature, which has sent the roots up in the air and fixed the tops downwards in the earth. This is the case with the cabbages. The new currant-bushes are tied on to the tops of the highest trees, looking very like those Dutch brooms which a landsman often notices with wonder at the mast-heads of fishing smacks. The celery beds are completely dug up, looking like a troubled sea in dirty weather, with the exception of one small patch in the centre, where we observe a stone jar standing, labelled legibly *Mixed Pickles*. Garden tools, all brand new, which he has bought on his own account, ars, we see, planted out in a row, like young trees, and carefully propped up. An empty milk-pail is by the strawberry-beds, which have been filled with young plants. At the end of the garden, by the wall, we now catch sight of a smoking bonfire, which is just beginning to blaze. The Fancy Gardener is at present invisible.

"Mad as a hatter!" ENGLEMORE says, emphatically.

Evidently. But what an awful state of things.

We walk down the Kitchen Garden path in some trepidation. A mad Gardener might be waiting behind a bush, or a hedge, with some instrument, and jump out suddenly— Ah! there he is. *No.*

"SAFETY MATCHES."—Love Matches.



HOWL OF FRANTIC DELIGHT

INDULGED IN BY *MR. PUNCH* ON ONE DAY, LAST WEEK, BEHOLDING HIS SHADOW.

BIELA BROUGHT TO BOOK.

THAT erratic Biela Comet,
Which we thought had gone to smash,
Blundering against our planet
In collision rude and rash,
And scattering tail and kernel,
In windy meteor-flare,
Had vanished from the star-field,
Like a burst-up millionaire—

Like that millionaire returning
To the world of bourse and bill,
In the Eastern blue is burning
(See *KLINKERFUES*) still!
There, a beggar upon horseback,
Over the Indian tides,
Reckless of all he's gone through,
Biela the Centaur rides!

And like that millionaire, too,
Whose one faith's gain for loss,
He rides upon a Centaur,*
Whose hoof is on the Cross.
Thus one dull December morning,
In a fleeting break of blue,
The telescope of Pogson†
Nailed Biela—the old *do*!

* The Centaur rises just above the Southern Cross.

† The distinguished Madras Government Astronomer.

He was no easy capture—
Two mornings had gone by,
That Pogson's watchful weapon
In vain had swept the sky;
When, on the third, the Centaur
Trotting into the field,
With Biela "up" upon him,
His whereabouts revealed.

There through the southern star-sphere
The erratic comet jogs on,
Nor deems that for four minutes
He's within the gaze of Pogson,
Whose sharp eye thus reports him—
"Looks round and fat and bright—
At least about the nucleus—
But has no tail in sight."

I read, and for a moment
Some pity crossed my mind—
"Poor Biela! been in Queer Street;
Had to leave his tail behind!
'Twas, p'raps, when last November
He was missing from our skies,
And with those meteor-fireworks
Threw star-dust in our eyes.

"Yes, for those very meteors
Poor Biela, I'll go bail,
Was forced to raise the needful,
By pledging his own tail,
Or on that tail's been living,
In this ecliptic pause,
As bears they say, in winter,
Keep fat on their own paws!"

So pitiful my fancy,
Over poor Biela grew—
The single tail-less comet,
Bare-burning on the blue!
And I thought, "Will't be a lesson
To young comets hot and rash,
Not to get across our orbit,
And, like Biela, come to smash?"

But lo, the following morning
From Pogson tidings brought,
By clearer observation
With brighter aspect fraught:
"The nucleus enlarging
To twice its former scale;
And, visible appendage,
A faint, but growing tail!"

Sly rogue! 'Tis the old story,
In star-sphere, bourse, or mart,
Still these erratic blazers
But smash again to start:
Whatever means they squander,
Whatever trains they spill,
When they turn up, 'tis always
With a new tail growing still!

WHO WANTS A DIPLOMA?

THE following notice, with address at top, and name at foot, has been sent to *Mr. Punch* :—

"Dear Sir,—From information I have obtained, I wish to inform you I can now assist you in obtaining the title of Doctor; the LL.D. degree from an American University can be obtained in 'absentia.' This degree can be affixed after your name in the Medical Directories, while the other Foreign diplomas are not admitted. My fee is Twenty Guineas. I am, Sir, yours faithfully, &c., &c., &c."

Punch is exceedingly obliged, but when he wants to throw away twenty guineas, he gives them to *Mrs. Punch* for a new dress. Nextly, when he wants a degree, he confers it on himself, because that is just as honourable a course as buying a diploma, and quite as useful. Lastly, he does not wish to see himself in any Medical Directory, even though his name would stand there with the names of numbers of men whom he is proud to call his friends, and who owe none of their hard-earned titles to humbug and quackery like that suggested in the above note. He withholds the name only because he does not desire to advertise the person.



THROWING THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Bob (in the Course of Conversation). "WOMAN'S MISSION! POOH! WOMAN'S MISSION IS TO BE BEAUTIFUL. IF EVER I MEET A WOMAN WITH LOTS OF TIN, WHO'S FAULTLESSLY BEAUTIFUL, I SHALL MARRY HER STRAIGHT OFF."

His Admiring Friend. "I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL JUST ASK HER FIRST, WON'T YOU, BOB?"

BENTLEYS AND PORSONS.

MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in laying before his readers some conjectural emendations, by critics whose sagacity bespeaks itself, of certain passages in a sweet little poem, the composition of an anonymous bard, adapted to the youngest capacity, and designed to awaken the affectionate playfulness of very early childhood. These splendid exercises of the critical faculty are contained in the following letters, addressed

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—Allow me to venture on the suggestion of what I take to be the correct reading of two lines in a well-known and favourite nursery rhyme, which, as contained in the common editions of books of such poetry, stand thus:—

Dancy baby diddy.
What shall I do widdy?

These verses, though not absolutely unintelligible, are seriously vitiated by a proportion of absolute nonsense which cannot be regarded as wholesome nutriment for the tender mental faculties of infancy. "Dancy" is a corruption of a word which has an obvious meaning, and by some minds a signification may be attached to "widdy;" but "diddy" can hardly convey a definite meaning to any ordinary intellect. I propose that the lines above cited should be read as follows:—

Dancez, baby, Biddy.
What shall I do wid 'ee?

The supposition that the rhyme whence the foregoing couplet is quoted were originally composed in broken English by a French *bonne*, and subsequently varied by an Irish nursemaid, is quite a sufficient warrant for their restoration as above, confidently proposed by your constant reader,

DUNSTAN.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

WHAT are called our Upper Classes should, we think, include our upper servants, for clearly they are getting more and more the upper hand of us. As a step in this direction, please to look at this advertisement:—

COOK (GOOD PLAIN) is a quiet Family—a Tradesman's not objected to.

This plain Cook is certainly plain spoken, but she might be more explicit. For instance, does she look upon a Barber as a tradesman, or would she "not object" to cook a dinner for a Chimney-sweep? The perambulant purveyor of feline provision may call himself a tradesman, for aught that we can tell, and so too may a merchant who traffics in discarded habiliments and venerable hats. Haply one of these fine days (if we are ever to have fine days), we may find a Cook announcing that she will "not object" to take her wages from a Doctor, or else adding, as a postscript, that "No Mistress without a Title need apply."

A Hint.

(Improved from Shakspeare.)

"WHEN that I was a little tiny boy,"
And used bad words because of rain,
My parents, with reverse of joy,
Reversed me, and—I shared their pain.
But now I've come to man's estate,
And curse kind rains in language rash,
There's no one who can smite my pate
For talking thankless, idiot trash.

Oil or Water?

"HERR KAULBACH is preparing, says the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, for the Vienna Exhibition, a large Cartoon of the Deluge."—*Athenæum*.

If the weather abroad has been like the weather at home, the great German Painter has certainly hit upon a most seasonable subject.

QUESTION AND ANSWER IN NEW GEOGRAPHY.

Q. WHERE are the Sandwich Islands?

A. Near to the Knife-and-Falkland Isles.

SIR,—I cannot for a moment entertain a conjecture which, under pretence of amending a good old English nursery rhyme, would give it a semi-foreign origin. To my mind there is no question that the verses which a dunce has proposed to mar with outlandish corruptions were originally these:—

Dance, a baby, did he?
What shall I do, Kiddy?

"Kid" is a synonym for infant or baby notoriously much in use among the humbler classes, whence we all know that nurses are generally selected. "Kiddy" is its appropriate diminutive.

I am, Sir, &c., EDWARDULUS.

SIR,—I cannot bring my mind to adopt any of the proposed new readings of "Dancy Baby." On my own mind there is no doubt whatever that the first two lines of that celebrated poem, correctly rendered would be:—

Dance, my baby, did 'oo?
What shall Ma do widow?

In this variation from the received text maternal prattle, you will observe, is beautifully blended with conjugal solicitude.

Respectfully yours, ANSWER.

Jocose Drama.

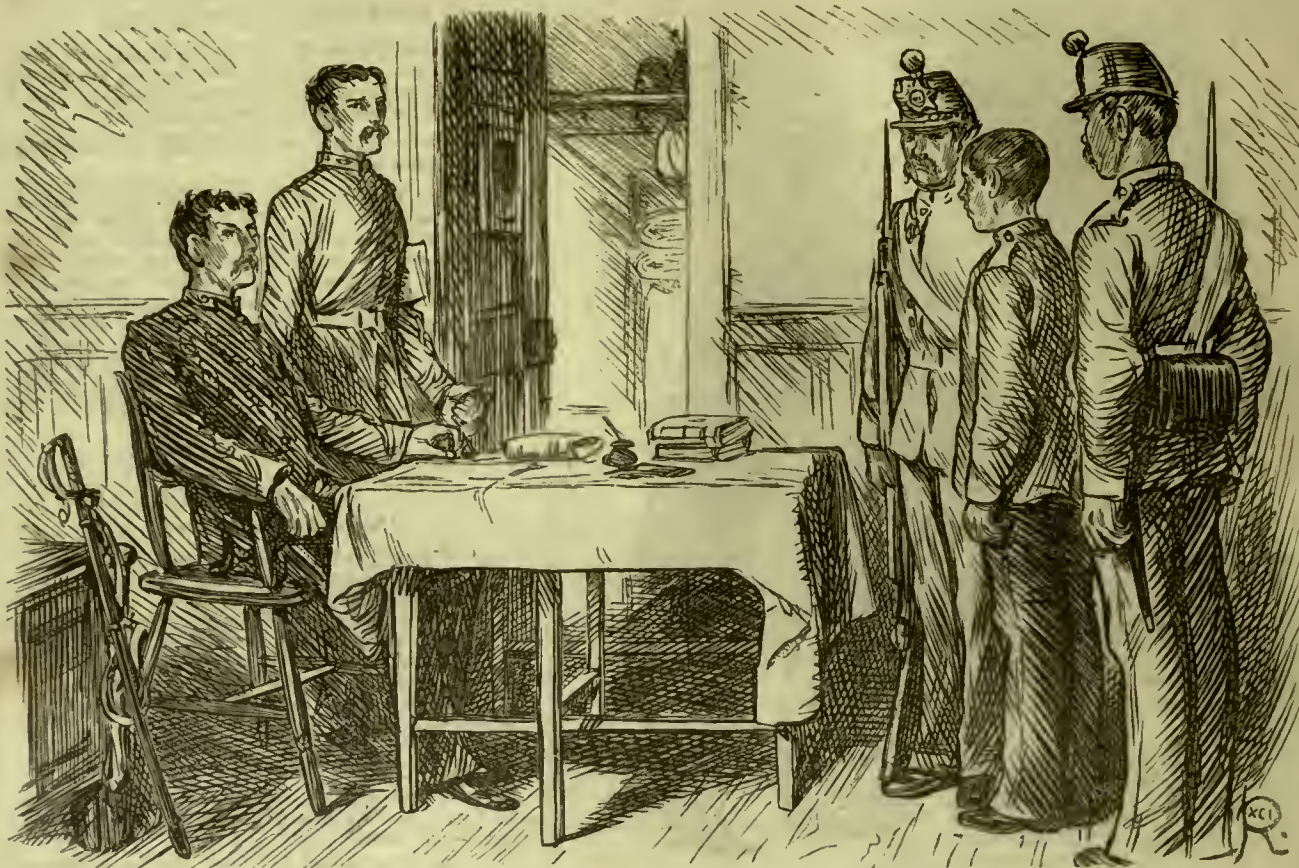
SCENE—Street, anywhere. TIME—Christmas time.

Enter BUGGINS meeting SMUGGINS. BUGGINS utters a very old joke. SMUGGINS takes off his hat, reverentially.

Buggins. WHY do you do that?

Smuggins. Because, when I meet an old joke I always treat him as an old friend, and salute him respectfully.

Buggins. Do you? I don't. As you see, when I come across an old joke, I cut it. [Exeunt separately.]



CUMULATIVE JURISDICTION.

Commanding Officer. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU, SMITHERS—ALWAYS IN TROUBLE. IF I MADE MYSELF INTO A REGIMENTAL COURT-MARTIAL, I'D GIVE YOU FORTY-TWO DAYS!"

Smithers. "CAN'T DO THAT, SIR; WOULD BE ILLEGAL!"

Commanding Officer. "ANOTHER WORD, AND I CONSTITUTE MYSELF 'A DISTRICT,' AND YOU'LL GET EIGHTY-FOUR DAYS!"

[*Smithers is awed.*]

RATHER HARD LINES.

THIS is an advertisement from an Irish paper. Please to read, nevertheless:—

WANTED by a Gentleman board and schooling for a Boy, aged thirteen years, of a bad turn of mind, and given to lying: intended for the sea: terms from £16 to £18 per annum, payable monthly. Address, &c.

What has the Sea done that so objectionable a youth should be thrown into it? Why insult respectable fishes? And, if he is to be drowned, what is the use of wasting money on his board and schooling? But if by the Sea is meant the Service, the British Marine is really much indebted to the advertiser. What we find and love in that Service is, among many other excellent qualities, a good turn of mind (whatever the "gentleman" means) and an absolute hatred of lying. Lastly, we would remark that, however desperately and outrageously wicked a boy of thirteen may be, his faults are probably due to those who have brought him up badly, and it is dealing a child rather hard measure to prejudice the mind of any better tutors against him. However, 'tis an Irish advertisement, and an "affectionate people" has its own ways.

Spiritualism and Shakspeare.

In a letter to *Prince Henry*, the Divine WILLIAMS makes *Falstaff* sign himself "JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars." Some commentators will hence, perhaps, infer that SHAKSPEARE was a Spiritualist.

A HOME QUESTION.

ARE Young Men who have sisters generally found to marry? One would fancy they must know too much.

PAPAL PREVISION.

THE Roman Correspondent of the *Times* tells us that "the Pope still speaks of the Italian Government as 'Sub-Alpine.'" What first put this phrase to denote VICTOR-EMMANUEL and his Ministers into the Holy Father's head? The Chief and the Members of the Government which he calls Sub-Alpine are not, in any intelligible sense, under the Alps. Certainly they have not, as yet, the Alps on top of them. Maybe the POPE imagines that he foresees them lying under the Alps, which have been hurled upon their heads for having dethroned him. There, perhaps, they lie, to his mind's eye, like the Titan beneath Etna. Thus we can imagine that, as persons destined to be Cardinals by His Holiness are Cardinals already, so the Italian King and his Councillors are already Sub-Alpine to the POPE *in petto*.

First News of the "Challenger."

[The *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent on board states that the first dredging has resulted in the discovery here immortalised.]

News from the *Challenger*, nothing ridiculous!

One Ocean Secret's already disclosed,

The *Gonotryx*, O, the delightful *pisciculus*!

Lives a deal deeper than Science supposed.

Then hey for the *Gonotryx*, *Gonotryx*, *Gonotryx*!

Jolly young *Gonotryx*, swimming so free;

And soon may the *Challenger's* trawlings and bonny tricks

Drag more jolly news from the jolly old sea.

A PROBLEM.—Is it consistent for a man, who professes to be a Teetotaler, to think no small beer of himself?

POETIC CLASSICS FOR PROSAIC READERS.



RICE GRACIOUS MR. PUNCH,

It seems to me that the now favourite form of poetry might be used for the instruction of the rising generation. I have, therefore, put the list of the Roman Kings into verse, and, if this meets your approval, I will do all the Consuls of Rome, and then all the Lord Mayors of London.

Yours deferentially,

ORBILIUS FLAGELLATOR.

I.

The first King of Rome was called ROMULUS.
His position was slightly anomalous,

Him we cannot esteem, as
He killed brother REMUS,
For reading him cynical homilies.

II.

The second was NUMA POMPILIUS.
His subjects were really so silly as
To believe he was taught
By a nymph whom he caught
In a grot. Let's be glad we know *melius*.

III.

The third was named TULLUS HOSTILIUS.
It's uncertain of whom he was *filius*;
But certain his vows
Brought down fire on his house,
For his incense made Jupiter bilious.

IV.

The fourth he was called ANCUS MARTIUS,
Who was full of most laudable varnishes;
His Majesty's action
Gave much satisfaction,
And he probably wore fine monstarchios.

V.

The fifth was TARQUINIUS and PRISCUS;
He was proud of his wife and his whiskers;
Two Princes he'd chiselled
(When ANCUS had mizzled),
Took and broke his old head with a discus.

VI.

The sixth he was called SERVIUS TULLIUS;
On reforms he could talk quite as dully as
Any TAYLOR, or OGDEN,
Or Democrat codger
Of that sort, who stands up to *bul-ly* us.

VII.

The Last was TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS,
(His wife o'er her father drove her buss),
He turned out such a brute, &
That Rome upped with her foot,
And—cried, "There! No more Kings shall disturb us."

THREATENED STRIKE OF CUSTOMERS.

BUTCHERS, our bucks. Grocers, our good Sirs. Purveyors of food in general, our pretty fellows. Observe that, on the afternoon of Tuesday last week, a numerously attended meeting of the Members of Club Committees and Members of Clubs was held at Willis's Rooms for a purpose likely considerably to affect your interests. It was no less than that of establishing a Club Co-operative Supply. This purpose, gentlemen of the azure tunic and the white apron, bids very fair indeed to be carried out. Resolutions were passed to take decided steps to that end. A Club Co-operative Company has been established. It means business. You will say it means mischief. The National Club, the East India Club, the Army and Navy Club, have put their shoulders to the wheel; and very soon the rest of the Clubs will co-operate with them, shoulder to shoulder.

For why? Losses accrue to Clubs from paying high retail prices for goods of low quality. The deficits in Club balance-sheets out of the supply of provisions have become of serious consequence. Members of Clubs cry out and complain that the prices at the Clubs are higher in some respects than those at the restaurants, where the proprietors have to pay all the expenses out of their business receipts, having no annual subscriptions to rely upon for payment of their rent and other outgoings. These facts were stated by the Hon. A. B. HAMILTON to the Co-operative Clubs Meeting *ex cathedra*; as Chairman, you know. He pointed out that they necessitated combination on the part of Clubs in order to secure the best articles of provisions at moderate prices, instead of articles always high-priced, and not always of the best. Accordingly it was unanimously resolved by the meeting—"That the directors" (of the Company above-named) "be requested to communicate with various Club Committees, with the view to secure their support and co-operation." Friends, you see these are striking times. Co-operative Stores are virtually Customers' Unions. In effect they constitute strikes of Customers against Shopkeepers. The Civil Service has generally struck against you. Now the strike is extending to the Clubs. A general strike of Clubs will be a heavy blow indeed to you, and no joke. Be wise in time. Follow the good example of COLONEL CROCKETT's 'Possum. Say to customers on the point of co-operating against your extortion—"Don't strike, Gentlemen. We will come down." And come down immediately. Then, although, for having brought you to honest reason, we may say that Clubs are trumps, the remark will not be added, on your loss of business, that you did foolishly in playing the knave.

WANTED.

"A COMPANION required by a Married Lady of position. She must be a lady by birth. A Young Lady of a kind and affectionate disposition would meet with real kindness and a pleasant happy home. She must understand arranging hair with taste. No other duties."

Is there not some mistake in the wording of this invitation, where happiness and hair-dressing are so beautifully blended? The advertisement states that the desired companion must be "a lady" by birth, but as it is indispensable that she should understand arranging hair, probably it ought to have said "a lady's maid." The arrangement of the hair, with or without taste, has not hitherto been included amongst the studies and accomplishments to which attention is paid in girls' schools and colleges. But if it were generally known that companionships to ladies "of position" could be secured merely by the cultivation of such a simple talent as that for "doing" hair, we should probably soon see the names of the most eminent *coiffeurs*, the first *artistes* of their time *en chereux*, if not at the head, at least high up in those lists of professors of every imaginable art and science, without which no Ladies' Establishment has now any chance of success. Perhaps the "National Union for improving the education of Women of all classes" will turn its attention to this neglected branch of female instruction, and unsuspected source of lady-like emolument.

Ancient and Modern Art.

PICTURES by the Old Masters adorn the inner walls of the National Gallery. Those of the Young Masters embellish the exteriors of other buildings, and also decorate the gates and door-posts. The last-named artists are mostly Members of an Academy composed of Cads.



A PLAIN ANSWER.

Nimrod. "HAVE YOU SEEN A DEER PASS THIS WAY, BOY? YOU KNOW WHAT A DEER IS LIKE?"

Yokel. "NOA, I DOAN'T!"

Nimrod. "WHY, SOMETHING LIKE A DONKEY WITH SHORT EARS. HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING ANSWERING TO THAT DESCRIPTION?"

Yokel. "NOA, NOT TILL YEAW COME BY!"

THE MILD SEASON.

THE unusually mild temperature of the present season (by courtesy Winter) is beginning to produce a fine crop of newspaper paragraphs, and one reads and hears of nothing but precocious strawberries, daring hyacinths, venturesome asparagus, and apple-trees prematurely blooming. Industrious statisticians are looking up old winters, and exploring remote countries and distant centuries for exact parallels. Thermometers are glad to be in the shade. The trade in skates is flat. Furs are entirely changing their nature, and becoming a drug in the market, and alarming reports are flying about the country that the violets have seriously interfered with the hunting. Should the leniency of the weather continue, we may expect to have everything before its proper time, and the summer months will probably find us weary of salmon, sated with strawberries, and supremely indifferent to green peas and roses. The whitebait hold themselves in readiness to arrive at their usual quarters at Greenwich whenever summoned by the head-waiter; and the merle and the mavis are prepared to commence nidification at a moment's notice.

But many of the most remarkable concomitants of the season—we are not now referring to *BIELA's* friend—have unaccountably escaped being made the subject of public comment. The season's influence has extended to quarters where meteorological phenomena have hitherto been supposed to exercise but little sway; and so striking have been the results, that it appears a matter of national importance to tabulate a few of the more prominent of them for present investigation and future reference. The readings are in all cases given in round numbers, and the instruments employed were the same as those used at the Royal Observatory, Christiansund, Skudenes, Valentia, &c.

MR. GRAY MAYOR cannot remember MRS. GRAY MAYOR's temper

THE LAY OF A LODGER.

I'M an Englishman, Londoner, Lodger,
There are thousands and thousands like me;
I'm zealous for freedom as ODGER,
Claim Moral Self-Government free:
But I fret under petty restrictions—
Devices of pedagogue-rule—
Enforced under penal inflictions,
As though this great realm were a school.

I live like a bear in a cavern,
Whenceforth for my victuals I roam:
I dine every day at a tavern,
For they can't cook my dinner at home.
On work-days I'm free, but on Sunday
The serf's bitter portion is mine:
Between three and six on that one day,
A Statute forbids me to dine!

In an hour who can finish his dinner?
I smoke, and repose on my perch,
Past seven, when of old this poor sinner
Was wont to be going to church.
Sabbatarian Teetotallers' notion
A splendid success don't you think?
They've taken a deal by their motion
To limit my freedom of drink.

A private house I rent a room in.
Instead, were my home an hotel,
The law me three long hours would doom in
Solitude every Sunday to dwell.
As a guest, of a huge fine in danger,
By my side any friend would remain.
A pedant's Act makes him a stranger;
Refreshment forbids to obtain.

Come quickly a blest Dissolution!
Then, Englishmen, rush to the poll;
And force, by your votes, restitution
Of rational folk's self-control.
In a state of submissive prostration
Will you crouch on, like milksops unmanned,
A Prig-and-Police-ridden nation
In what once was Liberty's Land?

DIPLOMATIC TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF; and may the Court that has accredited him to the Cabinet of St. James's not design to shuffle off its engagements.

ever to have been so mild as during the current month. For many years past he has kept a daily register of MRS. G. M.'s variations in this respect, and since 1853, when they were on their wedding excursion in the Isle of Wight, he has no record of anything which approaches the present happy state of things at Roselawn. He sincerely hopes that the mildness both of the temperature and MARIA's temper will be of long continuance.

MR. DIGBY MILD MAY GOZLING's new volume of poems—*Germ and Spray*—is rapidly approaching completion. MR. MILD MAY GOZLING's muse is habitually a gentle creature, but those who have had the privilege of access to the proof-sheets of his forthcoming work, are unanimous in their opinion of the extraordinary mildness of its contents.

The inhabitants of Sleepingwell-cum-Slumberdown came away from the last Penny Reading with an idea in their heads that MR. TOLEMY's elocutionary efforts and MISS WASHINGTON's musical performances were a little mild.

Those who study the devious course of events, and are constantly on the watch for the slightest indications of new phases and fresh currents in the vortex of life, have of late, day after day and morning after morning, been struck—so much so, that they are in communication on the subject with the Director of the Meteorological Office (as the Clerk of the Weather is now called)—with the unusual mildness of their breakfast bacon.

Never since the House of Brunswick ascended the throne of these realms, never since the commerce and manufactures of this sea-girt land received a powerful impetus after the Repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws, never in the annals of Burton, Alton, Romford, Stogumber, Nottingham, and Chiswick, has the consumption of mild ale been greater than at this present hour—11 P.M., Thursday, January 16, 1873.

MRS. TOLMER DOTTERELL has just given to the world another of



STERN, YET SENSIBLE.

Crabbed Old Guard (to Sea-Captain taking leave of his Family). "COME, SIR, COME! MY TIME IS UP, AND I MUST LOCK THIS DOOR. YOU SHOULD COME EARLIER IF YOU CAN'T CONTROL YOUR FEELIN'S!"

her charming ballad compositions, entitled *Fond Hearts are Fondly Beating*. The music and the words (the latter by EUSTACE SILKSTONE) are equally mild. The song is dedicated to LADY MARIAN HONEYMUSK, and is intended for a mezzotinto voice.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst., the Members for East Wessex addressed a large gathering of their constituents at the Annual Dinner of the Killingley Cow Club. Even the *Wessex Watchdog* is constrained to admit that the speeches of SIR WARKWORTH GLUDYER and MR. CHARLES PROSELEY PROSELEY were undeniably mild. Weather again!

A nice dish of early spring gossip was gathered at several tea-parties last week.

PIOUS FRAUD.

THE following was telegraphed, on the 16th, from Rome:—

"The Senate has approved the suppression of religious instruction."

And this followed in the same telegram:—

"The POPE received several children to-day, and told them that after repeated searches the bodies of the Apostles St. Philip and St. James had been discovered in the Church of the Holy Apostles."

Surely this should have come first. It seems an excellent reason for the action of the Senate. Dear good old Pius seems to have forgotten what his countryman wrote about *maxima reverentia*. He has wit, and humour, and could easily have amused the children without telling them such an amazing—one—as this. St. Philip, (a married man, with a family, by the way) was buried at Hieropolis, and according to the Roman Breviary itself, St. James was finally buried at Compostella. Now the original Church of SS. Apostoli (and precious hot that Piazza behind the Corso is sometimes) was not built until the time of PLAGIUS THE FIRST, in the sixth century, more than 500 years after "Philip and Jacob" had gone *ad majores*. His Holiness must have taken it for granted that Roman children are very ill taught—and we dare say that they are.

A SPLIT IN THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

SOME of the French Constitution-mongers, as we learn from the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, are proposing to make a second chamber by cutting the first in half. This reminds one of what CAPTAIN MARRYAT tells us of the Madeira Lizards in his *Olla Podrida*—that if you caught one, pulled off its tail, and nipped the last vertebra of the stump, the lizard not only lived happy ever after, but developed two tails instead of one, and went about apparently proud of his double appendage. Whether he was any the wiser for it, or moved any the slower or straighter, the CAPTAIN does not say. One does not very well see how an analogous way of giving France two legislative bodies would be likely to improve her Governmental course, if they are to be, like the Madeira Lizard's two tails, only bifurcations of one and the same body, after all.

A Splendid Opportunity.

A GOOD many people seem to be uneasy in their minds about LORD BYRON'S grammar and meaning in some of his famous lines to the Ocean. Cannot the Spiritualists help them? Cannot they communicate with the Poet, and ascertain from him what he really did write? By so doing, they would dissipate the anxieties of many sensitive and excellent persons, and probably, after giving such a practical proof of the use of Spiritualism, convert sceptics and unbelievers into inquirers and disciples.

In the Street.

(Sunday Morning. 10.55.)

Pert Dissenter. Are you hastening to countenance the institutional arrangement for obstruction of the propagation of denominational ideas?

Elegant Churchman. Mean, am I going to Church? Yes, I am. Morn'ing, I'm late.

THE FOURTH "R" AND ITS FRIENDS.



THE agitators of the National Education League are not Shakspearian actors indeed, but they appear to be busying themselves in the performance of much ado about nothing. To what end is the fuss they are making with a view to substitute secular for denominational Schools? If this change were accomplished it would certainly have the effect of reducing religion to the footing of an educational extra, similar to drawing and dancing. But are the Leaguers quite sure that the consequence of this would be to prevent the rising generation or the lower orders from being taught religion? As the case stands it may be questioned whether all the real religion that any children are imbued with is not imparted to them out of school. There appears very

great reason to doubt that any religion whatsoever is acquired by the regulation-reading, and learning of Scripture by rote, and by perfunctory and parochial psalmody. The enemies of religion may rest pretty well assured that they cannot do better, or worse, than to leave existing arrangements for inculcating it on the minds of school-children alone.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He addresses the Editor, as usual, after visiting the Queen's and the Globe.

As Your Representative I have not much to say about theatres this week, except that I think there are too many of them. But I shall have a good deal to say on certain matters deeply affecting theatrical interests when I've got no other subject to hand. For the present suffice it to observe, that You went to see *Cromwell* at the Queen's the other evening, and considering what you'd previously heard and read about the play, You were—I mean I was for You—agreeably surprised. Seeing that COLONEL RICHARDS' *Cromwell*—COLONEL RICHARDS wrote it—is no more a play than the *Cromwell* of VICTOR HUGO, great credit is due to the Stage Manager for the dramatic form in which it appears before the public. Had it been thus represented on its first night, no unfavourable verdict would have been pronounced. But if, as I have just said, great credit is now due to the Stage Manager for its present success, on whose shoulders are we to lay the blame of its comparative failure originally?

This brings all interested in the Dramatic Art back to the question of rehearsals. Now the preparation of an effect, like the cooking of a chop, may be faulty either from under-doing or over-doing. This being too serious a subject for this paper, I will dismiss it by observing, that the most perfect effect in *Cromwell* appears to have been the preparation of one of the greatest chops on record, for the dream-tableau representing the decapitation of CHARLES THE FIRST (I have had to mention him in everything lately—bother!) is admirable, and brings down the curtain on the First Act to enthusiastic applause. *Ireton* is as good in MR. RYDER'S hands as the character can be. I am disposed to say the same of MR. RIGNOLD as the Great Protector, had not all my interest in him been, quite against my will, gradually merged into a nervous anxiety about his wigs. As the curtain rose on each Act, I found myself wondering what wig he'd appear in this time. I noticed *Cromwell* aging rapidly while *Ireton* and the rest stood still at middle life: except, perhaps, MRS. CROMWELL, who seemed to sympathise with her husband's hair. Is this to be hyper-critical? I don't think so. No, at every fresh entrance *Cromwell's* manner seemed to me to say, defiantly, "Here I am again! what do you think of this wig? Eh?" As his favourite daughter, *Elizabeth*, Miss WALLIS had to contend against odds sufficient to have beaten even a more experienced actress. To play a part to which but little interest is from the first attached, to have to die hard for no evident reason except to satisfy historical requirements, and to have to relate three dreams, one after the other, while writhing

almost in *articulo mortis* on a sofa, just at a point when every one is wishing the dramatic action to go on quickly if it is going on at all,—these are severe tests of any *artiste's* power. Out of the ordeal she came triumphantly. The audience welcomed her safe landing as heartily as a crowd at a steep-chaoc greet the gasping winner clearing the last and most dangerous leap. When it was over, I, Sir, as Your Kindhearted Representative, rejoiced that she had not to ride that stiff course again. The Republican sentiments delivered in the course of the play frequently elicited noisy responses from some dashing spirits in the audience, but there are some damaging hits at the mob put even into *Ireton's* mouth.

Sir, if You want to be harrowed—and, as Your Representative, I am of opinion that you object to such an operation as much as would the proverbial toad, were any choice given it—go to the Globe Theatre, and see *Tears, Idle Tears*. Emphatically, I will not go again. Professionally, or unprofessionally, I do not like being out up. And then—I was so thirsty when I came away! This resulted in representing You, Sir, at EVANS'S, up to eightpence and one o'clock in the morning. Never again with you, dear mother.

Tears, Idle Tears! is carefully written, and well played all round. The great merit of MR. MONTAGUE'S acting in it is that its artistic repose never once distracts you from the pathos of the story. To have been demonstrative would have been ruin. MR. FLOCKTON'S Doctor is one of the best bits of character I've seen for some time. Had not all, as I have said, been so good in it, the sudden appearance of the child with such a name as "*Pip*" might have set the audience laughing. As it is, there is a rustling for pocket-handkerchiefs among the ladies, and twitching of the nose among such gentlemen as are not disposed to yield to emotion without a struggle. I saw many a stout heart succumb, and I said to myself there are little favourites at home—and—and this is not a Christmas piece any more than it is a comic song: nor, for the matter of that, was it intended to be. . . . But enough. I will not be harrowed. Where shall we go, we thirsty ones? "*Pip*, old fellow, what larks!" as Mister Joe Gargery used to say.

The idea of *Marcel* (*Anglicè, Tears, Idle Tears*) was probably suggested by *La Joie fait peur*. There is a kinship between the two pieces. As Your Representative I considered the doleful performance of the orchestra behind the scenes a decided mistake. At first it occurred to me that they were the "*Waits*," and that MR. MONTAGUE, in spite of all the efforts of doctor, nurse, and devoted wife, would be goaded on to madness by these melancholy musicians. Twopence from the open window would have sent them into the next street, and it is evident that they couldn't have come to play there by the doctor's orders. This music has a bad effect, because it forces the audience to wonder what it is ("How I wonder what you are?"—DR. WATTS), and for what purpose it is there.

The thing is neither rich nor rare,
But why the deuce is it put there?

Adapted Quotation.

And these questions would not occur to them were the musicians in their usual place. Whatever draws away the attention of the audience from the action before their eyes, is, though useful and necessary to a conjuring trick on the stage, worse than useless, and quite unnecessary, in such a touchingly simple piece as this: and, *apropos* of "*waits*," MR. MONTAGUE need hardly be reminded of the effect, in technical language, of all "*waits*" on an audience however favourably disposed.

There is nothing theatrical calling for any particular remark from me, as your Representative. By the way, in a foolish book, with which You, Sir, who knew all foolish books, are possibly acquainted, and need not to be supplied with its name by Your Representative, I found a burlesque speech on that of *Hamlet's*, where he quarrels with *Laertes*, delivered by FOOTE, who, the writer says, was "*extravagantly outré*" in his performance of *Hamlet* at Bath. It runs thus: "But 'tis no matter—let Hercules himself do what he may—the dog will mew—no, no, that's wrong—the cat will bark—O no, that's the dog—the dog will mew—no, that's the cat—the cat will—the dog—&c., &c."—isn't this my *Lord Dundreary* down to the ground? The book wherein I found this was published eighty-nine years ago, and though, as I've said before, You, Sir, of course will remember it and all that therein is, yet it is not until nearly ninety years have passed away that it has come under the notice of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. *On dit*.—The talented composer of "*Spring! Spring! gentle Spring*," has most happily dedicated it to M^{rs}. LULU. "Gentle," though, is hardly the word for *her* spring. But no matter. "Flow on, thou shining *RIVIÈRE*!" For the sake of simple pianofortists I hope he will, in future compositions, avoid accidentals, which lead to mishaps; but the advice is perhaps superfluous, as *RIVIÈRE* would naturally run into C. Ahem! Good night, and bless you.

OUR DOMESTIC PROSPECTS.



ARE we to judge by the advertisements, the time is clearly coming when servants will require to be shown a written character, when they choose to condescend to apply for a new place. Ladies wishing to engage an under-kitchen maid, for instance, will be expected to produce a letter stating their good qualities, and recommending them as kind and hospitable mistresses to servants who may think worth their while to enter their employment. Every lady will, in short, find it needful to provide herself with duly signed credentials, certifying that her servants have had nothing to complain of while they have remained with her, and that they can find not a word to say against her when they have gone to marry the butcher, or the baker, or the candlestick-maker, or any still more eligible lover of their choice.

Without pretending to much power in the science of clairvoyance, we think we can foresee the days when ladies wanting servants will find themselves obliged to advertise their own good character and qualities, and to state if they have given satisfaction in their kitchen, and whether they are competent to fulfil the many duties now expected of a mistress by those who occupy the top and bottom of her house. Mrs. A. B. will announce that she is liberal, good-natured, and indulgent to her servants, and allows them every liberty they may feel inclined to take. Mrs. P. Q. will affirm that she can show a ten years' character, and that Christmas-boxes are abundant at her house. Or LADY X. Y. Z. will state that she is highly recommended, and that in offering herself for a mistress's situation she is willing to be taken upon trial for a month.

In fact, if things go on as they have recently been going, there is no telling what inducements may be offered in the newspapers to servants who are willing to occupy a place. "Followers, of course, allowed, and furnished with Good Suppers," will be a common postscript to be added to advertisements: and even scullery-maids will be promised that a silk dress will be found them to adorn their Sundays out. Plain cooks will be informed that perquisites and policemen will be permitted at discretion, and that a cold dinner on Sunday is sufficient for the family, although a hot one for the kitchen will be sanctioned, if required. Ladies'-maids will hear that their mistresses' new bonnets are always at their service when they want to go a-visiting, and that once a fortnight they will have a carriage found them for paying morning calls. Moreover, house-maids will be told that a Broadwood's grand piano is provided in their parlour, and that weekly singing-lessons will be given them "free gratis" if they so desire: while nearly every advertisement will contain a final paragraph to the effect that once a month at least, or oftener, if requisite, an upper servants' ball will be given in the drawing-room, which footmen with fine whiskers and from the very highest families are invited to attend.

Don't We?

WE'RE informed that in Happy Japan,
Folks are free to believe what they can;
But if they come teaching,
And preaching, and screeching,
They go off to gaol in a van.
Don't you wish *this* was Happy Japan?

A CAD-CATCHER.

AN advertisement describes a certain artist performing at the Agricultural Hall as "the biggest Athlete in the world, hailed every night by the Public as the TICHBORNE of the Arena." Why so? The TICHBORNE is a little boy; and the name of the big Athlete is Du Bois, and not CASTRO.

LOOK AT HOME.

"INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—BRISTOL, THURSDAY EVENING.—A Conference was held here to-day for the purpose of promoting international arbitration. MR. H. RICHARD, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, pointed out that when difficulties arose between communities there was no recognised means or settled tribunal to which those differences could be referred for pacific and rational settlement. He urged that the Powers of Europe should be invited to select a Congress of Jurists to settle international law, and that a tribunal should be created to administer it, before which nations could plead, and by whose decisions they should be bound. MR. RICHARD considered that England should take the initiative; and backed up, as she would be, by America, he had no doubt it would have an effect throughout the civilised world which would do more than anything else that had been done for the establishment of permanent and universal peace. MR. S. MORLEY, M.P., expressed his hearty sympathy with the object of the Conference, and his intention to support MR. RICHARD in the resolution which he intended to submit to the House of Commons."—*Daily News*, Friday, Jan. 17.

Look at home, you who've the itch of cosmopolitan reforming,
Ere you tackle moles in others' eyes, see beams cleared from your own:
While godless, ragged outcasts in your slums and gaols are
swarming,
Why to whitewash little blacks o'er sea have mission-trumpets
blown?

Here's Merthyr's Quaker Member—is't in blindness or in mockery?—
Light of a Bristol Conference, for chaining dogs of war,
And preventing future smashes of international crockery,
By congresses of Jurists, jaw to substitute for jar.

If there's a pitying Power above who laughs at human folly,
What peals should shake the heavens as this broad-brimmed iron
lord
Comes hot from internecine strife o' the strike to fire his volley
At War's waste and the sinfulness of settling strengths by sword!

With Capital and Labour at his door in bull-dog grapple,
Though one in tongue and one in creed, in country and in race,
Spite of talkers and of writers, and the voice of Church and Chapel,
To show up such warfare's madness, and the rights of either case,

While in Merthyr's misty mountains for the forges' busy brattle,
Is the dead silence, not of peace, but rest between the rounds,
Comes RICHARD, brow and hands still stained with grime and gore
of battle,
To tell the world how battle may be banished from its bounds!

A simple secret! Here it is, for a new Poor Richard's preaching,
To iron-herds and colliers, and others, not a few . . .
"Be just, true, and unselfish: shun ill-gains and ever-reaching;
Do unto others as you would that they should do to you.

"Live, in a word, the life Christ taught—and lived as well as
taught it;
And then, I'll answer for it, that War will be no more:
For, in Strikes as well as States they'll have dropped the tools
that wrought it,
No Bench of Jurists to be feed, no RICHARDESSES to bore."

"BLESS THEE, THOU ART TRANSLATED."

The *Onestry Advertiser*, after describing Mr. Punch's last Cartoon, quotes the speech of the miner's wife, and adds:—

"Or to render it into the language that was spoken in Eden and will be spoken in Heaven, 'He, Misdyr! Gwedwch chi fynoch chi boiti'r balot 'na gyda'ch politics, tase balot gyda'r strikes ma, i wyddoch chi basé'n hen wr i lawr yn y gwaith, yn ceiso enall tamed o gine i mi a'r crots 'ma.—Hene i chi."

We have some notion that the last three words mean "There's for you," which is a phrase of South Wales. But if this is the talk "on the side of the angels," we are not quite so sure of being in concord with MR. DISRAELI. And is there no Welshangelic word for "Strike"? We must look into MILTON, who has recorded such an event.

Meantime it is delightful to see the work that Mr. Punch's Cartoon has already done. It was published on the Wednesday, and on the Friday

"The workmen employed at the Blaena Ironworks, in Monmouthshire, held a meeting, at which a Ballot was taken of the feelings of the men. Upwards of 700 men, both colliers and ironworkers, voted, and the result was that a majority of 368 declared in favour of the immediate resumption of work."

When Mr. Punch considers what he does for the nation, he is tempted to echo, with a variation, the celebrated speech of the great LORD CRIVZ, and to declare that he is astonished at Himself.



A HAPPY MAN.

Inquisitive Lady. "WHO, MAY I ASK, ARE THOSE THREE TALL LADIES SINGING?"

Communicative Stranger. "THE MISS BILDERBOGIES."

Inquisitive Lady. "THEY SEEM RATHER REMARKABLE PERSONS!"

Communicative Stranger. "QUITE SO. BY ALL WHO ARE SO FAVOURED AS TO POSSESS THE PRIVILEGE OF THEIR ACQUAINTANCE, THEY ARE WITH JUSTICE ADMITTED TO BE MORALLY, PHYSICALLY, AND INTELLECTUALLY PERFECT!"

Inquisitive Lady. "DEAR ME! AND THE LADY AT THE PIANO?"

Communicative Stranger. "SHE WAS ALSO A MISS BILDERBOGY. INDEED, SHE WAS BY FAR THE MOST TRANSCENDENTLY GIFTED OF THEM ALL."

Inquisitive Lady. "DEAR ME! THEN IS SHE SO NO LONGER?"

Communicative Stranger. "ON THE CONTRARY. MARRIAGE HAS IMPROVED HER!"

Inquisitive Lady. "GOOD GRACIOUS! AND WHOM DID SHE MARRY, PRAY?"

Communicative Stranger. "ME."

QUI VA LA?

"You, Sentry, at the outposts, beside the line of snows,
On the ridge where Oxus westward, and Indus southward flows,
What see you, as 'twixt Iran and Turan you look forth,
Over Kundooz and Toorkistan to Khiva, East and North?"
The Sentry, to this question, said nothing in reply;
But first he cocked his rifle, and then he cocked his eye.

I knew the man I questioned, PRIVATE GRANVILLE was his name,
A smart and steady soldier—of soldier's blood he came:
A pleasant chap in barrack-room, or round the canteen-fire,
On duty first to stand to arms, and last on march to tire.
So I thought there was something in it, when, instead of a reply,
He coolly cocked his rifle, and as coolly cocked his eye.

Then, when his rifle he had cocked, and his eye had brought to bear
Where beyond Balch and Bokhara loom the Khivan pastures fair,
Like a green ribbon lying 'twixt border-breadths of sand,
Wide as Syr-Daria's stream feeds fat a space of hungry land;
Thither the Sentry pointed, and with look serene and aly,
First brought his rifle to half-cock, and then un-cooked his eye.

"I see," he said, "a something I'd rather not have seen,
A something like a Russian—at least, his jacket's green;
But I'm up to all colours—and to all moves I'm fly,
And if there's green in his uniform, there's no green in my eye.

He's still a long way off 'tis true: but my lungs I won't spare,
If he's an ear, to make him hear my challenge, "Who goes there?"

"But who can tell if he's coming our way, or if he's not?
I should think he's out of hearing, as much as out of shot.
And surely 'tis too soon to call, with all this gray and green,
And all this range of desert, and this mountain-maze between."
But Sentry GRANVILLE only smiled, and winked, and made reply,
"No harm in a timely challenge, cocked rifle, and cocked eye.

"This Indian ground is English ground—In guard that land we
hold:
'Twas bought with JOHN BULL's blood, and but for BULL's blood
will be sold:

If I see suspicious parties at its frontiers appear,
I like to know what they're about, before they get too near;
So if to my 'Who goes there?' 'A friend,' green uniform reply,
I'll bid him 'advance, and give the word,—you know the reason
why.

"Or if you don't I'll tell it you—these Russians' game I know,
They've a way of boring right a-head, that's sure, if it is slow;
And as they're boring South and East, as sure as eggs is eggs,
JOHN BULL some day will find 'em coming up between his legs,
And the stand he has in India he feels would have more strength,
If this boring kind of gentry are kept well at arm's length.



“KHI-VA LA?”

SENTRY GRANVILLE (to advancing Russian), “WHO GOES THERE?”

"'Tis just a hundred years since our friend in green first made Upon the tribes of Khiva a well-intentioned raid ; No doubt he had provocation, as he had, I don't deny, When, beaten back, he tried it on, some thirty years gone by ; And so when half a year ago he tried it on again, And MACKOSOFF, with loss of camp and beasts, to bolt was fain.

"After Khiva comes Bokhara, then Kundooz, and then Canbül, And then you have JOHN RUSSIAN at close quarters with JOHN BULL. Now, I've no doubt his intentions are as good as they can be, But the further BULL and he are off, the better they'll agree ; So I hope you'll think it safer, while there is space to spare, From behind a loaded rifle, to challenge 'Who goes there?'"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The Last of The Nook—De Lunatico Inquirendo—Further Information—To Let—Finish.



E see the Gardener approaching. Up the kitchen garden walk: dancing. A flower-pot is on his head, which drops off, and a whip is in his hand. His hair anyhow ; he hasn't got as far as straws.

"He's a raming mavis!" exclaims my Aunt, and with great presence of mind begins to retreat slowly towards the house, keeping her thumb on the spring of her sunshade ; having a vague idea that to put it up suddenly is a staggerer for a lunatic. I hope she won't do it, as it might make him worse.

"Colonel Cut," says ENGLEMORE, briefly.

I beg him to be calm, and pretend not to notice anything extraordinary in the Gardener's manner.

Happy Thought.—Pretend.

We go to work to pretend. My Aunt retreating. I say to the man, "How are you getting on?"

"Well," he replies, briskly. "The MIKADO himself couldn't wish for more, except glass with care. Here's a treat for His Royal Highness !"

He lifts up a flower-pot, and shows us, planted underneath, an upright stick with a red herring fastened to it by a bit of red riband.

"That's my idea," he says, with pride. "That's ornamental and fancy gardening. I'm burning Guy Fawkes at the end there."

Then he adds, mysteriously, "Not a word to the Duke."

Pointing to the garden implements all planted in a row, he asks, "What do you think of that?"

ENGLEMORE replies, nervously, "Capital! couldn't be better."

"You don't think so," returns the Gardener, suspiciously.

Happy Thought.—To go on pretending. I feign an interest in this plantation. What is its object? Is it Japanese? I ask.

"Do you know who the MIKADO is?" he asks.

ENGLEMORE, regaining courage, suggests, "Japanese TOMMY?"

"TOMMY!" shouts the mad Gardener (for there is no doubt about it any longer). "You ain't a Fortyfold Jersey Blue, are you?"

ENGLEMORE nervously twitches my sleeve, and wants me to come away. No, I must keep my eye on him.

Happy Thought.—Detain him in conversation while some one goes for a Policeman. Who? ENGLEMORE might stay with him, while I go and fetch a Constable. How to communicate this to ENGLEMORE? Await opportunity.

"These will grow and be fruitful. Hush! Don't you hear the seeds coming up. Why, if you want to know all about gardening, you must stand on your head and listen. Can you stand on your head?"

"No; but then you see I'm not a Gardener."

"I can. So can celery sauce."

Happy Thought.—Here's an opportunity. While he's on his head, secure his legs.

He does not, however, alter his position. He continues, cunningly, "I don't, and I won't, because of my hair. Turnips, carrots, and The White Incomparable can do what they like—I say nothing; it's not my business, having been His Majesty's faithful servant for years— But"—here he creeps up to me cautiously and whispers—"who's the Emerald Ringleader, with orchids in his eyes, who's hiding in the ivy?"

ENGLEMORE says, briskly, "We'll have him out. I'll go and collar him."

The man stops him, taking ENGLEMORE by the arm. ENGLEMORE looks at me helplessly. The Gardener holds him fast.

"Don't!" he whispers hurriedly. "Don't do it! He's an Odontoglossos Pelargonium! If he's disturbed, he'll shoot me."

"No he won't," says ENGLEMORE, soothingly.

"He will!" cries the unfortunate lunatic, emphatically. "The MIKADO has sent him for the turnip-juice. He's got a pistol!"

"Has he!" says ENGLEMORE, more nervously than ever, and not liking to contradict him again.

"Has he?" the Gardener exclaims, ironically. "Why you know he has! You're a Gladiolus Gandavensis. But they've only put grapes in it. I've got a bullet in mine!"

Good Heavens!

Happy Thought.—I ask him, as calmly as I can, to show me the weapon.

He releases ENGLEMORE (who takes this opportunity of getting near the kitchen-door), and fumbles in a breast pocket of his waistcoat.

"With a flowering stock," he murmurs to himself. "I always keep 'em by me. I've written a letter about 'em, and I thought you'd kindly give it to the Duke for me."

He is wandering again, and I begin to think the pistol a myth. I assure him that I will take every care of his letter if he will intrust it to me. Or—

Happy Thought.—He can, I suggest, himself take it to the post-office in the village.

Once out, he shan't come in again. Only couldn't I be indicted for turning a madman out loose on the road? To lock him up would be best. But where? His room is in a small cottage on the premises next the stable. If he could only be enticed in there!

Happy Thought.—"Where's your coat?" I ask him.

He shakes his head and smiles. "I burnt it, so as to put 'em off the scent. Chickweed and cinders is what we must come to at last." He suddenly bestirs himself. "Earth up celery! Right shoulders forward! Dig up vines, top, dibble, and dust-pans!" Then he adds, with a wink of inexpressible slyness, "train up your Gloxinias in silk stockings, and you'll soon see who's the chumpy Radish." Then suddenly, "You'll excuse me for a moment, but there's a friend of mine at the bottom of the pond, and I must just go and see him. It's after hours, you know." He bows with the utmost politeness, and walks away hurriedly.

Now what am I to do?

Happy Thought.—Go in-doors, and keep him out.

So much is certain to bring with. And so much I do. The Rag Doll housekeeper says, "I didn't like to tell you afore—"

This is so odd. Servants never do like to acquaint you with anything unpleasant—especially in the way of breakages, when after being dumb for months they are quite surprised to find that only one out of your two dozen choice pet glasses remains uninjured—the fractures having, of course, happened "afore they come to the place"—until you know all about it yourself, when you find that they've known it for ever so long, generally, "since they first comed."

She says, "I didn't like to tell you afore,"—sniff, and corner of apron used—"but the young man as seemed strange, as I said, Sir"—sniff, apron, curtesy—"but he keeps on a saying as there's some pussion with a long name 'id in the hivy, which he has a loaded firearms to go to look after him with."

"Have you seen it?"

"No, not azackly,"—sniff—"leastways, I've heard it as he was shootin' them sparrows."

"A gun?" asks ENGLEMORE.

"No, Sir," answers the Rag Doll; "which it ain't not azackly a gun, nor yet a pistol, nor blumblenas, but them new things as goes round a' round and off ever so many times at once; an' I think as the young man said as it were a garden name, convovulus, or such like."

"Revolver!" exclaims my Aunt, who has a good ear for verbal mistakes.

"Werry likely, Mum." Sniff. "I knowd it were sumfin o' that. Look, Mum, if he ain't at it now."

From the window we see him. He is half hidden behind an apple-tree, but we catch a glimpse of one arm with a pistol in its hand, changing its aim every second.

We look all the doors.

"You see," says ENGLEMORE, "it isn't safe for Mister Madman to be about. Colonel Constable ought to be on in this scene."



A CHEERFUL WINTER.

MR. RAWLINSON'S DELIGHTFUL SUGGESTION THAT WE SHOULD LET IN AS MUCH COLD AIR AS POSSIBLE, AND SIT IN WARM WRAPS, IS LIKELY TO BE ENFORCED BY THE PRICE OF COALS. BEHOLD A SCENE FROM THE "MERRY ENGLAND OF THE FUTURE."

"Heavens!" exclaims my Aunt, "you see if one of us go out, he might shoot, thinking it was his enemy coming out of the ivy. I wish we'd never come down here."

Decided. Aunt, little Uncles, and Nurse to go to town at once. ENGLEMORE to see them from the front gate down to the railway, and to call in on his way for police.

The whole kitchen garden is in utter disorder. The "Lunatic" is now engaged in breaking a few glass frames with a rake, occasionally stopping to draw his pistol, and present it at some imaginary foe.

If the police won't come, if it's illegal to take up a mad servant, then, what shall we do when the night comes on, and we can't see where he is?

I watch him from the first-floor window.

He has got a ladder. He is coming towards the house.

Happy Thought.—Get behind a curtain. Mustn't let him see me.

He stops. He fixes the ladder so that the top comes within a foot of my window. I see it shaking, and he is coming up. I know that his pistol is in his pocket. In his left hand he holds a string with a large Spanish onion tied to it.

"Creepers up here," I hear him saying, "because of the cats." He balances himself on the ladder, swinging the onion to and fro. Presently it comes, like a stone from a sling, against the window, smashing a pane to atoms. "Oh my coniferous Geranium!" I hear him saying, and am conscious of the revolver being pointed towards the broken glass.

Suddenly he turns on the ladder, roars with laughter, throws the pistol at something or somebody below, and slides down like a schoolboy on bannisters. I venture to look out. Two respectable-looking men have got him by the arms; they are talking amicably, and ENGLEMORE, from below, is making signs to me not to interrupt. Presently the unhappy man and his two keepers disappear. ENGLEMORE comes up and explains.

"He is quite off his nut. Been little Master Out-of-the-Way for three weeks. Met Colonel Keeper in the village. From information received, he came up here and nobbled him."

I announce my intention of shutting up The Nook till the spring time. Perhaps altogether.

"You see," I say to ENGLEMORE, "to keep up a place like this—"

"Mister Farm of Four Acres," he observes, parenthetically.

"Yes, Colonel; go ahead."

"Well—I mean it's very expensive, unless it's ready made to hand."

"Yes. Turnips on Tap, Pig in the Pound, Greasy Grass and Swan Swum over the Swamp. Daniel Drainage, Dicky Dirt, and the great Dismal Damp. I know. Rheumatics murder sleep. No door-mat to-night."

"You agree with me that I'd better give it up for the present?" I ask.

"Yes," replies ENGLEMORE, with a certain amount of hesitation. And then he says, "The fact is, I think your name had better be Walker. Let it while you can. You may have some difficulty."

"In letting The Nook? What?—rent too high?"

"No. But I've only just heard, here, that it has the reputation of being—" He hesitates.

"What?"

"Haunted. Your own Ghost on the premises. DIRCKS and PEPPER. How's your poor Goblin?"

"That decides me. We go. My Aunt couldn't live in a—"

"In a 'Aunted house," says ENGLEMORE, adding "MISTER SHAKESPEARE," by way of giving his authority for the pun.

"I don't believe in ghosts," I say, stoutly.

ENGLEMORE winks. "Give a ghost a bad name, and there you are. There wouldn't be the ghost of a chance of letting The Nook if it smelt of spirits."

He is probably right. And so we decide. The Nook is To Let.

In the spring-time I may be on the look-out for some new Rural Retreat, where the absence of Mister Drainage is not a drawback. Any more difficulties with Gardeners would turn my hair grey. For the present my name is London. Perhaps, one of these fine days—I mean on any day when a ray may induce us to believe once more in the Solar System—I may find the Paradise which shall be all my fancy painted.

Till then, Farewell.



LEGITIMATE CRITICISM.

Aged Village Matron (to Sympathising Visitor). "It's a 'COOKERY BOOK,' AS MRS. PENWISE, OUR 'DISTRICT LADY,' GIVE ME THIS CHRISTMAS, MISS. I'D A DEAL SOONER A' HAD THE INGRIDDIMENTS, MISS!!"

"TWAS EDWIN'S SELF THAT PRESSED."

MR. EDWIN JAMES has returned to England, and fearlessly demands that the Benchers shall re-consider his case, and re-admit him to the honours of the English Bar. *Mr. Punch* exclaims, in the humane language of the law, "Heaven send him a good deliverance." But what do the Americans say to his leaving them? Tearfully, perhaps, with BEATTIE:—

"Would EDWIN this majestic scene resign
For aught 'BRITANNIA'S' puny craft supplies?"

One thing is quite certain. The learned gentleman appeals to Judges who are men of the world, and also impartial men; and if he can make a *tabula rasa*, he will not be hindered by any prejudice, and—(BEATTIE again):—

"EDWIN will gain, at last, the fruit so rare,
As in some future verse *Punch* meaneth to declare."

Amiable Idea.

EVERY right-minded person must share the hope expressed by the *Morning Post* in these words:—

"The unmistakable regard shown to the memory of the late EMPEROR, and the manifest and very marked tokens of respect and deference paid at the funeral to the person of the young EMPEROR, ought not to be without their effect on France."

Yes. And may that effect be a promotion of good feeling towards us; an increased sentiment of regard, esteem, and distinguished consideration. Let us hope that no French journalist will suggest to his countrymen that the love of Englishmen for NAPOLEON THE THIRD was owing to the fact that the third Empire had brought France to grief.

HAWKER'S EVENING POTION.—Gin-and-Water. *His Morning ditto*: Early Purl.

PRISTINE PROVERBS PREPARED FOR PRECOCIOUS PUPILS.

(Dedicated to the Educational Board.)

Observe yon plumed biped fine!
To effect his captivation,
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination.

Cryptogamous concretion never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose.

Whilst self-inspection it neglects,
Nor its own foul condition sees,
The kettle to the pot objects
Its sordid superficialities.

Decortications of the golden grain
Are set to allure the aged fowl, in vain.

Teach not a parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of an egg by suction;
That good old lady can the feat enact
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction.

Pecuniary agencies have force
To stimulate to speed the female horse.

The earliest winged songster soonest sees,
And first appropriates, the annelides.

With soap, and brush, and flannel, you tickle
In vain, the Ethiopic cuticle.

Bear not to yon famed city upon Tyne
The carbonaceous product of the mine.

The mendicant once from his indigence freed,
And mounted aloft on the generous steed,
Down the precipice soon will infallibly go,
And conclude his career in the regions below.

It is permitted to the feline race
To contemplate even a regal face.

MODEL AUTONOMY.—France, it is said, desires a more stable form of Government. Does she? Then let her adopt that of her Jockey Club.

ONLY A SUGGESTION.

It is stated that the Basingstoke Bungs availed themselves of a recent Ball to revenge themselves on gentlemen who were supposed to approve the Licensing Act. Having got the carriages and horses, the publicans are said to have refused to get licence to let them be brought out after eleven at night, but intimated that the vehicles could be had at six in the morning. If this is true, the Basingstoke Bungs are a lot of ill-conditioned fellows. But *Punch*, who likes to see everything in the sweetest light, inclines to believe that there was an understanding between the hotel-keepers and the ladies, and that the six o'clock in the morning arrangement was highly pleasing to the latter. "A man's foes are (sometimes) these of his own household."

Mormonism Made Easy.

ONE very notable expedient for putting down Polygamy in Utah was devised by CHIEF JUSTICE M'KEAN. According to a contemporary:—

"On the ground that polygamists are adulterers, and therefore guilty of a deliberate violation of the law, he laid it down that they were disqualified from sitting on juries."

Could this rule have been maintained it would have been enough to make every man liable to serve on juries a polygamist. If it were to be established in this country, the effect of its operation would, especially in Middlesex, no doubt be an immediate and extensive creation of British Mormons.

"THERE LET THEM—LAY."

OUR excellent young friend, the *Echo*, quotes a Keltic paper which, after duly libelling England, says, "The Irish have good memories." A rude proverb tells us that some of them *should* have, at all events.

THE WEATHER AND THE CHACE.



"A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky" used to "proclaim a hunting morning." The late rains, however, have proved too much of a good thing for Venator, in places. They have especially affected the neighbourhood of Windsor, laying a large portion of it under water. Runnymede has been running at a rate the like of which has seldom if ever occurred since the date of Magna Charta, and certainly would not have happened then, or else Runnymede would have been a site whereon it would have been quite impossible to lay the foundations of British Liberty. Windsor Castle stands on an Ararat which yet rears its head above the deluge; and long may it do so; but the following announcement appeared the other day in the morning papers:—

"HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—Owing to the extremely wet weather, Her Majesty's Hounds will not hunt on Friday, as advertised; nor again until further notice."

The Stags may thank the weather which has preserved them from being chased by Her Majesty's Hounds, but, as those royal animals are not permitted to kill them, it is possible that they would rather have been regularly hunted than baited in the way they have been now for three months, whilst it has rained cats and dogs. Not only dogs, observe, but cats; so that the weather must not only have been unpleasant for bucks and does, but equally so for "rats and mice and such small deer," which are the quarry of the feline species.

RETAIL TRADERS, BEWARE!

MR. PUNCH begs to apprise the Retail Trade that its time has come. Up with all the Shutters! Announce Sale by Auction at any Sacrifice. Listen to the *Lancet*:—

"The fact is, that retail trade is gone mad. There are far more shopkeepers than the wants of the public require, and they think themselves entitled to all the luxuries and enjoyments of life. Their wives, glorious in sealskin jackets and redundant jewellery, are to be seen everywhere; and the pretensions of the class are becoming a nuisance that it is high time to put down."

Put it down, then—pretensions, class, sealskin-jackets, and all! Surge, carnifex! The *Lancet* and the Profession have the matter in their own hands. If every Medical Man will undertake to exterminate—of course in a regular way—a single streetful of retailers and their families, the business may be done in the twinkling of a pestle and mortar.

"Charge for the golden guineas. Upon them with the—*Lancet*."

Passing Oddities.

THE wayfarer does read some strange announcements. At Knightsbridge, a few days ago, he may have observed a shop-window stuck full of bills, some offering, in large letters, "Gas Stoves," and others, intermingled with them, "Skates." Seasonable advertisements during the late weather. In the New Turnstile, Holborn, an inscription on the wall proclaims "Gentlemen's Repairs Done." Within one would imagine a surgery. The reality is a boot-shop.

"Bis dat qui cito dat."

THIS means that he who gives quickly is usually asked to give again. Moral.—Take your time, and a good deal of somebody else's, before you grant a favour. Better moral.—Never grant one.

AN UNDESIRABLE FALL IN COLE.

"MR. H. COLE. C.B.—On Wednesday evening, in distributing the prizes to the successful students of the Nottingham School of Art, Mr. H. COLE, C.B., announced his intention of retiring from public service, of which he would next April have completed fifty years."

"AN undesirable fall in coal? Nay, Mr. Punch, not so—'There's no such thing,' as SHAKESPEARE says, by my coal—bills well I know."

"O yes—'tis true—my dear JOHN BULL; you'll agree with what I say, When I tell you that I refer to COLE, with the 'e,' and without the 'a,'"

"When I tell you that I refer to KING COLE, to HENRY COLE, C.B., The true steam-COLE that got up the steam for 'the boilers' that used to be:

And blew, and blew till he blew them at last all the way to Bethnal Green,

And blew up in their place at South Kensington the palace that's now to be seen.

"Yes, a cheese-paring administration all sorts of 'mixed fuel' may try,

But for getting up steam—or smoke at need—there's none with old COLE to vie:

What, but power of his engendering, would have gathered South Kensington's glories?

Who can reckon how many horse-power he's brought to bear upon Whigs and Tories?

"Punch may have laughed, and set others to laugh, at the deeds of old KING COLE,

But at bottom, he knew, as the old song says, that he was 'a jolly old soul!'

That ne'er before did England so well his Fine-Art hobby instal, Even when his fiddlers a thousand not three he bade to the Albert Hall!

"What courage short of his courage would have dared to face and floor

The sense that an Exhibition each year is a yearly bore?

What stubbornness, but his stubbornness, would the purse-strings' command have won,

From six Chancellors of the Exchequer—one down and another come on?

"If Art in England is e'er to take root—some may think that a largeish 'if'—

She may thank KING COLE, her friend at heart, in spite of many a tiff:

If Science is e'er to bear English fruit, unless in practice's soil, Of its grafting and planting in our schools KING COLE has borne the toil.

"And when, after fifty years' hard work, KING COLE takes his rest at last,

Punch will call for a 'three times three for him,' for faithful service past:

May whatever King reigns after him not make us regret KING COLE—

Who has done his King's work right royally, and is a jolly old soul!"

Q. E. D.

THE new and learned Judge of the Probate Court has decided that a certain testator was of perfectly sound mind, although he was in the habit of asserting that watering-place landladies are, mostly, extortionate sharks. "Although" is, probably, not the word which Paterfamilias would have used.

Help the Helpless.

WRETCHED street-boys are not to be rescued and sent to school, says MR. FORSTER, because that would be interfering with the rights of the subject. But what about the rights of the abject?

"Hande Off!"

FAIR play is a jewel, a diamond, a black diamond. As for the "striking" ex-digger of black diamonds who forgets fair play, and proposes to murder his fellow for daring to earn food for his family, Punch would say, with SHAKESPEARE, "Hang him, foul Collier!"



PERSONAL EXPERIENCE BETTER THAN BOOK-LEARNING.

Governess. "WELL, AND SO THEY EXPORT WHEAT AND COTTON. NOW, YOU'VE SEEN WHEAT IN THE EAR, BUT NOT COTTON!"

Pupil. "O, YES, I HAVE! GRAND'PA, YOU KNOW!"

PHYSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

A LEADING article in the *Times* on "Hospital Relief," written by somebody who understands his subject, contains the following noteworthy passage relative to an important truth in connection with it, pointed out by DR. CHANDLER:—

"The worthy Doctor says that what the people really want is, not drugs, but good advice; that is, rules of health, warning against foolish neglects, and common precaution. It is most true. But it is unhappily also true that there is nothing the poor like so little as good advice. They consider medicine a mystery of a very preternatural character; the drug a charm, which is to work a miracle. The plainer a thing is to the unassisted reason, the less they will believe it. They want to be told how they may be cured in a day. They would rather take the most nauseous medicine than obey the simplest and easiest advice."

The irrational notions of medicine above indicated are, indeed, very generally characteristic of the poor, that is to say, the indigent classes. But they characterise also a great many other poor of a certain sort, of whom many are rolling in rents and dividends, and all are in easy circumstances, but who, respecting medical knowledge and medical reasoning, labour under poverty of ideas and poverty of intellect. With regard to this kind of poor a Doctor of Medicine may say, in the words of a Doctor of Divinity and a Poet:—

"Where'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see!"

The affluent, for the most part, equally with the destitute, believe in drugs, and do not believe in the natural laws, and the necessity of the observance of physiological conditions, notably those of diet and exercise, to the cure of any serious disease. Is not this mental

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

(A Ditty for DR. MANNING.)

SAYS Ultramontaniam,
"Of Progress I'm no enemy,
But the friend; that's clear as a prism!
And so say all true men o' me.

"GALILEO declared Earth moved.
His system of solar economy
I cordially approved;
Endorsed his views of Astronomy.

"In Chemistry nought I see
That makes against my theology.
Quite orthodox to me
Are the teachings of Geology.

"I allow belief to be free
In the facts of Palaeontology;
Should like you to trace the tree
To the root of Anthropology.

"I forbid no soul to teach
My faithful flocks Phrenology;
Don't care if my clergy preach,
To a certain extent Neology.

"I encourage and urge research,
Into all the truth of history.
There's nought so good for the Church,
As the explanation of mystery.

"Biblical Criticism
I land with all sincerity:
To Ultramontaniam
'Tis the very test of verity.

"Of Progress, why, my pace
Is that of extreme rapidity.
I have always led the race—
With a rum ti um ti iddity!"

Words and Meaning.

THE National Education League are respectfully invited to consider whether they have any objection to allow the Bible to be read in district Schools in its original language. With equal respect, the friends of religious education are requested to bethink them whether it might not as well be read in Hebrew and Greek, as in English without explanation.

poverty lamentable? Quite the reverse to a very considerable number of persons; all the Chemists and Druggists, whom it profits, and all the Medical Practitioners who live by relieving mere symptoms, and keeping their patients, radically uncured, as long as possible on their hands.

In the article above-quoted occurs also this pertinent and seasonable question:—

"Why cannot the Working Classes of the Metropolis, and all who will claim the privileges of that title, form themselves into Sick Friendly Clubs, under any medical staff they may have their own reason to prefer?"

The Working-Men, not only in London, but throughout the kingdom, find no difficulty whatsoever in forming themselves into Trades' Unions. It would be not at all more difficult for them to form themselves likewise into Sick or Invalids' Unions. Possibly circumstances will ere long force them into this desirable kind of co-operation. It was all very well, in accordance with the tradition of other days, for the Clergy to preach up munificence to medical charities, upon "Hospital Sunday." But the classes whom sermons on behalf of these institutions are calculated to benefit will soon perhaps find themselves left to maintain them by their own efforts; by combination, such as the Trades' Unionists practise in their continual Strikes, whereby they keep on raising the prices of meat and almost everything else. Consumers, daily more and more impoverished by the general dearth they owe to the combinations of workmen, cannot but feel inclined to leave them to combine, and do what they can for themselves altogether. People whom strikes oblige to economise their expenditure will naturally begin retrenchment by withdrawing all the subscriptions which they have been accustomed to contribute to the assistance of the Striking Classes.

CLASSICAL INTELLIGENCE.



Look here, *Mr. Punch*, don't I just wish I lived in France!—at least, I don't know that quite, 'cause they don't play cricket, do they? But at any rate I wish they'd teach us Latin here like the chaps are taught in Paris. Just see what that jolly old *JULES SIMON* has been doing for them:—

"He never meant to check the study of the noble dead languages, which taught history and fostered civilisation: but he was persuaded they might be learned quicker and better

than under the old system. He had only suppressed the useless drudgery of making Latin verses."

Useless drudgery! My eye! Ain't old *JULES* a jolly brick! Fancy what the Doctor would say to any fellow who called making Latin verses only downright useless drudgery! And I'm cooksure half our fellows don't believe it's any better. *Poeta nascitur*, you know, and you can't make fellows poets by making them make verses. Even nonsense verses are a regular beastly nuisance. Why, I got nearly swished, last half, for putting this for a pentameter,—

"O mihi gemitum! O Senecaglia dum!"

So I say, *Vive JULES SIMON!* Let's kick out the Gradus, and so get more time for football.

Your constant reader and admirer,

SMITH, *Minimus*.

Dr. Swisher's, Tuesday.

Comprehensive.

WE see announced for publication a *Series of English Readers*, which, it is stated, "will be found to embrace some entirely new features." What other features, besides those well-known and old-established ones, the eyes and mouth, can any set of reading books call into action? Perhaps the publishers are not contented with these, and have some great physiological discovery in store as a surprise for us all.

FALLACY OF THE FACULTY.

PHYSICIANS often prescribe Change of Air when the change really required for the poor patient's cure is Change of Circumstances.

ABOVE OUR SPHERE.

"A CURIOUS book is on the point of publication. The author seriously professes to give, from actual experience, a matter-of-fact account of the laws, manners, and customs of a kingdom situated in one of the planets of the solar system. The title of the book is 'Another World.'"—*Athenæum*.

WILL the Author of this book—which we observe is now published—be good enough to gratify a pardonable curiosity, and answer a few questions respecting our fellow planetants?

Have they a National Debt?

Have they any "Old Masters"?

Are they forbidden to marry their Deceased Wives' Sisters; or is it legal to do so in the North-east, and illegal in the South-west?

Do they talk about the weather, or have they any weather to talk about?

Do they take a reciprocal interest in us and our proceedings; and have they telescopes of sufficient power to make out the course of the Serpentine, the summit of Primrose Hill, the top of the DUKE OF YORK'S Column, &c.?

Do they make *mariages de convenance*?

Do they wear beards?

Have they lawyers?

Is such a thing as a job known in the upper circles?

Are any of the following articles in request amongst them—rouge, false hair, orders for theatres, fiery sherry, morning calls, quack medicines, high black hats, after-dinner speeches, burlesques, Great Exhibitions, horse-hair wigs, and turtle soup?

Do they make Latin verses?

Do they learn the dead languages of extinct planets before they are taught their own?

Are their railways, or airways, or whatever their means of locomotion may be called, as well managed as our own?

Have they street music?

Have they trouble with their servants?

Is the manufacture of umbrellas a flourishing branch of their trade and commerce?

Have they a Lord Mayor?

Have they a *Punch*?

Decisive.

MRS. MALAPROP, who considers herself a good judge from attending so many Penny Readings, does not think much of the *Pore's* Elocution.

LOGICAL DEMONSTRATION.

A DEMONSTRATION of Working Men against the Malt-tax came off the other day upon the Thames Embankment. This demonstration was distinguished by the unusual merit of being to some extent logical:—

"A Resolution advocating the total repeal of the Malt-tax as a further instalment of the promise made by English Statesmen of a free breakfast, dinner, and supper table, was carried with acclamation."

It may be said with truth that breakfast was the only one of those three meals of which any Statesman, so called, ever promised the freedom. More, it may be suggested that whoever promised a free breakfast table, not also promising a free dinner and supper table, was no Statesman. By how much are A.'s tea and sugar more entitled to emancipation than B.'s wine, beer, and spirits? In no degree whatever. Therefore there was logic in the Thames Embankment demonstration against the Malt-tax. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, certainly, would be unfit for his office if he allowed the Malt-tax to survive the next Session whereas he could honestly do without it. But our friends in fustian and flannel jackets, who have raised the price of meat by consuming it at every meal, including, in many cases, a fourth every day, ask too much in asking for free meals at the expense of other people, mostly very much worse off than themselves. The Minister who would not scruple to comply with their demand would rob the latter to bribe the former for their votes. The classes at present subject to direct taxation and indirect too, with a view to curry additional favour with those touched only by the latter, would be still more grossly plundered than they are now by that expedient for effecting the freedom of tables. The Great Untaxed would owe the free breakfast table, no less than any other free table realised for them by such means, to the finance of a rogue.

Taking Care of the Pence.

THE Austrians seem to be as close calculators as the Scotch, and to have a lofty disdain of round numbers. An official estimate has been prepared at Vienna of the cost of the Great Exhibition which is to be held there this summer, and a statement put forth that the entire expenses, up to the time of closing the accounts at the end of the year, will be "13,238,396 florins 30 kreuzers." Let us cherish a hope that this estimate will not be exceeded; and, above all, that these odd kreuzers may not expand into an additional florin by the end of the year.

Stephen Tushington, M.D.

BORN JANUARY 14, 1782. DIED JANUARY 20, 1873.

Edward George Earle Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lytton.

BORN MAY, 1800. DIED JANUARY 18, 1873.

FULLER and fuller grows the funeral roll:
No day but famous lives pass into fames:
We hear Time's footstep in the death-bell's toll
Through the grey Abbey, walled with deathless names,

For whom, in other sense than for the crowd,
Death is the portal of a larger life,
Where radiance of renown dispels earth's cloud,
And Time's clear doom rings o'er the moment's strife.

Lo, this week's convoy to the land of rest!
The venerable Judge, in whose stretched years
Present and past joined hands: who had the best
Of two great generations for his peers.

Whose boyhood drank the ferment of hot thought
That shaped out age: whose young heart leapt to France,
With her new wine of dreams and hopes distraught,
Brandishing at Old Wrong a hasty lance.

Who watched that lance's light, flash, flare, and fade
In blood and brands: who Earth's Colossus saw
Wax in his stride, till Europe crouched dismayed
In the dark shadow, where his lip was law.

Who watched the broadening of our base of power:
Hailed wider trust, and freer scope for all;
Knew War's long burden: Peace's blessed hour:
Rise of new states, and ancient orders' fall;

Who bore a man's part in the shaping toil
Of State and Senate; in the seat of law
Holding his robe of ermine pure of soil,
Wearing his crown of honour free from flaw;

Yet cheerful still, under his load of years,
Experience, labours of the judgment-seat,
With kindness that robbed humble folk of fears,
And love that gathered children round his feet.

But wider still the gap this other leaves:
What field of letters but in him may wail
A leading reaper, fall'n amongst his sheaves,
A good knight, sleeping knightly in his mail.

What wreath of all set for the victor's prize
In the arena where brain strives with brain,
But he or won it, in fair knightly guise,
Or, if he lost, so lost, to lose seemed gain.

If his each triumph could its trophy claim,
Upon the coffin in his abbey grave,
Laurels would leave no room to write a name,
Known, wide as breezes blow and billows lave.

Novelist, poet, satirist, and sage,
Nor only sovereign of the study crowned
By willing thralls of his delightful page,
Lord of the theatre's tumultuous round!

Then from the Study to the State address,
An orator of mark to claim the ear,
Which England's Senate yields but to the best,
Whose wisdom wise men may be fain to hear.

Gracious withal, for all his clustered crowns,
To those among his lettered brotherhood,
Stunned by fate's buffets, saddened by her frown,
And quick to help them howsoever he could.

He fell in harness, as a soldier ought,
The ink scarce dry in the unwearied pen,
Thinking of other battles to be fought,
New laurels to be culled, new praise of men.

The last proof read, the last correction made,
Sudden the never-resting brain was still:
No laurels now, but those that shall be laid
Upon the marble brow—so deadly chill!

SABBATARIAN SUGGESTIONS.



UDICIOUS Members of the Working-Men's Lord's Day Rest Association entertain the opinion that "great evil" is "caused by the use of public vehicles by professing Christians on the Lord's Day." Believing this, they are rather to be commended for sending a deputation to the BISHOP OF LONDON for the purpose of calling his Lordship's attention to it, and considering "how best to bring the subject under the notice of Christian people." For they might have gone and waited on the PREMIER or the HOME SECRETARY, and invited the Government, on behalf of the Sabbatarians, to persecute the

Excursionists. Then would ignorant and stupid bigots have wasted Ministerial time.

MR. GIRDLESTONE, as Chairman of the Association above named, introduced its delegates to the Right Reverend Prelate with an address, in the course of which he observed that:—

"A very great scandal in connection with this matter was that the Church of England societies went very largely in the direction complained of. Deputations formed for the purpose of advocating the cause of Christ travelled on the Sunday without any apparent consciousness of the evil they were doing, and without any knowledge of the hatred with which they were received in travelling on Sunday while wearing the white cravat which indicated that they were the servants of Our Lord."

Did the speaker mean to say that Clergymen travelling on Sunday to preach sermons at remote places are therefore received with hatred by the Working-Men's Lord's Day Rest Association? And does he suppose that St. Paul, for instance, wore a white tie?

The Bishop who heard MR. GIRDLESTONE deliver himself as above preserved his gravity notwithstanding. He heard more besides, which must have tried it hard. MR. GIRDLESTONE concluded by telling him that:—

"The deputation were anxious that his Lordship should deliver a special sermon at St. Paul's on this subject, and they were desirous that, for the sake of example, he should avoid driving to the Cathedral."

In answer to this consistent but ridiculous suggestion—

"THE BISHOP OF LONDON said that, if he could not do so, he should be compelled to walk from his residence of Fulham.

"MR. GIRDLESTONE replied that His Lordship might sleep at the Chapter House on Saturday night."

"And," on reflection he would perhaps have added, "stay there until Monday morning." But the Sabbatarians do not reflect.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, in his final reply to MR. GIRDLESTONE, very carefully practised the positive injunction delivered by the wisest of men and kings in a certain two-sided proverb. He answered his memorialist according to that gentleman's understanding. However, he might have asked him whether walking on foot or riding all the way from Fulham to St. Paul's would be, for a Bishop of more than mature age, doing the greater amount of work on a Sunday?

Verse for Workmen.

THE release to obtain you would like
Of imprisoned Gas Stokers;
In the meanwhile with Strike follow Strike.
O you practical jokers!

EXCHANGE.

Intending Investor. Where can I read all about the Spanish Loan?
Friend. Hem! Probably in BORROW'S Spain.

[Exeunt separately.]



"WHOLESUME HOUSES."

FOR DINNER PARTIES, IN WINTER, HAVE A ROARING FIRE ON ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM, AND AN OPEN WINDOW ON THE OTHER. DRESS ACCORDING TO SITUATION AT TABLE, AND HAVE TWO SETS OF SERVANTS, DIFFERENTLY CLAD, TO WAIT.

"PUNCH'S TRIADS."

THERE are three things which every wise man detests—new boots, an argument, and a barrel-organ.

All women like fashion, *petits soins*, and a bit of scandal.

There are three things which nobody can do without—money, buttons, and the baker.

We all like a compliment, our own way, and a bow from a Lord.

The three most desirable things to possess are a sound digestion, a balance at the banker's, and tact.

All Ministers, Whig, Radical, or Conservative, like a Majority, a Surplus, and "No House."

The three best letters in the Alphabet are L S D; the three worst I O U.

Happy the man who can count on having, every day of his life, a mealy potato, some loose silver, and a good laugh.

Avoid three things—wet feet, a bore, and a law-suit.

The Three per Cents, three courses, and a good three volume novel, all contribute to human happiness.

There were three Fates, three Furies, and three Graces; and there are still three Lords of the Treasury, three Vice Chancellors, and three Members for Birmingham.

The Greeks had their trilogies, the Romans their triumphs, and we have our threepenny pieces.

There are three things which will always be—jobs, snobs, and smoky chimneys.

Beware of three in the morning, three months' bills, and the three golden balls.

There are three things which everybody is ready to give—their advice, their arm, and their blessing.

Collect information, collect anything which in a few years will fetch three times as much as you gave for it, and collect yourself.

Life would be tolerable were it not for three things—getting up in the morning, carving, and going to the dentist.

Three things happen to everybody sooner or later—to lose their train, their temper, and their umbrella.

The three greatest discoveries of the age are Bézique, Croquet, and the Sewing-Machine.

If you wish for happiness, do not eat suppers, do not publish emendations of SHAKESPEARE, and do not take shares.

We are all glad of a holiday, an unexpected legacy, and a barrel of oysters.

We all dread wet Sundays, stiff people, and a "regular good cleaning."

TWO TO ONE ON TAXATION.

THE following ingenuous passage occurs in a letter to the *Times*, signed "RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH":—

"Allow me to say that in advocating the continuation of the Income-tax as a permanent source of revenue you are at variance with PITT, PEEL, and even MR. LOWE himself. No Chancellor of the Exchequer has yet dared to make this proposition; and I have no hesitation in saying that the fate of any Ministry which ventured to adopt such a policy would be at once sealed."

MR. ATTENBOROUGH seems to suppose, in his simplicity, that, in declaring their policy, Premiers and Chancellors of the Exchequer are accustomed to tell the truth. If the Income-tax had not been imposed, and renewed from time to time, on the false pretence that it was to be temporary, its victims would never have stood it. MR. ATTENBOROUGH has apparently been accustomed to deal with honest people who redeem their pledges.

Diplomatic Revelation.

A TELEGRAM from Berlin, announcing the reception there of COUNT SCHOUVALOFF by EMPEROR WILLIAM, says:—

"According to trustworthy information, the Count has repeatedly expressed himself highly satisfied with the result of his mission to England on the subject of Central Asia."

So far, then, we have reason to conclude that he considers his mission to have resulted in a dead failure.



LITTLE GULLIVER.

"MAKE YOUR GAME, MY LITTLE MEN! IT AMUSES YOU, AND IT WON'T HINDER ME."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He addresses the Editor, after visiting Burlington House, and reaching Gallery No. 1. of the Old Masters' Exhibition.



WHEN I told my friend WAGG that I was going to represent You, Sir, among the "Old Masters," you will probably guess what was WAGG's jocose rejoinder.

It was a jest of some antiquity, and bore testimony to your Representative's reputation as a sort of King-Gallant-man. *Entendez-vous?* Because, if you don't "entondy," I am not going to explain.

The day arrived when I saw before me a divided duty. Either to represent You, Sir, at the Hairdresser's—

Voici le Barber!
The Barber for your hair!

—which you can sing to the air of

"*Voici le Sabre*"—or to appear for you among the aforementioned Old Masters. I decided for the latter, and without breathing a word on the subject to any one, except WAGG, I wrapped myself in impenetrable mystery, that is a waterproof over-coat, turned up my trousers in order to turn up a dirty bye-street or two, tributaries of the Great Piccadilly River (which really sounds uncommonly like something grand of the sort in America), and finally appeared as myself ("afterwards" You, at the entrance of the Royal Academy.

I was a trifle musical that morning, and being there to inspire it occurred to me to hum the tune which *Myles na Coppleen* used to sing in the *Colleen Bawn*, adapting my words to the occasion:—

O Burlington House is a pleasant place
In the glorious month of July:
With its tabley-aux
In paint and chalks,
And its light all from the sky.
Och! devil a doubt
We'd be nothing without
The Ryal A-cad-e-my!

Thus humming, like the busy bee that I am when in my favourite Representative character, I walked into the long passage of the Academy as boldly as Porson would have walked into the longest passage of the *Academia*. Let us at least be classical as we enter within these portals.

Read the Dantesque inscription—

All Sticks abandon, ye who enter here.

"Sticks" include umbrellas; for you can't, as WAGG says, leave your umbrella without the stick. At this Passage of the Styx I saw the first signs of the Old Masters. I said this to WAGG, who immediately replied that "the Old Masters didn't paint signs." I had, however, alluded to the two Old Masters before us, who, standing in two docks on each side of the hall, might have been taken for either two respectable prisoners awaiting a verdict, or for two Old Masters in Chancery, without any prospect of escape, except by vaulting over the barrier and running away. One of these Old Masters was the Guardian of the Umbrellas, and the other sold Catalogues, and both had the air of having undertaken their respective offices from a real love of work itself, without hope of wage from employers, or of gratuities from visitors. I think that the elderly gentleman who relieved me of my umbrella had in him the Brigand instincts of younger days, when perhaps he had delighted in the wild stories of Dick Turpin and the gallants of the road. There was a twinkle in his old eye when he made me "stand and deliver" my umbrella, that caused me almost to wink at him in

return, as much as to say, "Hallo! old Slyboots, I'm up to you!" But I remembered whom I was representing and forbore. On my quitting the Exhibition I fancy a tear trickled down his furrowed cheek when, on presenting his ticket, he was forced to return my umbrella. It seemed to me that, even up to the last mement, he had entertained a desperate hope either of my having lost the ticket, or, perhaps, of my being so occupied with the impressions of the sight within as to pass out without remembering my umbrella. Sir, in Your cause personally, I not only remembered my umbrella, but I remembered my honest old friend, who thanked me with a bow that would have done honour to as old a Master as CLAUDE; I mean, in this instance, CLAUDE DU VAL.

But, Sir, I have come out before I have gone in. Let me not keep you longer in the draught, for you are placed in much the same position in this Academician passage as is a pea in a tin pea-shooter, but watch me ascend the staircase with all the determination of a resolute spirit, who, seeing his progress barred by gates and warders, prepares himself to encounter opposition and to overcome it. So formidable did this array at the head of the staircase appear to me, that I began to admire the crafty ferethought which had deprived me of my trusty *Excalbur*—meaning my umbrella. It was like taking the sword and spear from *Sir Launcelot* before he entered the Valley of Danger, it was sending DAVID out against GOLIATH, and depriving him of his sling and stone (giving him a ticket for it) at the camp gate. What man dare I dare; and, as Your Representative, I dare do all that may become a man, and, permit me to add, he who dares more is not Your Representative.

Four janitors were at the wicket. I tendered a sovereign to the wicket-keeper in the middle. He would none of it; but motioned me towards a young man, absorbed in a volume of light literature, and seated, on my right, behind a semicircular sort of split rostrum, which seemed to have been made, economically, out of an old washing-tub cut in half. On a red baize shelf before him were placed several little wooden bowls such as are used indiscriminately for milk, kitchen soap, or dressmakers' pins, but which were filled on this occasion with various coins of the realm in gold, silver, and copper. To him I offered my sovereign. He regarded me in an abstracted manner, as if annoyed at my interrupting him in the middle of his novel, and then, awaking to a sense of my requirements, which were simple, modest, and intelligible, he took my sovereign carelessly, as though I'd asked him to do a conjuring trick with it of which he was a trifle tired, and, having dropped it into the bowl (I really hoped he wouldn't take up his interesting book at this point, and forget all about me), and deliberately selected a half-sovereign from another, still as with an eye to a bit of sleight-of-hand, he took the requisite number of shillings from a third bowl, and handing the sum to me, said not a word, but dived into his book again, wiping Your Representative, as it were, clean off his slate. What I thought to myself, I shall not record here. But, O young man, if ever in after-life . . . no matter. Let me in.

To be let in at Burlington House is a difficulty. Not but that the best judges of painting are taken in here occasionally, when they mistake SMITH's picture of *The Pavilion, Brighton, by Moonlight*, for an undoubted Canaletti. But the difficulty Your Representative alludes to is to be found at the turnstile itself, which is as stiff as a Vandyck portrait, and when with some muscular exertion pushed, gives forth a sound resembling the harsh cry of some strange bird—probably called "The loopy"—in the Zoological Gardens. In fact, Sir, as representing you, I said to WAGG, "You won't go into the Academy without a good deal of pressing." Now this pressure can be exerted with comparative facility by some, not (for anatomical reasons into which this is not the place to enter) by others. Slender steps in where *Falstaff* fears to tread.

I represented You up to Sixpence more in the purchase of a catalogue, but refused the preferred pencil at another twopence. Twopence more, and I should have been broke. So, Sir, with a light heart, catalogue in hand, and twopence, for an emergency, in my pocket, I represented you gaily in Gallery Number One, which was tolerably full.

I will do this thoroughly, I said to myself, as Your Representative, because I have yet to finish the South Kensington and the National Portrait Gallery, where I believe they have for weeks been expecting me, with practical jokes behind doors and in dark passages. When they are least prepared I shall be there. Now, I am with the Old Masters.

I notice, as something most remarkable, what a number of short-sighted people there are in the world. At all events, what a number of intelligent *myopes* come to see these pictures. Not only to see, but to examine closely, to sift the method down to the very canvass, and I further observed they all went at the Old Masters' pictures with their noses, as though they could detect genuineness by the smell. They got on the trail, and exclaimed, "This is a Vandyck," "this is a Turner," "this is a Reynolds," as one hound might whisper exultingly to his companion, "This is a Fox. Come along, we've got him!" And then I also observed that when these amateur



DETECTED.

First Violin (after the Quartette in C Major—unsatisfactory somehow). "HULLO!—HARK!—THERE—I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! THIS CONFOUNDED TEA-KETTLE'S BEEN SINGING B FLAT ALL THE TIME!"

short-sighted critics had hunted their Old Master down, they kept up their sporting character by pulling the painter to pieces, so that there'd have been scarcely so much as his brush left as a keepsake for his followers. These spectacled, *pince-nez'd*, and one-glassed amateurs talked to be overheard, and so, while like PAT JENNINGS, in *Rejected Addresses*, I "in the Gallery sat," my ears were tickled by the rustling wings of Folly as she flattered round the room.

Sir, what marvellously wise things are uttered in a picture gallery. Everybody is a judge of pictures, of course, as Everybody is a born theologian.

I seated myself, calmly surveying the languidly busy scene; for, going suddenly into a crowded room has upon Your Representative the effect of, as it were, coming up from a first plunge in the sea, when the eyes are unsteady, and there are cavernous murmurs in the ears, and when, if anybody speaks to you, you feel annoyed at his inopportune remark, whatever it was, and say, "Eh—what?" rather sharply. Much the same as this sensation, only without any of its freshness and invigoration, is what is usually felt on entering any thronged room by yours truly, who sits for the present on the first chair in the first Gallery—for "the force of lounging can no further go"—and signs himself now as ever, Your

REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

P.S. Pictures next week. Let the Old Masters look out. By the way I asked WAGE to write me a few notes on the collection, and this is what he has sent to me. "Dear friend and pitcher-in, I smiled when I saw a Smirke, but was sorry to find a Morland between two Constables. It annoys me that what I had been informed was a Big picture should prove a little one. As to OPIE I have my own Opie-nion of his merits. There are such a lot of Sir Joshuas here that the Gallery ought to be called a new Edition of *Reynolds' Miscellany*. When I was tired of him, I looked at SHEE. I like the landscapes by BOTH. There are two BOTHs, and they are both BOTH. I found Chambers in a good situation. I couldn't discover where the Egg had been laid. I was sure it hadn't been poached. In looking about for the Egg I hit upon Cox, which hended the visit of yours, W." I shan't ask him to do this for me again.

APPLE-SAUCE FOR ALL.

Do not weep, O men of ODGER.
Howl ye not, you Fenian lads.
You, too, who support "SIR ROGER,"
Shed not idle tears, sweet Cads.
BAILEY's late affirmed conviction
In your thousands lets you, free,
Meet no more, and flout restriction,
Under the Reformers' Tree.

Never mind. The Law's decision,
Which has AYRTON made supreme,
Levels all, without division,
'Twixt the social curds and cream.
Not you only, but your betters,
Shorn of Liberty remain.
Think of that, and hug your fetters.
For Equality you gain.

The Church in Danger.

RITUALISM and Rationalism, and Mormonism and Ultramontanism, have each in their turn caused old-fashioned folks great uneasiness and alarm; but all combined have not created anything like the panic occasioned by "Buddhism in St. Paul's." Should this be followed by "Brahminism in Westminster Abbey," we will not answer for the consequences.

VERY WELCOME.

WE are glad to see advertised a new book by MR. PLANCHÉ. It is called *William with the Ring*. We hope the ring fitted well, and that the lovely wearer lived happy ever afterwards with her WILLIAM.



AN ANTIQUARY'S HINT.

AS SOME EXCUSE FOR A LITTLE MORE HAIR, WOULD NOT AN OLD MARLBOROUGH WIG BE EFFECTIVE?

FASHIONABLE PLAGIARY.

If any proof were wanted that Luna is a lady, it might be furnished by the fact that she so constantly is changing. The changes of the moon are pretty nigh as frequent as the changes of the fashions, and, after all, there is no novelty in either variations. The "old order" (to the milliner) differs little from the new; and as history repeats itself, so likewise do the fashion-books. For instance, see this statement by a recent traveller:—

"The Grecian bend is an old institution in Japan; and to see one of these dark-skinned ladies, with her extensive head-dress, a hump upon her back, an extremely narrow skirt, high wooden pattens, her body thrown forward as she minces her steps, you would imagine that she was ridiculing the brainless votaries of fashion in other lands; but she is only dressing as her people have dressed, and walking as they have walked, for centuries."

In Central Africa, we are told, the ladies paint their faces and wear chignons on their heads, exactly as their foremothers for ages there have done, and just as other ladies have but lately learnt to do, in countries which by some people are deemed more highly civilised. So, too, the Grecian bend of Bond Street is borrowed from Japan, and has there been seen for centuries, although here esteemed a novelty, and therefore made the most of by our fashionable folk. A savage with an eyeglass would afford a novel spectacle, yet we haply may discover some wild tribe thus ocularily decorated, and, moreover, wearing a camellia in the button-hole, and a chimney-pot black hat. If in this way it be provable that novelties of fashion are no better than mere plagiaries, common sense would hint a hope that the ladies might be found less eager for such novelties than they seem to be at present. But the question may be asked, when, in fashionable matters, will ladies ever listen to the hints of common sense?

A Knight of the Keys.

M. DE BOURGOING, on leaving Rome, received a remarkable honour from the POPE. The Holy Father named him "Grand Officer of the Ordine Piano." This appointment would have passed without remark if it had been conferred on the ABBE LISZT. But is M. DE BOURGOING also among the pianists? He is not known to be a performer on any instrument, although, no doubt, the POPE considers him to have proved himself instrumental to His Holiness's purposes.

THE ECONOMIST'S CAROL.

My boots may not again be mended;
Reported worth it now no more.
On a new pair must be expended
A portion of my measured store.
My shirts are likewise all in tatters,
My socks and under-clothing too;
Though their state not so greatly matters,
Because they are concealed from view.
But they'll no longer hold together;
They're worn too thin for wintry weather.

Mine outer garments no repairing
Will make to last another span,
And not attract to me the staring
Attention of my fellow-man.
There's nought so hard in being needy,
Small clerks and travellers at the desk,
Than that it dooms men to go eedy,
And makes them otherwise grotesque;
Unless, indeed, all care you smother
For the derision of your Brother.

My stock of coals so low has dwindled,
That I require a fresh supply:
A costly fire I must have kindled,
To cook high-priced provisions by.
All these expenses, down together
On poor PILGRICK, bid him spare
Internal fence from wintry weather;
Interior lined with winter's fare.
Good cheer, the chief alleviation,
Besides a pipe, of tribulation.

Now sing old Rose, and burn the bellows,
Secure of affluence, O ye blest!
The rich man only, like you fellows,
Can e'er a conscience keep at rest.
You can pursue investigations,
And minds serene to work devote,
Nor need to make your calculations
Before you get another coat.
I to afford one must endeavour.
Well!—it will be my last, however.

SPECULATION SPOILED.

THE eye of some meteorologist, wearied with continuous rainfall, may have been agreeably attracted by the heading of a paragraph in the *Post*:—

"FALL OF CHALK AT DOVER.—Another fall of chalk has taken place on the South-Eastern Railway, between Shakespeare's and Abbott's Cliffs, at Dover tunnel, but no injury to life or property was occasioned."

Reading thus far at least, a philosopher concerned in the study of meteoric phenomena might naturally enough imagine the fall of chalk reported to have taken place on the South-Eastern Railway, to have been a shower of aërolites consisting of that substance. As chalk is a marine formation, composed chiefly of organic remains, its descent in the form of fragments of asteroids or planetary bodies would suggest the most absorbing trains of thought, and afford materials for researches of the profoundest interest. But these promising ideas are disappointingly dissipated by the statement which, in the next sentence, informs the reader that—

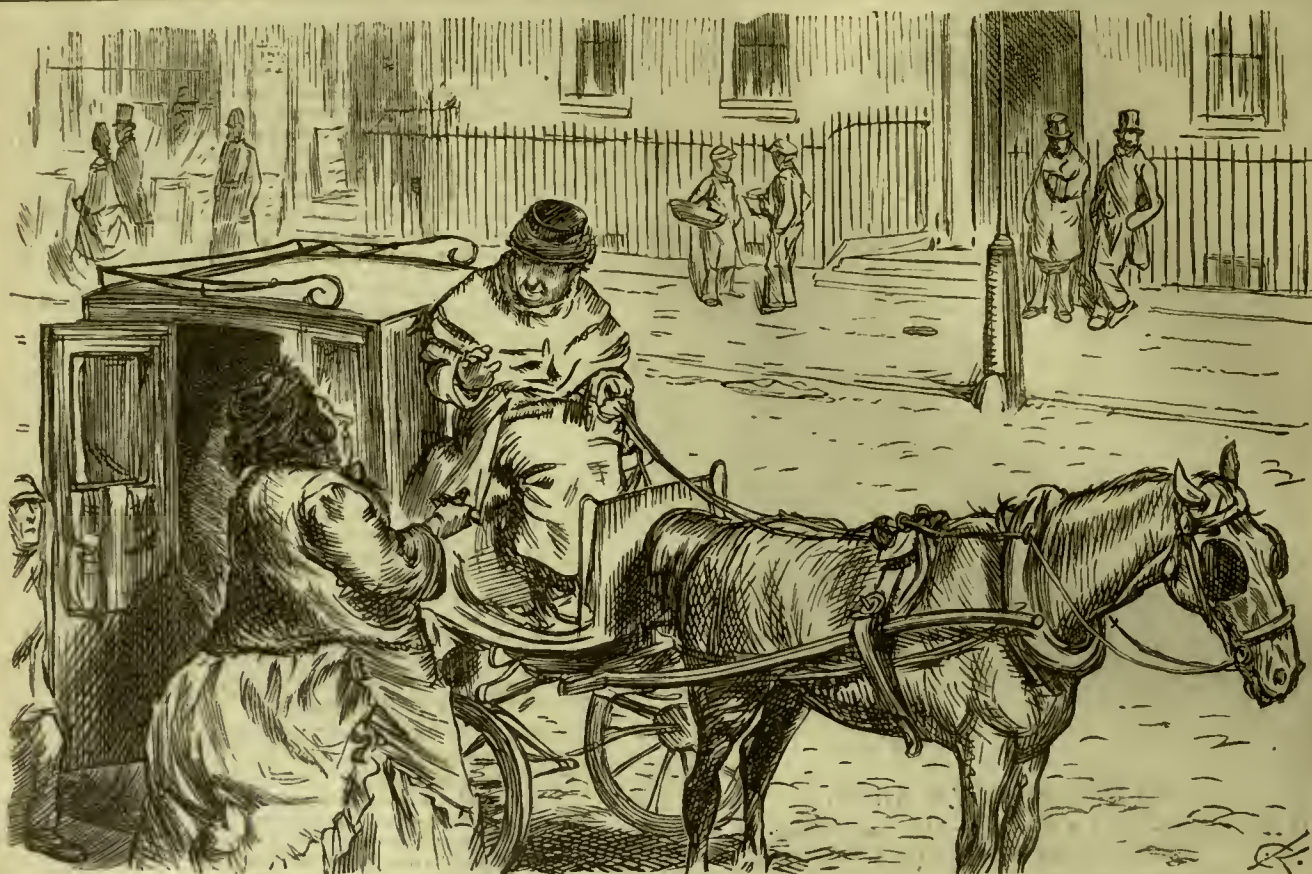
"The guns of the Drop Redoubt have been unlimbered for fear of accidents."

Sold! Such is the exclamation which bursts from the philosopher's lips on discovering, inferentially, from this additional information, that the fall of chalk at Dover, on the South-Eastern Railway, was merely another landslide from Dover Cliffs. This, perhaps he mournfully observes, had no relation to meteorology, except in having been caused by the late wet weather.

A Privileged Pair.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE perhaps had one more reason than he mentioned for not committing MESSRS. WHALLEY and GUILDFORD ONSLOW for contempt of Court. His Lordship very likely considered that, in stumping the country, and aspersing persons of honour, on behalf of CASTAO, they had sufficiently committed themselves.

NOTE FOR NATURALISTS.—The largest Moth ever known—The Behemoth.



GUILE.

Old Lady. "YOU KNOW THE 'ROYAL OAK' ? WELL, YOU TURN TO THE RIGHT, PAST THE 'JOLLY GARDENERS,' TILL YOU COME TO THE 'RED LION'——"

Artful Cabby. "O, DON'T TELL ME THE 'OUSES, MUM! NAME SOME O' THE CHURCHES, AND THEN I SHALL KNOW WHERE I AM!"

[Asks and gets an exorbitant fare without a murmur.]

BURNING IN EFFIGY AND PERSON.

ADDRESSING a meeting of Roman Catholics at the Town-hall, Birmingham, the other day, DR. ULLATHORNE, titular Bishop of that ilk, defined Liberalism. He said that:—

"To take other's property, as had been done in Italy, was Liberalism; to say that there should be no authority, to denounce property as theft, and to burn national monuments, as the Communists of France did, that was Liberalism."

It is not, however, cruel of Liberalism to burn monuments; it is only barbarous. Monuments cannot feel, even if they are statues of Saints. Dogmatism, the opposite to what DR. ULLATHORNE calls Liberalism, has burnt other combustibles more sensitive to fire than monuments. It may be said that Liberalism would abolish all stakes in the country. Would not Dogmatism erect stakes if it could?

"On Horror's Head Horrors Accumulate."

WE hope we are not getting nervous, but really we can hardly read without a shudder such a statement as the following:—

"Thre Skeleton Drills in Uniform will be held at Beaufort House, under the Adjutant, on the 15th and 22nd February, and on the 1st March."

Christmas happily is over, and we can therefore eat our dinner without the risk of swallowing a lump of indigestible plum-pudding, or other nightmare-breeding dainty of the season. Otherwise we certainly should go to bed in fear and trembling lest we should be haunted by a vision of three spectral Skeletons in uniform going through a ghastly series of terrible skeleton drills.

POT-LUCK.—Collecting old China.

POOR PAPA!

THERE was a man, and he went mad,
Whom Cupid so far carried,
That, though he no sure income had,
He fell in love and married.

An heir, before twelve months had fled,
Was born to destitution.
He patted baby on the head,
And called it "Retribution."

Change of Hair.

A VIOLENT shock of fear or grief will, it is said, turn the hair suddenly grey. Query. Does the converse ever occur? Suppose a man's hair has grown grey in consequence of anxiety occasioned by slender and precarious circumstances. If he were unexpectedly to come into the possession of money enough to make him comfortable for life, is it possible that excess of joy might immediately turn his hair dark? Perhaps it would only turn his head without affecting his hair. But, if in a position to be tested on this point, one would not object. What PEABODY will try the experiment?

Advice to Young Couples.

By all means, if you can, keep pigs. Properly managed, they will make you almost independent of your Butcher. "Now then," truly wrote COBBETT, "this hog is altogether a good thing." So he is. You can eat him all up; you can go the whole hog, from the tip of the snout to that of the tail. Thus, by substituting pork for beef and mutton in their present dearness, you make both ends meat.



DEAR OLD DONKEY!

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO OBSTINATE! THERE'S THIS OLD PARTY WHO DINES AT THE *TABLE-D'HÔTE* AT THE "BELGRAVIA"—HE WILL INSIST ON OPENING HIS OWN SELTZER WATER, AND GIVES US A SHOWER-BATH ALL ROUND!

COMRADES IN QUOD.

At a meeting of the Gas Stokers' Defence Aid Committee, held on Saturday last week at a place in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, altogether irrespectively of the memory of DR. JOHNSON, a speech was made from the chair by MR. GEORGE POTTER, wherein that gentleman—

"Called the attention of the meeting to the fact that the Memorial praying for the mitigation of the sentence upon the five Gas Stokers had been sent to MR. BRUCE as Home Secretary, on the 7th instant, and that not only had no reply been received, but the receipt of the Memorial had not been acknowledged. He considered it very uncourteous."

If uncourteous is a word considered applicable to the abstinence of the HOME SECRETARY from taking any notice of the Memorial in favour of the convicted Gas Stokers, what epithet may be deemed appropriate to the crime of which these convicts were guilty in attempting to plunge all London in darkness? Considering the atrocities which, by success in so doing, they would have given the dangerous classes occasion to inflict on the community, would it be too much to call that attempt, dictated by a small and selfish motive, diabolical?

MR. POTTER, in concluding his observations, expressed the opinion that:—

"The Government seemed bent upon doing all in its power to alienate the Working Classes from giving it any support in the future."

By letting justice take its course with conspirators against public safety, the Government will alienate from their supporters not the Working, but only the Striking Classes, except also the Thieving or Predatory Classes. At the same time they may count on attracting to their side all the Thinking and Law-Abiding Classes of the country; thus, on the whole, very considerably adding to their present majority.

Our friend MR. POTTER was followed by a Gas Stoker named DAVIS, who had just been let out of Coldbath-Fields Prison, in

SOUR FRUIT.

A FAIRY'S form, an angel's face,
Made RINODOVE blest a year ago.
I should have been in that man's place,
Had EMILY not answered "No."

Behold her seated at the ball!
A creature without question fine;
But now I smile when I recall
The wish to make that creature mine.

The Substance rests unchanged; but Light,
And Grace, to what have they now come!
Twelve months have hardly taken flight;
And all the blue is off that plum.

CHILDREN IN ARMS.

PEOPLE who love peace will doubtless read with interest this brief extract from a lecture upon Gunnery:—

"Already SIR W. ARMSTRONG and SIR J. WHITWORTH engaged to make guns able to pierce 24 inches of plating; but MR. BESSEMER promised a gun which would fire a ball of five tons at the rate of one a minute. (*Cheers and a laugh.*) Beside this gun the Woolwich Infant would become a baby indeed. (*A laugh.*) If that would not be sufficient, he could make one to fire a ball of ten tons."

War will clearly be no child's play when infants and babies such as these will be employed in it. Balls of ten tons each will be a rather costly kind of infant entertainments. A nation surely will think twice before it goes to war, when every shot it fires will cost a hundred pounds or so. A prudent people clearly will ask "Can we pay our shot?" before they set to fighting with five or ten ton cannon-balls.

TIPPLE AND TENSION.

DRUNKENNESS may be caused otherwise than by drinking "intoxicating liquors." Witness the usually excited behaviour and violent language of the orators and audience at meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance. Moreover, an imprecation in common use among the People is "Blow me tight!"

which House of Correction he had been forced to spend six weeks for leaving his employment at Bow Common without notice. MR. DAVIS had by no means easily "brooked imprisonment." He had found it very cold and uncomfortable,—it had not agreed with him at all; hard labour had proved to be highly objectionable, and so had companionship:—

"He and his fellow-workmen complained bitterly of being put to the same sort of hard labour, under the same discipline, and being kept on the same diet, as the convicted felons and thieves with whom he was obliged to associate."

Than convicted thieves and felons certainly no companions can be more unsuitable, and than the discipline and diet proper for them, no keep and no treatment can be imagined more unmeet, for honest Gas Stokers. But what of Gas Stokers who would, if they could, have put out the light and let the thieves and felons loose on the Public? Are the Scoundrels such very unfit associates in punishment for the Stokers?

But come, England is very good-natured, and her Ministers are like unto her. The imprisoned Stokers have said that they are very sorry for their offence (and we have no doubt that they are very sorry for its results), and so MR. BRUCE proposes to remit two-thirds of their punishment. Let them drink his health—moderately—in BRETT'S Brandy, and let them take both the liquor and the lesson to heart, as the "poor woman" does in the *Beggar's Opera*.

Popular Improvement.

A LOT of rough diamonds from South Africa was sold on Wednesday last week at the Mart of MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND STORR, in Covent Garden. This sale took place at a special auction of those gems which is held monthly at that establishment. Hence it appears that the number of rough diamonds imported must be very great. This is somewhat satisfactory to think upon, when we consider what multitudes of Roughs there are amongst our population in whose natures the Rough is all in all without any Diamond.

EVERY INCH A KING.



HIS is a thought that occurred to *Mr. Punch*, last week, on the anniversary of KING CHARLES'S Martyrdom. *Mr. IRVING* plays the unfortunate King more admirably than anybody else, save one, could do it. But if *that one*—However, go and see *Mr. IRVING* at the Lyceum.

STRENGTHENING THE OFFICE.

WE observe with satisfaction the appointment of several "Civil Assistants" in the Office of Works. We hope the Chief of the Department will avail himself largely of their services.

FLOUNCES' FIRE INSURANCE.

By accounts from Vienna we learn that a lady of high rank and her daughter, at Presburg, preparing to go to a ball, very narrowly escaped being burnt to death in consequence of the dress of the latter catching fire from a light on the floor, and igniting that of the former when she rushed to her assistance. In the midst of life the position of being liable at any moment to leave it cannot be helped, but it is ladies' own fault to go about in the midst of combustible millinery, surrounded by a funeral-pile, arranged as though on purpose to be in constant readiness for burning them alive. It is, moreover, a funeral-pile of which the materials are enormously expensive, so much so as to make it worth any man's while to insure his wife's dress, were that possible, on every occasion when she goes attired in anything like fashion, to an evening party or a ball. For the sake of those we love, however, it is rather to be wished that their finery were all made fireproof.

An American Rich Living.

"ON Plymouth Church (Brooklyn) sale day for 1873 several pews fetched a premium of 360 dollars each, in addition to the rent of 90 dollars. The rental of the pews amounts to 12,800 dollars a year; but the premiums realised at the sale reached 46,580 dollars; and the sale of chairs in the aisles will bring the total above 60,000 dollars. *Mr. BEECHER* was present at the sale, and made a few pleasant remarks before it began,"—and, we should imagine, a few still more pleasant ones after it was over.

PARLIAMENTARIA.

PHEASANT shooting being over, Parliament assembles again this week, for the three hundred and thirty-first time since it rose like a Phoenix from the expiring embers of the Saxon Wittenagemot. Full details of the meeting of the first Parliament, and the speech from the throne by KING ALFRED THE GREAT, in which he made a touching reference to his recent sojourn in the Danish camp, will be found in Doomsday-Book and other contemporary publications. These are given partly in Anglo-Saxon, and partly in that Norman French, of which traces still linger in modern parliamentary usage; but dictionaries are kept on the premises, and the officials will be found most obliging in explaining the contractions, and fitting a key to the cipher in which the rest of the text is written.

It would occupy too much time and space to enumerate all the more celebrated Parliaments, but Archæologists would never forgive us if we omitted to mention that the first Reformed Parliament was held after the Reformation.

The qualifications for a Member of Parliament have been considerably modified. All that is now required is—that he should be thoroughly acquainted with the history and geography of Great Britain and its dependencies, the acts and policy of the different administrations which have been in power since the fall of Wolsey, the lives of the Speakers, the contents of the Journals of the House, *Hansard's Debates*, and the architectural details, pictorial decorations (including the processes of fresco and water-glass painting, mosaics, &c.), and lighting and ventilation of the Chamber in which he is to sit, speak, hear, and cheer. The Civil Service Commissioners will cheerfully undertake to test the knowledge of Candidates in these various branches of study, but at present there is no compulsory examination.

The privileges of Members consist in exemption from parochial offices, immunity from all tolls levied at turnpikes and bridges, provided they make and subscribe, at the time of claiming relief, a declaration in writing before a Master in Chancery that they are legislators, hereditary or elective; an adequate supply of stationery at the public expense (but not including stamps); and the right to call a wherry at any point on the Thames, whenever either House is sitting between the hours of 4 A.M. and 4 P.M.

The SPEAKER speaks for himself. His office is of considerable

antiquity and dignity, but it is not hereditary; and his wig is required to be in strict accordance with a sealed pattern deposited in the Patent Office. Every Member presents the SPEAKER with his photograph and address card when he first enters the House, with a portion of bride-cake when he marries, and with a copy of valedictory verses when he vacates his seat. The SPEAKER is entitled to a pair of white kid gloves whenever there is No House, and it is the duty of the principal door-keeper to ascertain exactly the size which each new Speaker takes. He spends his vacations in a delightful retreat in a most romantic spot, in the heart of the Chiltern Hundreds.

Every other schoolboy knows the intimate connection that exists between the Mace and the British Constitution, and the serious consequences which might arise if that emblem of authority were lost or mislaid. A majority of the Judges are of opinion that the Habeas Corpus Act could not be legally suspended, or the provisions of the Mutiny Act put into force. Nobody, therefore, will be surprised to hear that the Sergeant-at-Arms always sleeps with the Mace by his bedside, and awakes at least once in the course of the night to satisfy himself that it is safe. When the Mace has to be cleaned, a jury, composed of Members of the Goldsmiths' Company, is impuneled.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod can claim a new Rod with every fresh Parliament. It must be cut from a tree standing in one of the Royal Forests, and brought by a special mounted messenger to the principal entrance to the House of Lords, where the Royal Purveyor of Canes and Walking-sticks is bound to be in waiting to receive and prepare it for official use within the precincts. The old Rod must be burnt in a wood fire without being broken up, and the ashes thrown into the Exchequer.

The earliest Blue Book of which we have any certain account, contained the reports of the detective officers who were employed by the Government on the occasion of the Gunpowder Plot. An interesting calculation has been made that if all the Blue Books which have been issued were heaped up one upon another, they would form a pile as high as Mont Blanc; and it is estimated that to read them through would occupy a man ten hours a day (Sundays excluded) for one hundred and sixteen years, seven months, and thirteen days.

The Two Chambers are thoroughly cleaned and dusted before the opening of every Session, and if it is the commencement of a new



BEHOLD THE CONCLUDING SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY OF THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM! THE DOG-FISH (IN WHOSE PORTRAIT ART HAS GREATLY IMPROVED UPON NATURE) ATE UP THE OCTOPUS. WHY? BECAUSE DOG-FISH AND OCTOPUS WERE IN LOVE WITH THE SAME FASCINATING YOUNG LOBSTER. THE VICTOR, LADEN WITH HIS SPOILS, TENDERS HIS HOMAGE TO THE FAIR OBJECT OF HIS PISCINE AFFECTION. SHE SMILES. SHE IS WON.

Parliament, the benches are re-stuffed and re-covered. In the Upper House the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Upper Housemaid superintends the charwomen selected for this duty; in the Lower, a superior domestic from the SPEAKER'S establishment discharges the same office. They are both paid by fees, and have the privilege of introducing a friend into the Strangers' Gallery. Formerly the charwomen were selected by the Housekeeper, preference being given to the female relatives of non-commissioned officers in the Army and Navy. But now, before they can be appointed, they must obtain a certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners; and are therefore called upon, in the first instance, to furnish the most minute information as to their age, family connections, places of education, previous employments, health, character, private pursuits, and freedom from pecuniary embarrassment, and then to undergo a competitive examination in BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, HALLAM'S *Constitutional History of England*, Physical Geography, and one modern language.

The cellars underneath the Houses of Parliament being very roomy and commodious, it is understood that a plan is under the consideration of the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings for lessening the annual expenses of the establishment by letting these vaults to Wine Merchants of established reputation and liberal principles, at a remunerative rent.

Cheap Defence of Nations.

WE are afraid to resist Russian progress in India, are we? Nothing will be done by the British Government to that end which may necessitate war? That is what you think, German friends? Little do you know the spirit of this great nation. Going to war is, for us, a mere affair of money. Ministers have no reason to fear that this consideration will make war, if necessary, unpopular. The People will not have to bear the expense of war. That will all of it be defrayed by means of the Income-tax. It will therefore fall only on privileged persons, and in nowise concern the community at large. Who's afraid?

A Paradise of Contentment.

CENTRAL ASIA, and Khiva, and Turkestan, and "Transoxania," and the Jaxartes, we respectfully leave to diplomats, and politicians, and special correspondents; but one can well imagine the large number of people there are who would be glad to make a rush to such a comfortable well-to-do country as "Independent" Tartary must be.

NEW FUEL.

COAL is ruinously dear, and a burning shame it is that its price should be so exorbitant, and flaming articles ought to be written on the subject, so long as there is such just cause for grumbling at the lump sum which must be paid down when the cellar has to be refilled. Any substitute, therefore, that could be found for coal would be sure to meet with a grateful reception; but who of us, except millionnaires, can look to the "Diamond Fuel Company" (brilliant as the idea may seem) to supply the want, and make our hearths and homes bright and cheerful at a moderate cost? "Put some diamonds on the fire" is an order which might have been given and obeyed in the days of the Arabian Nights, and in the Halls and lobbies of Caliphs and Moguls; but people with large families and small coal-scuttles, who live in eight-roomed houses and furnished apartments, seem much more likely soon to be obliged to say, "Put a little coke on."

Past and Present.

"POULTRY," says MR. ELDERBOY, "in my youth, was four shillings a couple, and beef sevenpence a pound. There is now cheap chocolate for women and children, and we have light wines; but the only other advantage I see at the present day, to compensate for all sorts of increased troubles and expenses, is a great variety of comforts and conveniences in gutta percha and India-rubber."

WARNING AGAINST VANDALISM.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS!

GENTLEMEN, distinctly such. Not you others. Not you who subordinate all other objects to making money. Not you, mere representatives of commercial interests; prepared to sacrifice to them scenery and every other mortal thing. Not you, Members for Mammon. Gentlemen, properly so called. You will shortly be applied to for leave to destroy about a mile of beauty on the bank of the Thames opposite to Hampton Court. In place thereof you will be invited to sanction the erection of a high, blank, ugly wall. It is said that the Chelsea Water Company are going to ask you for permission to construct waterworks which will necessitate this outrage. It is certain that they could construct other waterworks which would render it unnecessary. At one of the numerous and influential meetings lately held by the indignant inhabitants of Thames Ditton, Long Ditton, and Kingston, to protest against, and try and prevent it, the fact was (you may read it in the *Morning Post*) "pointed out that the land proposed to be taken for the reservoir is of great value, both as meadow and for building purposes, while close to the proposed intake there is abundance of suitable space that might be appropriated without loss to any one, though it is admitted it would cost more for excavation." And, Gentlemen, merely that this additional cost may be shirked, you will be requested to permit "one of the prettiest bits of river-scenery in England" to be ruined.

Dear Gentlemen, sweet Gentlemen, good Gentlemen, honourable, really and truly, and not merely nominally honourable Gentlemen; surely you will not suffer the barbarity of replacing the prospect from the window of the Mitre with a hideous eyesore. Of course not if you know it. But mind lest this Vandalism be managed without your knowledge. Watch, be on the look-out, keep your eyes open, and see that a Private Bill, under the name of a Chelsea Waterworks Bill, but being also a Thames Ditton and Hampton Court Abomination Bill, is not smuggled through your honourable House. Representatives of decent constituencies, show an active sympathy with people at Hampton Court, the Dittons, and Kingston, of the same description. Also with the many thousands of similar Londoners represented by the undersigned. Let not a lovely landscape fall into the hands of the Philistines.

I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully, an habitual

EXCURSIONIST.

"SKIPWORTH'S CASE."—Holloway Gaol.



A PHILOLOGICAL POSER.

Herr Professor. "ISS IT NOT A SHDRAINCH TING, LATIES, DAT DE LATIN RACE GANN'OT ACQUIRE DE ENGLISH PRONOUNCY-ATION? I HAF CHOOST DIS MÔMEND BARDET FROM AN IDALIAN CHENDLEMAN (A GRADE VRENT OF NINE ANT A FERRY GLEFFER MAN) WHO HAS LIFFED IN LONTON ALMÔSTE AS LONG AS I HAF—DVENDY-VIFE EEEERRS—ANT FOOT YOU PELIEF IT? HE SHBEEGS ENGLISH VIT A KVITE SHDRONO VOREIGN INDONATION! HOW TO YOU AGOUND VOR A ZO EGGSHIDRA-ORRTINARY ZEERGOMSHDANZ AS TAT?"

BEFORE THE COMITIA.

(*The Two Aruspices.*)

IN Rome, ere the Comitia
To business could be set,
The Augurs and Aruspices
In solemn conclave met;
The peckings, pipings, hoppings
Of the sacred fowls to try,
And in the victim's entrails
For signs of fate to pry.

'Twas the Augur's solemn duty
To keep the cocks and hens,
Who, like an able Editor,
Dropped presage from their pens;
And as by British Parties
Leading articles are feared,
So these oracles in hen-coops
By Rome's statesmen were revered.

On pig's, sheep's, and ox' "innards,"
Now we have come to look,
More as a source of sausage-meat
Than as the future's book;
For Poultry-shows, not Parties,
Our cocks and hens we feed,
And the *canard's* the only fowl
That Politicians breed.

So Augurs and Aruspices
No colleges have now;
At least, beneath these titles,
No more to them we bow;

But High-priests of both orders
Are here, though less in view,
Who, oracular as *they* are,
Know the future as *they* knew.

But Rome had daring sceptics
Who of myst'ries foul would fall,
Style Augurs and Aruspices
Sheer humbugs, one and all:
Swear only geese to poultry
For oracles would go;
In entrails owned "*omenta*,"
But "*omina*"—O, no!

'Twas CATO who the mouthpiece
Of these scoffers dared to be—
Soms HUXLEY of the period,
Or DEAN STANLEY, p'raps, was he—
WHO SAID HE ALWAYS WONDERED
TWO ARUSPICES COULD EMBRACE
WITHOUT BURSTING OUT A-LAUGHING
EACH IN T'OTHER'S BRAZEN FACE:

O, Aruspices of our Parties,
Who, without their staff and gown,
Profess to read the future,
And forecast its smile or frown,
P'rhaps CATO, were he living,
Would wonder how *you* came
Together without laughing,
For the "*Session's*" little game.

The presages recalling
Put forth in days gone by,
The portents, signs, and omens
Interpreted awry:

The trust in lights misleading,
Croaks, crowings, both misread—
And the Party's tail, still going
Hap-hazard, like its Head:

The sources sought for guidance,
Whence guidance ne'er could come;
Dumb beasts and blind birds questioned,
Where manly voice was dumb;
The sham shrines you have bowed to,
The oracles you've sought,
Knowing the altar godless,
The inspiration nought.

The plenteousness of promise,
And the performance small:
The length of the yarn-spinning,
The bandying of the bawl:
The pledging of the pledges,
The shirking of the same:
The shuffling of the old, old cards,
For the same old, old game.

Yes; wondrous is your face-power,
Aruspices, who can meet,
VIII Post Nonas Februarias,
Abreast of Downing Street—
Can meet for our Comitia,
And yet forbear to chaff,
Nor wake the official echoes
Of Whitehall with your laugh.

There's DIZZIUS Aruspex
Wears a Sardonic grin,
Though sterner MERRYFEBBLIUS
Such laughter holds a sin:



THE TWO AUGURS.

DISRAELIUS. "I ALWAYS WONDER, BROTHER, HOW WE CHIEF AUGURS CAN MEET ON THE OPENING DAY WITHOUT LAUGHING!"

GLADSTONIUS. "I HAVE NEVER FELT ANY TEMPTATION TO THE HILARITY YOU SUGGEST, BROTHER; AND THE REMARK SAVOURS OF FLIPPANCY."

But, for all he looks so solemn,
No less he twigs the fun,
'E'en while his brow on DIZZIUS
Appears to frown "Ha' done!"

"Leaders should not be laughers,"
(He holds) "whate'er their case;
If in, 'tis too triumphant;
If out, 'tis not in place.
Or, if a laugh be needful"—
Which he does not believe—
"The Aruspice's laugh should never
Extend beyond his sleeve."

"For screen and stay are given
The crown their brews that hide,
The staffs they bear to lean on,
Their gowns that sweep so wide.
Aruspices must be solemn,
Or how will Rome give heed
To the oracles they utter,
The omens that they read?"

"For Aruspices to be solemn
Is a duty most of all,
On the day when to its session
The Comitia they call."

If Angurs and Aruspices
Thus indulge in a guffaw,
Woe's me, for the Comitia,
That meet to make new Law!

"DIZZIUS and MERRYPEBBLIUS,—
As shining lights we stand,
To teach no laughing matter
Is that we have in hand.
His girds at our Comitia,
Can *Punch* be asked to rue,
If he knew that High Aruspices
Dared to laugh at them too?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Still among "The Old Masters." He gets as far as Number Sixty-Eight, and then addresses the Editor as usual.)



You left me, Sir, seated in Gallery No. 1. I do not, as Your Representative at a theatre, sit in the Gallery, but at Burlington House, you will understand, this is unavoidable. You will not be thought the worse of because I was in this Gallery. There are, of course, some Galleries, where I would not be seen, and some where, whether as Your Representative or not, I would. As instances of the latter, let me name the Gallery of both Houses of Parliament, the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's, and the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street. At theatres, to be among the Olympian deities, with Jupiter in his shirt-sleeves, Juno sucking oranges, Venus (long before her bath), her gandy

bonnet tied on to the rail in front, indulging in light and elegant badinage with a shining, well-larded, and carefully-waxed Mars, while Ganymede hands round the pewter filled from the can supplied by a neighbouring Bacchus Hop-timus, whose house, by order of Lyncurgus, must be closed at midnight—to sit in such a Gallery of Gods is neither to my taste nor to yours; and anyone catching sight of me so placed, has, I admit, a right to adapt the French question to my English understanding by asking me, "What the deuce are you doing in that Gallery?"

"From such dreams of thee I awoke," as the poet would, perhaps, have said, had he not written it differently, putting the verb in the present tense first, and omitting the adjective; but there's no saying what a poet might or might not do. At all events, in brief, I arose from my seat, and having, out of compliment to the artistic *Genius Loci*, drawn myself up to my full length—I mean height—I paused for one moment to see if I was "the observed of all observers." Sir, I was not. This was enough for me, and I at once proceeded with my task. I had determined to make my visit rather of the butterfly touch-and-go kind than to drain the buttercup to the dregs. If you don't like my poetic similes, you can pass them on. Your neighbour's taste may not be yours. I own that, as Your Representative, I do go about dropping pearls and diamonds from my lips like the enchanted maiden; and the enchanted maidens are down on them at once, as though I were STORR and MORTIMER gone lunatic, and giving jewels away; but, with these exceptions, I know not before whose snout they fall. I address myself to You, Sir, as a model of all that is— But no matter; models are not pictures, and so, as I said before, to my task.

I was first stopped by Mrs. Drummond Smith, No. 14, painted by GEORGE ROMNEY, and lent by the MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON. It represents a lady with a hat like a paper fire-balloon collapsed in its descent upon her head. The sudden shock has made her hair turn grey.

"And when UDOLPHO saw her locks thus grey,
He would ring gazed, nor had one word to say"—

—which would have been my case to a camel's hair had not my eye

caught Donson's Portrait Group just above—evidently placed there by some one with a keen appreciation of the humorous in the fitness of things. The Three Gentlemen here portrayed are discussing the balloon accident below, and explaining how it happened. The argument appears to have been a warm one, as they are in their shirt-sleeves, made, however, of silk.

No. 17. *Portrait of the Hon. Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate of Scotland.*—He seems to be weary of his own arguments in favour of Scotland, and the Court (myself) is not with him, as I am an advocate for England as a residence.

No. 21. *Portrait of Mrs. Frederick Hemming.*—"Hemming! She's not even sewing!" said my friend WAGG, who had drawn my attention to this picture on purpose to let off this joke. I said, "Tush!" and brushed the dust off my coat-sleeve at him. Fortunately he observed an acquaintance in a far corner, and was off immediately to bring him to see No. 21, and hear his new conceit. Conceit! Ha! I should think so.

No. 35.—O, MISS LINLEY, afterwards MRS. SHERIDAN, how lovely you are! O, THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. O! And if BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD, M.P., ever wishes to offer a testimonial to one who knows nothing whatever about him, and for no particular object, let him send the picture, carriage-paid, to the residence of Your Representative, who, as his petitioner, will never cease to pray, at convenient times, &c., &c. Not much less could I say of

No. 49. *Mrs. C. Smith, of Aithernie.*—She is Carmichael-Smyth in the Catalogue. But Smyth will ever be Smith to me, and a Rose as Roscoe will smell as sweet; just as a Thistle, if called a Geranium, would still be a Thistle to any donkey, Scotch-wise or otherwise.

No. 56. *Portrait of Madame Baccelli, Dancer,* who, with a whole box of rouge on her cheeks, and painted eyes and forehead, might be, in age, the number of her picture; and this number would possibly suggest to the apocryphal—no, I mean the Apocalyptic—DR. CUMMING, one with which he has proved himself very familiar.

57. *A Hunting Scene, by Geo. Morland.*—Like a sustained piano note on a wind instrument, it is long and low.

Entering Gallery the Second, I found the picture of a Japanese lady in Kensington Gardens during a London fog. She is disfiguring the trees, in the absence of the officials. This is labelled No. 59. *Tolle, legs. Itte Cupellæ*—which was translated by an aspiring classic, "Go to Chapel," which he intended as a correction on the original mistaken reading, "Go it, ye Cripples!"

Hush! not a word. See me, Sir, representing You, stealing on tip-toe up to No. 63, by SMIRKE, R.A. (delicious Thackerayan name for a painter!), and watch me as I stand amazed before that eminent artist's picture of "Ghosts Disturbed at Play," but which is cunningly catalogued (so as not to frighten the timid) as *The Nut-Gatherers*.

While in this almost reverential mood, I came upon No. 63, by BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO, which I hold to be a good mouthful, and altogether better than BOB SMIRKE, R.A. No doubt BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO knew what a good dinner was as well as any one, and the specimens in this Gallery (arranged evidently by the same person or persons whose humorous sense of fitness I noticed in No. 1.) would go far to prove it.

I should say also that he often took his dinner at a Restaurant, whither he was compelled in consequence of the trouble caused him by his own domestics. Now, while dining at this Restaurant one day, it occurred to B. E. MURILLO, whose servants had, as usual, grumbled at having to feed occasionally on cold meat, "like," they impudently said, "cats," to give them a lesson with his brush. These were, be it remembered, not only old Times, but good old Times; and so the Old Master, who had left the Old Missus at home to have it out with the Cook, at once hit upon a subject from Sacred History as parabolically fitted for conveying the moral he had in view. The idea developed into *Abraham Entertaining the Angels* (No. 63). He worked the notion out thoroughly with a cold leg of mutton and a large mince-pie, both probably from models in his own larder. Over the patriarch's arm he placed the likeness of the waiter's napkin, and thus intimated that the Master of the feast was himself obliged to dine at the Restaurants. Such I take to be



'WARE WIRE!

SCENE—Child and Pony come to Grief.

MR. PUNCH. "WILL THIS MAKE YOU MOVE YOUR WIRE, MR. GRUBBINS?"

the moral of No. 68. It evidently reformed the household, as in No. 65 BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO paid his servants a compliment which they must have highly appreciated after the rebuke conveyed in the former picture. No. 68 is, as I have said, *Abraham Entertaining the Angels*, and No. 65 is *La Cuisine des Anges*. So farewell for the present, DON BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO. "Farewell, brave Spaniard, and when next"—or, rather, what next? No need to hurry. *Festina lente* is my motto. Halt! The next is No. 80, before which picture I shall be found, then as now,

Most truly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I've just seen an advertisement wherein the Alhambra management announces that there is now "Increased comfort and warmth. Draughts entirely stopped." Glad to hear the subject has been so soon ventilated. Your Representative wrote to you, Sir, in Christmas week on that current-of-air topic in those Alhambra Stalls. "Nobody knows," perhaps, as Miss KATHERINE SANTLEY knows, but everyone feels as I feel—about draughts. Let our ears be stopped by CLAY (nothing more pleasant) but not by wool, in dread of, or in consequence of, rheumatic neuralgic aches and pains. I'll catch a tune with anyone any day of the week, but not a cold. On dit, that the travelling company of Comedians under the direction of MR. YOUNG, is to appear at the Charing Cross Theatre in a modern piece after the withdrawal of *The Rivals*. This is as it should be: the Old Comedy Company making way for the Young Comedy Company. Adieu, LEONORA!

A Plain Question.

"Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain."

CAN any naturalist or psychologist explain why the song of the skylark (according to these lines of WORDSWORTH) should produce such peculiar emotions in the breast of persons of unprepossessing appearance?

"IF I WERE A DONKEY."

If I were a Donkey, I wouldn't go
In deputation to tackle BOB LOWE;
For he'd hit me hard, and he'd cry, "No go!
Go home, Neddy!"

He'd floor my fallacies with a flout;
He'd knock my facts and figures about;
First show me up, and then show me out,
With a "Go home, Neddy!"

You can't persuade him that black is blue,
Nor that one and one make three, not two;
Nor that sauce for goose won't for gander do—
Nor that I'm not Neddy!

When BRIGGS he talked about "higher laws,"
BOB was down upon him with teeth and claws,
And pinned poor BRIGGS to his "why" and "because,"
Like a poor old Neddy!

When "Shops" came to utter their griefs 'gainst "Stores,"
BOB LOVIC soon brought them down, all-fours,
And poured oil of vitriol in their sores,
The poor old Neddies!

And so it is to whoever may come,
Big-wigs from the Bank, or Roughs from the slum,
He makes himself crusty, to all and some,
And proves they're Neddies.

For his office water-decanter, I think,
His bottle for Deputations to drink,
Is filled from Truth's well, and it makes you wink,
You poor old Neddies!

Well, in these soft times, more smooth than sooth,
There's a virtue in disagreeable truth,
And to tell it, *sans phrase*, my BOB's the youth,
For British Neddies!



GENUINE ENTHUSIASM.

Practical Person (who fondly imagines that Fiddles were made to be played upon). "WELL, BUT WHAT SORT OF TONE HAS IT GOT!"

Real Connoisseur (who knows better). "TONE BE HANGED! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT! LOOK AT THE VARNISH, MAN! LOOK AT THE DOUBLE PURFLING! LOOK AT THE EXQUISITE CURVES OF THE BACK AND BELLY! WHY, I COULD GAZE AT THAT VIOLIN FOR HOURS, AND I WOULDN'T PART WITH IT FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS!"

PETTICOATS IN PARLIAMENT.

PLEASE, dear *Mr. Punch*, will you use your powerful influence to procure for us poor ladies some better seats in Parliament? Of course we don't aspire at present to have regular Members' seats, but I do think it a great shame that we should all be huddled up so in that nasty horrid bird-cage of a Gallery, where nobody can see us or admire our pretty dresses. I'm sure our presence would serve vastly to enliven the debates, if we only were made visible: and it would be so jolly just to catch the SPEAKER'S eye, and make him blush, poor man, as he called us all to order! Only see how famously the ladies are treated at Versailles—but then, of course, you know, the French are perfect models of politeness:—

"As a rule, it is a severe trial for one's gallantry to see, especially on a field-day, the Chamber swarming with ladies in the best seats, many of whom come, not through the slightest degree of intelligent interest in the debates, but for the fun of the railway journey backwards and forwards, and as they might go to a church or an ordinary theatre to exhibit and compare toilettes. I noticed to-day that one lady had brought her *bonne*, whose plain cap stood out with highly picturesque effect from among the bonnets of the front row. The ladies, in fact—owing, let us hope, to French gallantry, not to French frivolity—are pretty nearly omnipotent in the Chamber, getting as many of the best seats as they like."

There now, fancy that! Imagine what a fuss there would be in our Parliament, if we poor ladies all petitioned to be served like our French sisters! You men pretend to love us and admire us and all that, but when will you ever dream of letting us become "omnipotent" in Parliament? As for giving your best seats to us, of course, that's too much to expect, though I'm sure that we should make the House look vastly prettier. Only think how nice the front benches would look, if filled with gay costumes instead of dowdy broadcloth! And those odious black chimney-pots which men will

PRETTY PUSS.

You've read, if not, you are aware
That others have, at least,
A fiction which the name doth bear
Of "Beauty and the Beast."

The Beast and Beauty there are two;
But, where there's Reason none,
We then those twain too often view
Together joined in one.

"Comparisons with a Long Tail."

A SCOTS MAGNATE has just been stating that "the three books, most popular in Scotland are the *Bible*, *Bunyan*, and *Burns*, and that he does not know three better ones." The teaching of the two first is found, we suppose, an antidote to the teaching of the third, or the Scotch police would have hard work. But (passing over the irreverence of bracketing the first volume with any other) we will back the English Tinker against the Scotch Exciseman, and we rejoice that the pious countrymen of the latter find the *Interpreter's Sermon* as edifying as *Holy Willie's Prayer*.

Wisdom of Wallflowers.

"To what goal daily we advance
All people know; yet many dance."
"If dancing make you cease to think
Of ills, then better dance than drink."
"Ay, but, though guiltless e'en of Robur,
Perpend that 'no man dances sober.'"

Novel Application.

A CORRESPONDENT, who we fancy has since been advertised for by his friends in the papers, writes to say that it struck him, during the recent Byronie controversy, that the words "there let him lay," might be not inappropriately applied to TATTERSALL'S. This idea of his seems to us to be about on a par with many others which have already appeared in print.

NURSERY RHYME FOR H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED.

Hi diddle diddle,
The Duke and the Fiddle.

persist in wearing even in the House, how much nicer it would be were they all banished to the back, and if the front rows were reserved for elegant new bonnets!

Of course, poor ladies can't expect just yet to use their tongues in a debate, but there could surely be no harm if we might use our eyes a bit. Now you know the use of ladies' eyes is not merely to see with, but also to be looked at; and I'm sure this latter use would help us very sensibly to influence a debate, although we took no oral part in it. A man would never venture to make a stupid speech if he beheld a formidable row of laughing eyes all ready to make fun of him; and not even MR. AYRTON would dare to speak uncivilly, when there were ladies present, with flashing eyes all levelled to shoot out angry glances at him.

Hoping, therefore, soon to have a proper seat in Parliament, and not be cooped up in the bird-cage, as though I were a parrot, I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, your weekly reader and adorer,

AMY ARABELLA ANNE.

P.S.—I'm sure that English ladies are quite capable of taking an "intelligent interest" in debates, and would never dream of going there "for fun," for Parliament has grown so sternly serious of late that now-a-days there's never any fun in English politics."

Caucasian Courtliness.

SCENE—About Westminster. Two Distinguished Personages meeting. First Person BARON R-THSCH-LD. Second Person, RT. HON. B. D-SRA-LI.

Baron R-thsch-lt. My dear BEN, you can answer me this. Who would you say would be the best representative of the *élite* of Society, eh?

Rt. Honourable B. D-sra-li. My dear Baron, no flattery, but the best representative of the *élite* of any Society must be—ahem—an *Israélite*.
[Exeunt both, arm-in-arm.]



A RANK DECEPTION.

Private Smithers. "BLESSED IF I HAVEN'T LOST 'ALF A STONE IN WEIGHT, A TOILIN' UP THE CASTLE HILL TO THESE 'ERE FIELD-DAYS!"

Private Leary. "HOULD'YER WHISHT THERE, TIM! IF THE OFFICERS HEAR YE, THEY'LL BE THRYIN' YE BY COORT-MARTIAL FOR MAKIN' AWAY WID GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!!"

S. ALIAS AND S. ALIBI.

OUR respected Catholic contemporary, the *Tablet*, is somewhat exercised because *Mr. Punch* ventured, in the most good-natured manner to suggest that his Holiness the POPE (of whom *Mr. Punch* never speaks or thinks disrespectfully) might have told certain Roman children a better story than that of the alleged discovery of the bones of SS. Philip and Jacob. Now it was precisely because the POPE is notoriously gifted with humour, as well as other fine qualities, that *Mr. Punch* made the observation, and a candid Catholic should have perceived a compliment to the Head of his Church. But the *Tablet* objects to *Mr. Punch's* mode of spelling a certain name. *Mr. P.* is not greatly troubled on this, as he has referred to DR. WILLIAM SMITH (a better authority than the whole Sacred College put together), and finds that in the memoir of S. Philip the name is spelt by the learned SMITH as *Mr. Punch* spelt it. The great point made by the *Tablet* is, unluckily, its weakest. It asserts that it was the Lesser S. Jamea whose remains were brought to Rome. If the Saint is the lesser, the miracle is the bigger. For whereas it is known where Great S. James was buried, Catholic writers are divided in opinion as to whether the Lesser Jamea was interred in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or in the Mount of Olives. But it equally happened five hundred years before the foundation of the Church where the relics are supposed to be. The *Tablet* says "it is believed" that they were translated. Well, it is *not* believed by rational persons. But let difference of belief never alter friendship; and *Mr. Punch* blots the *Tablet's* unkindness from the tablets of his memory.

A Preference Pedigree.

I HAD rather be the descendant of SIR THOMAS LUCY than SHAKESPEARE'S. As the former I should boast of a good old English pedigree; and there would be no invidious comparison drawn between me and my ancestor.

THE BEST-ABUSED NATION.

WHY do the German Scribes take up the tale
Of England's cowardice, decline, decay,
Dropt by the French, who likewise used to rail.
And compliments, by scoffs and slanders, pay?

But these just now have other work on hand
Than any which they know we should oppose.
On Belgium no designs by France are planned;
So we are not abused as looked-for foes.

Mere cause for love to Germans we have given.
What can the meaning of their rancour be?
Do they, too, by prophetic fury driven,
Detest us for a reason they foresee?

Of "woe to those of whom all men speak well,"
The converse also could we take for true,
In what serenity might Britons dwell,
Maligned, derided, feared, the wide world through!

The Nations are assured we ne'er shall fight
Until we need, and then we shall, they know.
Hence their effusions of envenomed spite,
Which, eke, in part, from savage envy flow.

But, gentle JOHN, let Brothers ne'er provoke
Thee, whilst they do but curse, and wish thy fall.
Speak the sweet words which NELSON, *partly*, spoke,
Say, "Bless those Foreigners, I love them all!"

ADVICE TO CRITICS.—Fling not dirt at new discoveries, lest hereafter you may have to eat it.



THURSDAY, February 6, 1873.—The Legislative Engine, which has been out of gear for some months, was again set going. The new Lord Chancellor, LORD SELBORNE, *olim* SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, delivered the Queen's Speech in an admirable manner. The Natural History of Selborne should state that he has a highly-educated voice.

The Speech began with a pleasant phrase:

"I greet you cordially on your re-assembling for the discharge of your momentous duties."

HER MAJESTY was pleased to note the following points:—

- Friendship with all Foreign Powers.
- Dispatch of Envoy to suppress the Slave Trade in East Africa.
- German Emperor's decision in favour of America, as regards the Haro Channel.
- We submit, and evacuate St. Juan.
- Geneva Arbitration decision in favour of America, as regards the Direct Claims.
- We submit, and you will be asked for the money.

We are very much obliged to the German Emperor, and to the Tribunal at Geneva.

[*Sovereigns should be polite, your Majesty, but really—* Extradition Treaty with KING OF THE BELGIANS.

New Commercial Treaty with France is in hand.

England and Russia agree that the northern frontier of Afghanistan should be defined. There has been correspondence on the topic.

[*By the way, your Majesty, it seems to occur to nobody that on the whole the Afghans themselves might just be asked where they think their country ends.*

The Estimates will be as moderate as possible, considering how high certain prices are.

Harvest somewhat deficient, but trade, revenue, and decrease of pauperism and crime generally satisfactory.

A measure will be submitted for settling the question of University Education in Ireland.

[*"Heard ye the din of battle-bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?"*

Many measures which you have already considered, you will be good enough to consider again. Specially, you must create a Supreme Court of Judicature. Also, you will hear of proposals

For making Land Transfer easier.

For amending Local Taxation.

[*The only remark on this, your Majesty, is "Ah!"*

For amending the Education Act of 1870.

[*Another exclamation would be pardonable here, your Majesty, but Mr. Punch is as polite as any Sovereign.*

For amending Railway and Canal Law.

The Speech ended with a Prayer for the Highest Guidance and Favour; and MR. DISRAELI, at the end of his speech on the Address, expressed his opinion that never were these more needed than now.

LORD CLARENDON (once the "little LORD HYDE, with his Chewtor," of one of THACKERAY'S Irish Ballads) moved the Address in the Lords. He introduced a graceful reference to the death of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, and, after a brief sketch of the topics of the Speech, modestly expressed a fear that with almost unparalleled effrontery he had ventured "to rush in where angels fear to tread." We like a young gentleman to quote, but LORD CLARENDON is no fool, and we are not aware that any angels in particular have been deterred from making remarks on Geneva and Trinity College, Dublin.

LORD MONTEAGLE seconded with ability and conciseness, and said "he should rejoice as an Irishman" if the Education question were duly settled. We have seen Irishmen rejoice in a very demonstrative way, and have shared their rejoicings; but he ought not to have threatened this in the presence of the Bishops. Still, he has precedent in the case of the Blameless King, in *Tom Thumb*—

"To-night
It is our royal pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as we."

The EARL OF DERBY, having complimented his young friends on the talent and moderation of their orations, thought the description of the state of the country rather rose-coloured, considering that the battle between Capital and Labour was never fiercer. Our income had increased, but it was because we imbibed more, in fact "we had drunk ourselves out of the American difficulty." The Irish Press was gagged, and a tremendous Coercion Act was ready to the Viceroy's hand, so we can hardly talk of improved good feeling in Ireland. He hoped the Irish Education question would be settled, but anything that would satisfy the Dominant Hierarchy would offend the rest of us, and would certainly not find its way up to the Lords. (*Will He Clear It?*) He heartily welcomed LORD SELBORNE, and hoped, rather than expected, that he would accomplish law reform. That sea was strewn with wrecks. He trusted the Zanzibar business was not to get us into all sorts of messes, and that the Afghanistan business did not mean the extension of our frontier. He suggested that by a Government blunder the St. Juan decision, which might have been in our favour, was necessarily adverse. Emphatically, there was nothing to be congratulatory about, as regarded the Washington Treaty. The Americans would never have gone to war for that money, and we certainly have not made them better friends by allowing them to outwit us. Moreover, we have enacted a most mischievous set of new Rules. However, we were glad to hear that the Speech menaced nothing of a violent or revolutionary character.

[*On the whole, the criticism can hardly be called gushing, or even affectionate, my Lord.*

The Foreign Secretary, LORD GRANVILLE, after warning his young friends that the display of such talents entitled the House to look for their future exercise, intimated that he considered LORD DERBY'S speech as a Wet Blanket. *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon of "Humble Pie" seems to have occurred to LORD GRANVILLE, and he objected to the charge that the dish in question had been consumed. He answered LORD DERBY with considerable adroitness, on most points, but people want to know what the Foreign Minister had to say about Russia and India. Well, it is this, and when you have read it, *Mr. Punch* will only softly say, with the *Silent Woman* (before she breaks out as a termagant), "Judge you, forsooth," which word is the Saxon *forsoothe*, and is much used by weak vessels, who think that it sounds nobly indignant.

"If a party says 'forsooth,'
Please knock out that party's tooth."

We are not frivolous—we are keeping away from an unpleasant fact. However, out it must come. LORD GRANVILLE stated that the late LORD CLARENDON declared that the Afghanistan line ought to be drawn, and told Russia so. Russia talked and talked, and nothing was done. LORD GRANVILLE took the same view, told Russia so, and Russia allowed that it was right, but objected to the line being drawn as England desired. But the St. Petersburg Government assures us that nothing like that ought to be a cause of quarrel, and LORD GRANVILLE is so sure of the CZAR'S good intentions that he begs we will believe all is right. But, the fact stands that *two British Foreign Ministers have demanded the line since 1859, and it is not drawn in 1873.*

LORDS SALISBURY and CAIRNS had hard things to say on the American question. The latter highly eulogised SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN'S statement of the case, on which MR. LOWE had been petulant, but it would be remembered when his "financial eccentricities" should be forgotten.

The LORD CHANCELLOR'S maiden speech was then delivered, but it was nearly restricted to an argument that the Arbitrators' Rules introduced no new principles of law, and that we were not bound by any mere propositions advanced in discussion at Geneva.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND then castigated the Government and a good many other persons, and when he was tired, we suppose, His Grace left off. Anyhow, he left off, and that was the main thing, though we did not get to dinner till past nine, which is too late. Of course, the Address was agreed to.

In the House of Commons, MR. GLADSTONE was loudly applauded, and when MR. DISRAELI came in he was markedly cheered from both sides, and there is no need to remind anyone what that greeting signified. The House of Commons is, for the present at all events, an assembly of Gentlemen, and not "a habitation for Zim and Jim and every unclean thing."

Very many notices were given, and several of our old friends are to the front with their accustomed absurdities, whereof, and with the movers thereof, let us hope to make good sport, literary and pictorial, when the blunders blossom.

"When the child is man, we burn the rod,"

says MR. BROWNING; but some children will not grow up, and so *Mr. Punch's* rod remains unconsumed, and pickled in pure malt vinegar. Perhaps he may try a little Tunding on the more heinous offenders, and make them "galled geese of Winchester."

MR. LYTLETON (East Worcestershire) moved, and MR. STONE (Portsmouth) seconded the Address. Both did credit to themselves, the latter gentleman especially distinguishing himself as anything but a stone of stumbling.

MR. DISRAELI remarked on the preponderance of Foreign Affairs in the Speech, and approved this. The House should remember that it was not only a Vestry, but a Senate. But he went at once to the Irish Education item, and remarking sarcastically on the difficulty of reconciling the advancement of learning with the rights of "conscience," hoped that the promise did not only mean the sacrifice of a famous and learned University to substitute for it the mechanical mediocrity of an Examining Board. He thought the last (secular) paragraph had been drawn up by somebody who had studied all the vagrant rhetoric of the recess. That was a safety-valve; but recess talk should be regarded as the autumn foliage. We ought to get to business in serious fashion. But he saw small chance of this, after the programme. We should have hurry-scurry debates, helter-skelter legislation, and a terrible July. Then, at considerable length he censured things generally, but added that Russia had a right to try to get at the sea, as this way only could she feed her people, and supply raw material for industry. But if she tried more than this, she must be resisted. Her idea of seizing Constantinople was a freak of ambition; her attempt to conquer India a dis-tempered dream.

MR. HORSMAN was cleverly bitter about America, but was as cleverly told by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE that his speech should have been made last year. MR. WHITE said something offensive about the builders of the *Alabama*, for which MR. LAIRD promptly called



ARCADES AMBO.

Oliver (who has come in the same Cab with Roland). "YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN, FOR I HEARD YOU REHEARSING THE IDIOTIC STORY YOU'RE GOING TO TELL AT SUPPER!"

Roland. "AND YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! FOR I HEARD YOU REHEARSING THE IDIOTIC SONG YOU'RE GOING TO SING AFTER!"

him to account, and elicited the declaration that MR. WHITE had not meant to assail that gentleman.

MR. GLADSTONE, after compliments to the new speakers, and a becoming and respectful reference to MR. DISRAELI's bereavement, instinctively applied himself to the Irish Education question ("Heard ye the din?" etc.) as that on which battle must come. He declared that the advancement of learning in Ireland was not irreconcilable with the sanctity of rights of conscience. The task would be difficult, but he relied on the support of Parliament, and favourable construction. He thought we ought to regard Russia's expedition to Khiva as we should have insisted on our own into Abyssinia being regarded. Due care would be taken of our commercial interests in dealing with France. He then replied to MR. DISRAELI on the American question, and contended that though we had, of course, gained no certainty of perpetual peace, we had brought a very large number of irritating matters to a peaceful issue, and he believed that, on the whole, this nation took the right view of the business, unpleasant as it might be to hand over money.

MR. HARDY and MR. VERNON HARCOURT spoke; and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER denied that he had meant to be rude to SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN. But he (MR. LOWE) had a sincere horror and detestation of war, which arbitration prevented, but judgment should be given without reasons.

LORD BURY thought Canada had been hardly treated, and had at least deserved kindly mention in the Speech. SIR S. NORTHCOTE said that Canada had not been ill-treated at all. He knows.

The Address was agreed to, and we went away about half-past eleven.

There, Madam, for whom *Mr. Punch*, with pride and humility (mixed) usually distills this *Ess. Parl. Bouquet!* He has felt it his duty, in recording the opening night, to be slightly instructive, because he wishes you to understand the position of Men and Questions. But he promises you that in the future, you shall have less of the Parliament talk and more of his own delightful epigrams,

COMPROMISE WITHOUT CONCESSION.

THE orthodox defenders of the Athanasian Creed, how zealous soever, may yet be said, in holding their late meeting at St. James's Hall and the Hanover Square Rooms in two parts simultaneously, to have been doing things by halves. That, however, is a remark to which, as it may seem to savour of buffoonery, they will perhaps not be disposed to pay any very serious attention. They were, in reality, most enthusiastic, their numbers were very great, their respectability was the highest, and, as the *Post*, in commenting on their assembly, truly says:—

"The intelligence of the vast audience is to be taken into account."

Yes; and it must have been considerably above the average if they were capable of understanding the Creed of St. Athanasius. Of course they are capable of understanding it who really believe it. Equally, of course, those who really disbelieve it can understand it too. May there not, though, be very many people who believe that they believe it, and also, perhaps, as many who believe that they disbelieve it, and are all of them on both sides alike mistaken? Do not they, together, constitute the vast majority? Do the English words of the Athanasian Creed, translated, convey to their minds any ideas that would not in truth be as effectually conveyed, even to those the least learned, by the original *Quicumque vult*? Now this question seems to suggest a way out of a controversy which may be thought to afford a great deal too much amusement to Papists and Dissenters. Could not Convocation ask Parliament to allow the creed of St. Athanasius, exceptionally, to be recited in Latin? By this expedient very much would be done to prevent the possibility of any contention as to its meaning. Those who hold by the Athanasian Creed would be assured that they heard its genuine version, and, as for the rest, it would offend the ears of very few, whilst then also it would really and truly be read no more at all than it is now in "a tongue not understood of the people."

Good Old Stuff.

ON Candlemas day it was dark, and snow.
A spell of mild weather has thence been due
By your doggerel rhymes antique we're told.
But the weather has since been bitterly cold.

which are your pride and joy and chief delight—apples of gold in pictures of silver—fire-flies tangled in a silver braid. There will be some fun this Session, Madam, and perhaps wigs on the green.

Friday.—"They have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps," says one of SHAKESPEARE's characters. To-night members seem to have come in, like good little children, to eat up the dessert. Numbers of small speeches, on the topics of last night, were made. Nothing worth note was said, except that MR. GLADSTONE, being questioned as to the course of legislature, wisely said that he had learned by experience "to do one thing at a time." So, to adapt SHAKESPEARE again, "Go to, now for your one thing which you will do."

REGISTRAR-GENERALISATION.

A "GREEN YULE" has ceased to make "a fat churchyard." Weather which is "muggy" and "unseasonable" no longer favours the diffusion of zymotic diseases. These conclusions are drawn by the Deputy-Registrar from figures afforded by the experience of this one past year. Is that exactly the way to reason, medical gentlemen and philosophers? Suppose that in a given district, undrained, the death-rate during a certain space of time, had, comparatively to that of adjoining drained districts, declined. Would you jump to the conclusion that cesspools are salubrious? Are we quite sure that we have not just passed through a season exceptional from unascertained causes, which, in its extraordinary effects on the Public Health, have constituted it the exception which proves the rule?

HARD TIMES.

MR. PUNCH once gave a memorable word of advice "To Persons about to Marry." He feels it to be his duty now to repeat it with a seasonable addition—"Don't"—until coals are cheaper.



ST. VALENTINE STYLITES.

MR. PUNCH BEGS TO SUGGEST TO THE POWERS THAT BE, THAT THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, IN THE CAPACITY OF CENSOR, SHOULD HAVE HIS POWER EXTENDED TO THE EXAMINATION, EXPURGATION, AND, IF NECESSARY, REJECTION OF VALENTINES. WORTHY AND COMPETENT OFFICERS COULD BE STATIONED AT ALL POST-OFFICES, PILLAR-BOXES, &C., FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING INVESTIGATIONS.

WILL HE CLEAR IT?

O, Hunting in Ireland's the height o' good sport :
 Her horses the last to leap shy or short :
 Her ditches the softest and sweetest for falls :
 Her fences the break-neckest style of stone walls :
 Her riders the scornfullest of a spill :
 Her foxes the 'outest and hardest to kill :
 Her hounds the choicest for nose and wind :
 Her covers the surest a fox to find :
 But unless you'd as soon come to grief as not,
 And out of the saddle don't mind being shot,
 And little reck risking brain or bone,—
 You'd better leave hunting in Ireland alone.

Ne'er was M.F.H. from the Saxon side,
 Who safe through an Irish run could ride ;
 But let nerve and judgment be what they might,
 And mount and seat be never so right,
 Before the pack had come to a kill
 He found it with him a case of spill.
 Either he rode too hard at first,
 And was pumped out just as it came to the burst :
 Or his hand was too light, or too hard his hold ;
 Or he craned at his fences, or went too bold :
 Or he fancied the ditches too easy to clear ;
 Or he thought the walls higher than they were ;
 But let him be slow, or let him be fast,
 He found himself come to grief at last.

Than GLADSTONE, who hunts the St. Stephen's pack,
 A pluckier rider ne'er crossed a back ;
 And as if at home he hadn't enough
 Of yawning raspers and fences tough,

SABBATARIANS ON STRIKE.

AT a meeting held the other day at Merthyr by Welsh Colliers on strike (bless them!), in the course of a speech made, according to the *Times*, by one HALLIDAY :—

"A copy of the *Illustrated News* of Saturday last was produced, and an illustration representing a dog-fight as the Sunday occupation of Welsh Colliers was denounced with great emphasis, which was endorsed by the meeting."

Religious and sensitive Welsh Colliers could not but resent the imputation of being used to divert themselves with dog-fighting on Sundays. Yet there is something to be said for the contemplation of dog-fighting on any day whatsoever, if not on Sunday especially :—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

The best of reasons is assigned by DR. WATTS for letting them ; and therefore also it might be argued that what dogs are constituted to delight in doing men may properly delight to see. But sophistry apart, undoubtedly the Welsh Colliers on strike could spend Sunday better than in attending dog-fights. Works of necessity are acknowledged even by Sabbatarians to be lawful on Sunday ; and, considering the coal-famine which those colliers are wickedly inflicting on the community, thus depriving people of a necessary of life, they might perceive that they would act like Christians, and not otherwise, in choosing that day whereon to return to their work. The better the day the better the deed. There cannot be a better day than Sunday for doing the work of repentance. At present these pious fellows are keeping every day as a Sabbath, or in other words keeping a Sabbath *sine die*. Not only on the First Day of the Week are they doing no manner of work, but they remain equally idle on every other.

Confessio Amantis.

I've often loved a dear Gazelle
 (By which I mean a maiden fair,)
 For her I've purchased from RIMMEL
 A Valentine most gay and rare.
 And on its beauty she has smiled,
 It was so sweet she could not choose,
 Then said (it made me, O, so wild),
 "RIMMEL's a duck, but you're a goose!"

THE BRIGAND'S BANKER.—Ransom.

As the three last seasons have come round,
 He has tried his luck over Irish ground ;
 And let the chaffers chaff their worst,
 Thus far he has gone in flight the first ;
 Has had his run, and has seen his kill,
 With scarce a shake, and never a spill,
 And, riding pluckily up to the pack,
 Has brought two Irish brushes back,
 To flank his side-board on either hand,
 One labelled "Church," and the other "Land."

And now, elated by what he's done,
 He's out again for an Irish run ;
 But this time over harder ground,
 For horse and rider, as well as hound.
 He managed to clear without a pitch
 That ugly yawner, Tenant-right Ditch ;
 And left the Slows of the field in the lurch,
 At the rotten old fence round the Protestant Church ;
 But now comes a harder leap to clear,
 And a much more serious cropper to fear,
 For right in his way, thick, threatening, and tall,
 Is the double-ditched Education-wall.
 If that leap don't give GLADSTONE a shake,
 He is a rider, and no mistake!

One for Himself.

THE other day the Claimant applied to the authorities of the parish which is at present honoured by his residence, requesting them to repair their roads. Had Mr. Punch been among the parochial magnates, his answer would have been "That they would repair their roads when the applicant should mend his ways."



“WILL HE



CLEAR IT?"



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.



ITH every post, Correspondents in all parts of the world have inquired of Mr. Punch, both by letter and telegram, whether, as the fourteenth of February falls this year on a Friday, the proverbially unlucky character of that day will have any disastrous influence on those tender missives—varying in price from one penny to ten guineas—which for ages past it has been the practice in this country to circulate on St. Valentine's Day.

Mr. Punch, who has been brought up in the old faith touching the sixth day of the week, and never puts on a new pair of boots, or makes a morning call, or settles an account, or eats cold meat, or opens an official letter, or does anything else

which might expose him to risk on a Friday, has looked into the Authorities (SMITH'S *Classical Dictionary*, *The Statesman's Year Book*, his own *Pocket-Book*, &c.), and is now prepared to give the following opinion on the important question which has been submitted to him.

1. It is not unlucky to send a Valentine on Friday if it has been previously inspected and approved by the parents or guardians of the young person sending it, or if he or she happens to be a Ward in Chancery, by the LORD CHANCELLOR. But—and these are the points to be particularly attended to—the communication must be dated in full, subscribed with the name, address, and occupation of the sender, and, if forwarded through the post-office, left open at both ends.

2. It is not unlucky to receive a Valentine on Friday, provided it is first opened and examined by the father or mother, or other responsible relation, of the Minor to whom it is addressed, before it is placed in his or her hands. If it is in manuscript, it must not contain any original composition, but consist solely of one or more extracts or quotations from any of the following works—*Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful*, *Chambers's Book of Days*, *Maunder's Treasuries* (including the adages which border the pages), and *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*.

3. Subject to these restrictions, and the usual Postal Regulations, Mr. Punch sees no reason why the circumstance of St. Valentine's Day falling on a Friday should interfere with the attentions so long accustomed to be (pre) paid to that Saint and Bishop on the fourteenth of February.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

Finishes the Old Masters, lunches with his friend WAGG, and addresses the Editor as usual.

No. 69. *The Lock and the Mill*. J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—Any visitor expecting to see the portraits of two philosophers will be disappointed. Those who expect only a *Lock* and a *Mill* will look at the picture with such misty feelings as befit a Turneresque taste, and will choose for themselves which is the *Lock* and which is the *Mill*,—whichever you like, my little dears, and so pass on to

No. 71. *Portrait of a Gentleman, Unknown, in a Black Dress, Wearing a Ruff*. SIR ANT. VANDYCK.—The ruff looks as though it were wearing him, and the Gentleman Unknown seems to be bearing it patiently. The portrait of this *Homo Incognitus* might be termed "Aristocrat worried by a Ruff." The labelling Committee have settled him as a Gentleman, Unknown. It looks like a reward offered for his discovery. Let this be a warning to all who have

their portraits taken to write their names legibly on the back and in the corner. If the likeness is not flattering, that is, in your opinion not truthful, write somebody else's name (an enemy's) on it, or indorse your opinion of the Artist's incapability on the back of the canvas, thus, "This was intended by SMYKE, R.A. for me, TOMKINS. I paid him five hundred pounds for it, and it isn't in the least like. I wish Posterity to understand that I was a precious sight better looking than this. I remain Posterity's devoted admirer, TOMKINS, St. Luke's, Chelsea, Vestryman."

I stop here to make a remark concerning the Policemen on duty. They are, I suppose, specially selected for this sort of work. I know immediately what my friend WAGG would say; he'd point them out as "specimens of CONSTABLE," and chuckle over this for five minutes. I did not notice one of this intelligent force wasting his time in admiring a picture. To them the only study of Mankind is Man. They lounge about (they can't do otherwise), with a defiantly permissive air, which seems to say, "Yes, you can walk in and see it; O, yes, certainly; it amuses you, and it doesn't hurt me. Walk in. Only don't ask us anything about it, that's all."

They are, for all their insouciance, on the alert, and I felt sure that any attempt on my part to walk off with, for example, *The Boar Hunt*, by SNYDERS (39 inches by 53 inches), would be detected before I should be able to reach the front door. I think I could manage to escape the notice of the Turnstile Men; or, if questioned, I should say that I was the noble lender, the EARL OF DENBIGH, and had come to take it home. However, on my honour, and as Your Representative, I shall not make the trial.

No. 80. *Snyder's Boar Hunt*.—What nice dogs to have about the house. Snarleyows every one of them. Observe especially the hound that has brought the boar to book at last. The poor animal, of what WAGG calls the Tuscan race, is nailed by a wretched dirty white dog with spots on it, which is neither of pure Dalmatian nor of Danish breed, but is only to be described as a Currant Dumping Dog. Now, my Reader, who are taking This Representative as your guide, just walk on rapidly to No. 124 in the Third Gallery. It is a *Portrait of a Young Man in dark Robes trimmed with Fur*, painted by JACOPO ROBUSTI, alias TINTORETTO (J. ROBUSTI knew what a name was worth well enough), and probably presented to the Young Man as discount by his tailor. "Be that as it may," as WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR used to say, what I wish you to observe is the fur. This Young Man (whose name, perhaps, is NORVAL on the Grampian Hills) has evidently killed that Currant Dumping Dog, and trimmed his robes with it. Between these two pictures, No. 80 and No. 124, there is this mysterious link.

No. 80. This is the Dog
That worries the Hog
As shown in the picture by SNYDERS.

And

No. 124. This is the Youth in robes fur-trimmed
Whom JACOPO TINTORETTO limned.
Who killed the Dog
That worried the Hog.
As shown in the picture by SNYDERS.

And now, if you please, placed in the corner for being such a bad picture, remark

No. 125. *Portrait of Mariana of Austria, Second Wife of Philip the Fourth*, by Diego Velasquez.

I should imagine that PHILIP THE FOURTH had had a considerable row with MARIANA, and had determined to have her portrait painted by a great Master as a present insult and an immortal revenge. The great Master had perhaps received private instructions on the subject. Quite a little tale of King, Queen, and Knave. As representing You, Sir, and as pretending to no more knowledge of painting than of side-dishes—whereof I can confidently say when they please me and when they do not, adding, diffidently, a hint as to what might, probably, be done to render them exactly to my taste—premissing this, I ask what and where is the beauty of this picture?

"My dear Sir," somebody will reply, "it is a Velasquez." Quite so, Somebody. Now, Somebody, come with me to

No. 149. *Portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, Knight of Santiago, Admiral of the Fleet of New Spain*, by the same DIEGO VELASQUEZ.

Do you recognise the same touch? Do you at all recognise the same Master? If you do, tell me, Gentle Shepherd, and I will listen. But do not tell me, for to this I will not listen, that No. 125 is a good specimen of VELASQUEZ, or to be presented to the public as anything but a specimen of what the artist could do when he didn't like the subject, or when acting under the orders of an Imperial patron who happened also to be a spiteful and cynical husband. Juan de Pareja (No. 141), and Adrian Pulido Pareja (No. 149), are two Velasquez, for which the owners may thank Heaven, and make no boast.

No. 130. VANDYCK'S *Madame Kirk*.—Very attractive to Presbyterian Ministers. Scotch Episcopalians claim it as a portrait of Mother Church. Doctors disagree.



"RELAPSE."

Squire. "WHY, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, STANDING BY THE WALL OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TEE-TOTALLER!"

Pat. "YES, YER HONNOR. I'M JUST LISTENIN' TO THEM IMPENITENT BOYS DRINKING INSIDE!"

No. 137, the picture of a dear old lady, by REMBRANDT, the advertiser of the Lacemakers of his time, evidently saying "Boys will be Boys;" pass on to

No. 38, VANDYCK's charming *Countess of Devonshire*, quite the Devonshire *crème de la crème*; and on to

No. 139, where return the roguish glance of the *espîgle* LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL, daughter of WILLIAM, Earl of Albemarle, by SIR JOSHUA.

Ah! Sir JOSHUA, it must have been very nearly a miracle to have succeeded in making that daughter stand still even for five minutes in your studio! Why the sun at Ajalon was nothing to it.

Now, Sir, as Your Representative, I have no time to lose, so must hurry on to

No. 199, *Captain the Honourable Augustus Keppel, R.N.* Another Sir Joshua. There's the HONOURABLE AUGUSTUS, in full uniform, standing on the sea-shore of some favourite watering-place, and evidently saying to himself, on seeing the lowering clouds, "There, I thought it was going to rain, and I've come out with my sword, instead of my umbrella! Just like me!" And I have no doubt that the portrait was "just like him."

No. 204. *Portrait in Armour of the Earl of Warwick*, by VANDYCK. The Earl looks as silly as might be expected in the circumstances. The Artist has exactly caught his expression at the moment of his mentally soliloquising, "What an ass I'm making of myself!" This is painful. Let us on.

Nos. 224 and 226. *Head of a Rabbi (SHEE)* and *Boy with a Rabbit (RÆBURN)*.

No. 400. *Portrait of Lady Rumbold and her Children*, by SIR JOSHUA, *in tempera*.

"*Tempera mutantur*," says WAGG, and insists upon my luncheon with him at his Club. As representing You, Sir, I yielded. But this, in return for his hospitality, was what I had to listen to. *A propos* of the Exhibition of Old Masters, I was saying, "Now, who should you say, seriously, comes first?" WAGG replies, "I don't know who comes first, but, by the Catalogue, I see Van der Goes first." I amole. Presently, says he, "What artists' pictures

ought PICKFORD & Co. to buy?" I thought; but he answered himself, "Why, the Dutch artists, because they are nearly all Vans." With the fish he recommended: "Which of these Vans would be the heaviest to remove?" I gave it up. "Van LEYDEN," says he. I let the joke pass, and stopped the bottle. WAGG was full of it. I have reason to think he was rehearsing on me the witticisms which he was going to try that evening at a dinner-party. "It's odd," said WAGG, "that there should be only one single picture by DUBBELS. There are works by LIPPI under your very nose. GLOVER seems a handy fellow. I observe, from the Royal Academy's list, that the BISHOP of WINCHESTER is Chaplain. Didn't SANT, R.A., paint his portrait? Yes, I think I remember his picture by SAMUEL. In bed, too. Pretty subject. The last name," continued WAGG, at cheese time, "in the book is what all R.A.'s, and Associates, too, all, in fact, who do the best pictures, must look forward to for immortalisation. It is GRAVES. It is R. GRAVES who en-graves." Fortunately, at this point I was called out, not by an antagonist, but by a friend, and left WAGG meditating many more jokes in the Academy Catalogue.

So ends my visit to the Old Masters.

The Representative Men—some of them the Mis-Representative Men—have met at Westminster, and I hear of the Opera commencing early (not before eight or half-past, though), where, and elsewhere, I shall always be happy to appear as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Great Expectations.

SOMEBODY living, it would seem, at Wimbledon, not, as might have been expected, in Utopia, wants "Four Obliging Servants." Probably the advertiser is just commencing housekeeping and servant-keeping. On no other supposition does it seem possible to account for the publication of such an extravagant demand. "Early rising" is stated to be "indispensable." Let us hope that all four servants will oblige their master and mistress in this respect at least, and vie with one another in emulating the larks on Wimbledon Common.



TRUE TACT.

Mrs. Silvertongue (who has been chatting most agreeably to Mr. Wilkes for the last two hours). "O, DON'T TALK TO ME OF UGLY MEN, MR. WILKES! I MAKE A POINT OF NEVER EVEN SPEAKING TO ONE!"

[Mr. Wilkes, who is rather sick of being told by Women that they on the whole object to good looks in the male sex, appreciates the remark immensely.]

HINTS TO MAKE HOUSES WHOLESOME.

(By a Pupil of the late Dr. Swift.)

ALWAYS keep the windows shut; for thus you not only prevent unwholesome draughts, but stop the smuts from flying in and dirtying the furniture.

Never sweep under the beds, or the sofas, or the sideboards, but allow the dust to remain there undisturbed, for otherwise its particles might float into the air, and injure respiration.

For the same reason, suffer the "flus" to settle on the tops of wardrobes, pictures, bookcases, and cabinets, and refrain from injuring your health by attempting to remove it.

When visitors are expected, and you are honoured with instructions to clear out a bedroom closet, or perhaps a chest of drawers for them, do so in as gentle a manner as you can, and spread clean paper on the shelves without disturbing the dust which there has peacefully accumulated.

Always put away your wine-glasses and decanters without washing them; and when a flower-vase is sent down from the drawing-room, let the water remain in it to be ready for next time. You thus may save yourself much trouble, and avoid the risk of breakage.

When you are directed to light a bedroom fire for an unexpected visitor, never look to ascertain if the register be closed. Should the room be filled with smoke, recollect that fumigation is prescribed as a means to stop infection.

Take it for granted that all the household linen has been well aired at the wash, and do not disturb your mind by any doubts upon the subject.

If damp sheets are the consequences, and illness should ensue from them, you will have the consolation of reflecting that your carelessness has been the means of bringing profit to an honourable member of the medical profession, and that your master, and not you, will have to pay the charges.

It is convenient to keep a dirty cloth or two underneath the sofa

A CHEAP INDEMNITY.

Too much credit cannot be given to MR. GLADSTONE for having "volunteered to pay the reasonable costs incurred by DR. HESSEL" in his defence, and "also to provide the necessary funds for the passage to Brazil of Dr. and Mrs. HESSEL." This graceful act of restitution was much better than waiting ignobly to pay an indemnity of serious amount demanded by Prussia. Suppose an Englishman in China, by the mismanagement of the Police, and the barbarous prison regulations of the Chinese, had, whilst in custody under a groundless accusation, been subjected to the hardships and indignities inflicted on DR. HESSEL in England, what ample compensation would have been exacted by ourselves! Perhaps some alteration for the better will now be made in the accommodation of persons detained during the investigation of charges which may prove unfounded. If an innocent man has been only so much as imprisoned through the necessity of proceedings requisite for the public good, the Public owes him amends. It is fortunate that DR. HESSEL is satisfied, and does not, with all Germany at his back, claim heavy damages for false imprisonment.

New Tourists.

EVERY class of Society is making progress. It is satisfactory to note that our domestic servants are not insensible to the advantages of foreign travel, but have begun to avail themselves of the opportunity their annual holiday affords them of extending the area of their acquaintance with that great world of which we are all citizens. We have been led into these reflections by seeing advertised, as in the press, a *Tour with Cook through Spain*. We could have wished it had been France, because of the useful hints she might have gained from a personal experience of the cookery of that country; but we will hope this is a lesson Cook will learn in some future Vacation Ramble.

TEN YEARS HENCE.

MEMBERS now commonly wear their hats in the House. They will not be allowed to do this when Ladies have seats. It will be optional for Lady M.P.'s to keep their bonnets on or not, as they please.

cushions, in order to be handy to wipe up any mess which you unluckily may make, in case you should upset the milk-jug while you are handing round the tea-tray.

If you are bidden to poke the fire (particularly in the library, where you find your master intensely busy at his writing-desk), do so with all the violence and vehemence that you can muster, in order that the dust may fly into the room, instead of falling in the ashpan, whence you would have to undergo the labour of removing it.

When you go to light the gas, always turn it fully on before you strike your match, which you will take care to keep damp and probably incombustible. A slight escape of gas not merely imparts a piquant perfume to a room, but serves to turn the observation from detecting even more offensive odours.

Never shake the rugs and doormats, or so much as even stir them, if you possibly can help it. A goodly quantity of dirt may thus be snugly stored beneath them, and need not be dislodged until the yearly cleaning.

If your mistress be attached to pug-dogs, cats, or parrots, encourage her to let them have their meals at the same table as herself, and refrain from sweeping up the scraps which they may leave, lest they afterwards may wish for them.

If canaries be her pets, do not clean their cages oftener than once in every month or so, and fill up their baths and drinking fountains without previously emptying them.

Above all things bear in mind that scrubbing is a painful and degrading operation, and abstain therefore as much as possible from practising it.

MEDIUMISTIC.

THE "Haunted Houses" of Tokenhouse Yard were sold the other day. It is said that they were bought by the Spirits as a *piéd à terre*.

THE BEST VALENTINE (THIS YEAR).—A Ton of Coals.



PENNY WISE.

National Schoolmaster (going round with Government Inspector). "WILKINS, HOW DO YOU BRING SHILLINGS INTO PENCE?"

Pupil. "PLEASE, SIR, 'TAKES IT ROUND TO THE PUBLIC-OUSE, SIR!"

THE STRIKERS STRUCK!

A TWELFTH-CAKE crust of snow we've seen, o'erspreading, far and wide,
The hills and dales, while Candlemas made up for Christmastide.
Fine weather for the country, but meanwhile a present bore
In some degree to each and all; a torment to the poor.

The heart that for another feels to agony is wrung,
If not by ensee, by sympathy, with those by Winter stung.
But where are heard the voices which would once have cried "Poor souls!
With blankets now present we them, provide them now with coals?"

Coals, that have reached a famine price, the richest need to save.
Blankets, in dearth of fuel, for home use all housewives crave.
Ah, why has Charity grown cold at this inolement hour?
Because disgust has turned the milk of human kindness sour.

The horny-handed sons of toil how painful to behold
Fain at their aching fingers' ends to blow the horn for cold.
No matter; striking on they go; strike higher still and higher,
"Excelsior!" crying with the Bard, and raising coals and fire.

Now that your horny hands, most hard in grasping all they can,
For warmth lack blowing, Brothers, thank your Brother Working-Man.

High price of Coal, which pinches all, yourselves withal must pinch.
But you, dear horny-handed friends, are not the men to flinch.

O friends, whose hands are horny, and your hearts more horny still!
To see the Strikers struck themselves with grief all hearts must thrill;

How sad that your own principle on your own heads should fall!
Sing, "Everybody for himself; the Dickens for us all!"

LEGENDARY LORE.

THE *Record* is a paper in which jokes, of the voluntary kind, are rare. But here is a story which may have made some of its readers smile:—

"The Ultra-Ritualist party are in great commotion about the anticipated marriage of the son of a nobleman of high rank to the daughter of one of the most eminent Jewish families naturalised in England. Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. West strongly censured the intended alliance from the pulpit, without naming the parties, and it is rumoured that there is a combination among the Ultra-Ritualists to prevent the licence from being granted."

If this comical tale is true, the Ultra-Ritualists therein referred to must be very much ultra indeed; so much so, as to have gone quite beyond all bounds. If a daughter of Israel is about to marry an English nobleman's son, it is to be presumed that she will embrace Christianity. What objection can Ritualists have to that? Or else it must be supposed that her husband will embrace Judaism. The Pseudo Roman Catholic Ritualists mostly rejoice in churches adorned as to their walls with illuminated texts and legends. If any of them are capable of the folly and impertinence for which the *Record* gives them discredit, a text which used to be common in text-hand copy-books should be conspicuously posted in the sacred edifice they are in the habit of frequenting. Among the scrolls that teach them to live and die let there be inscribed in impressive old English characters of divers colours the salutary precept:—

Mind Your Own Business.

In case the REV. MR. WEST was really so superfluous as to preach the sermon imputed to him, as above, by the *Record*, the foregoing counsel cannot too forcibly be commended to his attention, and to that of those who are pleased to sit under him.

Ultra-Protestant Canard.

THE late severe weather has as usual been attended with flights of wild ducks. A bird of that description will be discerned in the following extract from a contemporary:—

"A NEW SAINT.—Advice received from Rome by the *Vienna New Free Press* state it to be the POPE's intention to canonise MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS."

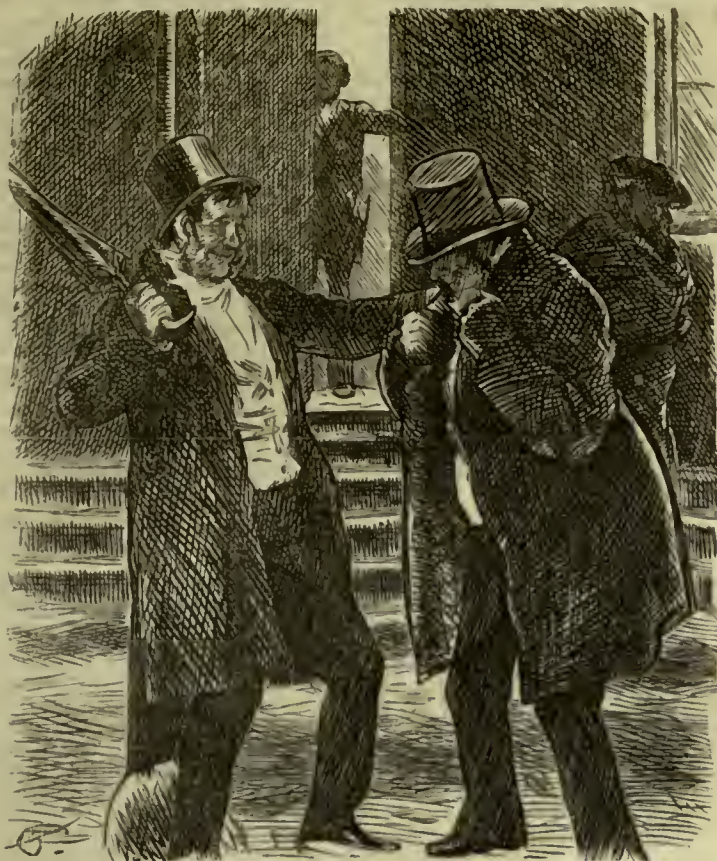
"No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!" Canonise MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS? Not the POPE, not His Holiness. Why, if the Holy Father did that, the next thing he would do would be to canonise GUY FAWKES.

ILLITERATE LEGISLATION.

WE are bound to admit the necessity of modifying an appellation which has been applied to the Licensing Act of last Session. It is true that one of the first reforms which a supremely Reformed Parliament is required to effect as soon as possible is the reform of that unpopular Statute. Difficulties in Courts of Justice are daily created by what the *Law Times* calls "the eccentricities of this marvellous document." "THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE," says our learned contemporary, "went so far as to say that it ought to be enshrined. MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN seems to be never tired of denouncing it as a piece of blundering and puzzling legislation, expressing his belief that a Member of Parliament would require to be brighter than most of his acquaintances in order to succeed in construing it." All this is undeniable. On the other hand, the Licensing Act, in so far as it is intelligible, is in a great measure tyrannical and vexatious. Its Sabbatarian Clause constitutes a monstrous nuisance to lodgers and excursionists, by debarring them of refreshment at reasonable hours. By its compulsory go-to-bed-betimes and early purl prohibiting clauses it also curtails the liberty of grown men, and disciplines them like schoolboys. But it is not therefore and altogether exactly what it has been called—a Pedagogue's and Pedants' Act. At least it is not such a sort of Act as the generality of Pedants and Pedagogues would frame. A Pedagogue is a teacher usually competent at least to teach boys English. Pedants are, as a class, studious of precise language. As to that, the Licensing Act is so disgraceful a composition as actually to have been condemned by the Judges. It was evidently conceived, indeed, in the Pedant's and Pedagogue's spirit, but its wording as plainly betrays the Dunce.

CANDLEMAS KEPT WHOLLY.

THE Ritualists have proved that they ought all to be Roman Catholics by rites.



THE TEMPTER.

First Reveller (on being turned out of the "Caledonian Club"). "COME, AND TAKE A GLESS AT MY ROOMN."

Second Reveller. "NA, NA, AH'VE HAD MAIR THAN ENEUCH!"

First Reveller. "HOOTS! TAKE ANOTHER, MUN! D'YE NO SEE YE'RE LETTIN' YER JUDGMENT GET THE BETTER O' YE!"!!!

NO MORE NOISES.

LET a piece of wood, or metal, be made into the form of a letter U, about an inch in breadth withinside, half-an-inch or so in thickness, and of a length sufficient to fit over the crown, close down the sides of the head as far as to just below the ears. Through each of its ends, exactly opposite to the orifice of either ear, let there be drilled a hole adapted to hold a screw, having a handle at the outer end to work it to and fro with, at the inner a knob padded with soft leather. The ends being made thick enough to contain the screws, the connecting part might be reduced to any convenient thinness. Worn over the head, this instrument will enable the wearer, by simply turning the two screws, to stop his ears at pleasure, both of them, as effectually as he could with his thumbs or fore-fingers; in the meanwhile his hands being left free for writing, or any other use.

This contrivance will put it in a man's power at any time to rid himself of the plague of odious noises by producing temporary deafness at will. Against all manner of din and discord, and things he had rather not hear, he will therein have at command an effectual remedy. To stop off any sort of sounds which offend his ears, he will only need to screw on his ear-stopper. For instance:—

When an organ-grinder comes and plays under his window, and he does not choose to take the trouble of going out to make the wretch be off.

When a maid-servant outside of his sitting-room is scrubbing the passage floor, or wall.

Whilst he is reading or writing, when there are girls in the next room, together with young men who have called to flirt with them, and he is interrupted by irritating, inarticulate sounds of small-talk, tittering, squeaks, and suppressed laughter.

If he is the inmate of any abode containing a baby that cries and is not kept at the far end, or the top of the house, or down in the

cellar. In case he is the father of a family, whensoever he retires to his library or study, if his nursery is anywhere near it. Especially when any child is teething.

By night and day, if there is a howling dog on the adjoining premises.

Above and beyond all things, whenever anyone has a cough in the house.

Whensoever circumstances over which one has no control have compelled him to go to an evening-party, where he finds himself a wall-flower, and is bored and fidgeted by the dance-music. The ear-stopper rendering that inaudible, the spectacle of the people dancing about may even afford him some diversion.

Dining or smoking at a Club or Restaurant, when the people about him are talking horse or something worse, or mere nonsense that is too tedious.

In the House of Commons, as the rule, when any Member gets on his legs, and attention is not a matter of business.

At Church, as often as the sermon is uninteresting; which sometimes happens. To preclude scandal and offence on occasions of this kind the handles of the instrument could be formed so as to resemble the mouths of little trumpets, and thus make the ear-stopper pass for a voice-conductor.

A person of a sensibility apt to be shocked by words expressive of revolting ideas, would completely protect himself from outrage of that kind by being provided with an ear-stopper, to wear under his hat, and screw on immediately whenever he has to approach the regions of the humbler classes. The ear-stopper will prove itself a true friend in need to the refined Philanthropist traversing the slums on an errand of love and mercy.

Let Quacks take out patents for inventions and advertise them under crackjaw names. Any surgical instrument-maker is at liberty to make the Ear-stopper, and, if he likes, he may call it the Otocatacleion, or the Anacoustic.

PRETTY NEWS FOR PEACEMAKERS.

THANKS to MR. BESSEMER and his suspended saloon, we may hope ere very long to cross the sea in peace, and more than that, indeed, we may hope, in case of war, to be spared the cost of bloodshed. For see what the inventor has said of his invention:—

"MR. BESSEMER stated that with his system there would be no difficulty in securing a perfectly steady platform for the heaviest guns, and in addition he could give automatic firing and absolute certainty of aim."

A foe must be a bold one to confront the heaviest guns, banging at him with an absolute certainty of aim. One would fancy fighting would assuredly soon cease, when absolute destruction awaited any combatant. The best part, however, of MR. BESSEMER'S invention is, that it seems to lead to fighting by machinery, and without the need of sacrificing human life in battle. For, if he can give us guns that are made to fire themselves, he may succeed in building ships that are devised to steer themselves, and get up their own steam, and go in gallantly to action, without the need of carrying a living crew and captain. Guns firing automatically may lead the way to nations fighting automatically; and war, after a while, may be a game, like that of chess, played in perfect safety by an army of automats.

A Valentine from Venus.

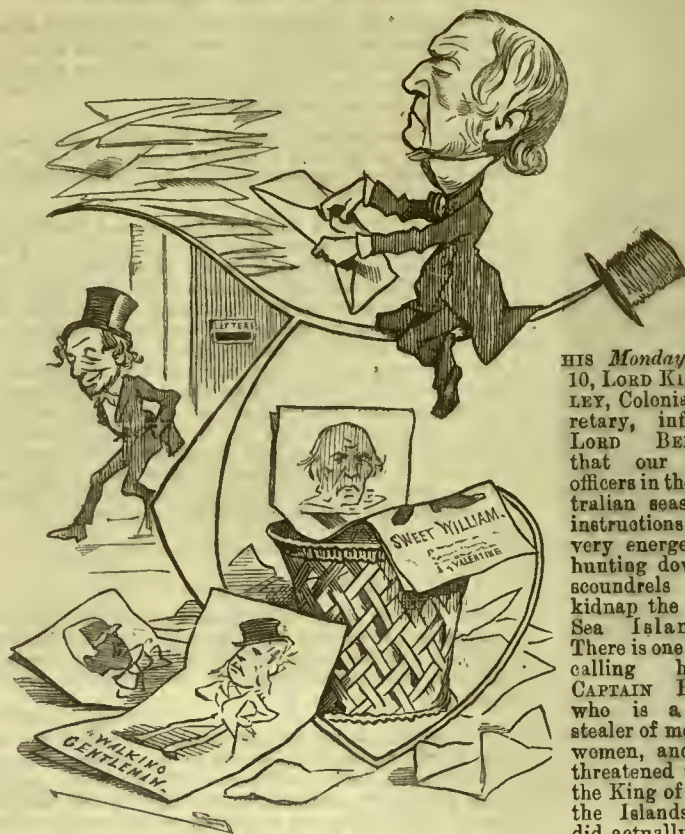
"MR. PUNCH never betrays secrets, but the following Valentine passed into his hands in a very remarkable manner, and he feels justified in enriching his pages with it, the rather that it is instructive as well as tender:—

"February 14, 1873.

"VENUS sends her love to the Astronomer-Royal and MR. LOCKYER, and is delighted to hear that her distinguished admirers in every part of the Earth are making such grand preparations for her visit to the Sun next year: but she has not forgotten, never can forget and never will forget her first Love, JEREMIAH HORROCKS, the poor Curate of Hooile, her only attendant in 1639, when for the first time mortals were pleased to take notice of her transit. 'Fidelity, thy name is Woman,' as SHAKESPEARE ought to have said. V."

ANTI-TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—The Lushai Expedition.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HIS Monday, Feb. 10, LORD KIMBERLEY, Colonial Secretary, informed LORD BELMORE that our naval officers in the Australian seas have instructions to be very energetic in hunting down the scoundrels who kidnap the South Sea Islanders. There is one fellow calling himself CAPTAIN HAYES, who is a great stealer of men and women, and who threatened to flog the King of one of the Islands, and did actually carry away a Princess.

If this pirate can be caught, and affixed to one end of a loaded cannon, a light might be applied at the other end, with the very happiest results.

The Postmaster-General, MR. MONSELL (who had enough to do this Valentine Week) will not at present reduce the price of a telegram to Sixpence. His reason is that the department is not strong enough to undertake more work. Make it strong enough, is the obvious reply; but, of course, officialism would shake its head at that, and say that circumstances demanded deliberate consideration.

Then we had the Park Rules, and a single combat between MR. VERNON HARCOURT and MR. AYRTON. It was amusing enough, but the affair has now gone by. Enough to say that MR. AYRTON really defended himself very well, managed to involve the whole Ministry in the business, and concluded by remarking that MR. HARCOURT thought himself to be "the only wise man in the House, and that all the rest of the Assembly were fools." All the same, there was this to be said about the Rules—the Ministers have tried four sets of them. The newest lot have been stuck up, and mob meetings may be held only in the space nearest Park Lane. This gives the patriots about a third of the Park.

The rest of the evening would have been dull enough, but that on a question about the business of the House, the two MESSRS. BENTINCK fired off some volleys of descriptive abuse, and MR. LOWE gave a sarcastic answer, intimating that he should take the liberty of disregarding speeches that had nothing to do with the question at issue. On division, Government got things their own way by 148 to 78. The point is, that certain Members do not like to sacrifice any chance of making speeches, while the Ministers want to get on with real work. If gentlemen who want to speechify would go and do it in the tea-room, while those who do not want to do so mind the business of the House, matters would be made easy and agreeable.

Tuesday.—We are signing maps, to show our obedience to the decision of the German Emperor touching St. Juan. It might be uncivil to recollect a story that was told, at the time we settled the Oregon question, about a map which an exceedingly ingenious American person prepared, and which an exceedingly unsuspicious English person accepted—a charming and admirable map, but with a trifling variation from vulgar and prosaic exactitude—the result being that England came off second-best in a conflict of two. However, there is no danger of anything of that kind now—for we give up everything.

Nothing worth notice in the Commons, except that SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN introduced a Bill for preventing anybody in Ireland from buying anything to drink on Sundays. The "dwellers by the melancholy ocean" will have a pleasant time of it, if the Bill passes. However, SIR D. C. is an eminent medical man, so he knows what is good for PADDY.

Wednesday was given to the Ladies. SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, who should be called my Lady's CHAMBERS, and who has been going upstairs and downstairs with the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill so long, brought it up again. It has

been before the House for twenty-four years, and out of sixty-six divisions on it, sixty-two have been in its favour. The Lords have rejected it six times. But then the Commons have done so four times. MR. BERESFORD HOPE opposed the Bill, and there were several other speakers, but, Madam, you are much too clever to wish to hear what has been said so many times—though perhaps incessant repetition of the same thing is not inappropriate to a discussion on a feminine question. That, Madam, is only our goal, and as you justly say, if an argument is good one day, it must be good another. Well, Madam, we will only note rather a neat observation by MR. O'REILLY DEASE, whom we half suspect of being an Irishman. He said that he belonged to a Church which forbids the marriage which it is sought to legalise, and but for that he should think the legalisation a very good thing. MR. O'DEASE, however, forgot that his Church very often grants dispensations for such marriages, when good reason for them can be shown. The Second Reading was carried by 126 to 87. But we do not think the time very near when a gentleman pointing to his late wife's photograph, will be entitled to say to his sister-in-law, in the words of the very good-natured lady in *Tom Thumb*:—

"I've married 'her,' and now I'll marry you."

Thursday.—This was the great night of the week. The LORD CHANCELLOR and the PREMIER had each an important Bill to submit.

LORD SELBORNE proposes to establish a Supreme Court of Judicature. Now, all wise people keep out of Courts of Law of all kinds, and there is no very violent interest felt in general Society about the composition of our tribunals. We have perfect confidence in the justice of our Judges, but as to who sits in what and what's done to whom, most people's ideas are vague. Ladies (except those who write sensation novels) may possibly be aware that criminals are not tried for their lives in the Court of Chancery, that MR. LOWE is not the chief of the Court of Exchequer, and that a Vice-Chancellor is not so called because he has to dispose of matters connected with divorce. It is very gratifying when one meets with people whose minds have been cultured up to these points. But on the general constitution of our Courts of Law and Equity most folks know, and are content to know about as much as they knew of the East End of London, before SIR RICHARD WALLACE (about to be M.P.) invented Bethnal Green.

Will any good cause be served by MR. PUNCH's giving an elaborate analysis of the subject? "Can't you let it alone?" was the great and good LORD MELBOURNE's first question, when any bothering business was proposed to him. Will anybody be the happier for knowing exactly what LORD SELBORNE proposes to do? We trow not. *Argal*, we shall simply state that he gathers all the higher courts (of course, not County Courts, or Tennis Courts, or anything of that sort) together, and divides the business into Four Groups, to be presided over by Twenty-one Judges. He creates a new Court of Final Appeal, instead of the Judicial Committee. Law Terms—we don't mean its jargon—to be abolished. In the Supreme Court the Lord Chief Justice of England is to be the

"Supreme, high-throned all height above,
The great Pelasgic, Dodonaean Jove,"

and the Lord Chancellor is to be the head of the Appeal Court. And when the Temple of Justice shall be up-reared in the Strand (it has so far advanced to completion that clerks are calculating quantities, with a view to considering what sort of contracts should be made before the work is begun), all the business will go on simultaneously under one noble roof. Some wigs will have worn off the hair now flourishing on some gay young advocates' heads before that day, but the world has plenty of time before it.

LORD CAIRNS generally approved the scheme, and paid a graceful compliment to the eminent man who had brought it forward.

In the Commons MR. GLADSTONE delivered a great speech, elaborate, but with touches of lightness. His work was to expound the Government Bill for Improving the Higher Education of Ireland; that is, the University System.

Now, in that marvel of wit, *BEAUMARCHAIS' Marriage of Figaro*, Count Almaviva, who is jealous, hears his servant describe a terrible danger he has been in, and

calmly remarks, "You might understand that it is not your danger that concerns me in the least, but the cause of it." *Mr. Punch*, without being uncharitable, ventures to believe that a good many worthy people are not so much concerned to know the means by which rude young Irishmen are to be converted into elegant Undergraduates, as the way in which *MR. GLADSTONE* hopes to manage to satisfy at once the Ultramontanists and those who hate them. That laudable curiosity shall be satiated.

So far from destroying the University of Dublin, it is to be made the central sun of the educational system; but then a good many things are to be done to it, and there is to be a new Governing Body. The homage thus paid to the University will, it is hoped, please the Protestants.

But inasmuch as the object is to induce Catholics to avail themselves of College advantages, and as the Priests will not permit young Papists to learn several things which Protestants are not afraid to teach to youth, there is to be no instruction in Theology, Moral Philosophy, or—listen, 'tis no jest!—Modern History!

Dearest Madam, do not let us be extravagant, and expend in one huge laugh the amusement which ought to last us during all the debates on this Bill. But do you not already hear the voices of those who sit in the seat of the scorn? Do you not hear echoes of the voice of the late *MR. HENRY DRUMMOND*? Pass for theology, pass for philosophy, but Modern History. That must not be taught, lest the faith of the young Roman be endangered. O, we shall have some rare fun, Madam.

Nevertheless, *MR. GLADSTONE*'s savagest political enemies—and he has some whose rancour is very offensive to candid people—allow that he has performed a miracle of cleverness, and that his Bill is not nearly so dreadful as they expected. The details of his dealings with the existing Colleges will best be understood when the debates come on. There is an application of some of the funds of the Disestablished Church which ought not to displease its friends.

We have said that there were light touches in the long speech. Here is one.

"There is a love of letters in Ireland. Ireland is not barbarous in mind, and she may say of herself—

*'Nec sum adeo informis; nuper me in litore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis staret mare'*

(cheers). If you will only give Ireland a tranquil sea in which to mirror herself—(the close of the sentence was lost in loud Conservative cheers.)"

MR. DISRAELI reserved all remark, but asked for a long time to consider the Bill. The Second Reading was fixed for next Monday week.

Friday.—In the Commons *MR. AYTON*'s unhappiness about our relations with the POPE found vent in a motion for papers, but not comfort in a speech from *LORD ENFIELD*, who said he had explained the matter twice last year. "I've related it once," says *SAM WELLES*. "Werry well, Sir," says his father, "Relate it again." *LORD ENFIELD* having given his third explanation, the motion was rejected by 116 to 63.

MR. RYLANDS has many merits, and if we castigate him now and then, it is all for his good, as we are sure he feels. He considers that the House ought to discuss all Treaties before they are ratified. *LORD E. FITZMAURICE* made a very able historical speech in opposition: the LANDS DOWNES have always been in the habit of cultivating their minds. *MR. GLADSTONE* declined to go into a course of constitutional speculation. Then the House, unlike *JESHERON*, neither waxed fat nor kicked its heels, but waxed so thin that the debate died in the presence of seven Members.

That case of *SUB-LIEUTENANT TRIBE* was waked up again by *LORD ELCHO*, whom *MR. CARDWELL* charged with having eavesdroppers at the War Office, perhaps under the table. The gentle Druid was riled. He did not want to hear any more about "that unfortunate young man," who was now quite out of the Army.

MR. NEWDEGATE once more introduced a Bill for a Commission to examine Monasteries and Convents. The usual opposition was offered, but one gentleman said he had four sisters in a Convent, and should be happy to introduce them all to *MR. NEWDEGATE*. The latter is a man of much gallantry, and we were rather surprised that he did not instantly exclaim "Delighted, I'm sure." But we have no doubt that he has already gone down and made a favourable impression on the ladies. The Bill was allowed to come in by 74 to 31.

Just before this—we save the *bonne bouche* for the end—it was stated, in defence of Railway Companies, that they do not really over-crowd cattle in the pens, but that, when cattle have stopped, for the purpose of feeding, they "wisibly swell," and get so large that they can scarcely be got back into the conveyance;—"so there is an appearance of over-crowding." *Mr. Punch* rushed home and read *Baron Munchausen*, till he fell asleep, and then he dreamed that he was the Claimant.

RANGERS' RIGHTS.



VERY much attention having of late years been drawn to our Parks, a carefully-prepared statement of the privileges and perquisites of their Rangers—not to be found on any Notice Board—will be felt to be a seasonable contribution to contemporary history.

A Ranger is entitled to the young of all animals, living in a wild state, born within the boundaries of his Park between sunrise and sunset, and again from sunset to sunrise. (N.B. Birds'-nests are specially protected, both by Statute and Common Law, from disturbance.)

A Ranger can claim every tenth egg deposited by poultry in his Park, or by the ornamental fowl inhabiting any lakes, ponds, streams, rivers, or other navigable waters within the limits of his jurisdiction. But it has been decided by the Judges sitting *in banco* (see the case of *Rex v. Pillikins*) that a Ranger has no lien on the eggs laid by fowls kept by a Lodge

keeper for domestic purposes, provided they were laid during the hours when the keeper was not required to be in his official uniform.

A Ranger has the exclusive right of angling in any waters within his demesne on fourteen days in every year, but he must not take more than fourteen pounds weight of fish at a time. He may catch any kinds of fish he pleases, except pike, perch, barbel, bream, flounders, carp, tench, grayling, trout, and salmon trout.

All treasure-trove found in the Park is the absolute property of the Ranger, but there has been no instance now for more than a century of any Ranger claiming odd halfpence.

A nosegay of flowers, gathered in the Park, is presented to the Ranger annually, on his birthday. If the anniversary happens to fall in the winter months, then a bunch of evergreens may be substituted.

He has rights of turbary, and can cut as much turf for his private use as his head gardener can carry on his back, between Candlemas Day and Latter Lammas.

Every Ranger may invite his private friends to a pic-nic in any spot he may select; and he is allowed to employ as many of the Park-keepers as can be spared from their official duties without detriment to the public service, as occasional waiters.

He is presented, on his installation, with a private key, which enables him to have access to the Park at all hours of the day and night; but, in the event of his losing or mislaying it, he cannot be allowed a new key until the old one has been found.

The Ranger of a Park is the only person who enjoys the privilege of riding in it on a Velocipede.

Once in every year the Ranger, in full uniform, and attended by a crowd, makes the circuit of his Park on horseback, inspects the Keepers, Constables, Boatmen, Sentries, and other officials, who fire a *feu de joie* at the close of the ceremony; and visits the lodges, boat-houses, wells, fountains, public statues and monuments, which are lit up with fireworks in the evening.

The uniform of a Ranger is a green jerkin, with primrose facings, hat and a feather, baldric, and long Spanish leather boots, and he carries a horn slung across his shoulders with cord and tassels.

Oceans of Grog.

GENTLEMEN of the United Kingdom Alliance, what do you say to the following announcement in the *Times*? Of course your Chief, *SIR WILFRID LAWSON*, will tell the Government what he thinks of it:—

"The Admiralty contract for 35,000 gallons of rum was on Saturday taken by *ALFRED LAMB AND SPENCER*."

There is exciting news for you, Gentlemen of the Liquor Law Platform. Is not the excitement it is calculated to create in your minds such that, perhaps, in the presence of My Lords' Board, if a festive board, the thought of it alone would be enough to make most of you throw bottles? Intemperate acts may be expected of those who advocate total abstinence itself in intemperate language.

AN EMPTY CEREMONY.—A string of private carriages, with nobody inside them, following a funeral.



DEFINITION WANTED.

Aunt Maria. "AND SO, LAURY, YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF VERY MUCH AT THE BROWNS' PARTY. AND DID YOU FLIRT MUCH?"
Lawrence. "O DEAR, NO! ON THE CONTRARY, AUNT, I DANCED WITH THE SAME LITTLE GIRL THE WHOLE EVENING!"

A TRUE HIDALGO.

(*AMADEUS I., King of Spain, called to the Crown, November 16, 1870 ;
 Abdicated, February 11, 1873.*)

BACK to King Mob he handa the Crown
 Which with King Mob he scorn to share ;
 Higher his head, so stepping down,
 Than while it stooped that Crown to wear.

They called him, craved him for their King—
 These Spaniards, once so stern and proud,
 Now puppets for each juggler's string,
 Who buys the sword, and gulls the crowd.

He came to that distracted State,
 Fall'n from its height of ancient days,
 A phantom Spain—in nothing great
 But empty form, and sounding phrase.

He, son of Savoy—of the race
 That from white-handed HUMBERT * drew
 Its manly love of war and chace,
 Its strength for sword and sceptre too.

The fighting line—that since the day
 It took the wild Alp march in ward,†
 Hath held to sword and lance away,
 Its foes to smite, its own to guard.

The line that ever fought to win,
 From the great Duke ‡ who sheathes his sword

High in the square of fair Turin,
 Named, fitly, from that warrior Lord,

To him that late through Naples rode
 With GARIBALDI at his side,
 Reining the great horse he bestrode,
 As King of Italy should ride.

The royal race, that with our own
 Crossed in fair HENRIETTA'S § line,
 Nor, like our STUARTS, lost a crown,
 But made one on its brows to shine.

Kings, England may be proud to own
 To English royalty akin ;
 Now more than ever, that they've shown
 They crouch not even crowns to win.

Unhappy Spain—art thou so rich
 In courage, truth, and manly worth,
 To fling thy Crown back in the ditch
 From which his clean hands drew it forth ?

Thou hoist the banner of "self-rule"
 That ne'er yet leading-strings didst leave,
 But for the struggle who should fool
 The crowd of power to cheat and thieve !

Thou a Republic!—much-wronged name
 For self-conceit's unruly away,

Savoy and Piedmont after nearly half a century's alienation from his House, restored the prosperity of the Duchy, and really, though not in name, founded the Monarchy of Savoy. His status mounted, armed, and sheathing his sword, MAROCCHETTI'S masterpiece, is the central ornament of the Piazza Philiberto Emanuele, Turin.

§ VICTOR AMADEUS (1675–1739), the first King of the House of Savoy, married the daughter of HENRIETTA OF ORLEANS, daughter of CHARLES THE FIRST, and so linked the royal lines of Savoy and England.

* HUMBERT the "White-handed," Count of Maurienne, and great vassal of RUDOLF THE THIRD (last King of the second Kingdom of Burgundy), the first historical ancestor of the House of Savoy, died A.D. 1048.

† The Counts of Savoy were Lords of the Marches of the Italian Alps.

‡ EMANUEL PHILIBERT, the Great Duke (1553–1580), who recovered



THE TRUE HIDALGO.

KING AMADEUS. "A GENTLEMAN, AND A SON OF SAVOY, WILL NOT REIGN ON SUFFERANCE!"



Law's rein relaxed, truth put to shame
That dares in aught King Mob gainsay.

Not for thee such a King to crave,
'Gainst priests and politicians manned,
Who would not stoop a crowned slave,
Nor found room like a man to stand.

So ends his reign as it began,
With thy respect; not yet so low
But in thy heart thou know'st a man—
Manliest, that thus he wills to go!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



I HAD the honour, Sir, of representing You—I should say, You had the honour of being represented by me—at the French Plays, New Royalty Theatre, where the delighted Manager and the enthusiastically civil Box-keepers placed me, like *Jack Horner*, in a corner, between the Big Drum and an affable Italian gentleman. Opposite to me were a couple of intelligent Horn-blowers, of foreign extraction, whose occasional performances were of a startling character. I do not object to being seated near violins: they generally have more than their share of the performance, and their notes sentle about like mice in a wainscot. You get accustomed to violinists in a very few seconds; and as for flautists, one really does not care whether they play or not—of so slight a value, ordinarily speaking, is the sound of this wheezy orchestral lung. A piccolo makes one great flourishing to-do, and finishes. He startles you once, and has done with it. A clarinet-player would be an unobtrusive neighbour, were not your attention constantly being drawn to him on account of the pity which his attitude naturally excites in any sentimental breast. No matter who he be, a clarinet-player, in full blow, cannot help looking like a placid fool with a large sugar-stick. If 'tis my fate to be near any of the gentlemen of the band, place me by the violinist, who is generally of a highly artistic turn of mind; by the clarinet-player, who looks as though he lived by some melancholy ocean; or by the flautists, whose nimble fingers stop as many holes as they can all at once, but are unable to prevent the tune escaping by one or two of the untopped ones—evidently a defect in the instrument. But do not put me by the Big Drum. Cheerful the performer on that instrument must be, and full of animal spirits: deaf, of course. Isn't it a recognised fact that all cheerful people are deaf? No: I am wrong: I thought I was; it is, that "All deaf people are cheerful." And, now I come to think of it, it's "blind people," not deaf. But this, as Your Representative, I pronounce to be a mere detail.

If your object, on going to a theatre, be to hear the Big Drum, sit by the Big Drummer; if to hear anything else, don't.

I had heard so much in favour of the company at the Royalty, that I was prepared for something far above the average of any English acting. You shall presently see whether my expectation was disappointed. The piece played was "the famous *Palais Royal Comédie en Trois Actes*, entitled *Le Réveillon*."

Judged by a Palais Royal standard, the *Réveillon*, which has about as much right to be dignified by the title of "Comedy" as *Box and Cox* to be called a tragedy, is, undoubtedly, in Dean Street, Soho, successful. That at least half the "business" of MESSRS. GEOFFROY, HYACINTHE, and LASSOUCHE, the originals, is omitted by their representatives at the Royalty, is probable, and to this may be partly owing the feeling of disappointment which, as far as Your Representative was concerned, certainly increased as the play progressed. What there can be to admire in the Palais Royal style of perpetually appealing to the public, and actually walking down to the footlights to deliver "asides" to the audience, has been, and always will be, a puzzle to Your Representative. In

an Anglicised and expurgated edition of *Réveillon*, I think I could easily find two low comedians on the English stage who would be far better representatives of the characters *Gaillardin* and *Tourillon* than even MM. GEOFFROY and LHERITIER of the Palais Royal, without instituting any comparison nearer home. It is enough for some English playgoers that a company should be French, for them at once to go into ecstasies over their performance, whatever it may be. Let the company be acknowledged as only second-rate, as a scratch affair, as no better than what might be seen doing *The Lady of Lyons* in an English provincial town, no matter—it is French; and with these patrons of the Drama, who, perhaps, have never done more than talk about going to Paris, and have never gone farther than Boulogne, having been stopped by the difficulties of the language, to know that it is French is sufficient. Tell them that the actors are Belgians, and they wouldn't stir from their firesides—not even were a private box placed at their disposal, the red baize laid down, and the Manager, with wax-lights, at the doorway to receive them. Go to the Royalty, hoping to see fair French farce-acting in *Le Réveillon*, and you will see it. M. SCHEY is amusing: his wig a wonder. By M. DIDIER, as *Gaillardin*, exuberant laughter was not excited. What he had to say was certainly droll enough, but that was of course due to those generally forgotten persons, the Authors, MELHAC and HALEVY. Droll most of the dialogue certainly is—witty occasionally; but—I do not fancy that among the frequenters of the Palais Royal are many French ladies, and hence it is that in the *Réveillon* there are some remarkably telling strokes made with a very broadly-pointed one. However, with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to the fore, far be it from Your Representative

To play the *Censor morum*,
And preach about decorum.

There are just two things that must be said of *Le Réveillon* at the Royalty: it is fairly acted all round, and the stage management of the Supper Scene is only at this present moment outdone in its excellence (the opportunity being a larger one, and capable of farther development) by that scene in *Money* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

Now, Sir, those who do me the honour of reading this "Representation," will probably observe that my view of the performance must have been seriously interfered with by the Big Drum. No: certainly not. He disturbed my rest in the *entr'acte*, which was dreadfully long each time, but he had nothing whatever to do with the piece. By the way, Mlle. WILHEM must be honourably mentioned as the *blasé* *Princesse Yermantoff*. She had very little to do, and it was very well done. The best performance, to my thinking, was that of M. Duparquet, by M. HENEVAUX, who never once lost sight of the importance of his subordinate part. *Duparquet* is a superior sort of "CHARLES his friend," and his practical joke is the motive, such as it is, of the play.

In conversation with the Italian Professor, my neighbour, I made the politico-theatrical joke about "THIERS" and "tiers," as I promised You I would, but it didn't go, although I gave it with all the point which characterises me as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

GAMBLERS AND THIEVES.

HEAR the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the Court of Queen's Bench:—

"I cannot but express my regret that, with the mass of business in this court, two days of valuable time should have been taken up in the re-establishment, if possible, of the character of an habitual gambler—a gentleman who goes about the country with dice in his bag, ready to play with anyone who will engage to play with him."

It may be thought that if there can be "honour among thieves," so likewise honour may possibly exist among gamblers. But, close as the resemblance between theft and gambling may be, gamblers, in one respect, differ widely from thieves. A thief is a thief in relation to the community; as thief to thief he is an honest man, or at least he may be, so that honesty among thieves might as well be proverbial as honour. Whereas, gamblers prey altogether upon each other. It is possible to play fair at vingt-et-un, ohicken-hazard, or blind-hooky, but in the mind that gives itself up to games of hazard can the craving for gain be supposed to be regulated by any higher consideration than the fear of being detected in cheating? Those only who imagine that an habitual gambler may possibly have a taste for morality, can regard any question about the honour of such a person as otherwise than ridiculous.

A Hint for Teetotallers.

The cause of total abstinence would seem not to be favoured by the Church of England to the extent its advocates must desire. We see advertised, by a high dignitary of the Establishment, "Christian Cordials."



YOUNG NIMROD.

Aunt. "WELL, CHARLIE, YOU'LL COME WITH YOUR SISTERS, AND SPEND THE DAY ON MONDAY, WON'T YOU?"
 Charlie. "NOT ON MONDAY, AUNT KITTY. I NEVER DINE OUT ON A HUNTING DAY."

ERIN'S ANSWER TO GLADSTONE.

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—there's an end to all the trouble
 Of the waters that, till now, have so distorted you,
 And soon through the oil that I'm throwing there, your double
 Will startle even yourself by its loveliness, aroo!"

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—look at that for a notion.
 Do you think did I ever feel a fear at all in me,
 Before meeting with myself in the mirror of the ocean,
 That the form of a barbarian'd salute me from the sea?

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—here's food for reflection—
 So, WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, let's reflect a taste on you;
 Though you legislate for me, have you won my frank affection,
 By taking a true look at my loveliness, aroo?

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—Had you done a gallant's duty,
 When I hospitably asked you, Sir, to visit Erin's Isle,
 You'd have praised me in warm English for my wisdom, wit, and
 beauty,
 Not Latinised away in that half-hearted sort of style.

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—aye, England, change my churches,
 And evict my careless landlords—that's all very fine,
 My reflection only is, Your ethnological researches
 Should reflect themselves from Erin's shore as much as up the
 Rhine.

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—then build a Palace Royal
 For the QUEEN and the Crown on this side of the sea—
Et—sis Anglia non informis—and I'd be entirely loyal,
 For love, not legislation, has the most effect on me."

IGNOBLE ANIMAL.—In the game of Vingt-et-un one of the players
 is denominated "Pony." This, surely, is a Pony of the species
 popularly named Jerusalem.

OUR SCIENTIFIC SELVES.

A COURSE of Cantor Lectures is attracting certain notice, including
 our own, which in itself is a distinction. The subject of the series is
 announced by a contemporary to be "The Energies of the Impon-
 derables." To our mind this is just exactly the sort of subject we
 should choose, if we were asked to give a lecture to a College of
 Young Ladies, or an Infant Ragged School, or wherever else we
 fancied we could look as wise and talk as scientifically as we pleased,
 without running any risk of our wisdom being doubted. In lectur-
 ing, as in conveying, it is doubtless of importance to make out a
 good title; and certainly in this case the author seems to have suc-
 ceeded. Were we to try to lecture anybody on the Energies of the
 Imponderables, we should probably say something to disturb the
 Gravity of the Impressions, and, if some of our own children
 chanced to be among the audience, we should outrageously be
 assailed by the Levy of the Incurrigibles.

Harmony in Spain.

KING AMADEUS has vacated the throne of Spain; and no wonder
 that we are also told by telegram from Madrid that—

"A Carlist band, composed of forty-two men, has made its appearance in
 the province of Toledo."

However, a band amounting to no more than forty-two men could
 scarcely do more to help the Carlist cause than by playing Legitimist
 Spanish airs.

Law Reports Unfounded.

It is not true, that in the LORD CHANCELLOR's scheme for the con-
 stitution of the Supreme Court of Judicature there is a proposal to
 create, in addition to the MASTER OF THE ROLLS, a Registrar of the
 Muffins and Crumpets. Neither is it intended to augment the
 number of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer with a Baron of
 Beef.



ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

British Nimrod (who has shot Tigers in India, and Lions in South Africa). "THE FACT IS, HERR MULLER, THAT I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR SPORT UNLESS IT CONTAINS THE ELEMENT OF DANGER."

German Nimrod. "ACH ZO! YOU ARE VONT OF TAINCHER? DEN YOU SHOULD GOM ANT SHOOD MIT ME! VY, ONLY DE ODER TAX I SHOODET MY BRODER-IN-LAW IN DE SHDÖMAG!"

SUNDAY EVENINGS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

AN uncommonly lively discourse was, according to the *Post*, delivered on the evening of Sunday last week, under the auspices of the National Temperance League, at the Alhambra Temperance Music-hall in Shoreditch, by a MR. W. NOBLE. This gentleman has had the diligence to commit to memory the whole of the lectures heretofore delivered by MR. J. B. GOUGH, "the celebrated temperance lecturer of America." The National Temperance League were desirous of bringing MR. GOUGH across the Atlantic to redeliver them; but that Demosthenes of teetotalism was not to be tempted over the Big Drink. They have therefore hired MR. NOBLE to deliver all MR. GOUGH's lectures at second-hand; and, on the above named occasion, as we are told, "he engaged the attention of a large audience for upwards of an hour by his recital of MR. GOUGH's oration 'On the Importance of the Temperance Movement.'" This, the first of MR. NOBLE's series of imitations, appears to have been a great success, and it no doubt constituted exactly the sort of entertainment which our provincial contemporaries are wont to style "a high intellectual treat." Given, to begin with, on a Sunday evening, it is likewise, evidently, to be regarded as the thin end of the wedge in respect of Sunday evenings' amusements. The thick end will perhaps comprise other performances, of a character still more edifying. Next to the orations of MR. J. B. GOUGH we shall perhaps have the sermons of our most distinguished preachers delivered, in character, by some serious mimic; specimens, for instance, of DEAN STANLEY, or DR. NEWMAN HALL, or MR. SPURGEON. Then, probably, political and parliamentary orations will be subjected to the same treatment, and the British Public will be enabled to enjoy a Sunday "Night with GLADSTONE," or a counterfeit presentment of the eloquence of MR. DISRAELI, or any other of the leading masters of debate, Conservative or Liberal. The descent to comic recitations, and so down, will be easy.

Doubtless MR. NOBLE proved himself a clever imitator of excellent original fustian in diverting a large audience by a declamation *à la Gough* "On the Importance of the Temperance Movement." Of

course he directed attention to a point, relative to that most interesting subject, not perhaps generally considered, but one of some importance as a matter of illustration. Surely MR. NOBLE could not fail to make his beloved hearers perceive, by appropriate action, that, whereas the Temperance Movement always tends right ahead, the course taken by the Intemperance Movement is generally zigzag.

REFORM IT ALTOGETHER.

SYMPATHISING with DR. HESSEL, and congratulating him upon the substantial proof given him of what English opinion is in regard to his case, it does occur to us to ask if an innocent subject has not been taken up before this, and, if so, why has not the subject been taken up with the same enthusiastic indignation as has been so recently evoked by the arrest and imprisonment of DR. GOTTFRIED HESSEL? HER MAJESTY has sent to apologise for the state of her own Law. Quite right: only it is fortunate for the chances of improvement in our police administration that the innocent sufferer happened to be DR. HESSEL, a German, and not JIM SMITH, an ordinary Englishman. Perhaps poor SMITH, in his devout admiration of the British Constitution, would have taken the opportunity of his "leaving the Court without a stain on his character" to extol the wisdom and justice of the Law which had rightly arrested him on suspicion, and as rightly set him free on discovering that there was no sort of ground for the charge. The French Law treats an arrested person as guilty until he proves his innocence, and acts in accordance with this theory. In England, we make a boast of considering every man innocent until proved guilty. But we know our theory to be a mere idle formula as long as the practice is to treat every man guilty until he be proved innocent.

If DR. HESSEL's case leads to a thorough reform in this particular direction, then the grateful English public will probably erect a statue of him on the vacant pedestal in Leicester or Trafalgar Square, or send it him, carriage paid, to be put up where he likes in his own native place.

A WEED FROM CHINA.

A LARGE quantity of tobacco has been lately imported from China. The *Tobacco Trade Review* gives the following sufficient account of it:—

"It is used in some measure as a substitute for Turkey, which it resembles in appearance, though not equal in quality. The leaf is quite yellow, and is almost void of flavour."

Chinese tobacco, at this rate, must be of the mildest. A smoker might find some difficulty in choosing between it and the simply dried and unsophisticated British cabbage-leaf. Chinese tobacco may be said to resemble, with a difference, cut Cavendish. It is likely to prove a species of tobacco, cut, indeed, but not consumed. Therefore Chinese tobacco might, with all consistency, be patronised by the Anti-Tobacco Society.

HEAT AND AIR, ETC.

SHAKSPERE ventilated this subject long ago, in *Measure for Measure*:—

Clown. —Where indeed you have a delight to sit: have you not?

Froth. I have so: because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why very well then:—I hope here be truths.

And, further on, in the same scene, in view of a case quite recently *un-decided*, *Escalus* says:—

"If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too."

Constable Elbow, *Honest Householder Froth*, and *Tapster Clown*, would be good useful persons on a not uncommon Jury.

Church Preferment.

A YOUNG and handsome Curate married a lady who was not very young, and was very plain in person, but in purse very rich. It was said among his parishioners that he had now provided himself with a Perfect Cure.

INCURABLE.—That must be a hopeless case of intemperance, when a man takes Castor Oil for the sake of the Brandy which helps it down.



HONEST SYMPATHY.

Intelligent Boy. "'PA, I'M SORRY YOU'VE GOT THE 'FLUENZA!'"

Papa. "WHY, LADDIE?" *Boy.* "'CAUSE I MIGHT CATCH

IT, YOU KNOW!"

VENUS AND THE LADY.

ONE day last week the *Times* published a long and elaborate article, luminous as Venus herself, upon the transits of that planet. In a French paper the same space would be devoted to a nansating love-story. It may be questionable, however, whether the love-story is not better suited to some people. Having mastered the article, *Mr. Punch* handed it to a lady-friend who improves and invigorates her mind by the perusal of about five novels every week. He requested her to read the three columns. This she did with excessive rapidity, and on being asked to state what she thought about it, she sweetly replied that it was most interesting. Particulars being demanded, she affirmed that MR. LOWE was going out to see the transit of Venus in 1874; that Venus is worth tenpence in the pound; that she is an Inferior Conjunction; that she will look like a small ball in a large wine-glass, and have a ring as big as the world; that she is inhabited by "eagle-eyed daws"; that she is the size of a shilling seen eight miles off by a man with thick hair on his head at the end of a church; and that gold medals are fit only for puffing shopkeepers. Finally, she said it was all "an astronomical mare's nest"; adding, as her own unaided discovery, that men were always fussing and flinging away money on stuff and nonsense.

The Satisfactory Settlement.

So the real losses sustained by American Citizens from the Confederate cruisers amount to little more than two millions, whereas the damages we have to pay for them were assessed at three millions and a quarter. Which will have been cheated, the private-American claimants, or ourselves? This question is more interesting than material. By those who are capable of cheating their own people how much faith is likely to be kept with any other? In case *Alabamas* ever leave American ports to prey on British shipping, what compensation will the Britishers obtain? If ever we go to war, we shall see.

TEST QUESTIONS

To Show the Need of a Supplementary Catechism for Irish Old Boys of 1898.

Q. Who made you?

A. Bedad there, Sorr, I don't know. Sure Theology wasn't taught at our College.

[*The Examiner will at once proceed to remedy the defect with instruction from the Supplementary Catechism.*]

Q. Who was GEORGE THE THIRD?

A. Faix, Sorr, I'm not acquainted with the gentleman at all at all. Modern History wasn't part of our education.

[*Defect remedied again.*]

Q. What are the recognised obligations of the Moral Law?

A. Well, Sorr . . . on me faith and conscience I don't know. It was one of those subjects of which the Pete (we learnt Poethry, Sorr) says—

"O no we never mention it,
Its name is never heard."

[*Supplementary Instruction commences forthwith.*]

Touching the "Bell."

PERHAPS some Cambridge authority will kindly say—for the information of a Correspondent who signs himself "An Amateur Gentleman Ringer"—whether the Bell Scholarships at that University are awarded for proficiency in campanology. The Calendar is silent on the subject.

Some Mistake.

THE Brighton Aquarium announces, among its myriads of other attractions, an Axalot from Mexico. We thought this had come from a more northern part of the New Continent, and that, by way of return, we were going to Pay a lot.



THE COAL FAMINE.

Wife. "O, CHARLES, HOW KIND OF THE BROWNS!—(Reads).—'MRS. BROWN PRESENTS HER COMPLIMENTS TO MR. AND MRS. JONES AND HOPES THEY WILL GIVE HER THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY AT A FIRE PARTY ON MONDAY, MARCH 3RD.—FIRES LIGHTED AT 6'30.'!"

BOB LOGIC.

ARGUING that there was no possible substitute for the Income-tax, in answer to a deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce that waited on him the other day to urge its immediate repeal, MR. LOWE is reported to have said that:—

"He could suggest means of raising the revenue by putting taxes upon articles that had already been reduced or freed, as sugar, tea, coffee, or the duties on life assurance; but these things had been considered more oppressive and injurious than the Income-tax itself, and such a course would be a retrospective step."

Vestigia nulla retrorsum. That is MR. LOWE's argument against reverting to just indirect from unjust direct taxation. By the way, "retrospective" must be a reporter's substitution for "retrograde." *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is perhaps hardly so logical a reason for not taxing sugar, tea, and coffee rather than income, as *Ex luce lucellum* was for taxing lucifer-matches. One would imagine, considering the utter impossibility which Chancellors of the Exchequer seem to see in replacing a partial tax on incomes by duties on the groceries above named, that the victims of the Income-tax consist, as a class, of persons who do not consume as much tea, coffee, and sugar as other people, and particularly as the Striking Classes, whose incomes escape taxation, and who have raised the price of butcher's meat and all other provisions, by daily eating meat at dinner, and likewise at every other meal, and making, generally, three or four meals a day.

See Advertisement.

OUR Navy seem to have some curious wants. The Contract Department of the Admiralty invites tenders for Blue Jean, Comforters, Duck, Duck Coaling, Flushing, South Westers, and Stay Tape—the last article of commerce being required, we presume (the public notice is not explicit on this point) for lacing the ships' stays.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE STRIKING CLASSES.

DARWIN, on your "Development,"
To me, when'er I think,
'Twixt Man and Ape 'tis evident
We need the Missing Link;
A want which Strikes have rendered clear
To each discerning eye,
By causing coals to grow so dear,
And meat to rise so high.

A horse may kick, a dog may bite,
If mutinous he wax;
But singly they with Masters fight,
And not in herds and packs.
Else, stud and kennel were like mine
And factory; O, what then,
Could working animals combine
And strike as Working Men?

Workers we lack who cannot strike
Together, for demands;
Not quite mankind, but so far like
As having human hands;
Creatures discerning what we mean,
Docile; in size and shape
An intermediate thing between
The Nigger and the Ape.

For Black is not distinct from White
As Ape from Nigger. Pair
The colours; a Mulatto might
Be born a Briton's heir.
A Man and Brother had, we found,
From slavery to be freed.
For simious slaves we look around;
But ah, there's no such breed!

Could such a race of slaves be bred
Through ages, by degrees?
The Monkeys' range is limited,
And Monkeys live in trees.
As they can't toil, and workmen flout,
O, DARWIN, try and think!
Develope something—do work out
A Working Missing Link.

TWO ASH-WEDNESDAY OBSERVATIONS.

EVERY dog has his day. As All Saints have a festival to themselves so All Sinners expect their turn, and take it on Ash-Wednesday, still known as *Dies Cinerum*, which is, being uneclesiastically and freely translated, All Sinners' Day. It used to be spent as a Fast day: now, however, the day is kept. The night has by use pretty well established itself as a Fast one, in some instances, a very Fast one. Yet a variety of tastes is consulted. Dust and ashes may be still emblematical even of amusement; as, for instance, at an Islington Music-hall, where there is a sort of Ballet-Ball, which will result in kicking up a goodish dust, while the dust will be "come down with" pretty handsomely in many instances. And there's an Oratorio at the Albert Hall which symbolises ashes, at least, the next thing to it, i.e., COLE. The two ideas of devotion are thus represented at Islington and Kensington, and we hope that both Devotees and Dancers will be none the worse for their Wednesday night on Thursday morning.

Boots and Being.

AMONG the various advertisements round about that beautify every practicable surface, the wayfarer may have noticed one which offers him boots so constructed as to be capable of being continually renovated by having affixed to them, when necessary, a new heel. This is an ingenious contrivance for prolonging a boot's existence, but, alas! it will make no boot last for ever. Besides that, the upper leathers must still wear out, and the renewal of the heel of a boot can boot but little when we cannot depend on the immortality of the sole.

NEEDLESS CHRONOLOGY.

A CONTROVERSY still rages about the date of the irrepressible Athanasian Creed. This is superfluous if they are right who consider the Creed of St. Athanasius out of date altogether.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



O-NIGHT. Monday, Feb. 17, LORD CARNARVON exposed the humbug of the promises by which ignorant emigrants are allured to the Brazils, where they find that they have been victimised. LORD GRANVILLE said that, regardless of making things unpleasant with foreign powers, he had issued certain warnings

against the temptations held out by interested agents. Our Consuls had furnished him with trustworthy information. If some of the "people's papers" would publish this kind of news, it might be as useful to the "people" as stereotype abuse of all classes except artisans.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET wished to know whether we were blundering in drawing the Afghan boundary. But here was "Duke upon Duke." His Grace of Argyll informed His Grace of Somerset that we had done nothing of the kind, and that the line was wisely drawn along the Oxus, under the advice of SIR HENRY RAWLINSON. He did not say anything about

"Samarcand by Oxus, TEMUR's thron's,"

which was a pity, because MILTON should always be quoted when there is a chance. The line was sometime used in an Olympic play-bill, in connection with a drama about the said TEMUR or TIMOUR, and this might have pleased MILTON, who was a friend to "the well-trod stage."

MR. AKROYD called attention to the vast quantity of Coal which is known to be in China. He wants the Flowery Nation to work at its Coal-fields. We would rather hear of the Chinese labourer toiling for Coal in his own land than in Wales, but there are proposals to bring him over and make him do the work which the Union tyrants forbid the Welsh labourer to do. We may see a Joss-house in Merthyr-Tydvil yet.

Our Druid informed us that there is to be a Military Centre at Oxford; not, however, exactly in any quad, but at a farm a short distance from the City of Educational Palaces.

Then the ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced his important measure for the improvement of the Jury system. Now this, as every true British orator knows, is the Palladium of British Liberty. But, as very few British orators know what the classic word means, it may be convenient to inform—or, shall we say, remind them that the Palladium was a statue of the goddess Pallas, otherwise Minerva, and that Troy was safe so long as that statue was preserved. Now, two Grecian heroes, aware of the fact, did valiantly but secretly make their way into Troy, and lay violent hands on the Palladium. *Troja fuit.* Now, look again at Mr. Punch's Cartoon.

SIR JOHN's proposals are to the effect that he would reduce the sacred Twelve in the Box to Seven, except in cases of treason or murder. He would improve the character of juries by mixing in the

box members of the Special and of the Common class. Mr. Punch imagines that JOHN BULL will be enormously exercised by the first proposal, and the second seems to carry in it suicidal seeds. Will a gentleman care to serve with a greengrocer, and will not a greengrocer be jealous of the superior cultivation of the gentleman, and as matter of principle refuse to be guided by him? There are sundry other points on which SIR JOHN will have to fight hard, if he carries his Bill, and the Lawyers are said to dislike it—a fact that may be in favour of its character, but not of its chances.

In Supply, it was complained that we pay for the maintenance of an imprisoned pirate chieftain called EMMANUEL BACCA, at Ascension. It was suggested that he should be brought here to prison, but MR. BAXTER said the fellow was best where he was "until he should go to a better world." MR. BAXTER probably believes that there is a chaplain at Ascension with considerable powers of conversion. But why is not BACCA hanged?

The Wife's Sister Bill was hurried through Committee, its enemies avowing that they were eager to send it to meet its fate where

"A huge two-handed engine at the door
Is ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Tuesday.—LORD BUCKHURST moved the Second Reading of a Bill for preventing Railway Accidents by compelling the Companies to adopt the two systems which are found safest—the Block, and the Interlocking of points or signals. Hardly needful to say that it was answered that excessive tenderness and delicacy must be shown towards the Companies, or that the rude Bill was sent to a Select Committee.

MR. AYRTON informed us that a contract for the Natural History Museum at Kensington had been made, the edifice is to be finished in three years, and it is to cost £352,000. Beasts and birds have never been so magnificently lodged since NOAH'S time.

But our *Ætyle* can attend not only to the great but to the small, and he is making a "bright little tight little island" in the Serpentine, for the comfort of the Wild Fowl. We are glad of this, as the national ganders will be able to keep out of the way of MR. ODGER'S.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT then distinguished himself by moving that our present public expenditure is excessive. He adduced a variety of figures in proof of this, and showed how our outlay kept on increasing. He reminded the Government that though they had nobly redeemed some of their pledges, they had not redeemed their vows to be economical, and he thought that Parliament ought to hold them to these. A debate followed, the result of which was that MR. GLADSTONE, refusing his assent to any abstract resolutions, agreed to grant a Committee of Inquiry whether any reductions could be made in the expenditure for the Civil Service, exclusive of what was secured on the faith of national undertakings, as the interest on the Debt, and the Civil List. This, of course, was accepted, "not," said MR. HARCOURT, "as half a loaf, but as a crumb under the table."

Mr. Punch is so simple and sweet-minded and void of all guile, that it quite pains him to see it hinted that both the Motion and the Committee were intended as useful capital at the next election. They will show, it is said, how truly zealous both the independent Liberals and the Government are on the question of economy. He can only say he wonders how persons can be so unkind as to suppose that there is anything but true and disinterested patriotism in such things. But he is altogether too soft-hearted and confiding for the cold world.

Wednesday.—A Bill for improving the position of Woman in regard to her property was read a Second Time, after severe debate, and only by 124 to 103. And O, dear Madam, if you would but just look into the daily paper, and see what dreadful nonsense was talked about interfering with the conjugal relation, and all that sort of thing, and how dreadfully afraid some gentlemen are of allowing an honest, hard-working woman to emancipate her means from the control of an idle, drunken, profligate husband. For that is all that is wanted, you know, Madam. If every couple lived as you and your beloved Barnabas live, faithfully fulfilling the marriage vow, no laws to protect one from the other would be wanted. But every man is not your Barnabas, and every woman is not his Belinda, and then come cases where protection is wanted very much indeed. The House seems inclined to take the reasonable view of the matter, but grudgingly, and perhaps the antics of some of the strong-minded women have rather set the legislative teeth on edge. It is unfair, however, that good women should suffer through the bad taste of fanatics.

Also we had a much wanted Bill for the protection and education of agricultural children. MR. MUNDELLA made fun of it, but it is at all events a step, etc.

Thursday.—LORD ROSEBURY made a very good speech about the deterioration of our Horses, which seem to be coming down nearly to the level of those who cheat with them and bet on them. He wanted an inquiry. LORD GRANVILLE answered ROSEBURY with rose-colour, and thought that the horse population was going on well

enough. Anyhow, there is to be a Committee to sit on horses—if they can. Some Lords are capital equestrians.

In the Commons there was some debate connected with a most serious matter—one so serious, in fact, that the honour of British Commerce is concerned that certain statements should be disproved, or, if proved, that the vengeance of Society should descend on the guilty. MR. PLIMSOLL, Member for Derby, brings against certain ship-owners the charge that they send to sea vessels that are either not sea-worthy, or are so loaded as to be almost certain to sink, and that this is done for the sake of the insurance-money. He has published statements of the most terrible kind; and two Members of Parliament, regarding themselves as among the accused, have brought actions against him. Our judgment and that of the public ought to be held in entire suspense until the trials shall have taken place. No investigation of so much national importance has been made for years, and it becomes us all to watch, but to observe the strictest fair-play. To-night the matter came up in the House because MR. PLIMSOLL was held to have committed a breach of privilege in some of his writing on the subject. He admitted that he had, disclaimed intent to offend the House, and frankly apologised. The House felt, and MR. GLADSTONE admirably expressed its feeling, that the issue was to be tried elsewhere, and that it was not on a point of form that the topic should be treated.

COLONEL KNOX elicited some cries by calling the trials at Dublin for the Galway outrages "sham trials;" but it is difficult to know what other epithet would have suited them. It is clear that the form of the Tree-Box called the Jury-Box ought not to be tyrannically cultivated in Ireland by the cold-hearted Saxon. Its relative, the "Gallows-Tree," has long ceased to be a terror there. And MR. GLADSTONE boasts of having cut down the Upas-trees. Ireland is clearly no longer a "Plantation," as of old.

Crime is to be prevented a little more. Some stringent clauses are added to the present Act, which works very well, but which is thought to be slightly aided by education, and by Reformatories that cut off the supply of criminals.

Friday.—Our Government must not allow Her Majesty's subjects to wear Foreign Decorations. We have but one Fountain of Honour, and it springs from the Throne. We recognise no alien springs. There may be occasional inconvenience in this, but the rule is good; and, moreover, Britons have a vague idea that some Foreign Decorations, at least, are procurable through other channels than those whence honour should flow. LORD GRANVILLE did not say this, but probably he thought it the more.

In the Commons the evening was dull, but, *en revanche*, it was brief. A Committee was appointed to consider the mode in which Government Stores are bought, the pleasing arrangement at present being that Departments bid against each other, to the great profit of Trade, but not of JOHN BULL.

MR. MUNDELLA obtained a Committee of Inquiry into the reasons why Coal is so awfully dear. But only 22 men—we beg pardon—Members were present. That, Madam, shows how your Representatives attend to your business. MR. LIDDELL did not object to the Collier asking a rise in wages when profits were high, but very much objected to his declining to work a reasonable time because he found his raised wages enough to support him in luxury without his doing such work. The House was Counted Out in time for a late dinner.

GREGORIAN TONES.

ON Thursday evening last there was what they called a "Gregorian Demonstration" at St. Paul's. In answer to numerous inquiries as to what on earth this means, we have much pleasure in presenting our Petitioners with some information on the subject. The Gregorians, then, are a musical sect called after (as is evident) the REV. CANON GREGORY, of St. Paul's, who, on this occasion, read the Second Lesson in a Gregorian tone. By the way, the Minor Canons' voices will be useful in dirges. Choirs wishing to take part in the Gregorian movement, have to be in training for a month previous on Gregory's Powder. The Anglican Church Musical is divided broadly, into two parties, the "*Ain't-I-Gregorian!*" and the "Anti-Gregorian;" and, as the pugnacious Gregory says, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "The weakest goes to the wall." Which this is to be, is as yet uncertain. Being impartial, we wish well to the two musical divisions of the surplise population.

Alas! Poor Carp!

A FAMOUS French Carp, dating from the time of FRANCIS THE FIRST, aged three hundred and seventy-five years, and measuring three feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, was attacked the other day by an enormous pike and devoured. His poor fish bones, we may suppose, lie in Jonah-like interment, and, were it possible to catch the devouring pike and label him with an epitaph, he should be made to carry this on his back,—

Requiescat in Pisce.

WATERWORKS AND VANDALS.



E are apprised that we may safely trust the Chelsea Waterworks Company, to take care of the scenery opposite to Hampton Court, in case Parliament is so confiding, or so sympathetic, as to deliver it into the hands of the Philistines? There may be Members for Mammon in the Legislature capable of any sacrifice to that fiend. But, unless these constitute a majority, it may be well that Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen, invited to make the surrender above-named, should ponder the subjoined statement in a letter addressed to the newspapers, under the signature of "T. H. BEXANT." Then they will know what to think of the Chelsea Waterworks Company:—

"In the year 1852 this very Company obtained powers to construct reservoirs, &c., at Seething Wells, close to the site now selected. By excavation a very large mound was created in front of the residences facing the river. By their Act they were required to remove this mound, but no penalty was attached to it—it is twenty years ago. Would you believe it, that notwithstanding every exertion of the Corporation of Kingston, and also of the inhabitants, and large sums of money subscribed, that that mound still remains as a monument to this very Company of their interest in the public."

Let us hope that, as it may have been managed by benignant Fates, the civilised Public, and especially the Corporation and all the respectable inhabitants of Kingston and Surbiton, may have to thank the Company for having applied to Parliament for licence to ruin the view from Hampton Court and the "Mitre." By that motion the said Association will possibly find that they have only taken something for the offence of having maintained an eyesore, as sordid as those who created it, which said eyesore they were required to remove by an imperfect Act of Parliament. This cynical, shabby, and offensive neglect will perhaps not only induce Parliament to throw out their present Waterworks Bill, but also, for their benefit, that is to say, for their correction and amendment, to enact another one in the interest of those who have been aggrieved by their mean parsimony. By this supplementary Act, maybe, the omission of that of 1852 will be supplied, and the Chelsea Waterworks Company will be not only prevented from spoiling half-a-mile of the scenery opposite to Hampton Court, but also obliged, under a heavy penalty, to remove their "celebrated mud-heap at Surbiton."

Saving Clauses.

In the Convocation of York, the other day, the Prolocutor took occasion to remark that "it was a matter of thankfulness that, in consequence of what had occurred outside and within the walls of the two Lower Houses of Convocation, the Creed of St. Athanasius had been "saved." If the Creed were sentient, it ought to be grateful for such a requital of its suggestions in a perfectly opposite direction.

DRAMATIC CON.

Q. WHAT were the "palmy" days of the Drama?
A. When they were first-rate hands at acting.



A SKETCH IN ULSTERMARINE.

(And, looking at such Candidates for Marriage, say "Don't" to—the Marines.)

STEALING THE PALLADIUM, OR SCOURING IT?

WHEN Ilion was rising on Pergamus' crown,
From the blue sky an image of Pallas dropt down,
With Gorgon-bossed buckler, and agis outspread,
And a spear in her hand, and a helm on her head.
And thus to King Ilus the oracle spake:—
"So long as this image your treasure you make,
And keep it intact in your citadel's shrine,
So long Troy shall stand under Ilus's line:
But if ever you let it be stolen, beware!
For then is the downfall of Troy in the air."

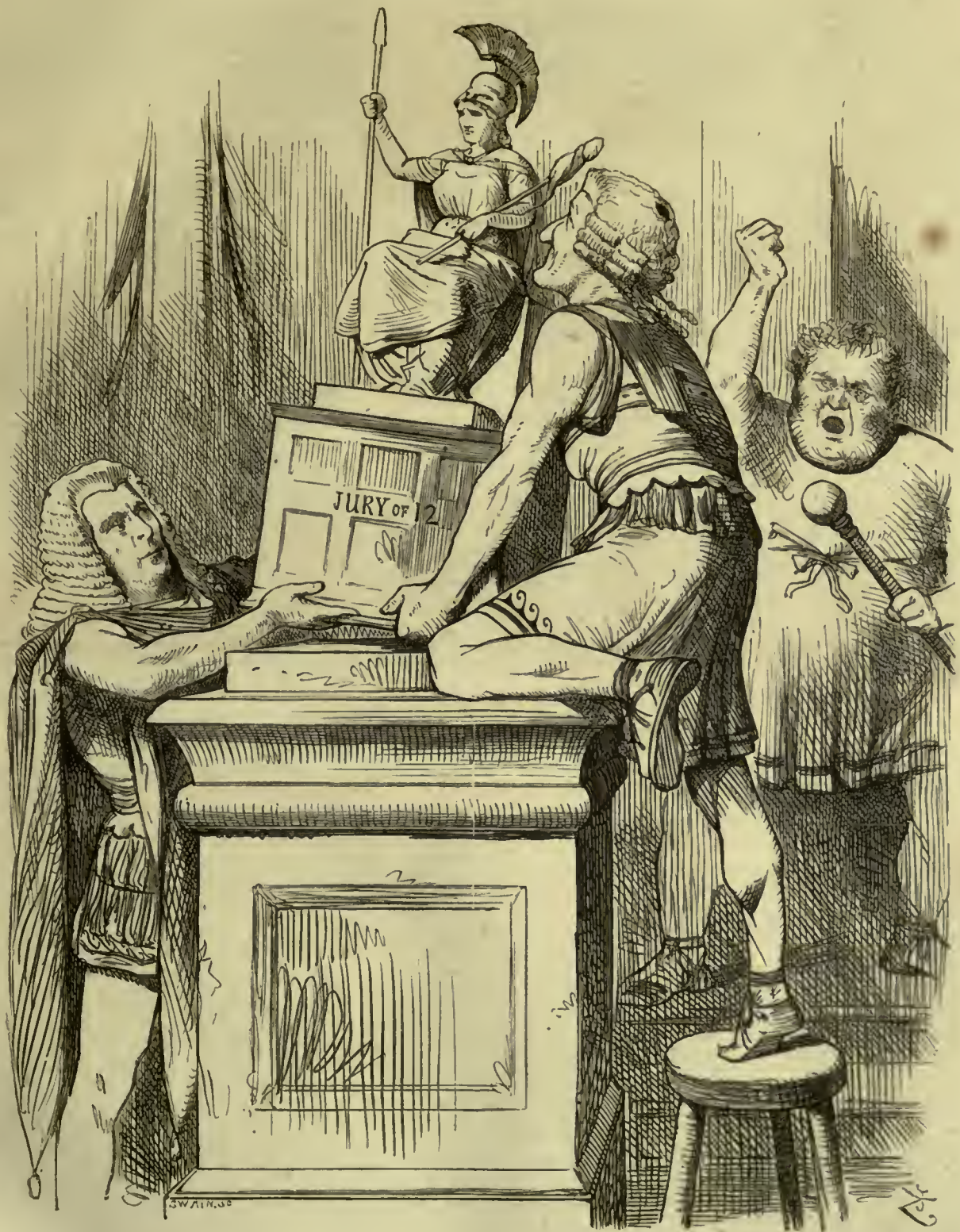
Time passed—Menelaus wed Helen—poor lad,
And Helen with Paris went off "to the bad,"
And as Priam at that time was Sovereign of Troy,
And as Paris, worse luck! was King Priam's pet boy,
And as, in those days, they'd no Court of Divorce,
Where wrong'd lords to pay up co-respondents could force,
And as Paris when called on Madame to send home,
Said that those who would take her to take her must come,
Menelaus's friends bade their friends to the fray,
Who in arms o'er the main against Troy took their way.
Where for ten years they battered the town, all in vain,
For why? Its Palladium the town did retain.

Now Ulysses was far the most 'cute of the Greeks,
Their deepest of dodgers, their slyest of sneaks;
So he wrought on one Diomed, feeble of wit,
But a rare 'un straight out from the shoulder to hit,
With him in a night-raid to hazard his crown,
To steal the Palladium,—trust of Troy-town.

Access to the Temple Ulysses secures,
In a dirtyish manner, along the main sewers;
The half-awake guards were cut down at their post,
The Palladium was cribbed—and Troy's talisman lost,
And, within the next six months, by Sinon done brown,
And humbugged by the Horse, haughty Troy had come down.

Old England has got her Palladium, like Troy,
At least, so I've heard said, since old *Punch* was a boy.
This Palladium of ours is no image at all;
Nor, as far as I know was from Heaven seen to fall:
But it's something that's guarded with all sorts of locks,
And its form is Twelve Britons shut up in a Box,
Which Twelve are a Jury, and, till they agree,
Of not-guilty or guilty no verdict can be:
'Twas the Barons of Runnymede first clenched the same,
And made trial by peers the great stakes of their game.
And that's the Palladium, so-called, of JOHN BULL,
On which see Constitutional writers at full.

Is it true that two chiefs dare Old England to brave—
Childe COLERIDGE the 'cute, and LORD SELBORNE the grave—
And have crept, like Ulysses and Diomed of yore,
Our Palladium to steal, up St. Stephens's shore?—
Have dared pick our best Constitutional locks,
And lay hands on the sacred Twelve men in a Box;
O'er whom, with her spear held defiant at ward,
Ears erect, and eyes open, Britannia holds guard,
And whom, if JOHN BULL, who as sentry should stand,
Lets be tampered with, shall claim redress at his hand,
For she knows, 'twixt the right and foul tyranny's flood,
How often that Box with its Twelve men has stood.



STEALING THE "PALLADIUM,"
OR, ULYSSES AND DIOMED IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



But let's hope that 'tis not as Palladium prigs
Ulysses and Diomed now risk their wigs—
That if on the Box of the Twelve they lay hand,
It is but to fix it more firm on its stand;
To its hinges, where rusted, to give freer play,
And brush, here and there, an old cobweb away;

To its depths, where too close, to let in light and air,
So that Justice, in future, mayn't lose herself there.
And e'en if at last, by some work of new leaven,
The Twelve men in the Box should get stewed down to seven,
Don't let's think, with some faults in its framework removed,
The Palladium damaged, because it's improved.

SOCIETY ON STRIKE.



We live in striking times; there is no denying that. Everybody seems to have a tendency to strike, and nobody can say where this tendency may lead us. In addition to our coal strike, we may any morning find ourselves afflicted by a cab strike, and shall esteem ourselves quite fortunate if we escape a cook strike. A butcher's strike has been reported from the North, and in London we have actually been threatened by a baker's strike. Who can tell but a Press strike may be looming in the future? and fancy with what horror the world would hear the news that there had been a *Punch* strike!

At present strikes

have been confined to what perhaps in irony are called the Working Classes: but it is highly probable that the tendency to strike may gradually extend to other orders of Society, where people live by mental as well as manual labour.

Considering the rising cost of fuel and provisions, a Curate strike ought surely

to be reckoned on the cards; and a Clerk strike must in some quarters be looked upon as imminent. Why there should not be a Doctors' strike in certain country neighbourhoods, is more than we can say, seeing what low salaries are paid for poor-house practice. A Governess strike would likewise be excusable, we think, but probably would fail through lack of proper agitation.

There are many persons moving in fashionable circles who yet may be described with correctness as belonging to the Working Classes. Few labourers work harder than an energetic dancer, or a daily diner-out, and the labours of a chaperon in the middle of the season must be well-nigh as exhausting as the labours of Hercules, and pretty nearly as unprofitable in their actual result. If a strike were to occur among the Upper Working Classes, it is terrible to think how much Society would suffer. Supposing that our friend TOM SMYLES, and half a thousand like him, were suddenly to strike, and decline all invitations, who would undergo the strictly manual labour of handing down old LADY HUMCRUFFYN to dinner, and perform the mental work of entertaining that dear creature through half a score of courses and ices and dessert? And supposing HARRY GALLOPER, and all the other good young active fellows who are kind enough to do the dancing at our balls, were on a sudden to combine, and form an Anti-Waltzing Union, or an Anti-Evening-Party Club, with what terror would Society be stricken at the news! As for poor over-worked Papas, who, after slaving all day long to pay for their girls' dresses, are expected just at bedtime to escort their darlings to a ball, and there to dance attendance on them until nearly daylight,—as to these poor fellow-workmen our virtuous indignation incites us to observe that, if there be not soon a strike of Paterfamilias, they will prove themselves deserving to be called by the two syllables which complete that complex word.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He addresses the Editor, as usual, after visiting the Globe, and assisting at the representation of "*Oriana*."

AFTER the discussion as to where You should be represented this week, which terminated (the discussion, not the week) by your observing that You really "did not care where I went to" (which some tetchy folk might have taken unkindly, though I didn't), I consulted the papers to see what was going on in the Theatrical World. I found a good deal going on which I thought had been on the point of stopping, and I ascertained that the latest novelty was *Oriana* at the Globe. Now, Sir, I had not seen *Old Soldiers* at the Strand, nor *Old London* at the Queen's: two old, but both new: except, by the way, that *Les Chevaliers du Brouillard*, which is *Old London*, will be found fully reviewed in this journal about five years ago. Then there was *The School for Scandal* at the Vaudeville, which, as representing You, I thought would keep for some considerable time longer; and there were HERR and MRS. BANDMANN, or, as my friend WAGO, who doesn't know anything of German pronunciation, says "*Missus and Her Bandman*," or "*Her and She*" (which reminds me that *Man and Wife* will be out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre before this appears), in *Hamlet*, at the Princess's, for nine times only—a nine days' wonder—and, in fact, so many attractions East and West that I hesitated whether to go to the Globe for *Oriana*, or somewhere else, or nowhere at all. I looked at the criticisms in the papers. One intimated that *Oriana* had been nearly laughed off the stage on the first night; another, that an increased ballet might make it an agreeable after-piece, which was hard upon a Romantic Legend or Fairy Comedy (as it was at first advertised) in three acts of mingled—or muddled—prose, blank verse, and rhyme. Another critic abused the audience for deriding all that was intended by the author to be taken seriously, and praised the piece with reservations. Another praised it all unreservedly, and, indeed, had not laudation sufficient for its transcendent merits. Puzzled by all this, and seeing the day fast slipping away without my being able to come to any decision as to where I should represent You, I was on the point of throwing up all theatrical entertainments, and devoting myself to going to hear a celebrated musician, with whose name I was totally unacquainted, perform, as he was announced to do, on the "new Ebonite Cylinder" at Wimbledon, which, it occurred to me, would be a real treat, especially if

he were accompanied on the Bolophone and the Digitoventolophonium (a sweet thing for an amatory duett between a gentle Ichthyosaurus and an accomplished Mastodon), when a friend said to me, "If you've not seen *Oriana*, don't!" and another, immediately afterwards, said, "If you've not seen *Oriana*, do!" and so, finding that the Ebonite Cylindrical performance was not coming off that evening, I settled upon representing You, Sir, judiciously, at the Globe Theatre.

Oriana, then, is an undramatic poem set to music. What may be called the fairy part of the poem is fanciful and pretty. Much that *Peep* the fairy has to say would deserve higher praise than this, were it not that one is constantly reminded of the author's efforts, in straining after originality, to free himself from the haunting recollection of the Fays of DRAYTON and BEN JONSON, of *Mercutio's* description of *Queen Mab*, of *Ariel*, *Puck*, and the whole army of tiny tricksome spirits to whom the Master Hand gave immortality. That part of the poem which is about *King Raymond* and his *Queen Oriana*, is Tennysonian. What is intended for the comic portion, and given to *Ozeys* the demagogue and his loutish followers, so forcibly recalls *Bottom* and his associates, that one is expecting to see them set to work to rehearse *Pyramus and Thisbe*; but, alas! they do nothing a quarter so amusing. The patchwork of prose, blank verse, and rhyme, indiscriminately, is a mistake. The rhyming portion should have been kept exclusively to the fairy's speeches, and the vocal music should have been confined to the spirits. Blank verse should have been the form for the more serious personages of the poem, and prose for the low comedians. But to expect an artistic whole out of a sort of haphazard jumble of rhyming words, hard prose, instrumental music, blank verse, unexpected songs, and occasional dances, is to rub on to the canvas a confused smudge of various colours and to look for the glorious effect of a CLAUDE's sunset. I have no doubt but that, as rehearsed singly, every patch was charming by itself, and that with it, author, composer, and actor were alike delighted. *Oriana*, to be enjoyed, must be read, not seen, and then the comic part must be skipped. However, Your Representative has to deal with it in its published form on the Globe stage.

Well, then, seeing the prominence of *Peep* the fairy's part, I will begin with her. It is played by MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON. It is the best-played part in the piece; but, it is the best part—or, rather, it is the only part. Yet what is she to represent? A crippled fairy,



FRAGMENT OF FASHIONABLE CONVERSATION

(After the Door is Closed).

*Little Swell No. 1. "HUNTIN' TO-DAY!"**Little Swell No. 2 (settling himself in the Up-Train, attended by Livery Stable Keeper). "ER-YAAS."**No. 1. "KEEP YOUR HORSES HERE?"**No. 2. "ER-YAAS."**No. 1. "WAS THAT SMASHEM?"**No. 2. "ER-YAAS."**No. 1. "USEFUL FELLOW, EH?"**No. 2. "ER-YAAS. LENT ME TWENTY POUNDS ONCE—NEVER PAID HIM."*

limping on a crutch. Old Witches limped and hobbled on crutch-handled sticks, but they were hags, and mortal, not Sprites or Fays. But! imagine *Puck* with a bruised arm because he couldn't get out of the way of the Miller's flail, or an *Ariel* with a wooden leg, in consequence of a fall from a bat! No, it won't do; to begin with, it won't do. Vulcan was kicked out of Heaven, and limped; but Vulcan wasn't a Spenserian faery. Miss ADDISON, again, does not look a fairy. Now, Miss TERRY did look *Puck*, and Miss HODSON, artfully costumed, was a very fair impersonation of the stage *Ariel*; and, by the way, even *Titania* and *Oberon* were well represented in the revival of *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Queen's. So that, in spite of the antecedent improbability, fairy forms (out of extravaganza and burlesque) can be tolerably well presented on the stage. Fairy Peep, however, in *Oriana*, looks like a distraught peasant-girl, who had robbed a booth to supply herself with tawdry trimming, had lamed herself by escaping from the window of some neighbouring lunatic asylum, and was wandering about the country with an ear-trumpet (by way of something sporting) and a fraction of a hop-pole. This is certainly not the author's fault, unless he designed the costume, or approved such a design. As for the rest, personages they were, characters they were not, except Mr. FLOCKTON as the Fool, *Solon*, who from the first reminded me, both in gait and appearance, of Mr. IRVING, and who did not, therefore, surprise me when he gave the audience the key to his reading of the part by exclaiming "Hark! the bells!" which ought, just to have enlivened the proceedings a bit, to have been the cue for an imitation; but, I regret to say, it wasn't. *Oriana* being comparatively nobody, and Peep everybody, and seeing that the great point is the charmed well, I should recommend a change of name for the piece. Let it be a Fairy Operatic Extravaganza, with lively music of the *Nobody-knows-as-I-do* and *Ages-ago* style, and let it be called, instead of *Oriana*, *Little Bo-Peep*, or *Leave Well Alone*.

At present 'tis neither play nor opera. You are disappointed with it as an opera, because there is too much dialogue; you are

disappointed with it as a play, because there is too much music. Let the piece be reduced to an hour and a quarter's duration, and re-cast, with singers. I should suggest, as likely to hit the public, the following names:—*King Raymond*, Mr. SIMS REEVES; *Queen Oriana*, Miss EMILY SOLDENE (unless she played *Raymond*, and the whole thing was extravaganza'd); *Oxeye*, with a buffo song, might be Mr. GEORGE HONEY. I should cut out the *Bishop* entirely, or, if he grumbled, he could have a ballet to himself, with cymbals. Peep might be well played by an intelligent grandson of MASTER PERCY ROSELLE, and there should be a chorus of fairies by the choristers from EVANS's, to sing something as catchy as "*Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring*." Mr. COLLODION, the caricaturist, will, I believe, be shortly disengaged, and he might be thrown in somehow. At all events, he'd draw.

One thing must seriously be said for Mr. ALBERY's Romantic Legend, which is, that it is entirely free from anything in the remotest degree approaching a vein of coarseness.

This delicacy of treatment is especially to be noticed in the four situations of the piece; first, where the *King* falls in love with *Chloë*, then with the *Bishop*, then with himself, and, lastly, where the *Queen* becomes enamoured of *Oxeye*. In these a less pure and poetic mind might have been tempted to say coarsely all that the sensual aspect of the occasion could suggest, and would have been content to leave nothing to the imagination. This slough Mr. ALBERY has avoided; and there is not, from beginning to end, one single line which I would not trust my Maiden Aunt from Clapham to hear, and, having heard, to return thither in the last omnibus with her spotless umbrella and a firmer faith in the love and truth of her only nephew.

So much, Sir, for representing You at *Oriana*. As to its success—well, in theatrical matters no one can say what will or what won't catch the public. Were I the Manager of the Globe, I should hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst. Farewell for the present.

I am ever YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



EVIDENT GENIUS.

Emmy (Mamma's volunteer Secretary). "HOW IS THIS TO BE ANSWERED, KITTY? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!—(Reads.)—'MRS. FITZMODE AT HOME ON THE 30TH INST. FROM FOUR TO SIX O'CLOCK.'"

Kitty. "WELL, I SHOULD WRITE AND SAY MAMMA DID NOT KNOW MRS. FITZMODE HAD BEEN AWAY, BUT WONDERS SHE SHOULD RETURN TO STOP ONLY TWO HOURS"!!

THE LAMBETH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

LET us drink an Institution, likeliest to promote sobriety. Here's to the new-founded Church of England Temperance Society: For the Church of this realm doth, besides as no denomination, Commend, and counsel, and set forth, always, in all things, moderation.

Most chiefly is the Church's moderation shown strong drinks in using; Not, as do some that greatly err, eschewing such, but not abusing. She doth reprove all sots, and them like swine that in their swill lie sunken;

But praiseth them that make good cheer, yet drink so that they be not drunken.

That wine is good the Church doth prove from many a place beyond all question.

It strengtheneth the heart of Man; to some is needful for digestion: So likewise those good creatures all which at sound doctrine by some stickers,

As the Teetotallers do vainly talk, be called "intoxicating liquors."

Intemperance as concerning, this the Church of England further teaches—

They are to be condemned that make on Temperance stumps intemperate speeches.

Rave over Christian Liberty for leave to exercise dominion,

Drunk without drink on vanity, and puffed up with self-opinion.

The Church good measures loveth, and instead of banning pint or pottle,

The canticle doth much applaud that biddeth all men with a bottle, And that a jolly and a full, they arm themselves at festive season: So as oftsoons to empt the same by draughts within the bounds of reason.

Now fill we up another glass, and drink His Grace of Canterbury. May he take order for sound port, unbranded, and as well for sherry, Sith, as Archbishop he doth rule the Temperance Church Association; Thence orthodoxy shall increase, with decrease of intoxication.

WHAT AN OLD-FASHIONED WINTER MEANS.

DOCTOR.
Chilblains.
Red Nose.
Cold in the head.
Frosted potatoes.
Aggravation of the misery of rising in the morning.
Slippery pavements.
Falls.
Fractures.
Coals up.
Horses down.
Melting snow.
Impassable streets.
Wet feet.
Pump frozen.
Pipes burst.
Plumber.
Subscriptions.
Unfavourable returns by Registrar-Generals.

Primitive Poetic Period.

A DISCOVERY has been recently made which, if present conjecture is proved correct, will go far towards establishing the existence of a long suspected Pre-devonian-Iambic period in the history of our planet. The distinguished naturalist who lately found the undoubted remains of a magnificent Ptero-Dactyl (one of the genus *Epea Pterocenta*), has forwarded for our inspection a small claw of what he considers to have been a splendid specimen of the Three-footed Spondee.

FINE OPENING.—We all know people who are for ever protesting that they must draw the line somewhere. Now is their time. Let them go to Central Asia.

A PARAGRAPH TRAP.

As an old bird we are not often caught with chaff. We are never taken with it at any time, considering it, as regards repartee, in the ratio of the horseplay of an English coalheaver's fisticuffs to the dexterous handling of a French courtier's *fleur-de-lis*. So much for chaff, in passing. The form of the bait wherewith we were trapped was not, on consideration, novel; but it was new to find it in a corner of the *Times*, at the tail of an otherwise interesting paragraph, which was headed "An Anglo-Moorish Marriage." After an amusingly curious account of such scant ceremony as seems to have taken place, the account concludes with the information that the wedding-breakfast was on this occasion supplied by a certain hotel at Tangier, which provides "capital accommodation on reasonable terms," &c., with a further personal recommendation of the landlord and his wife. "I can't conceive," said *Mr. Crummles*, after reading the startling and landatory notices about himself in the local papers, "who puts these things in. I didn't." If the whole story is a romance, so much cleverer is the advertisement. If not, greatly to be admired is the skill which has turned the incident to so practical an account. We can imagine an infinity of devices on this foundation, namely: "Celebration of the Eighteenth Birthday of a Hindoo Princess," which should be a boot and shoemaker's advertisement; then "Religious Ceremonies on the Coming of Age of an Egyptian Eldest Son," which should lead up to a publication of some hosier's and outfitter's wares. "Presence of Mind in India," showing how a tiger was frightened by an umbrella, would, of course, be an evident opportunity, and so on. They must be well done, however, and an improvement on former attempts. The present model herein noticed is excellent. Only henceforth we shall be inclined to regard with a more than ordinarily wary eye any very attractive heading in Paragraph Corner.

A Matter of Taste.

(Never said, but thought of as we lit the cigar, to go home.)

"Do you like BROWNINO?" asked a reading man of a Young Lady whom he had taken down to dinner. The fair creature by his side, (who was no bookworm,) answered, "Yes. That is, I like crackling."



"MESNE PROFITS."

Old Lady. "THREEPENCE ?? WHY, I'VE RIDDEN THIS WAY A HUNDRED TIMES, AND NEVER PAID MORE THAN TWOPENCE !"

Conductor. "A HUNDRED TIMES, 'M? LET ME SEE! THEN YOU OWE THE CO'PANY EIGHT-AN'-FOURPENCE, 'M! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SETTLE WITH ME NOW, 'M, OR SHALL I—"

[*Old Lady retreats precipitately.*]

VENUS VAUNTETH HER.

(*A propos of Her coming Transit.*)

THEY may sneer at me as *passée*, as a *belle* of bygone fashion,
Who once had my adorers, but am now left in the cold.
Like some pale wall-flower, wooed of yore with poetry and passion,
Now left on ball-room bench, unbid out of the chaperon's fold.
But that Venus still is somebody for men to make a fuss about,
E'en in this generation of materialists and muffs,
Is plain, when, only to behold her passing, folks thus rush about,
And how, when, where to watch her, learned pundits come to cuffs.

Yes, my bondoirs in fair Cyprus may by coarse hands have been shattered,

And New Yorkers their museum be enriching from my shrine—
Since that rude GENERAL CESNOLA its treasure-trove has scattered—
In Art, as well as dry goods, with the desperate hope to shine.
Still, though my faith be fallen, and though my fanes have vanished,
Venus still holds her Heaven, to which men's thoughts and eyes yet run;

Nor from the lists of Science is the Queen of Beauty banished,
But holds Old World and New at gaze to see her cross the Sun.

Yes, I can still make learned heads with eager passion airy;
Bring a persistent proctor at my summons to his knee:
Can launch ships for Antarctic Isles, penguinny and white-beary,
To pass a six months' winter dark, for one day's sight of me:
And all because they fancy, poor idiots, that Venus
Is the best of heavenly bodies to attack with their base-line;
As if there ever could be aught of interchange between us,
But mute observance on their part, and loftiness on mine!

At least you own the majesty of her whom thus you follow,
When 'tis by her you measure all the greatness that you know;
When 'tis she who gives the standard of proportions for Apollo,
And binds him down to take the length of her string for his bow.

Still Venus is the sovereign power of high as lower regions,
Still spans and scales the universe by ruling of her charms,
And as erst for Helen's loveliness she fired the Greeks and Phrygians,
So now her Transit calls the world of science up in arms.

A STEP IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

UP to the present hour we have had a good opinion of Japan, as a country daily becoming more and more polished and civilised, and likely in due time to enjoy all the distinctions and advantages of Strikes, Select Vestries, Convocation, Four-wheeled Cabs, Superfine Black Silk Hats, a Court Circular, and a permanent Income-tax. But our faith has been rudely shaken. We are not so sure of the improvement in Japan, after reading the almost incredible announcement that, amongst other innovations lately introduced there, "a holiday is to be kept on every seventh day instead of on every fifth day"! What can be expected from a nation which voluntarily deprives itself of twenty-one days of leisure and relaxation from work in the course of a single year? Such a statement might have been regarded as a merry jest put forth to take in, if it had not been published in the Money Article of the *Times*—a column not usually enlivened by *facetia*.

Pie for Pudding.

"I, by those Yankees overreached, am done;
Thus, Indirect Claims, after all, they've won."
To me so singing in reply 'tis sung:
"JOHN, eat your Humble Pie, and hold your tongue."

GREAT NEWS FOR SPAIN.

"OLLO with a Band of 1500 Men," &c. New Spanish patriotic song, adapted from BALFE's celebrated ballad, *When Ollo 'Arts*.



BOLD PROMISE OF TRANSFORMATION.

Old Lady. "Hi! Do you go to the Angel!"

Conductor. "HERE Y' ARE, MUM! WE CAN SOON CHANGE YER INTO ONE!"

THE CREAM OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE advowson of the rectory of Dodbrooke was recently put up for sale by public auction, but although "described as one of the loveliest sites in Devon, with only one Dissenting chapel in the parish," it failed to find a purchaser. Beautiful scenery, and the slightest possible Nonconformity, could not raise the biddings beyond £920. Perhaps a trout stream, or a pack of otter hounds within an easy distance, or a well-walled fruit garden, or excellent society in the immediate neighbourhood, might have made Dodbrooke more saleable, and saved it from the indignity of being "bought in at £1000." There may have been another reason why the bidding was so slow. "The auctioneer declared he could only account for it by fears which might be entertained with regard to future legislation," and endeavoured to encourage the company by assuring them that "no legislation in England could ever destroy vested interests." If such scandals as the open sale of Church livings in public auction rooms are continued, the Church itself may be found to be "going, going—gone!" sooner than is expected.

SNORING RAILWAY SLEEPERS.

THE *Times* has been informed by MR. JAMES ASHBURY, Chairman of the Ashbury Railway Carriage and Iron Company (Limited), that the first Sleeping Carriage for use on an English Railway was used on the journey from Glasgow to London on Monday night, and arrived at the Great Northern Terminus, King's Cross, at eight P.M. Success to Railway Sleeping Carriages. Pleasant dreams to those who sleep in them. They will always travel in their dreams, and sometimes different ways. Heretofore railway sleepers have mostly occupied a stationary position below the wheels. May the sleepers in transit repose as securely as those in situ, and may the former never awake to find themselves in a situation of unpleasant contiguity to the latter.

PARLIAMENTARY ANOMALY.

THE Standing Orders are only complied with when the House is sitting.

POOR WILLIAM AND PLAYFUL PADDY.

WITH a ditty full of pity to bemoan him I'll make free,
Whose vocation legislation for Ireland comes to be.
Where A's white light is B's black night, and B's right is A's
wrong;
And reasons go by seasons, weak to-day, to-morrow strong;
And everybody argues, and nobody agrees,
And those your work are first to burke, whom your work was meant
to please:
And the crathers—such their nathers—turn to kick if you caress
them,
And in challenge trail the new coat's tail, in which you've toiled to
dress them;
And when for peace, that strife may cease, you brave the plagues of
martyrs.
With shrill "Hurree!" and "Croom-a-bee!" they rush to cuffs like
Tartars!
If Parliament time be a Pantomime—as says some scoffing joker,—
One thing the Clown had best put down—that's Pat—the red-hot
poker!

Poor WILLIAM see; how painfully his Irish University
He's seasoned up, and reasoned up, what need that *Punch* rehearse
it ye!

A good rich slice, to make it nice, of Trinity plum-pudding;
A Galway fish, to crown the dish, for Ultramontane grubbing;
Snug bursaries,—precursories of prizes of more volume meant;
A fountain Ultramountain of honour and emolument;
The History chair—that blistery chair for rival Churches—banished;
Ditto Morals, lest for quarrels it might stand, its morals vanished;
Each lecturer—a picture here of Liberalism's dominion—
Sects to puzzle) in a muzzle, that he bite no man's opinion;
Sare was never scheme so clever, to please each denomination,
And lo! the end is not a friend 'twixt it and execration!

The fate of fools between two stools, we know, is downfall fitting;
Then tell me what must be his lot who on four stools tries sitting?

And that is where, 'twixt earth and air, my WILLIAM seems to be
now;
'Twixt mild MAGEE, proud Trinity, godless Q. and grim R. C. now:
A modus to patch, and a peace to hatch, out of centuries' brawl and
battle:
From pigs shear wools, turn Papal bulls into harmless, hornless
cattle:
Coax black and white at length to unite, since neither in the lurch is;
And make the 'ologies, with apologies, knuckle down to the Churches.
But storms are near, to blast, I fear, hopes of millennial weather,
With lambs and lions in sweet alliance in Academe together.
And the self-same fate, methinks, will await those who'd foster this
peace-germ, Sirs,
As waits all who'd run two extremes into one, without a common
term, Sirs.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

GIVING sixpence to an organ-grinder, when you are hard at head
work, in the illusive hope of purchasing his silence; and then find-
ing him repeating his call regularly at precisely the same hour, and
playing with marked emphasis close before your door-step.

Running errands for your Aunt, and petting her asthmatic pug-
dog, in the hope that at her death you will be liberally rewarded;
and discovering, after all, that she has lived on an annuity, and died
very nearly penniless.

Putting off and putting off a call upon your coal-merchant, in the
vain and feeble hope of prices coming down; and finding, in the
end, that the greatest rise has happened exactly on the day when
you are burning your last scuttleful, and are compelled to give an
order.

Hurrying home to dinner with a splendidly fine appetite, which
you cannot avoid hoping will be worthily appeased; and, alas! dis-
covering that the *pièce de resistance* is cold mutton.

Hailing a passing Hansom in the hope to catch your train, for
which you are already late, and finding that the horse is an incorri-
gible jibber.

Shrove Tuesday.—Again the Lords took things easy, but in the first place they had no chance of taking them hard, and in the next *Punch* would condone almost anything they could do, in consideration of what they did do forty-eight hours later.

LORD HARTINGTON told the Commons that Ministers did not mean to prosecute any more of the priestly or other offenders whom MR. JUSTICE KEOH recommended to the attention of a jury. So that farce is played out. Such a termination might have been foreseen. Trial by Jury does not suit the Irish nature, and the best way to try Irishmen charged with anything at all connected with their religion, will be to change the venue to the Central Criminal Court. There they will in many cases be acquitted, no doubt, but it will be for a reason which can be accepted by rational men.

MR. GLADSTONE moving that the House should not meet till two next day, Ash-Wednesday,

MR. PETER TAYLOR got up, and objected to delaying business because a portion of the House wished to go to Church. This eminent Christian then decently bracketted that wish with the desire for adjournment on the Derby Day, which he thought equally unreasonable. It was the kind of thing to be expected from the sentimental gentleman who blubs over hellowing garotters. The reporters say he raised ironical cheers from all parts of the House. But "irony" to MR. PETER TAYLOR! There were 222 who chose to show respect to religion against 56 who followed PETER into the lobby.

We then had a debate as to the propriety of calling Parliaments together for an early session in November. Good Jupiter! isn't there talk enough already? However, the idea was scouted.

MR. SEELY raised an Admiralty debate, and said wise things, which it was MR. GÖSCHEN'S business to prove were unwise. He did not exactly succeed in this, but he got a majority of 114 to 13, so the First Lord went off under a salute of 101 guns.

Ash Wednesday.—We went to Church. We threw out by 181 to 48 a Scotch Poor Law Bill, and then we peacefully retired to our home to eat salt fish with egg-sauce,—PETER TAYLOR not having prohibited this.

Thursday.—The Peers of England did their duty. They mustered in full force, at the call of LORD SALISBURY, to execute sentence upon that Bill for Disfiguring the Thames at Hampton Court.

"Sharp was the blade, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."

LORD FITZ-WALTER—he was SIR BROOK BRIDGES—moved the Second Reading, and begged the Lords to let the Bill go to a Committee;—the plan was not nearly so bad as had been said, and then the poor Company was bound to find water for a lot of parishes, and—here was a good bit of Philistinism—the plan did not affect Residential Property.

Up rose LORD SALISBURY, and, to do him justice, he had a desperate struggle with himself to avoid being too uncivil, after such an opening speech. But justice and instinct were too strong for him, and he soon began to lay on nobly. *Mr. Punch*, standing by the Throne, cheered him without the slightest regard to place or propriety, and has rewarded him with a Cartoon which will be his glory till he gets the Garter, perhaps afterwards. His Lordship demanded the rejection of the Bill.

LORD GRANVILLE did not please us. He could not form an opinion,—people contradicted one another,—wouldn't it be better to let a Committee decide?

The MARQUIS OF HERTFORD, on behalf of the thousands who resort to Hampton Court, voted for rejection. So did

LORD MIDDLETON, who, moreover, said he had no reason to feel confidence in the Company's professions.

EARL GREY, of course, was against the view taken by non-crotchety men, and deprecated excitement.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND utterly condemned the Bill.

LORD REDSDALE would not vote.

LORD GRANVILLE asked LORD FITZ-WALTER whether he would undertake that the Company would leave the bank and trees intact, and the latter Lord promised this, whereon

LORD SALISBURY, having cut down his enemy with his sword, stuck the dagger of mercy into his eye by observing that before a Committee there would be nobody to force the Company to keep its word, and then a division was taken, and

The Disfigurement Bill was thrown out by 70 to 29. *Punch* wonders whether the Park patriots will have one decent word to say about this act on the part of the bullying aristocrats and bloated bishops, who exist only to oppress the "Sons of Toil."

The Commons made a night of it, chiefly on the Estimates, MR. FOWLER wishing to reduce our Army by 10,000 men. But a very important Bill for constituting a Council of Three, with power to superintend the Railway system, and compel the Companies to do their duty by the public and each other, was actually read a Second Time. The news is good and yet true. Will not the Railway men wake up yet, and fight for their tyrannies? Why, under this Bill, the Three might exclude the Juggernaut Vans from the principal streets during the hours when civilised men and women want them!

Friday.—MR. MACFIE made a speech about our relations with the Colonies, and humanely cut it short on hearing the imploring cries of the afflicted Members. Such laments would have drawn

"Iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

LORD BURY said that the Colonial Society had not accredited MR. MACFIE as their representative. His Motion was withdrawn.

Then we nearly got into a muddle, for SIR JOHN PAKINGTON and MR. CARDWELL were to have it out upon the Estimates, and neither was present. The attendance of other Members was very small. But the missing leaders came in, and we got to work at last, and after a queer speech from SIR W. LAWSON, who urged the wickedness of inventing machines to kill our fellow-creatures, and how nice it would be in MR. GLADSTONE to be the Apostle of Disarmament, we rejected, by 158 to 43, MR. FOWLER'S proposal to weaken our Army, and we voted a good deal of money for military purposes.

Be it added that DR. CULLEN and a number of other Catholic hierarchs in Ireland have declared war on the Irish Education Bill. This seems the best possible reason why a British Parliament should pass it. *Laudari laudatis* may be reversed with significance, *pro hac vice*.

GOOD TIMES FOR DUNCES.



"UNIVERSITY ACT (IRELAND) 1873. — 'No disqualification shall attach to any candidate in any examination by reason of his adopting in modern history . . . or any other branch of learning, any particular theory in preference to any other received theory.'"

An amusing incident occurred yesterday at the Examination for the B.A. degree of the University of Dublin:

Present—the Board of Examiners, and MR. O'TOMNODDY.

President of Examiners (blandly). We regret to inform you, MR. O'TOMNODDY, that we are unanimously of opinion that we must refuse you your *testamur*, or (to use the vernacular which, to judge from your papers, you only understand) must pluck you.

O'Tomnoddy (politely). Am I to understand, Sir, that my examination is such as to disqualify me for a degree?

President of Examiners (angrily). Certainly, Sir: and, if I must use still plainer language, I may tell you that your recent performance is a disgrace to yourself, and an insult to the University.

O'Tomnoddy (with increasing politeness). Might I ask for specimens from the papers which have incurred such opprobrium.

President of Examiners. You may, Sir, though it is not our usual practice to furnish them. I find that you translate *Cæsar transiit Alpes summâ diligentia* by "CÆSAR crossed the Alps on the top of a diligence;" that you state that "HAGAR was an Ishmaelite indeed, in whom there was no guile;" in astronomy you assert that "the earth is a square plane round which the heavenly bodies revolve;" and that in modern history you say that "JOHN HAMPDEN was the architect of Hampden Court Palace."

O'Tomnoddy (rising indignantly). And it is for this that I am plucked? Allow me to tell you, Gentlemen, that these my theories have been held by wiser men than you or I; and allow me to remind you that the Act to which you owe your existence as Examiners provides in my defence that no disqualification shall attach to me for adopting any particular theory in preference to any other received theory. By plucking me, Gentlemen, you have violated an Act of Parliament: by such violation you are guilty of a *misdeemeanour*, and it is the duty of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to prosecute you (HARCOURT, C. J., in *Odger v. Ayrton*); and I, for my part, will take care that he fulfils his duty.

[The Examiners tremble; instantly give MR. O'TOMNODDY his degree, and appoint him to a Fellowship under Clause 21 of the Act.]



ÆSTHETIC WITH A VENGEANCE.

Tom. "I SAY, OLD MAN, NOW YOU'VE GOT THAT STUNNING HOUSE OF YOURS, YOU OUGHT TO BE LOOKING OUT FOR A WIFE!"

Rodolphus. "QUITE SO. I WAS THINKING OF ONE OF THOSE MISS GIBSONS, DON'T YOU KNOW——"

Tom. "AH! LET ME RECOMMEND THE TALL ONE, OLD MAN. SHE'LL MAKE THE BEST WIFE IN THE WORLD!"

Rodolphus. "QUITE SO. BUT THE SHORT ONE SEEMS TO HARMONISE BETTER WITH THE KIND OF FURNITURE I GO IN FOR—BUHL AND MARQUETERIE, DON'T YOU KNOW."

TO THE NYMPHS OF THAMES.

(In Memory of the Chelsea Water-Works Bill, for embanking the Thames opposite Hampton Court, thrown out in the House of Lords, Thursday, February 27.)

NAIADS of Thames, that in May's moonlit eve
Sport swanlike with the swans in rushy bowers,
Or under flickering veil of willow-leaves
Lave your white limbs in sleepy summer hours,
Rejoice, that still you may behold the towers
Of WOLSEY's flower-girt pile, reflected fair
In Thames' glass, set in a green margent, bare
Of their vile load, that sought usurping powers
To chain your stream, and clip its reaches rare
With rigid rods of brick-work straight and square!

Still shall you minister the pure delight
Of blossomed bank, lush meadow, devious stream,
To weary wayfarer and toil-worn wight,
Who for long months beholds not, save in dream,
Nature's fair face, athwart the smoke and steam
Of the choked City: still shall your glad eyes
Watch happy lovers, changing smiles and sighs,
In tune with the broad river's gloom and gleam,
And all joy that exalts, or restful lies,
Where Thames clear reaches mirror clearer skies.

He thought to drive you from your rushy nooks,
Trusted in your green haunts to make his hold,
The Hydra—that with hundred heads and hooks,
Boasts strength to crush with ever-widening fold:
Ever he craves for prey; and, grown more bold,
The more men cower before his open jaws,

Takes his usurping appetites for laws;
And ramping ever more and more for gold,
Deems not that Nymphs of Thames can give him pause,
And find a Hercules to assert their cause.

But lo! Thames' Nymphs their Hercules have found,
To grapple with the Hydra—in despite
Of maws that hiss, and claws that clutch the ground—
And bear him to the ground in foughten fight!
Beaten and breathless, fain the dust to bite,
Shorn of his strength, and baffled of his aims,
Crushed all his heads, his strengths all turned to shames,
He lies, a thing to mock, not to affright,
While all the host that haunts and loves the Thames,
Its gratitude to Hercules proclaims.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE STRIKE.

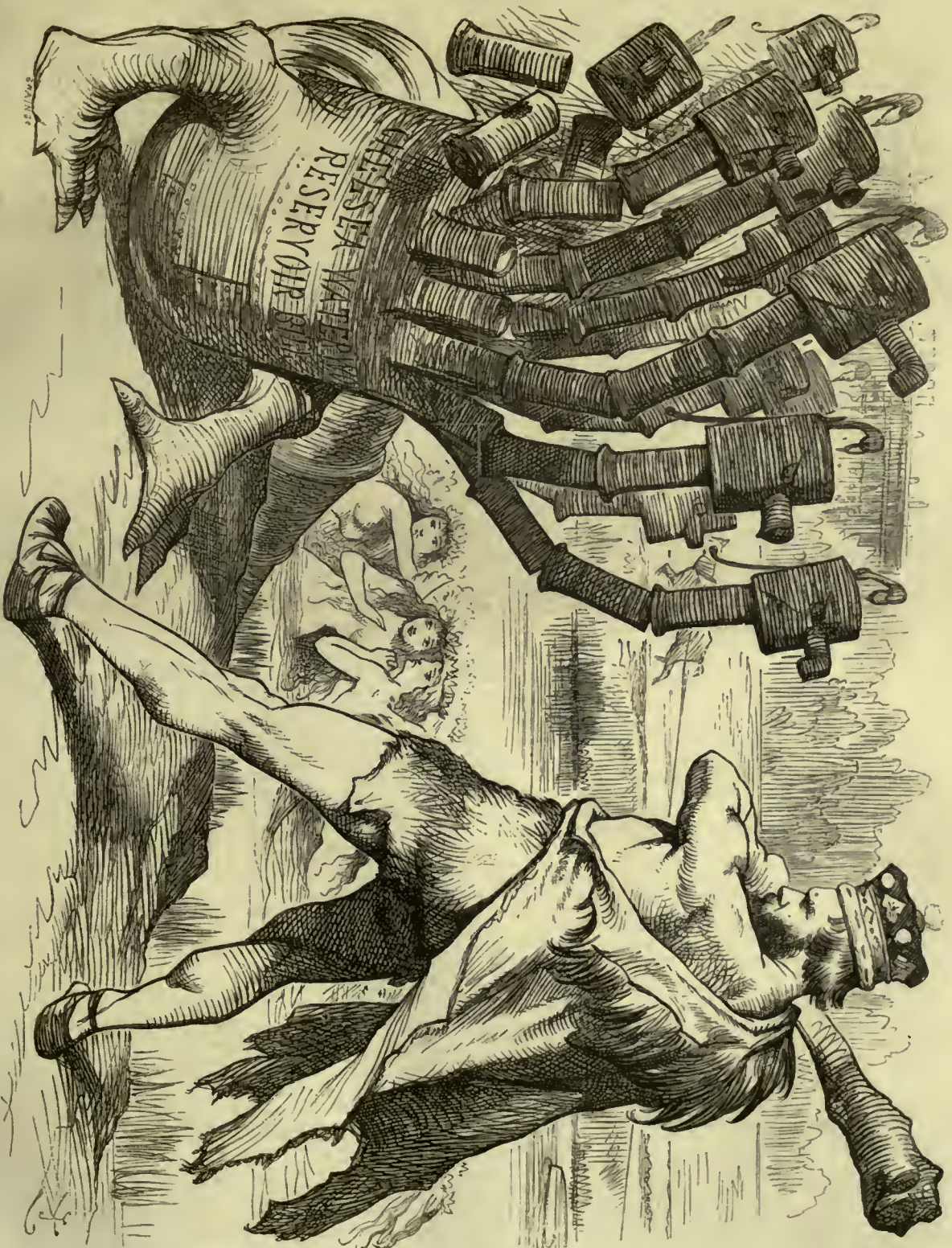
OUR friend, W. S., who has a word in season for everybody, says, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

"Are Colliers counted Bright?"

Making this a question, we propose to let him make answer unto himself. Judging by their present suicidal course, *Punch* would say, from the same play :—

"I dare not call them Fools, but this I think,
When they are thirsty, Fools would fain have drink."

And, by the way, they are generally thirsty, but, according to accounts, despising the poor creature, Small Beer, they quench their thirst in draughts of what they are pleased to call "fizz," but what is known in civilised society as Champagne. Well, set certain people on horseback, and we know the end of their ride.



THE HAMPTON HYDRA.

HERCULES . . . LORD SALISBURY. | THE HYDRA . . . CHELSEA WATERWORKS CO.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Assists at the first representation of "Man and Wife," and addresses the Editor as usual.



PRESENT was I at the première of *Man and Wife* at the Prince of Wales's. To say this, is to say that MR. and MRS. BANCROFT, with their generally excellent company, played a piece which MR. WILKIE COLLINS had dramatised from his own novel, or which he had previously novelised from his own subsequently - produced drama; and to say all this is equivalent to announcing my assistance at a Prince of Wales's Successors.

But this is a special occasion, not critical.

when, as representing You, Sir, "I am nothing, if not critical." I will, therefore, commence by mentioning a fact, and then dismissing it, in order to proceed with my analysis. This fact, then, is, that the success of *Man and Wife* is mainly due to the ingenuity displayed by the author in sustaining the interest in the latter part of the Fourth Act, and to the acting of MR. COGHLAN, whose consummate art was shown in his masterly impersonation of a character which is, perhaps, without exception, the most brutal and unsympathetic ever seen on the English Stage. *Iago* is a fool to him: besides *Iago* is witty, and sings a song. As it is possible to love the sinner and hate the sin, so can one render the heartiest tribute of applause to the actor, while execrating the villain whom he has been portraying; and, the stronger the audience's detestation of the character exhibited, the greater must be the artist's merit.

Of the rest of the company I will speak presently. I wish to consider the piece.

In order, then, to pronounce impartially upon its merits it will be necessary to divest the play of the accidents of its production. I must be allowed to eliminate from the whole expression such quantities as are represented by the names of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT, MISS FOOTE, MR. COGHLAN, MR. HARE, and all the Royal Prince of Wales's family party; and, with them, must go the prestige of the Theatre, and, as superadded to all this, the well-deserved popularity of MR. WILKIE COLLINS, and the previous reputation of the novel of *Man and Wife*.

What remains? The play: and for it a clear stage and no favour.

I suppose myself one of an ordinary audience present on the first night of a new Drama, called *Man and Wife*, written by MR. NEMO for performance at the Royal No-Name Theatre by a company of comedians unknown to fame, but equal in ability to those of the Prince of Wales's, and playing as they played on the first representation of MR. COLLINS's play. This entire hypothesis granted, I criticise the drama in question.

The plot, then, of this play is weak; the majority of the *dramatis personæ* uninteresting, and, on calm consideration, actually unnecessary. The story can be told in a few lines, which I will suppose spoken by *Anne Silvester* :—

Anne (log). GEOFFREY wrote me a letter promising marriage, and sent it by ARNOLD, who, when he brought it to me at the Scotch Inn, called me his wife. GEOFFREY tried to make out that therefore I was ARNOLD's wife; but I showed his letter to a Scotch Lawyer, who decided I was not. That is all.

This is the sum of the plot, which employs *Arnold*, *Geoffrey*, *Anne*, and a Scotch Lawyer. The piece could be played in two scenes. Scene 1st. Room in a Scotch Inn. Scene 2. Office of a Scotch Lawyer. Other scenes and persons are superfluous. However, I will take them all in some sort of order.

These personages, then, whom it would be an error to style cha-

racters (one only being at all worthy of the distinction), are either so neutrally tinted as to be almost colourless, or so obtrusively glaring as to present the effect of inartistic exaggeration.

To begin with the "Spindle Side." *Lady Lundie* is a nonentity:

Where she goes, or how she fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

Blanche Lundie is another nonentity: and, not to separate the lovers, so is her future husband, *Mr. Arnold Brinkworth*. They are a pair of very ordinary young people, in whose marriage one feels about as much interest as in the ultimate fate of a couple of *ombres chinoises* on a piece of strained calico, with a light behind. But, if the audience be indifferent to the happiness of these shadowy betrothed ones, then the play has already failed in more than half its object; for these two are the virtuous heroine and hero, whose prosperity is endangered by the machinations of the villain.

Anne Silvester is a painful instance of a young lady whose generally excellent practice has not, in one trifling particular, been exactly up to the high level of her generally excellent principles. She is remorseful, but not penitent. She is sorry on account of the inconvenient consequences; and it is difficult to suppose that she would have had a moment's anxiety but for these consequences, as, on no occasion, does one expression of contrition escape her. On the contrary, apart from her sulky and disagreeable manner with her friends, she avails herself of the earliest opportunity afforded by the play, for bullying into marriage with her the man for whom, but a short time since, she must (in order to have any excuse at all for her conduct) have experienced a passion which was, it is to be charitably supposed, the madness of infatuation. When he morosely hesitates, she brings him to the point by threatening to drown herself. This has the desired effect on *Geoffrey Delamayn*, who is not, it seems, bad past hope of redemption. As this young man is not only very young (for he is still at College, and talks about rowing in the University eight) but also the son of a nobleman, and, as *Anne Silvester* is a penniless nobody, I cannot help thinking that a jury, composed of Society's Matrons and elderly Men of the World, would pronounce *Miss Anne Silvester* a designing adventuress, and an artful hussy; in which opinion they would be confirmed, could they notice her bearing and overhear her words in this interview with the entrapped athlete, *Geoffrey Delamayn*. Her temper is, in its way, equal to *Geoffrey's*, and when bullying is ineffective, she can cringe, whine, and wheedle, in order to gain her purpose. This young person has forfeited all claim to respect, and excites contempt for her selfishness and cowardice, rather than pity for her unfortunate condition. On my word, I would as soon weep over *Becky Sharp's* humiliations, as drop a single tear over the woes of *Miss Anne Silvester*.

Geoffrey is a sort of ill-conditioned, bad-mannered *Rawdon Crawley*, or a superior sort of *Tony Lumpkin*, without those good-hearted qualities that made *Mrs. Harcastle's* son a chuckle-headed fool, and the absence of which makes *Mr. Geoffrey* a loutish scoundrel to his friend *Arnold*, and an awkward liar to the woman who had been satisfied to trust his word. That nothing can be said in *Geoffrey's* praise, is not much to *Anne Silvester's* credit. Otherwise, I suppose *Geoffrey* to have been an honourable man in his own sporting circle, and to have been valued by friends of his own kidney at the University; and there is not a hint to the contrary. Can an audience feel any interest in such a couple as this? It might, were these two placed in more thrillingly sensational situations than are to be found in this play of *Man and Wife*. If compassion is to be aroused for anyone, it must be for the unhappy *Geoffrey*, who is subject to paralytic attacks, and who bears intense pain, in the Third Act, with the pluck of a Spartan warrior, and the calmness of a Stoic. Besides, he has saved *Arnold Brinkworth* from drowning, for which humane act the audience, at least, has small cause for gratitude. But if there be no interest for this hero and heroine, and it was shown that there was no interest in the other hero and heroine, and on the fate of these four the whole interest necessarily depends, in what personages or in what portion of the play is there any interest whatever? If you do not care a straw for the four persons already mentioned, you cannot care for the issue of their misty difficulties—that is, you cannot care for the play.

To go on with the *dramatis personæ*. *Sir Patrick Lundie* is a pretentious nonentity. He says wise things, and acts foolishly. He talks vaguely about "fighting a case," when he simply has not got a case to fight; and after this bravado, he contents himself with asking a few unimportant questions, leading to nothing, and then yields, without a blow, when told that he is acting illegally, and, in point of fact, wasting everybody's time for his own amusement in his own picture-gallery. His conduct helps to spin out the Act—that is all.

Bishopriggs, the Scotch waiter, has a great deal too much to say for what he has to do; and *Mr. Speedwell*, the Dooter, has a great deal too much to do for what he has got to say. So gloomy and saturnine a physician as *Mr. Speedwell* would lose, in two visits, whatever small practice chance might have previously thrown in his



INCIDENT OF AN ICE DAY.

Lady. "GOING AWAY TO-MORROW, MR. MANNERS! O, BUT I CANNOT POSSIBLY DO WITHOUT YOU AT MY SKATING PARTY! YOU ARE THE ONLY DISENGAGED MAN ON MY LIST!"

Mr. M. "EXACTLY, MY DEAR MADAM. THE FROST HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR SO MANY FELLOWS DOWN HERE, THAT I POSITIVELY DARE NOT STOP ANY LONGER—MIGHT GET CAPTURED MYSELF, YOU KNOW!"

way. Were his bill for medical attendance as long as his face, no one would venture to consult him twice. Called suddenly into a nursery, he would frighten the children out of measles into fits, and if they survived, in spite of his attentions, he would dwell in their memories as "Bogie" from the coal-hole.

There was a French piece called *L'Ange de Minuit*, wherein every fresh appearance of *L'Ange* was the certain death-warrant of some unfortunate person among the principals of the *dramatis personæ*, for *L'Ange* refused positively to take the supernumeraries, who, every man Jack of them, remained hale and hearty at the end of this awful drama, and perhaps sang a *Survivors' Finales*. *Mr. Speedwell, M.D.*, reminded me forcibly of *L'Ange*. A touch of the grim playfulness of the *Bottle Imp* would have gone far to complete his character (red tinsel being added, of course, to his eyelids,—and what a Doctor he'd be then!), and if he had only stretched out his demon arms, and exclaimed, hoarsely, "You must learn to love me!" and if, as a further suggestion, at the end, instead of *Geoffrey's* being left quivering on a chair, a trap had opened in the centre of the stage, and the Demon Doctor had descended in blue and red flames, taking with him this infamous paralytic, it would have been a climax more in keeping with the *Faust-and-Marguerite* sort of people represented by *Geoffrey* and *Anne*, and the Mephistophelean characteristics of the diabolical *Doctor Speedwell*. These be hints. Let Mr. Nameless the Author remove it from No-name Theatre, transpontinise it, and reproduce it as a thrillingly sensational Melodrama, with fearful ghosts, terrific combats, unprecedented murders, and astounding explosions, entitled *Man and Wife, or Dalamayn and the D*—!!

Now from the Unknown Land to the Prince of Wales's.

Nothing that *Mrs. Bancroft*, as *Blanche Lundie*, had to say was lost, and she has to say some good things; not over many. One of her speeches I must recall, Sir. She tells her lover that she is quite unhappy, and adds, with all that affectionate petulance which has lightened up so many a play at her Theatre, "Why don't you come and comfort me?" Her tone abides on my ear, and I rejoice to give it lodging there. She talks and acts in the First Act,

appears in the Second, talks and acts in the Third, and is behind her pocket-handkerchief during the Fourth. I suppose she played to strengthen the cast, and *MR. BANCROFT* took *Dr. Speedwell* for the same reason. Otherwise *MR. ARCHER*, who so admirably impersonated *Deadly Smooth*, in *Money*, would have made a very good Doctor. *MR. BANCROFT's* make-up was wonderful.

MR. HARE, always a favourite as an elderly aristocrat, is growing out of Old Men's parts. It is really time he should be put into turn-down collars to begin with, and then into jackets.

MR. DEWAR's Scotch dialect was, a Scotchman told me, "just perfect." I admitted its probable perfection, and was delighted at its certain finish. His accent was very broad, but it suited the character of much that he had to say. The success of the piece is the success of the Last Act. The author, after a vast amount of feinting and dodging, fairly staggers the audience with the masterly blow of *Geoffrey's* paralytic stroke, just as *Geoffrey* is apparently going to do his wife a mischief, and when the audience, mindful of the novel, expect that the whole of the latter portion of the story will be concentrated into one murderous action, in this last Act, to be of course prevented by the paralysis, and perhaps by the villain's death, *Geoffrey* (in spite of *Speedwell's* opinion) does not die, but the curtain descends on the hopeful picture of *Geoffrey* turning lovingly, in his helplessness, towards his wife, who, kneeling at his side, adjures him to "come home." Hence the audience is left to infer that, if he dies, he dies at peace with her and the world generally, and if he lives he will acknowledge his gratitude for her attentions by smiling on her fondly.

The Library and the Picture Gallery were two of the most perfect "sets" ever seen, even in this Theatre.

Well, perhaps, after all, the piece will be running two years hence. That it will certainly draw for a time, for the very reasons which made me take my seat at the No-Name Establishment, and that what may prove a great success at the Prince of Wales's would have turned out but a very indifferent affair at any other Theatre, are the two fixed opinions of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &C.

Brown. "HULLO, JONES! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Jones (Amateur Tenor). "O, DREADFUL CHRONIC INFLAMMATION OF THE LARYNX! LOST MY VOICE ENTIRELY!"

Brown. "DEAR ME! YOU DON'T MEAN THAT?"

Jones. "YES—BEEN OBLIGED TO GIVE UP SINGING ALTOGETHER!"

Brown (with alacrity). "BY GEORGE, LOOK HERE, OLD FELLOW! COME AND DINE WITH US TO-NIGHT, AND SPEND THE EVENING."

THE UNIVERSITY BILL—IRISH JOURNALISM.

FROM our ancient and amiable contemporary, the *Londonderry Sentinel*, we cut the following exquisite specimen of the unconscious waggery of our dear friends that dwell beside "the melancholy Ocean,"—

"ERRATUM.—In our issue of the 22nd instant we announced the death of WILLIAM SEVENSTARS, Esq., of High Street, Omagh. We regret to hear that the announcement was not correct. MR. SEVENSTARS, who had reached a ripe old age, was ill at the time, and it was even reported that he was dead. The report was received as true, and a correspondent, in his desire to transmit the news without delay, instead of waiting till he would hear something about it from the friends of MR. SEVENSTARS, fell into the error referred to. The intimation was not an unmeaning hoax; it was simply a mistake, and we may add that MR. SEVENSTARS' death has since been announced in a Belfast paper."

Mr. Punch is highly gratified to find his brethren in Ireland so painfully solicitous concerning the strict accuracy of their statements; and he warmly congratulates them on having "ripe" old gentlemen like MR. SEVENSTARS, who are so extremely obliging as to die just in time to save the credit of an imaginative Correspondent.

Metaphysics.

(For the *National Irish University in Nubthus*.)

IF the visible word has no real objectivity, then different people exist only in the minds of one another; which is absurd.

THE UNLUCKY LOVERS.

(A Ballad for Belgravia.)

TAKE back thy heart, nor ask me why
Thy precious gift I thus restore:
Believe me that I fain would sigh
To think our day-dream, love, is o'er.

Nay, deem me not a fickle swain,
Nor fancy, in a faithless hour
Enslaved by some fair rival's chain,
I've yielded captive to her power.

Methought—'twas but an idle guess—
That when I called to seek thy hand,
Thy parent would our union bless,
And something handsome nobly stand.

Alas! he says he can't afford
To give his child a single thon . . .
And as I've not one sou, MADGE WARD,
Can we, with prudence, marry now?

BLESSED BAD LUCK.

The Post, a few days ago, announced:—

"A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.—A deputation of feudalist Austrian Czechs, headed by COUNT SCHÖNBORN and THUN, has undertaken a pilgrimage to Rome to implore the POPE's blessing on the opposition raised by their party to the Electoral Reform Bill. The POPE has fixed next Thursday for an interview."

By this time it would be too late, if it were desirable, to caution these pilgrims to mind what they are about. They have had their interview with the POPE, and obtained his blessing. Much good may it do them! Spiritually and personally, perhaps it will. But as to the Electoral Reform Bill above referred to, the authors of that proposed measure, judging from the events which have uniformly followed the Papal benediction in the political and mundane sphere, will perhaps be thankful to His Holiness for having bestowed it on their adversaries.

Economical Idea.

A GALLANT Sea-Officer suggests, in reference to the Pirate Chieftain, EMMANUEL BACCA, now a prisoner on the Island of Ascension, that he be conveyed to England, landed at the Victoria Docks, put into the Queen's Pipe, and consumed with the other "condemned 'Bacca."

REAL WORKING MEN.—Mages College has been compared with that of St. Bees. We hope favourably, as at the latter they turn out all the Drones.

QUADRUPEDS AND BIPEDS.

A COMMITTEE of Inquiry will soon discover whether there is or not any truth in the alleged scarcity of English horses. In the meanwhile, a parallel investigation might be suggested; but it is needless. When we consider the ruinous striking mania which spreads from trade to trade like a cattle plague (only that, unfortunately, it cannot be stamped out); when we reflect upon all the rampant leagues and associations with platform spouters at the head of them, propagating enthusiasm for minding other people's business, as it were, from herd to herd: when we try to estimate the arithmetical quantity of these and all the other kinds of British "schöürmerci," we shall see very plainly that, be the case what it may as to the sufficiency or insufficiency of the number of our horses for the public service, there is, in relation to the peace and happiness of the community, a most insufferable superabundance of asses.

Our Own Druid in a New Character.

(Private Performance of "Every Man in His Humour." Act iii. sc. 5.)

Right Hon. E. Cardwell (as Captain Bobadil, loq.). Observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the State, . . . to save the one-half, nay, three parts of HER MAJESTY's yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

J. Bull (as E. Knowell). Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Capt. Bob. Why thus, Sir. [Delivers his Army Estimates.]



A PERFECT EXCUSE.

Rector (to his Keeper). "MORNING, WOODGATE. DIDN'T I SEE YOU AT CHURCH YESTERDAY?"

Keeper (apologetically). "YES, SIR. BUT—I FELT I WAS A DOIN' WRONG ALL THE TIME, SIR!"

"TO YOUR 'TENTS,' O ISRAEL!"

RELIGION having long since found it necessary to have nothing to say to Trade, the latter has awakened to a sense of the duty of taking tender care of Religion. There lies before us a delightful circular in which an eminent firm of wine-merchants proposes to deal with a difficulty which is supposed to exercise our clergy, touching the character of the wine used in church on a solemn occasion. We are apprised that there is a "strong opinion" in favour of using "unfermented" wine. This, therefore, the firm in question offers to supply—a "tent" at 28s. and at 40s., and the character of the house is high, and we doubt not that the liquid is all that it professes to be. But—what next, and next? The text is not one for our handling very freely, and we should prefer to leave it to some large-minded Broad Church parson. Only, we should like to ask the persons who hold the "strong opinion" asserted to exist, whether they suppose that the wine used when the original ceremonial—we purposely avoid closer contact with serious matters—was instituted was "unfermented," and whether they think that the wine so often alluded in the Book now under revision in the Jerusalem Chamber was non-intoxicating, and if so, why were "old bottles" likely to burst, and why in the Book are good men perpetually warned against "excess." We fancy too that we have heard something about "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," and that the rational use thereof is by no means discouraged by the highest authority. But we live and learn, and only wish that what we learn conduced to wiser living.

Redintegratio Amoris.

THE objection to the new Married Women's Property Bill, that it will substitute litigation for love between man and wife, answers itself. That measure, if passed, will renew the terms on which the married were related in courtship preceding marriage. Engaged under its provisions in *Nisi Prius* and County Courtship, wedded partners will again become suitors and sned.

ASPIRATIONS.

I WISH I were a Panper, supported by the State,
Subsisting on the taxes, and not the parish rate;
An able-bodied Panper, that had no work to do,
Out-door relief receiving; enjoying in-door too.

O that I had a Pension, enough for my support,
A suite of rooms besides in the Palace, Hampton Court.
I then should lead a life from both care and envy free,
Till Death snuffed out life's candle, and put an end to me.

I wish I were a Parson, to preach without reply,
From boobies who, unthinking, at table-talkers fly,
Not waiting till a sentence is brought unto an end,
Its last half hearers needing its first to comprehend.

I wish I were a Parson, to speak my candid mind
And point out things to people to which they'd fain be blind,
With neither groans nor hisses my true remarks to drown;
And nobody attempting to cough or laugh me down.

Official Facts.

WHAT are the duties of "The Auditor-General?"
To listen to everything and everybody. In this capacity he is never able to hear any good of himself. In his diet he is unrestricted, except that he must live chiefly upon sound. He generally lives to a good old age, and dies full of ears.

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS.

Volunteered Contributions Punch never returns:
In summer he tears them, in winter he burns.



"CIRCUMLOCUTORY!"

Polite Coster (seeing Smoke issuing from Brown's coat-pocket). "YOU 'LL EXCUSE ME ADDRESSIN' O' YOU, SIR,—COMMON MAN IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN'—GEN'LEMAN LIKE YOU, SIR—BEGGIN' PARDON FOR TAKIN' THE LIBERTY, WHICH I SHOULD NEVER A' THOUGHT O' DOIN' UNDER ORDINARY SUCCEMSTANCES, SIR, ON'Y YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AWARE ON IT, BUT IT STRUCK ME AS I SEE YOU A GOIN' ALONG, AS YOU WERE A-FIRE, SIR!"

[By this time Brown's right coat-tail was entirely consumed. His fuses had ignited by private arrangement among themselves.

THE GREAT UNDERPAID.

AMONG those who, not included among the Striking Classes, have the most reason to strike, may be mentioned the London Stipendiary Magistrates. The Hon. G. C. NORTON, who for many years adorned a Metropolitan Police Court, has demonstrated this truth in a letter to the *Times*, on behalf of his sometime colleagues. The present salaries were fixed thirty-five years ago by assessors of whom though SIR ROBERT PEEL was one, JOSEPH HUME was another. Their Worships, therefore, may be supposed not to have got too much when they were awarded £1200 a-year. This sum has, ever since the imposition of the Income-tax, remained minus that amount of confiscation which salaried public servants are among the privileged classes who have the honour to suffer. In the meanwhile, prices have risen to about double what they were, through the increasing prosperity of this great country and the progressive elevation of the Striking Classes.

In return for a stipend originally cut down to low figures, and since then practically very much reduced, the London Magistrates keep our Capital quiet for us at an expense not exceeding altogether £20,000. They perform, each in himself, the functions of a judge and jury in minor criminal cases. Every one of them is, in a measure, a personal Nisi Prius Court to the lower orders; a Cadi to the Cads; and he works hard every day except Sundays. Whilst their incomes, both absolutely and relatively, have been greatly diminished in the course of years, their work has been enormously increased by the numerous Acts of Parliament which have meanwhile created so many new offences, to the great and glorious increment of British Liberty.

The Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, to be sure, receives something extra. He has £1500 a-year. This is the salary of a County

THE RETURN OF SPRING!

How late the Snowdrop came this year!
Till March, in part, had passed,
The Crocus waited to appear;
It feared the Polar blast.

Chilled were the small birds' tuneful throats;
So they delayed to sing.
We, missing their accustomed notes,
Marked not approaching Spring.

The morning Sun, at last, one day,
Broke out and shone awhile;
And did, with momentary ray,
Upon a Journal smile.

A sudden gleam of gladness bright
Lit up a column's head,
Its title bathing in the light
On "Spring Assizes" shed.

The gay announcement through the breast
Diffused a sudden cheer,
Because it all at once expressed
The fact that Spring was here.

Veterinary Notion.

It seems that an outbreak of a disease amongst horses, called the American Horse Epidemic, is apprehended in Prussia. In the Chamber of Deputies, at Berlin, HERR DONALIE, the other day, inquired what would be done in that event? In replying, the Minister of Agriculture described the horse-disease named American as a species of influenza affecting the noble animal. What to do with it Government would take time to consider. Considering the reputation of a certain herb for efficacy in coughs, together with the fact that the Horse Epidemic is an Influenza amongst horses, the Prussian Government, and indeed our own if need be, may be advised to try Coltsfoot.

Firing up.

WITH coals at forty shillings a ton, some warmth of expression on the part of heads of families may be forgiven. RUMBLE MAYNE (who never forgets his favourite HANDEL), when he replenishes the grate, contents himself with adapting the words of one of the principal characters in *Acis and Galatea*, saying, "I burn, I rage."

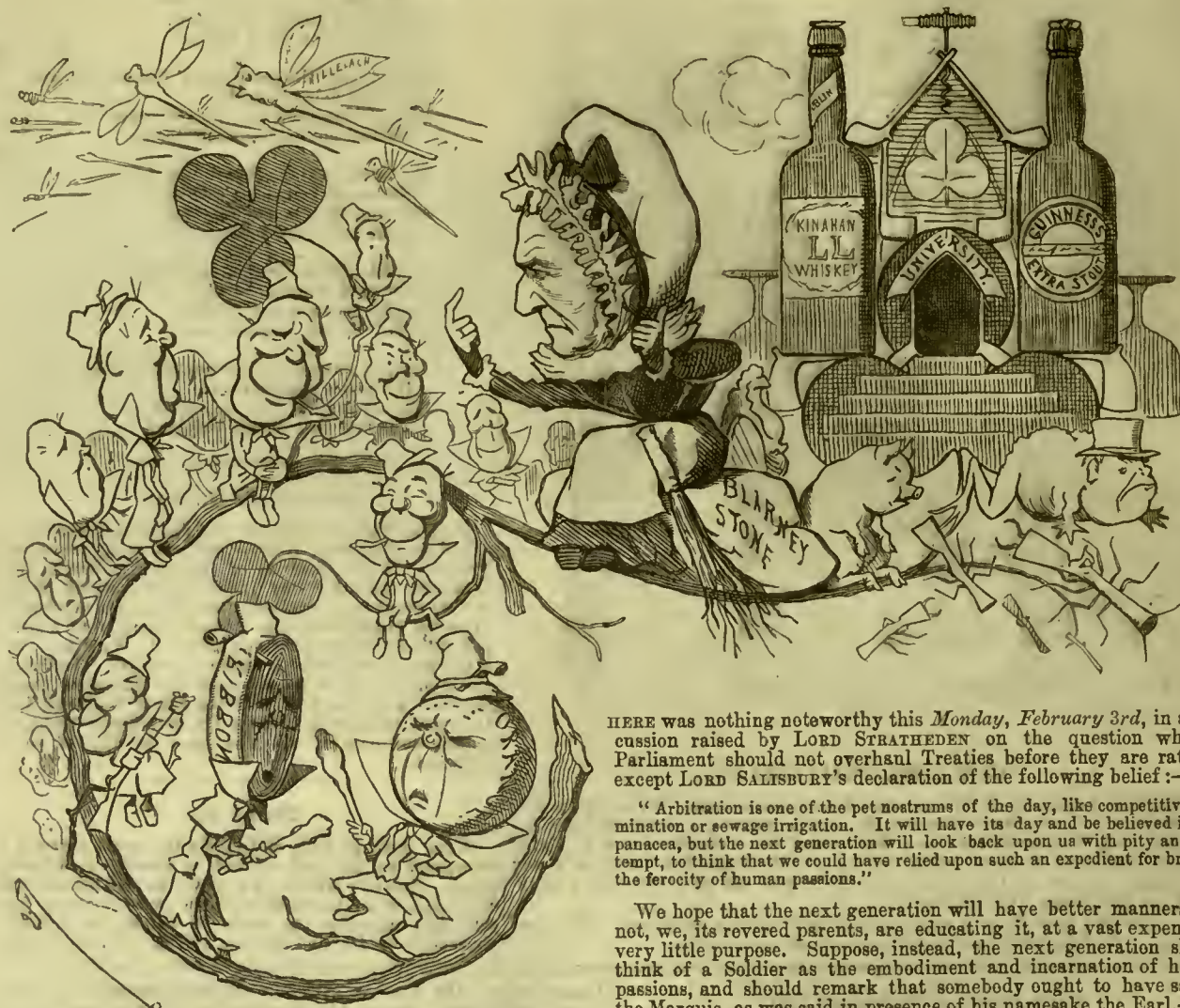
Court Judge. MR. NORTON asks only the same amount each for his former colleagues. Surely his Worship is a labourer worthy of at least as much hire as his Honour. As to utility, indeed, we could, perhaps, do without Police Magistrates not quite so well as with at least ex-Lord Chancellors.

To the above observations it may be added that the London Magistrates do so indifferently administer justice, in the liturgical sense of indifference, that the heading of "Justices' Justice" to a report of its maladministration has come in these days to be quite limited to the provincial papers. The Justice of Justices, so called, is always that of some of those Justices styled the "Great Unpaid." Such justice can deserve no higher payment than what it gets, though it may deserve some other. The Stipendiary Magistrates may, at their present stipends, be denominated the Great Underpaid; the measure of their greatness being that of their services. A truly Liberal Government must see that its reputation for liberality will depend on its adoption or disregard of MR. NORTON's appeal for a reasonable increase of the inadequate stipends of the serviceable, but scantily remunerated, Stipendiaries.

Parliament Out of All Season.

THE author of the proposal that Parliament should assemble for a Winter Session in November did not consider how unseasonable would be the waste of breath within the House of Commons in that month when there is usually so much fog out-of-doors. Neither could he have borne the memory of GUY FAWKES in mind; but then, to be sure, there is no fear that a second GUY FAWKES would adventure to blow up a House which, although including WHALLEY, contains SIR GEORGE BOWYER.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HERE was nothing noteworthy this *Monday, February 3rd*, in a discussion raised by LORD STRATHEDEN on the question whether Parliament should not overhaul Treaties before they are ratified, except LORD SALISBURY's declaration of the following belief:—

"Arbitration is one of the pet nostrums of the day, like competitive examination or sewage irrigation. It will have its day and be believed in as a panacea, but the next generation will look back upon us with pity and contempt, to think that we could have relied upon such an expedient for bridling the ferocity of human passions."

We hope that the next generation will have better manners. If not, we, its revered parents, are educating it, at a vast expense, to very little purpose. Suppose, instead, the next generation should think of a Soldier as the embodiment and incarnation of human passions, and should remark that somebody ought to have said to the Marquis, as was said in presence of his namesake the Earl,—

"What wilt thou do, renowned FAULCONBROOK,
Second a Villain and a Murderer?"

Not that we believe our immediate descendants will be so idiotic, but there's no saying, and we have as much right to suppose things as LORD SALISBURY has.

MR. GLADSTONE, answering MR. GOLDSMID, who remarked that we had paid America exactly a million too much, as the acts of the United States testified, and that we ought to have the balance returned, said that the business was over and we had no further concern with it. Of course not. What's a million to a nation that has no national debt, no taxes, and more money than it knows what to do with, like England? Or, taking the other view, let JOHN BULL resemble the Clerke in *Chaucer*—

"But all be that he was a Philoephre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre."

Certainly, MR. MONSELL. If people will not take the small trouble of putting the right stamps on Newspapers directed abroad, destroy them. Your Postal Guide is not all that it should be, and does not tell us the prices of foreign telegrams, but the stamp rules are very clearly tabulated. We hate careless fools.

LORD ENFIELD's reason why we would not recognise the Spanish Government was exactly the same given to *Tilburina* by her Governor, for not seeing the Spanish Fleet.

Then, Madam, commenced (as housemaids say, we mean began) the Great Debate upon the Irish Higher Education Bill.

Nay, speak not, dear Madam. "Answer us not but with your smile," Madam—to make *Morose's* speech more elegant. We do not intend to trouble you with an account of every speech spoken during this mighty conflict. When you hear what MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, a Minister, and an accomplished Alcibiades (only without any vices), said about the Bill, you will judge whether it is a topic that need be pressed upon you to your weariness. He said on Thursday—

"As a matter of fact, however, the class from which young Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics are drawn in Ireland, is a class which, except for the purposes of the priesthood, is not available for the purposes of higher education at all."

There, Madam! Firstly, remarking that DR. CULLEN, according to the Minister he admires, imitates KING JEROBOAM (of evil memory thereby), that is, makes "priests out of the lowest of the people," we, secondly, submit to you that, however desirable it may be that MR. GLADSTONE should complete his Hibernian Triptych, the subject of the third picture is much less interesting than the skill of the painter. *Materiam superabat opus* will be your Vardi—which was high-life slang for "verdict" in the days when SWIFT wrote *Polite Conversation*. You know more about Verdi than Vardi? Very right too.

Well, Madam, to-night Mr. GLADSTONE, without waiting for an announced Motion, uprose, and answered, by anticipation, the speech which he thought was going to be made. The Bill being an Irish one, this concession to Irish habit seemed delicate and appropriate. He refused to give the names of the twenty-eight gentlemen whom he meant to ask to compose the Governing Council of the University. Pass the Bill, he said, and then we shall know what we have to request them to do. He also mentioned a few small changes which he meant to make in the Bill. The Motion was then made by Mr. BOURKE (a happy man just now, for his country seat is Coalstown), and seconded by LORD EDMUND FITZMAURICE (second son of LORD LANSDOWNE), who said he had asked, on reading the measure, "What enemy of Ireland hath done this?" but did not mention what answer Echo had made.

The Bourke Motion, Madam, was in the nature of an amendment to the regular Motion that the Bill be read a Second Time. The PREMIER described it as a Vote of Censure. Then we went in at it. Mr. C. E. LEWIS, the new M.P. for Londonderry, delivered a long and able maiden speech against the Bill, and begged the House to stick to the Mixed Education which had worked so well for forty years. Had LORD BYRON been alive, and a Commoner, and in the House, and rude, he might have quoted himself:—

"O Mirth and Innocence! O Milk and Water!
Ye happy Mixtures of more happy days!"

Mr. O'MORGAN thought the Milk and Water would not do, and supported the Government; and the O'DONOGHUE was still more fiery, and said that the Catholics would stand nothing but a firmly established Catholic College, to be the fountain of education. Just so. Who speaks of an eternal fountain of darkness perpetually welling out obscurity? Half-a-crown for the quotation, if sent before we go to press.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU (a nobleman who saw the error of Protestant ways, and renounced them) thought the Bill a Bungle, though in a right direction.

MR. FAWCETT delivered a fervid and telling oration against the Bill, which he pounded to pieces. He was specially tremendous on the "gagging clause," which enacts that a teacher shall be punished if he says anything calculated to wound the religious feelings of any member of the University. Do not look incredulous, Madam: the words are before us, and have been well described as a mingling of Tyranny and Twaddle.

LORD HARTINGTON (Irish Secretary) said the Bill had three sets of enemies—the Senate of Dublin University, the students of the Roman Catholic colleges, and the Romish bishops; and that none of these represented the Irish people.

SIR MICHAEL BEACH retorted that if the Bill passed, the Government would feel bound to stick Dr. CULLEN and his prelates into the Council.

"So much for that, and butter for fish," as one of DEAN SWIFT'S elegant ladies observes in the exquisite work already cited. However, we knew butter was not the next thing coming, for Mr. HORSMAN moved the adjournment.

Tuesday.—LORD MALMESBURY had a good deal to say about Game and Rabbits. He wants to show that though preservation interferes with field produce, great compensation is obtained by the sale of the animals. We know nothing about this, but we do know that a rabbit smothered in onions is a dish for the Gods of Epicurus. Ah! you agree, Madam. You have too much real gentility to mock onions. Remember, too, that onions themselves were Gods in ancient Egypt.

"O happy nation here! O blest abodes!
When every garden is alive with gods."

Very proper complaint in the Commons about the high postage and slow communication between us and Italy. Letters, sixpence; time, from four to ten days. MR. MONSELL hopes for improvement.

Then a neat little fray. MR. HENRY JAMES, in honourable and brotherly fashion, stood up for the County Court Judges. We need not go into detail. A very mean thing was ordained by the Treasury about their travelling expenses, but the order was rescinded. MR. JAMES, not having absolute confidence in Governments, demanded whether MR. LOWE, in accepting a motion to affirm the repeal, did so in "its spirit and intention." MR. LOWE made rather a grumpy sort of answer, but Mr. GLADSTONE fired up, and said MR. JAMES had taken an unwarrantable liberty. Possibly, but if everybody waited for "Justice Overdo's Warrant" before doing anything in this world, a good many useful things would be left undone.

MR. PLIMSOLL then moved for the Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of, and certain practices connected with the Commercial Marine.

Simple words, but you know what they mean. *He* meant that, out of 2700 persons annually drowned, four-fifths were needlessly drowned,—and Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen know why. Be it said that as he explained himself, and indignantly dwelt upon homicidal practices, the House of Commons cheered him heartily. *Mr. Punch's* cheer is added in his Cartoon this week.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON seconded the Motion, and begged the Government to concede it in the form that would be the most effective. He, too, adduced some terrible statistics.

MR. CLAY wished for a Commission that could administer oaths. So did MR. SAMUDA, who declared overloading, which was the result of competition, to be the cause of most losses. Now this gentleman knows all about the subject, and asserts that we lose, every year, as many ships as we build.

MR. C. FORTESCUE said something about over-colouring, and exaggeration, but conceded the Commission, and undertook, for Government, that the inquiry, which he proposed to extend, should be carried out.

MR. BENTINCK distrusted Government, and advised MR. PLIMSOLL to draw up his own order of reference.

MR. G. HARDY said that the charges involved "organised manslaughter" (a good phrase), and wished for evidence on oath.

Finally, the Government proposal was accepted. And now, MR. PLIMSOLL, you have a noble work before you, and *Mr. Punch* will back you up against any who may seek to hinder a full investigation into the causes why so many brave fellows are annually drowned.

Wednesday.—No discussion can be actually dull when Salmon, either living or cooked, is the theme, and we talked a good deal about him, and how to preserve him, and the like. Madam, there is no fish like him. Plain boiled hath no fellow. Yet the outlet is not to be disdained, Madam, if your cook hath intellect. Eat him on Sundays, Madam, without scruple (if he be fresh), for he is a Scriptural fish. Boaz was the son of SALMON. We have heard worse reasons for many Sabbatarianisms.

Thursday.—Now, about this time, the hostility to the Irish Bill produced many discouraging leading articles, and a general impression that it was possible *He Might Not Clear It*. The excellent MR. DONSON thought he would do something in aid of the Cabinet, and announced that he would move to refer the Bill to a Select Committee. We were reminded [that a Cabinet, endangered on a Reform Bill, was once saved by this device.

To-night we resumed debate, and MR. HORSMAN had his innings. The "Superior Person," as MR. DISRAELI called him, never did his work in a superior manner. He went at the Bill with vehemence and bitterness, and, having cut it to pieces, declared that it had set the whole Liberal party "shaking in its shoes." (Whence the phrase, by the way? Would DR. DORAN oblige?) It was introduced as a settlement, but the Irish prelates had blasted and ("blast" is from the Saxon *blast*) destroyed all hope of that. Moreover, the Liberal party and its leaders were not in accord on this Bill, as they had been on the Church and Land. Catholics everywhere else were struggling to extricate themselves from the fetters of the priests, and here was a Liberal Minister trying to crush the Layman and exalt the Priest. How were the mighty fallen! The Minister ought to withdraw the Bill. Let the House reject it, and show that it would not permit any Government to degrade legislation, and destroy the independence of Parliament.

MR. FORTESCUE had hard work after this fiery onslaught, especially as the Members had mostly gone away to dinner, but he really managed to say a good deal in an adroit manner.

After several speeches, DR. PLAYFAIR came up, and, as an Academician man, he deplored the exclusion of Philosophy and History, a course that would make the University the laughing-stock of Europe. The Bill was virtually a concession to the Priests, though not all they wanted.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intimated that the "gagging clause" might be given up, whereat the House broke into cheers. He never knew a scheme, meant to produce peace and good-will, so unkindly treated. MR. LOWE is a capital debater, but he was certainly not in good form to-night, and hardly hurt anybody.

MR. G. HARDY wanted MR. GLADSTONE to say what were the exact points on which he should be obliged to stake his political existence. (This, Madam, the PREMIER had hinted at in a speech at a dinner to MR. LOCKE KING.) *Mr. Punch* was reminded of a famous out of his, in other days, where a swell-bagman asks a waiter, "Now, what is the very smallest sum I can give you without being considered mean?" He defied Government to the fight.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT moved the adjournment, and he had four days to prepare himself, as the debate was adjourned till the Monday night.

Friday.—Hooray, Madam, we have a war at last! The KING OF THE ASHANTEES (who they may be is a mere detail) has crossed our frontier with 12,000 men. We are going to fight him. It's refreshing to have pleasant news after all our sordid bother about Strikes, Irish Priests, and Coals.

The Commons had a long night, but a dull one, and there was nearly a Count Out on an Indian question. The river Shannon was much censured for overflowing, but MR. LOWE declined to impose Saxon fetters on a free, noble, and affectionate Irish river.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Matilda (who does not like being "Wallflower"). "YOU'VE NO IDEA, MAUD, HOW UTTERLY IDIOTIC YOU PEOPLE DANCING LOOK TO THOSE WHO SIT DOWN AND WATCH YOU!"

Maud. "I DARE SAY NOT, LOVE! I NEVER TRIED!"

MORE POWER TO PLIMSOLL.

(AIR—"Poor Jack.")

HERE'S more power to PLIMSOLL, for Derby M.P.,
His pluck and his bottom I like,
That at rotten old ships, sent o'erloaded to sea,
Not too soon he's determined to strike.
With a cargo of rails in an old hull stowed tight,
And a deck-load, how pleasant to scud;
While loose bolts, leaky seams, Father Neptune invite,
And the pumps fight in vain with the flood.
Let horrified shipowners never so oft,
His chargee, indignant, fling back,
I call him the Cherub who sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor JACK!

We've heard REED and his rivals, this many a day,
Discussing builds, riggings, and such,
On floatation, stability, jabbering away,
In what sounds to landmen High Dutch.
But whatever the ship of the future may be—
What a ship that will be, when it's seen!—
The ship of the past (hear a voice from the sea!)
Too often a coffin has been.

So says PLIMSOLL, says he, though our tars aren't so soft
At sea-risks to be taken aback,
There's room for a Cherub to sit up aloft,
And keep watch for the life of Poor JACK!

Underwriters at Lloyd's, now their risks wax so high,
Are beginning cantankerous to be,
As with undertakers they don't want to vie
For performing of fun'rals at sea.
The cost of your cargo, as well as your hull,
'Tis but safe to insure,—if no more—

And if weather is bad, and nights dark, and freights dull,
Of course there'll be wrecks to deplore.
What then? All's a hazard: Compunction is seft:
Suppose a few tars ne'er come back!—
Leave them to the Cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor JACK!

Hearts of oak in old times were our ships, every inch,
And our men the same stuff as the ship:
But now from the cost of live oak builders flinch—
The point is to make a cheap trip.
And as cheap trips on shore in a smash often end,
Thanks to old engines, axles, or springs,
So your cheap trips at sea oft to Davy Jones send
All but what grist to shipowners brings.
Well, as life's breath is not like a coat to be doft,
Which owners, when lost, can give back,
I say, more power to PLIMSOLL, who sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor JACK!

Music] and Wut.

A SCOTTISH Gentleman proposes that, on the occasion of the next "Gregorian Demonstration" at St. Paul's, an instrument more appropriate to that performance shall be substituted for the "kist fu' o' whistles." Instead of the organ, he suggests, let the accompaniments of the Gregorian music, if any, be played on the bagpipes. That, he urges, the king of instruments, is, in reality as in name, the right one whereon to accompany the Gregorian tones. He adds that, though his foot just now is awa' from his native heath, his name is MACGREGOR.

MACBETH TO BAD MOCK TURTLE.—"Unreal mockery, hence!"



THE COFFIN-SHIPS.

POLLY. "O, DEAR JACK! I CAN'T HELP CRYING, BUT I'M SO HAPPY TO THINK YOU'RE NOT GOING IN ONE OF THOSE DREADFUL SHIPS!"
JACK. "WHAT, DAVY JONES'S DECAY DUCKS! NO, NO, LASS—NEVER MORE!—THANKS TO OUR FRIEND MASTER PLIMSOLL, GOD BLESS HIM!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Visits the Court and Old Astley's, and thereupon addresses the Editor as usual.



WORTHY Sir, I represented You at the now well known Court Theatre, before the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S order had been issued. I visited it because I had heard that there was being performed a witty political satire, entitled *The Happy Land*. I saw it. Well, it certainly *did* deal with political subjects. So had I seen the Clown at Christmas-time deal with similar "questions of the day" before he was warned off the ground. For its wit, there were three or four "points" as telling with the public as are the very easily made hits in a street-singer's ballad, or the popular "topical" song which delights music-

hall politicians. In the make-up of three actors as caricatures of MR. GLADSTONE, MR. LOWE, and MR. AYRTON, lay the main attraction of the piece. The make-up of the second was as good as was MR. PAULTON's at the Strand, where he made the success of a dull burlesque by appearing as BISMARCK, with a song and dance. The abstract idea of these three doing a similar sort of thing, is certainly preposterously absurd. Having laughed at the three or four "palpable hits" of which the objects were quite fair game, it occurred to me that ten minutes of this was enough. The satire was of the sledge-hammer order, and the slain were slain over and over again, to weariness. For a short time the First Act was lively; the Second Act was the faint shadow of the first.

The Happy Land was evidently considered too dangerous a precedent to be permitted. Where would this sort of thing stop? What had been commenced in the West, would soon be dangerously improved upon in the East. For it must be remembered, that, on the English stage of the present day, it is only the heaviest hand that does the satirical work most effectually. Aristophanes, without a pinch of Attic salt, with a drayman's cart-whip in one hand, and a bludgeon in the other, must be the ideal of a modern satirist who achieves popularity on the theatrical platform, at a time when vulgarity and rudeness often do duty for witty repartees.

Requiring, after such an entertainment, something exhilarating, Your Representative decided upon visiting SANOER'S Amphitheatre, "late"—alas! late—"ASTLEY'S." The attraction was a "Grand Historical Spectacular Drama, in four Acts, called *Fair Rosamond*; or, *the Days of the Plantagenet*." Sir, my venture was repaid with interest. There were Grandeur, History, and Spectacle from the front door to the back of the stage. Your Representative had not visited Astley's for some considerable time, and was dazzled, not to say struck and taken back, by all that met his astonished and delighted gaze on the very first moment of his arrival at the Grand National Entrance. Statuesque horses in white and gold were on the staircase, where classic figures, in graceful and enthusiastic attitudes, beckoned the visitor to the Private Boxes, and the Balcony Dress Stalls. A courteous gentleman in a resplendent livery, which was a compromise between that of a Beadle and a Park-keeper, received us (a friend from the country, and myself) under the portico, and waved us onward in an upstairs direction, as though he were cheering us to perseverance with the cry of "*Excelsior!*" "*Excelsior!*" The Equestrian performances were going on, and I gave myself up to the thorough enjoyment of a "Grand Nautical Act, by ERNEST," called "*The Sailor, or the Perils of the Deep*."

Perils! I should think so. There was the British Tar, standing on a horse's back and careering round and round with a peculiar motion, which must have strongly reminded him of his native element. Then arose a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, which made us tremble for that poor sailor's safety on board that gallant steed. The blinding flashes were ingeniously represented by lowering the gas sharply, and as sharply turning it on again; a device which really had a most terrifying effect, even without the assistance of the Drum, which evidently could not resist the opportunity afforded by the darkness of coming out uncommonly strong as the thunder.

It was a night of terror for that child of the Ocean, and I would not have answered for the consequences to the Management had the brave MR. PLIMSOLL been present. In strained anxiety Your Representative watched the actions of this lonely Horse-marine. The ship had evidently struck; I could tell by his action that she was fast sinking (the horse did not enter at all into the spirit of the entertainment, but kept up its even canter, once or twice casting its eye back, with, I fancied, a slight touch of superciliousness in its look), and then I saw that the moment had arrived when there was nothing left but to swim for it. Off went the Horse-marine's hat, off went his tie, and then, discarding so much clothing as the occasion seemed to permit, he struck out boldly on that unsympathetic animal's back, and presently reached shore, represented by a spot within three inches of the crupper. Here he piously knelt down, and expressed in pantomime his gratitude to Providence. It was very good indeed, and would have been absolutely sublime, but that my eye unfortunately fell upon the Clown, who, in the centre of the ring, was positively ridiculing the sailor's distress, pretending to shed tears, and scoffing at this honest Tar's outburst of devotion. "What place," I cried indignantly, "has a Clown in a shipwreck? Would he behave as has this excellent mariner; or, on his first finding himself safe on land, would he merely grin, cut a caper, say 'Here we are again! how are you to-morrow?' and sing *Hot Codlins*?"

At last, at about eight o'clock, the curtain rose upon the first scene of *Fair Rosamond*; or, *the Days of the Plantagenet*.

Briefly, this Spectacle is exceedingly well put upon the stage, or, as one ought to say, when speaking of an Equestrian Drama, it is "admirably mounted."

The Author and Stage Manager have done their work boldly and thoroughly. The villain is an equestrian villain—none of your infantry scoundrels, but on horseback, with vindictive "asides"; and it is not such an easy matter, let me tell you, judging from this instance, to depict the partially-suppressed passions of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and to deliver such cynical asides as fell to the lot of *Bertrand de Born*, the wicked troubadour, even when seated on the quietest cream-coloured steed that ever sniffed sawdust. *Thomas à Beckett* was invariably a-foot. It is evident, from this piece, that at an early stage of his career, the future Primate developed the clearest proofs of his subsequent ecclesiastical vocation, by exhibiting on all occasions a strong desire to seize the slightest opportunity for addressing anybody, on any subject, in a style suggestive of "heads for future sermons." His delivery was that of a man who thought a good deal while speaking. I think it was *Thomas à Beckett*—but perhaps it wasn't—who asked somebody, as he entered, attended by a friend, "Are you afraid to come alone? Or do you bring him (the friend) here as your wet-nurse?" The quotation is not *verbatim*, except the last word. But why a doughty old English Baron or a Squire, or Knight of the Shire, should go about with a wet-nurse, was a considerable puzzle to me until my intelligent friend pointed out to me that "wet-nurse" was the actor's peculiar pronunciation of the word "witness."

I have no time to give in detail how *King Henry* was crowned in Westminster Abbey, where on horseback came the mounted Champion of England, where *Theobald*, predecessor of *A Beckett* in the See of Canterbury, kept handing up sceptres and crowns to the *King* and *Queen*, and hurrying down the steps of the throne again as if he were afraid of a kick from the impetuous monarch; or how the Castle of Bridgenorth was stormed, how *Clifford* died, how he was carried about the battle-field on a stretcher; how the May-Day sports, were of rather a lugubrious and monotonous character, but quite in keeping with our national reputation for dolefulness and want of a musical ear; how the Monks came to fetch *Thomas à Beckett* to evening service in his own Cathedral, whither he didn't appear a bit inclined to accompany them, and, indeed, was not even prevailed on to do so by their telling him that "the congregation was calling for him"—most indecent conduct by the way; how, finally, *Queen Eleanor* did neither poison nor stab *Rosamond*, but insisted on her retiring, like *Ophelia*, to a nunnery; how *Thomas à Beckett*, in the middle of a highly ornate service, belonging to no particular Church or sect, but perhaps a little fancy of his own, was assassinated, and the *King* arrived too late to save him, but soon enough to punish the over-zealous knights. I say I have not time nor space for all this in detail, suffice it that *Fair Rosamond* is the only thing of the sort in London, and that it most satisfactorily revives the ancient equestrian glories; and, were the "dialect" only cut a bit, so that we might get sooner to the "osses," the piece would be much benefited thereby, and not in vain would this suggestion have been made by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Seasonable Relief.

To one class, at least, the present state of the Coal Market brings hope, if not immediate comfort. These are the unfortunate persons who have all their lives been accustomed to be "hauled over the coals." There will soon be no coals for them to be hauled over.



"HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD."

Stern Examiner. "FOR INSTANCE, SIR, I SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR A TEXT FROM YOU."

Cheeky Commoner. "WELL, FACT IS I HAVEN'T LOADED MY MEMORY WITH TEXTS. BUT IN THE APOCRYPHA (sic) THERE'S MENTION THAT 'ROUND ABOUT WERE FOUR GREAT BEASTS'—"

[Plucked.]

A CHILD'S DOOM.

WE usually abstain from the discussion of merely painful things. Those who desire such reading find it amply supplied elsewhere, and some of our respected contemporaries serve it up strongly flavoured enough for any appetite. But here is a case in which we make exception. We take this paragraph from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"Chimney-sweepers, who continue, in defiance of the law, to employ 'climbing boys' may take warning from a case which has been tried at Durham. A Gateshead chimney-sweeper was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of an unhappy little lad who was suffocated in attempting to carry out his orders in clearing a flue."

Apart from the individual ruffianism in this case, *Mr. Punch* asks whether the Act which was intended to deliver little children from the most hideous cruelties, is becoming a dead letter in any part of the kingdom. Is there any other place than Gateshead where little lads are rammed into foul flues to be suffocated? The present generation may not remember the struggle that had to be fought out, over and over, before the children could be protected. It had to be waged against habit, prejudice, greed, ridicule; but the victory was won. JAMES MONTGOMERY, the poet, with one ghastly but damaging volume, the *Chimney Sweep's Magazine and Climbing Boy's Album*, gave thousands a nightmare that lasted for years, but he carried the Act. There was a poem in the book, too, by BLAKE, the painter, that did yeoman's service. We got the Act, and believed that the system of atrocious cruelty was at an end. But the above paragraph wakes painful doubts. Will some M.P. set an investigation going?

We should call the sentence on the fellow who killed the child ridiculously mild, could anything ridiculous connect itself with such a theme. We wish that this master chimney-sweeper of Gateshead could have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, varied by twenty sound lashes with the cat every quarter day, except the last, when he should have had fifty, as a parting testimonial of the public sense of his character. Let us hope that the gaolers of Gateshead

are not of a forbearing kind, and that the excellent chaplain will give him terrifying Calvinistic doses of commination, calculated to "chasten him in the night season," since he will not get the other castigation he has so well earned.

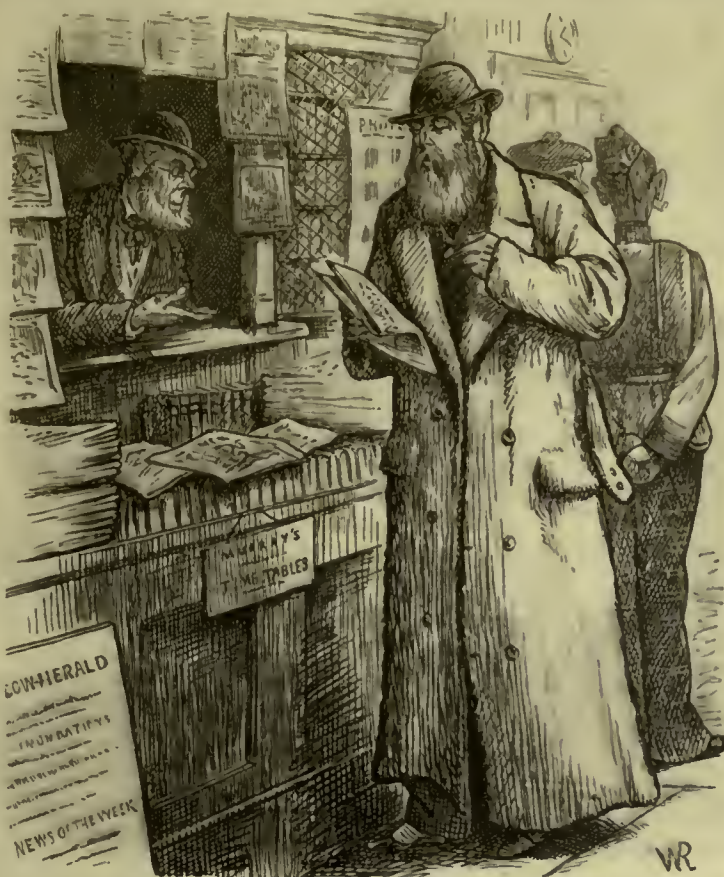
SMALL TALK.

WHEN you dine out, as there is no Opera to discuss yet, and the Exhibition of New Masters will not be open for some time to come, and nobody's trial or case is at present harassing everybody, and the Transit of Venus is out of the sphere of most people, and the Great Wall opposite Hampton Court Gardens is stopped, and the University Boat Race is not near enough to be a sufficiently stimulating topic, you may have to fall back on the Central Asian question. If so, you can have no difficulty in earning for yourself the reputation of being an authority on the subject, if you will only say, with an adequate air of importance and mystery, that you know—the statement is easily learned off by heart beforehand—that "last summer, Badakhshan, believing itself menaced by the Afghans, concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with the Padishah of Chitral, on the southern side of the Himalayas, and also asked the help of YAKOUB BEG, of Kashgar."

Do not be deterred from volunteering this information by any foolish fear of being interrogated on the details. Your fellow-guests will, in all probability, be equally ignorant with yourself of the geographical bearings of Badakhshan and Chitral, and of the very existence of such a being as the Padishah, but they will assume a well-informed look, and not betray their secret. It is not everybody who knows where the Himalayas are.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

THERE is talk of holding a Hospital Sunday somewhen in June. Very good. Coals may be a little cheaper at Midsummer, and Charity somewhat warmer towards the Striking Classes.



"SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS."

Newsvendor. "TIMES A' GONE, SIR; BUT HERE'S THE SCOTSMAN."

Snell. "HAW—AW! CAN I WEAD IT! IS IT—HAW—WRITTEN IN ENGLISH!"

IN AND ABOUT THE UPAS-TREE.

If on an Irish question you get in a quandary—
And where 's the Irish question but lands you in that same?—
There 's no rule for your guidance like the plain rule of contrary—
"If you'd go left, keep to the right; keep left, if right 's your game."

Here's GLADSTONE the Hibernian dilemma once more facing—
English dilemmas have two horns, Hibernian have three—
Or with a newer image our old horn'd friend replacing,
Here's GLADSTONE up in the third fork of his own Upas-tree!

Like the athlete of Cortona, with the stem he thought to sever,
Closed, vice-like, on his daring grasp, in a cleft-stick he hangs,
Threatened by his own hounds, in strain of desperate endeavour
To free his hands for self-defence from Ultramontane fangs.

But what mean these discordant throats around the Upas baying?
One the hounds' that should be Milo's—one, the wolves' who'd Milo tear?

"Down with a scheme for free lay thought to Priests' control be-
wraying!"

"Down with a scheme that to the Priest bars the Professor's chair!"

How with each other reconcile clamour and counter-clamour?
Or should all sense of black and white upon one side be flung,
Since utterances insensible, by stupid Saxon grammar,
May be construed, supra-sensibly, in Irish mother-tongue?

Nay who knows, but, as Irish pigs down one road are manœuvred,
By assurance of the driver, that the other road they go,
'Cute DOCTOR CULLEN's drivers the secret have discovered,
That nought 's so like to win the Bill lay "aye" as priestly "no."

So as they wish their flocks to take the road that GLADSTONE opens,
In hopes 'twill lead to Rome,—as Priests must wish all roads to
lead,—

A FAMILY PARTY.

In a recent action for a breach of promise of marriage, one of the defendant's pleas was, "that the promise was made subject to certain conditions agreed on between the plaintiff and the defendant, that the defendant should be able to obtain the consent of his family—to wit, three of his eldest daughters, and of four of the brothers and sisters of his deceased wife, and of the defendant's aunt—to his marriage with the plaintiff." The sequel will not surprise any one. The defendant was unable to obtain the consent of his eight relatives, daughters, and brothers-in-law, and sisters-in-law, and aunt. As there is no mention made of such an influential connection, it is to be presumed that the defendant did not possess a mother-in-law—her presence in the family council would, probably, have had the effect of deterring him from even making the attempt to induce its members to allow him to enter into a second matrimonial engagement.

The Householder's Glee.

Pile more money on the fire
In the shape of coals.
Roast the meat aye rising higher
As this fast world rolls.
Butchers, Coalowners conspire.
Bless their souls!

Saying in Illiberal Circles.

It is whispered that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's Juries' Bill does not merely contemplate the reduction of Juries in ordinary cases from twelve to seven. It is even hinted in certain quarters that, in the event of becoming law, that measure will reduce the whole Jury system to sixes and sevens.

RELEASE FROM RECOGNISANCES.

THE newspapers announce the death of a Confidential Clerk out on bail, charged with embezzling the moneys of his employers to the amount of £15,000. This gentleman died suddenly. Is it probable that his surviving sureties will go into mourning?

From newspapers and pulpits, and haughty tongues and low pens,
They urge "Don't go that road, ye Sows, your Clergy's voice that heed!"

And JOHN BULL, stupid Saxon, beholds the hurly-burly,
And wonders, "Must all Irish Bills end in an Irish row?"
And, midst clash of oratorical shillelaghs, mutters, surly,
"Donnybrook Fair near Dublin was—'tis at St. Stephen's now."

A STEP IN THE PEERAGE.

"In great attempts 'tis glorious 'e'en to fail;" therefore the failure of LORD FITZ-WALTER to reconcile the Lords to the gigantic scheme of the Chelsea Waterworks Company, for disfiguring the Thames, should be duly glorified. Of Suffolk, in *Henry the Sixth*, a spirit evoked from below predicts that:—

"By water shall he die and take his end."

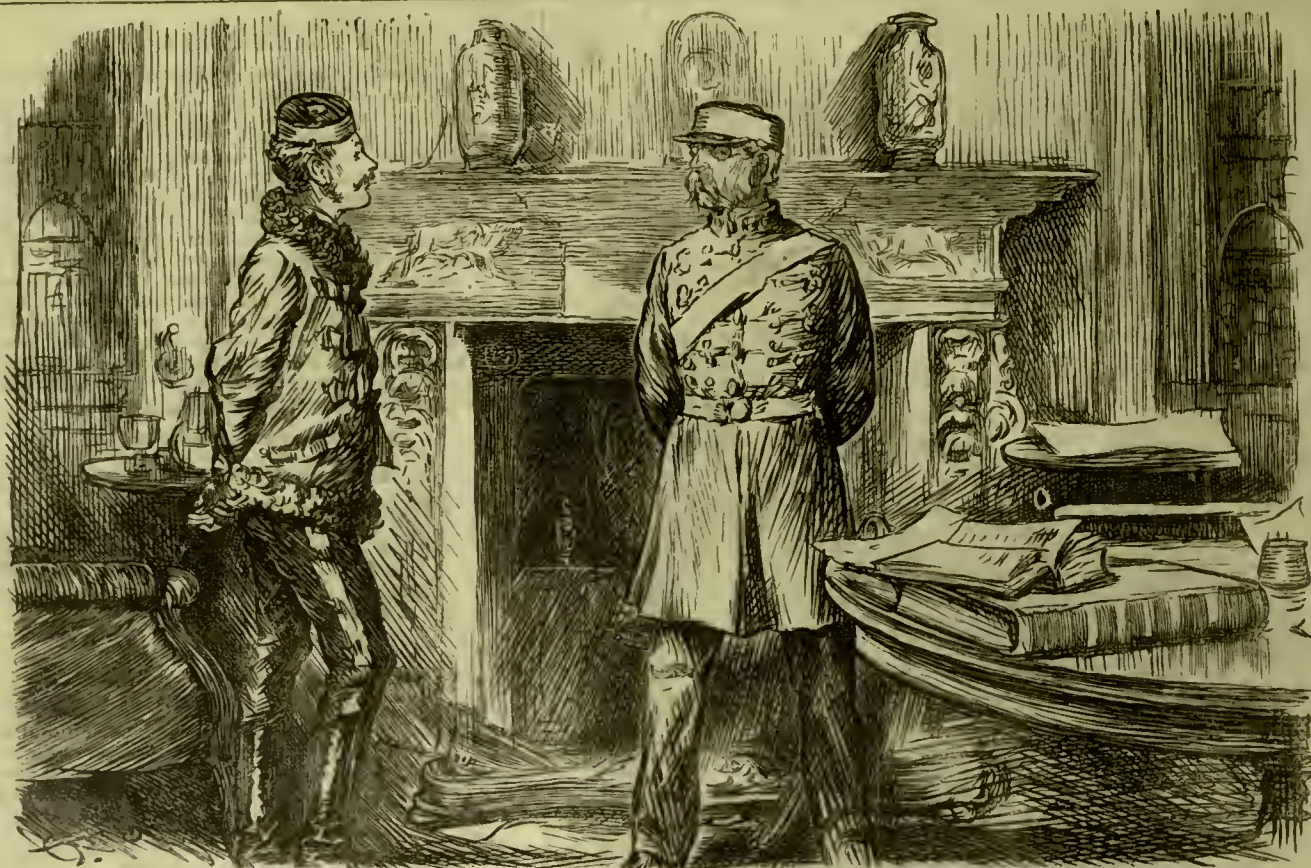
The oracle is borne out in Suffolk's death at the hands of one Walter Whitmore, whose Christian name, in the vernacular of the period, seems to have been pronounced *Water*, although, as Suffolk vainly reasons with him:—

"Thy name 's *Waltier*, being rightly sounded."

It would accordingly be calling LORD FITZ-WALTER somewhat out of his name simply to pronounce it for the time to come FITZ-WATER; but perhaps the Chelsea Water Company may have influence with the Government enough to procure for the noble Lord a step in the Peerage, namely an Earldom, by the augmented and appropriate title of LORD WATERWORKS.

SIMPLICITY.

THE Japanese are said to be at work composing a new Religion. It will perhaps be eclectic. Will they, possibly, adopt and incorporate in it our Athanasian Creed?



"HUNTING APPOINTMENTS."

Scientific Colonel. "ARE YOU GOING TO THE 'KRIEGSPIEL' TO-MORROW?"
Cavalry Sub. (Hunting Man). "AUGH! 'THINK NOT, SIR. AUGH! 'MEET THE-ARE, DO THEY? 'NEVER HEARD OF THE PLACE! WHERVE ON EARTH IS I-T?'"

A PERCY TO THE RESCUE!

REJOICE we. Let Surbiton shout to all Britain.
 The Thames bank is saved, and fair Hampton Court's view.
 Sing, Kingston and Ditton, the Philistines smitten—
 That is, one particular Philistine crew.

But lo, whilst their sordid devices are broken,
 Their fellows have triumphed in England's chief Town;
 The doom of one more noble monument's spoken:
 Northumberland House is condemned to come down!

To make a short cut for the vans, cabs, and 'busses,
 Instead of a bend which would answer all need,
 The Philistine Board, those iconoclast Cussea,
 Are going to do this deplorable deed.

Admiring, reposes the Philistine's eye on
 The huge Public-house reared aloft alongside,
 Which, like a tall Snob, on Northumberland's Lion
 Looks down with the scorn of a *parvenu's* pride.

Old mansions that eye accounts dreary and shabby,
 On vistas of splendid shops craving to dwell,
 How fain would your Philistines Westminster Abbey
 Remove, and replace with a Monster Hotel!

'Twere possible yet, though, from their tender mercies,
 Did a generous Public and Parliament will,
 To rescue the time-honoured House of the PERCIES,
 By means of amendment to Philistine Bill.

A QUEER TALE.

If Man is descended from the Monkey, the descent must be, as the lawyers say, "in tail."

INVALUABLE OBTUSENESS.

THE *Times*, in a leader, advertent to the incautionsness of certain classes, employed as well as employers, truly observes that:—

"There is something in dangerous occupations which seems to blunt the sensitiveness, if not to harden the hearts of those engaged in them, towards the apprehension of peril. It is a temptation which affects all classes. The miner is as reckless in lighting his pipe in a fiery mine as a mine-owner may be reckless in neglecting to improve the ventilation."

Very true; and in the nature of things, apparently, this contempt for danger, bred by familiarity with it, is fortunate for Society. That is, if War be a necessary outcome of the nature of things. Or else what should we do for soldiers; at any rate, what would soldiers do for us? What sort of fighting would be done for other nations whose soldiers are not volunteers, do not enlist, but serve under compulsion? How would any army, not callous to jeopardy of life and limb, behave under fire? Recklessness of danger, constitutional or acquired, may be partial idiocy; but it is the courage of the common mind. Let us praise it, therefore, Gentlemen and Ladies, let us honour it exceedingly.

The Comforts of the Carnival.

At Rome, during the Carnival, a Correspondent says that:—

"When you venture out of doors, you are pelted with hard comfits, which are made of plaster of Paris, and sting your face pretty sharply."

There may be nothing in a name, but we incline to think these "comfits" should be rather called "dia-comfits."

SAYINGS FOR SEAMEN.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S exposure of the state of our Mercantile Marine suggests new definitions:—Sinking Fund—the stock of Ship Insurance. Bottomry—money gained through a ship's going to the bottom.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SAID we not, dear Madam, that there would be wigs on the green this Session? The phrase is Irish, and therefore it was used by Mr. Punch with his accustomed exquisite prophetic sense. At the bidding of a knot of Irish Priests, an enlightened Government has been prostrated, Imperial business stopped, and a civilised nation put into a state of uncertainty and discomposure. Such is the consequence of petting inconvenient *protégés*. When they break loose, they do all kinds of mischief. However, *vous l'avez voulu*, JOHN BULL DANDIN, *vous l'avez voulu*.

Monday, March 10.—The debate on the Dublin University Bill was resumed by MR. VERNON HARCOURT, who did his best in answer to MR. HORSMAN, and who contended that it was not the first duty of Ministers to please the Irish prelates, but to make a fair Bill, and let the prelates do as they pleased. He did not think the Bill perfect, but it might be mended in Committee. The "gagging clause" was a hideous deformity. He and his friends would not desert a Minister who had done so much good. DR. BALL delivered a very able and impassioned invective against the Bill, which, if carried, would have been carried by the Welsh and Scotch. The House was so pleased at his performance, that hands were actually clapped. It was very good clapper-clawing, as SHAKESPEARE would have said.

Divers—we don't mean pearl-fishers, at least they brought up very few pearls of oratory—followed. MR. MIALl said that Parliament had sown the wind, and was now reaping the whirlwind. LORD JOHN MANNERS informed MR. GLADSTONE that his genius was essentially destructive. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said that the PREMIER, like *Fulstaff*, had led his ragamuffins where they had been peppered. The Silent Sister was to be made both blind and deaf. Everything Irish was exaggerated—a shanty was called an hotel, and a hedge-school a college. Let the Irish Colleges be called Schools, and reformed accordingly. It had been impudently said, "*Date obolum Belisario*"—give a vote to a poor blind Government; but he was really afraid to do so. He begged MR. GLADSTONE to withdraw the Bill.

MR. CARDWELL urged that no Member voting for the Second Reading was thereby committed to details. (Here people went away a good deal.) He intimated the willingness of Government to surrender many points. Then there was rather a demand that the debate should be closed, and MR. MITCHELL HENRY waxed wroth, and hearing certain noises made at his remarks, declared that he heard "the sounds of Balaam." This shows that the Honourable Member would have been the better for a little reading of the Book which the priests naturally dislike laymen to study. We adjourned, after a few words from the PREMIER.

Tuesday.—This was the Great Night Entirely, Madam,

"Big with the fate of GLADSTONE and of Rome."

Good COLONEL WILSON-PATTEN began, and heartily opposed the Bill, which would enable the "fulminating" priests to destroy the independence of education. MR. O'REILLY supported it, and quoted those eminent poets, TOM MOORE and VIOILL, the second happily, for he cited the elegant passage in the Georgics where the effect of grafting is described, and he pictured Trinity College as admiring her new foliage, *et non sua poma*. Apples of Discord, however, seem the chief Irish production in that line. MR. BOUVERIE (old Whig) said that the Bill was miserably and scandalously bad, also that it had already "gone to Hades," whereat several "self-made men" probably asked their neighbours what *Ady's* meant. SIR P. O'BRIEN said that the Irish Catholics only asked for justice, and that this Bill was an insult.

Then, Madam, it was felt that the time had come for the great Sworders to combat. Breath was bated—we don't mean the Irish word—as;

"With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre-stroke,
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
DID LARA too his willing weapon bare."

MR. DISRAELI stood at the table. He was in his best form, Madam, as your daughters say, and should not. He was like his own Aboriginal Inhabitant, in that capital book *Popanilla*, and he came to give everybody a sound flogging all round. But he did it in the most artistic fashion. One for MR. HARCOURT, who had talked like an "Attorney-General"—and this went home, and the House began to cheer. One for MR. CARDWELL, who had explained away the Bill, and one for MR. GLADSTONE, who had explained away the explanation. We might discuss the Bill in Committee. Of course we might—how gracious; what else do we go into Committee for? Then we had some good fun about the granting degrees, and he told a story about his refusing to do something to please some White Quakers, for fear lest they should confer the degree of White Quaker on him. (There were some more white quakers in the House just then.) Then he derided Government for refusing to found a Philosophy chair in an age "when young men prattle about protoplasm, and young ladies in gilded saloons unconsciously talk atheism." (Tell your daughters that, dear Madam.) He was very effective on this part of the subject. Then he adverted to concurrent endowment. That was the policy of statesmen. It had been PEELE's, and PALMERSTON's, and once MR. GLADSTONE's own, but he had abandoned it for a policy of confiscation. That policy had led to the Disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland, but what had followed? The Disestablishment of the Catholic Church in Rome, and for this the Papacy was indebted to CARDINAL CULLEN, whom let Protestants therefore reverence. "You," he said to the Government—

"Have had four years of it; you have despoiled Churches, you have threatened every corporation and endowment in the country—(laughter and cheers)—you have examined into everybody's affairs—(cheers)—you have criticised every profession, and vexed every trade—(renewed laughter and cheers). Nobody is certain in property; no one knows what duties he will have to perform to-morrow—(cheers). This is the Policy of Confiscation."

He concluded by declaring that he must vote against a Bill which was monstrous in its general conception, pernicious in many of its details, and utterly futile as a measure of practical legislation.

There is only one man in the House who can hold his own against such sword-play as that, but the man was there—"a strong man armed"—we may add, "keeping the House."

MR. GLADSTONE taunted his antagonist with having talked for half-an-hour on matters that had nothing to do with the subject. Concurrent endowment! It was dead, no doubt, but it might revive under the potent charm of the Magician opposite. But PEELE was not its friend, nor had he himself ever been. Then the PREMIER defended himself for having made this Bill a question of confidence. This was needful, after three years of resistance to what was part of a general scheme for the welfare of Ireland. He denied complicity with the Catholic prelates. Supporting the principles of the measure, he was bitterly sarcastic on the "Waiters on Providence" who had so eulogised the Bill at first, but had now all run away from its promoters. He called on the House



TEMPORA MUTANTUR!

Ancient Messman (to his Officer just returned to Barracks). "COFFEE AND CURAÇOA, SIR?—BRANDY AND SODA?"

Modern Captain. "AUGH!—NO. BRING ME A GLASS OF ICED TOAST-AND-WAT-AR!!!"

to let the Bill go into Committee, and then to improve it as much as possible. And he said:—

"My hon. and learned friend the Member for Oxford, in his eloquent speech the other day, said he had years of political life before him. I have very little before me, but I have much behind me. I have an account to render. I have a past and present to think of. The duties of the moment are solemn, and I wish to leave upon record the solemn conviction I entertain that it would be a grave and serious error on the part of this House were they to give the slightest encouragement to the demand that is made for introducing into Ireland the system of separate endowment for separate religious institutions or academical purposes."

"After some humorous references to other speakers, especially 'that old but repentant rebel,' MR. BENTINCK, MR. GLADSTONE said that he was not afraid of the charge that he wished to serve the priests. He was ready to serve them, or any other men, as far as justice demanded, but was not ready to go an inch further for them or any other men. His peroration was fine:—

"To mete out justice to Ireland according to the best of our views, and to which with our human infirmities we could attain, has been the work—I will almost say the sacred work—of this Parliament (*cheers and counter-cheers*). Having put our band to the plough let us not turn back. Let not what we think the folly and perverseness of those whom we are attempting to benefit have the slightest effect in turning us from the path we have undertaken to tread. As we have begun, so let us go through; with a firm and resolute hand let us efface from the laws and practice of the country the last—for I believe it is the last—of the religious and social grievances of Ireland (*loud cheers*)."

Then the House divided (about two on Wednesday morning), and the numbers were:—

For the Government	284
Against	287

Majority against Government	3
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The result was known before the proclamation was made, for COLONEL TAYLOR, the Conservative Whip, was unable to conceal

AWFUL ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the top of the *Times* Police Reports, on Friday, last week, appeared a case which may be described as both shocking and astounding:—

"At MARYLEBONE, SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE was summoned by MR. BEVAN, on behalf of the Metropolitan Board of Works, for having a chimney on fire at his residence, 1, Sussex Square, Hyde Park. MR. MANSFIELD inflicted a fine of 10s. and 5s. costs."

The announcement that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL (for MR. GLADSTONE was as yet Premier) had been summoned before a Magistrate and fined, could not but have shocked every the least sensitive nature in a degree only less than the mind would have experienced from the news that the LORD CHANCELLOR or the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY had been "had up." Equally astounding also was the intelligence that the offence charged against SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE was that of having had a chimney on fire; as the right honourable and learned gentleman is known to be a sweeping reformer.

THE CASE OF THE COAL RING.

It is a matter of statistics that the death-rate rose very highly during the late cold weather. This increase of mortality was evidently in a great measure due to the coal famine. Happily for the thriving Coal-owners, this is a consideration which Political Economy not only permits, but enjoins them not to pay the slightest attention to. Political Economy alone controls Legislation; Christianity is an affair of conscience. The Coal-owners have quite as much right to make money irrespectively of the death-rate as the men, who, the other day, refused to try and rescue a drowning child, had to decline risking their persons; and therefore consistency requires us to point out the absurdity of prefixing to paragraphs describing the conduct of these latter in that respect such headings as "Almost Incredible" and "Shocking Inhumanity."

APPEAL TO THE UNITED STATES.

You do sing "*Hail, Columbia*!" as well as "*Yankee Doodle*:" but still your Continent has derived its name from AMERIGO VESPUCCI. Now, AMERICA is only the Christian name of that voyager. Couldn't you sometimes call your great and glorious country VESPUTIA?

his triumph. He waved the paper, and the roof rang with the cheers of the victors.

MR. GLADSTONE said the vote was of a grave character, and he moved the adjournment of the House until Thursday. So died the Irish Higher Education Bill.

Thursday.—Announcement was made, in both Houses, that Ministers had resigned.

It was known that HER MAJESTY, faithful as always to constitutional traditions, had "sent for" MR. DISRAELI.

Both Houses adjourned until the Monday.

But the Commons did not separate until MR. OSBORNE had tried to extract some more information from those who, he said, had run the ship aground, and to whom MR. GLADSTONE, with admirable gravity, replied that he had given a complete narrative of events so far, and anything else belonged to a new chapter. MR. GILPIN suggested what the *Times* called the "puerile" device of a vote to the effect that the rejection of the Bill did not mean want of confidence, but he found no favour. Keep to the old lines, Gentlemen, you will not mend them. MR. GLADSTONE was simply doing an English statesman's duty in resigning after a hostile vote on a large question. We do not want our system improved. Finally, MR. DILLWYN tried to press his Salmon Bill, and the House roared. We see nothing to laugh at. Irish Salmon do repay any pains taken to improve them.

Nor did the Lords separate until they had done something. Earlier in the week they read the important Judicature Bill a Second Time, thus paying a tribute to the genius of the new LORD CHANCELLOR, who seems likely to succeed where so many have failed. And this evening they debated the Marriage with a Wife's Sister Bill, and once more rejected it, this time by 74 to 49, majority 25. You may like to know, Madam, that the PRINCE OF WALES and the DUKE of EDINBURGH paired in favour of the Bill, the former with his brother-in-law's father, the DUKE of ARGYLL, who opposed it. Our cousin, the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, paired for its rejection.



SCENES OF CLUB LIFE.

ELECTION OF AN HONORARY MEMBER.

COME TO GRIEF.

"If that leap don't give GLADSTONE a shake,
He is a rider, and no mistake!"
(See Mr. Punch and his Cartoon of February 15.)

WITH his whip at work, and his spurs rammed in,
And too hard a hand on his horse to begin,
Six foot of stone to clear in his stride,
And ugly taking-off ground beside,
We saw him powdering down the hill,
With censid'rably less of wisdom than will;
And just as judgment had cried "Hold hard!"
To a warier rider, and cooler eard,
We saw his teeth clenched hard for a rush,
And his brow o'erspread with an angry flush,
And then we knew how it would be—
With that leap, in that temper—'twas all UP!

Three times his prudence and half his pluck,—
With recollections of two years' luck,
And the famous "killa" of Church and Land,
To harden his heart, and nerve his hand—
It needed all these, and something beside,
At such a leap, with a chance, to ride!
But some said his horse hard-mouthed had got,
And we knew his temper had grown hot;
And then, that crowd, just under the wall,
Frieze coats and black, in angry bawl,
With their sudden waving of flag and crosier,
Might well shake the pluckiest jock'a composure;
With such sounds in his ear, and such sights in his eye,
The steadiest horse in the world would shy!

Yet he went at it, first, with such a will
That those who had laid the long odds on a spill,
For a moment, Queer Street thought to see,
And looked for a hedge, if a hedge might be.

But then came that see-saw of rasping rein,
That works a horse against the grain;
And that sting of whipcord and angry heel,
Where a 'unter hand had spared lash and steel;
And the hullabaloo of that hooting crowd,
Where the jock looked for cheers, but not so loud—
And book-makers echeered, and backers were dumb,
For the chance was gone, and the cropper come!

And we saw, through the stones of the wall, in the air,
A rider still in his saddle square;
And we saw the Irish horse in a heap
Come rolling over that luckless leap;
And we saw that plucky rider down—
With a broken neck, or a fractured crown?
Not yet! In spite of stun or sprain,
He's off, and up on his legs again,
And shaking his fist at the shouting crew
Who've spoiled his leap with their hullabaloo!
And as ready to ride—thank British beef—
As if he never had "come to grief"!

Manners.

IN a Debate in the Assembly, the other day, our friend M. LOUIS BLANC remarked—

—" (quietly turning to the jubilant Right), as Benjamin has observed, a people is not governed with enigmas."

This is just the sort of epigram that the Leader of Opposition here was likely to launch, but we do not remember it. Anyhow, M. LOUIS BLANC might have called him MR. DISRAELI. "Benjamin" is a trifle familiar, even in an Ultra-Republican.

SEASONABLE MOTTO FOR CATHOLICS.—" *Festina lente*;" i.e. Get through Lent quickly.

IRISH JURIES-PRUDENCE.



AMONGST other novelties in Ireland they have a new Jury system, but it does not seem to be a success. The account given by the Dublin Correspondent of the *Times* of some incidents at the last Irish Assizes is as droll as a farce and as strange as a fiction, and should be examined by anybody who wants a little relaxation after studying the Irish Education Bill. We feel we are contributing to "the gaiety of nations" by reproducing the best of these Juryana.

County Galway shall lead the way:—

"In one of the late prosecutions connected with the Galway election, the Juror who should have acted as foreman begged to be excused, and made way for another."

Modesty or bashfulness, perhaps, was the cause of this Irishman shrinking from the honour proposed to be thrust upon him? Read on:—

"It was afterwards found that he had good reason for declining the position, being wholly illiterate. In a criminal trial at the Commission Court a similar incident occurred, the Juror in that case avowing his inability to read or write."

An Education Bill is clearly wanted in Galway, but such studies as reading and writing, although they may seem dangerous accomplishments in the eyes of Roman Catholic prelates, and fraught with peril to the Faith, must not be excluded from it. Nenagh, too, appears to be in want of a little elementary instruction, for the same illiteracy came to light there as at Galway.

Next let us see what happened at Mullingar. There

"the Court was disturbed by a little wretched-looking old man, who hobbled to the table, and insisted on speaking to 'his Worship.' When he obtained a hearing, he stated that he could not stand it any longer; that he had only two-pennyworth of bread on the previous day, and had to come a long distance. The Chief Baron immediately released him from further attendance as a Juror."

Further mention is made of a second and third poor Jurymen being released from serving, and there were probably others in waiting with pleas equally cogent, if they could only have gained a hearing.

"At Trim, a special jury was sworn to try an ejectment case, in which possession of 170 acres of land was sought. When the issue paper was handed to the Chief Baron he saw that it was unintelligible, and handed it back to be properly filled, proposing to dictate the words in which the finding should be given. The foreman proceeded to write, but he had recourse to the Registrar to assist him in spelling such words as 'lands' and 'mentioned.' Finally, to save time, the Registrar dictated the letters, while the Judge dictated the syllables, and the issue paper was filled. After all it was discovered that the word 'plaintiff' was spelt with a 'b,' and his Lordship had to send the paper back to have it amended."

After reading this lesson in dictation and its issue, who will not fervently hope that he may never have the ill-luck to be a party in an ejectment case at Trim—at least, until its special jurors have mastered the orthography of such

intricate words as "lands" and "mentioned," and discovered that there is no "b" in plaintiff. We do not forget that GEORGE THE SECOND confused his "b's" and "p's," or that *Mr. Weller, senior*, experienced a difficulty in discriminating between "v" and "w."

"At Monaghan, MR. KANE, J. P., a grand juror, who was also summoned as a petty juror, asked MR. JUSTICE KEOGH whether he was obliged to serve in the latter capacity. His Lordship replied that the Jury Act had only recently come into operation, and its results had not been fully developed. He did not know whether MR. KANE would be enabled by any of its peculiar provisions to be in two places at the same time."

MR. JUSTICE KEOGH is evidently as distinguished for humour as for courage. No mention is made of SIR BOYLE ROCHE and his historic bird, but there can be no doubt they would both be cited.

"Shortly afterwards, when a petty jury came to be empanelled, one of the jurors was sworn as DAVID GEDDES, and the Registrar insisted that he answered to that name, but he informed the Court that his real name was RICHARD JACK, and he was re-sworn in that name."

Every man is the best judge of what his own name is, and JACK, *alias* GEDDES, has our sympathy in this contest with the Registrar. We should prefer GEDDES to JACK, but are not in love with either appellative.

"In reply to questions the jurors stated that they had never served before, and would not then, if they could help it. One of them appealed to the Judge to let him off on the ground that he had a bad leg, and could not sit in the box. He offered to let his Lordship see the leg. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH declined the privilege, and told him to stand aside. He replied he could not stand."

"This jurymen was evidently a wag, and deserved his freedom. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH's refusal to see the leg will be approved of by all his judicial brethren. The inspection of such a limb of the law might have set on foot a disagreeable precedent.

Just one more scene.

"At Clonmel, during the trial of a man charged with murder, Counsel for the Crown, when replying at the close of the case, was frequently interrupted by a jurymen, whose condition attracted the notice of the Court. A doctor was sent to examine him, and swore that he was under the influence of drink, and would require several hours' repose. The jury were then conducted through the Court, amid the laughter of the bystanders, to wait until the juror should become sober. It was afterwards found that he was seriously ill, being in a semi-comatose condition, and they had to be discharged."

We thought we should perceive the aroma of whiskey before we had done. After reading this last story, no one will be surprised to hear that "the Chief Justice commented upon the fact as illustrating the unsatisfactory character of the Jury Act." MR. ERSKINE NICOL, or some other skilful delineator of Irish character, ought to seize upon the incident of the exit of the jury to await the return of sobriety to one of their fellows, and transfer it to canvas.

It is not improbable that we may have a new jury system in England. We will hope for more favourable results than those so graphically depicted by the *Times* Correspondent in Ireland.

Confess Thyself!

"ANOTHER fool, exemplifying a very common form of insanity, has been giving himself up and confessing that he committed the Eltham murder. Which is the greater fool, this kind of one, or the other who allows himself to be led by the nose to such a length as to be induced by a sham practitioner of priestcraft to practise auricular confession in a parson's ear?"

Question for Cardwell.

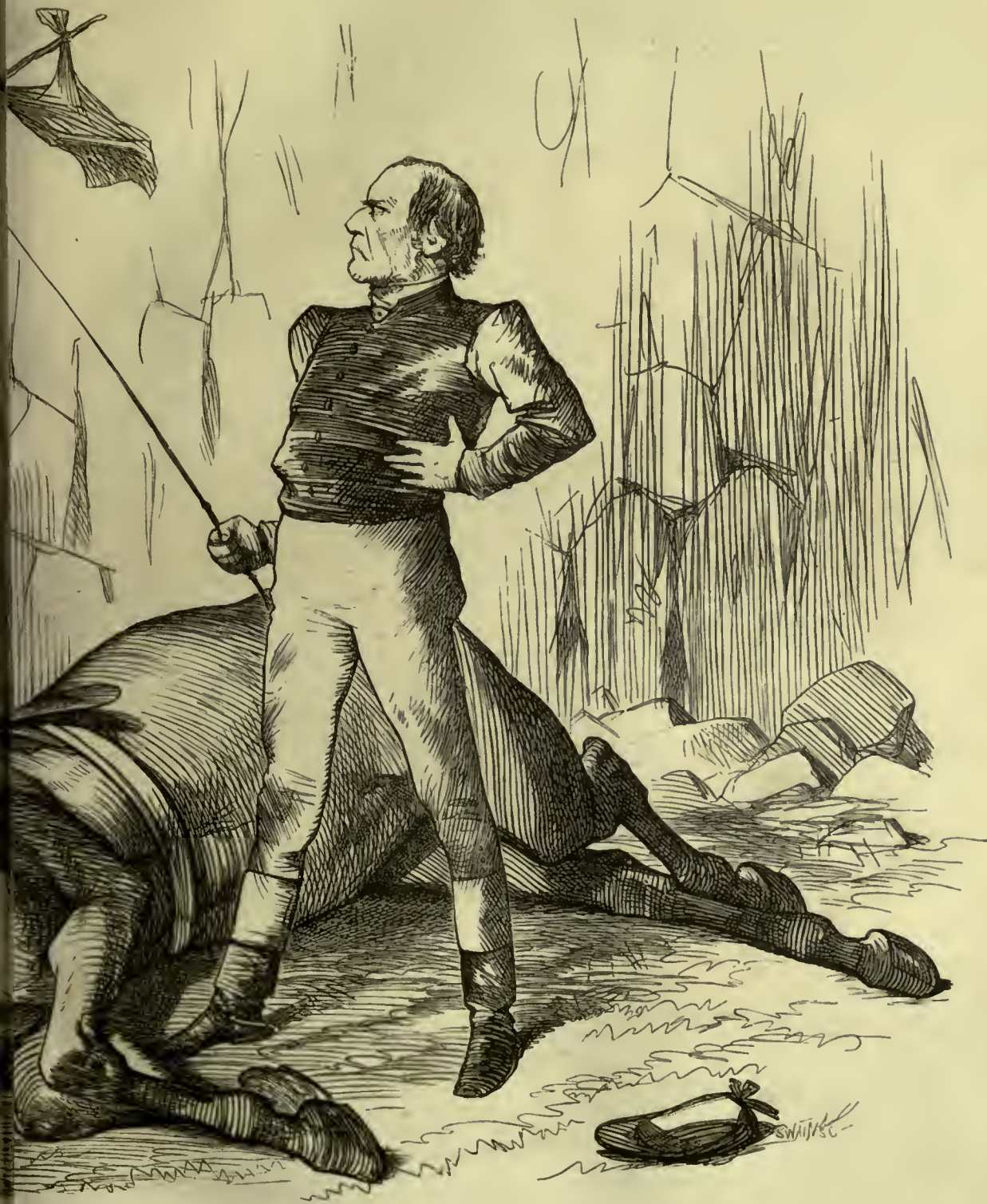
THE carbine is perhaps not the best possible firearm for mounted troops. It might be better to arm the Cavalry with a modern improvement on the old horse-pistol. Would you not have that in Colt's Revolver?

A STANDING MIRACLE.

THE maintenance of a wife and a family of children on the stipend of a Curate.



“COME A



ROPPER!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He visits a Fair, and reports himself to the Editor, as usual.



WHEN, Sir, I have nothing better to do—a rare occasion, as You may imagine—Your Representative likes to take a holiday. On such an occasion I am fond of representing myself as sauntering among the theatrical booths of this vast Metropolitan Fair, amusing myself by examining their flaming pictures hung outside, listening to the screams of “Walk up! Walk up!” from the hoarse throats of the opposition showmen, and debating with myself the question as to which exhibition shall be benefited by my patronage. This entertainment costs me no more than threepence for the *Times*, and, I regret to say, the price of the coals in my grate. I do not tramp the streets to obtain my information. The Fair is here.

The advertisement sheet, with its sole piece of furniture, the old clock in the corner—that small pale-faced dial, with its unchangeable hands fixed at half-past twelve punctually, whether A.M. or P.M. is a matter of choice to the gazer, far more famous

than its reverend friend at St. Paul's, or its towering relation at St. Stephen's, which is never the same for two minutes together,—this advertisement sheet of the *Times* is for me the common whereon the circus-tents and booths are pitched, and the caravans of performing prodigies display their banners, lower their platforms, and let down their steps to the public.

I have been right through the fair. The clanging, the trumpeting, and the shouting have made my head whizzy, and I sit down within hearing of its murmur (it is difficult to get entirely away from that), unwilling to “turn again,” even though, like WHITTINGTON, I should be bidden to the Mansion House by the chimes of Bow Bells. If I return to the busy scene, which booth shall I enter? There used to appear at one time, daily, perhaps it does now, an advertisement headed, “Where shall we go to-day?” and the answer ingeniously gave the name of the advertiser's exhibition, without the slightest hesitation, and without a hint of the possibility of visiting any other amusement in the Metropolis. It was as great a boon to waverers as is the fixed menu of a one o'clock ordinary. The Legislature might appoint certain days for certain shows, and this would assist some folks over a difficulty. But everything is open to me at once—all are beckoning, inviting, and crying the excellence of their wares aloud in my ears, frantic as might be a gang of lunatic Cheap-jacks broke loose from Bedlam. I stagger, and retire with my pockets buttoned, dazed, amazed, confused by the jarring din. Only a very few managements seem to me to display their wares respectably and soberly; and they have certainly been no losers by the method. One of these has, if I am not mistaken, invariably preserved a modest and almost bashfully-advertising demeanour, as though it were forced, blushing, to announce its own merit, at the same time that, for its friends' sake, it regretted the smallness of its house, and the unfashionable neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road. Yet if I want to mention a really successful Theatre, I name, from first to last, Mrs. BANCROFT's, or, as she still allows “her friends in front” to call her, MARIE WILTON—and more power to her pretty elbow. There are one or two others—as, for example, the Gaiety, where the stock in trade, I observe, is duly set forth, as is the duty of every caterer for the public, but without any yelling and shouting about “gigantic and stupendous success,” which is as irritating as the newsboys' cries of vamped-up latest intelligence in a sixth evening edition of a penny paper at the time of an expected crisis, and as tiresome in its repetition as the harsh screeching and monotonous bobbing of the most conceited and idiotic Macaws, trying to attract the visitor's attention to their sulphur-tipped polls.

To judge by the advertisements outside the booths, in *Times' Common Fair*, never was the Drama in a more prosperous state than now. Great Successes everywhere! Artists received with enthusiasm! Grand combinations of attractions! Behold, too, the

touching picture, drawn by himself, of an afflicted Manager utterly overpowered by his uncontrollable emotion on seeing his house nightly crowded by most illustrious audiences! I protest I am disposed to mingle my tears with his, to pat him on the back, and say, “Do not cry, Sir! Better days are in store for you. Bear your hard fortune like a man! Bless you! Liquor up!”

Here is another calming the trembling fair ones in his auditorium, and shouting to the occupants of stalls, boxes, dress-circle, pit, and gallery that, on his word and honour, the conflagration on his stage is *not* real; that he is only playing with fire; that his nervous patrons need not stir from their seats, as the mechanist and scene-painter are only “puttendin’;” that he admits the admirable deception; and that, after all, he is, as it were, not the Lion, but plain Bottom, the Weaver.

Through other speaking-trumpets, from “other lips and other” lungs, come shouts of “Most Successful Revival ever known! Walk up!” “Most Brilliant Thing ever written, heard, or seen! Walk up! Walk up!” “Thrilling Sensation Scene, nightly witnessed with breathless interest! Walk up! Walk up!” Somebody, in his Great Impersonation of Drunkenness, pronounced by *all who see it* (there is a touch of modesty worthy of italics in this conditional clause), to be a most powerful piece of acting!! Walk up!! Genuine and Unequivocal Success!!! Engagements at Enormous Cost! Walk up! The Greatest Artists in the World! Unprecedented Success everywhere! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums, drench your pocket-handkerchiefs with tears, clang the cymbals! BUNKUM and CAUTIONS for ever!!

The Managerial motto is, “Whatever is best,” which he adapts to circumstances. “Whatever is at my Theatre,” he says, “is best,” and as long as this over-advertising is the fashion, he can scarcely be blamed for acting up to what he wishes to be supposed are his opinions. But why cannot all follow the example of the Prince of Wales's and the Charing Cross Theatre? One quiet sensible advertisement each; and another “under the clock.”

I notice that, just at this time, the Vandeville has nothing very startling in the way of advertisement: a sign, though not an infallible one, of material prosperity. The St. James's is quiet too, though it has three shouts. But why is not the single *affiche* “under the clock” sufficient? or say, at most, one under the clock and one in the adjoining column?

My friend WAGG drops in with an observation. He has, he says, a suggestion for the “prond manager” of the Lyceum, who, as one of the most enlightened and ‘entest people on airth, will probably avail himself of the notion. WAGG proposes that as *King Charles* wears a marvellous peruke, and *Mr. Cromwell* is nearly bald, it would be well to lighten the advertisement by announcing “MR. BELMORE in his vigorous assumption,” &c., and “MR. IAVING in his wiggurous assumption.” WAGG means well, poor fellow.

MR. GRE has hung out his banner on the wall. He announces, among other things, *Mosé in Egitto*. How will the great Lawgiver, &c., make up? WAGG of course answers “with *air on*,” an ancient jest for which he would be deservedly plucked in a Lambeth examination, or receive the JO MILLER scholarship in All Pools University.

Time Works Wonders at the Globe. “Now MONTAGUE, sit fast! I seek for thee,” as *King Edward* says in Sc. 2, Act v., Part iii. HEN. VI., which is a longish reference for a short quotation, but of course this revival is a thing to be seen, that is, when the government of the Weather settles itself into something resembling a consistent policy. Till this happens, a brave indoor soldier, and not afraid to face the fiercest fire is

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Is it really illegal for British subjects to wear foreign decorations? If so, the law in this respect, if enforced, would deprive women of a right which they probably value more than all the other rights they claim, or which are claimed for them, put together. What is a chignon but a foreign decoration; indeed, what feminine decoration can be named that is of native origin? All the fashions are imported from Paris; not a fringe, trimming, feather, flower, or bow, but is of French origin; much of the false hair probably comes from foreign prisons and hospitals. The rights of women are not so far recognised abroad as to render them eligible for Orders of nobility and knighthood; but there are still foreign crosses and ribbons which they have hitherto been wont to decorate themselves withal in profusion without let or hindrance, but would have to discard them all immediately if there existed a law which forbade them from wearing foreign decorations under penalty of fine or imprisonment.

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE SEASON.

“To make coals cheap: a noble memory!”

Coriolanus, Act v. sc. 1.



THE MINERS' PROGRESS.

Curate. "Now, GILES, I FEAR YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE AGAIN WITH YOUR GUN!"
Giles. "NO FEAR, SIR! OUR PIT'S TAKEN A SHOOTIN', AND I'M THE KEEPER!"

Charles Knight.

BORN 1791.

DIED 1873.

WHITE head, keen eye, kind smile, that we no more
 Shall greet in its earned eye of lettered lore;
 One of the truest aids of Captain Pen,
 Who bore his flag of "Peace, good-will to men,"
 Foremost and furthest of his sacred band,
 Leagued to spread light of letters through the land.
 And sure a hope forlorn they might be deemed,
 Who of assault on that strong fortress dreamed,
 Where, guarded close by Prejudice and Pride,
 Contented Ignorance such foes defied.

Long was the leagner, toilsome, large of cost,
 And oft the cause to fainter hearts seemed lost,
 But he was of those sanguine, cheery souls
 Who through the races' dust still see the goals;
 Still his strong frame was toughest-braced for toil,
 His hand still darkest with the seemly soil
 Of the black press, from whose ink-streams a light
 Was yet to radiate through England's night.
 Ofttimes the fuel well-nigh failed his flame,
 And Ruin stood between him and his aim,
 But manfully he grappled the grim foe,
 Nor ever yielded sword, though oft struck low.
 And his reward was that he lived to see
 Cheap Letters broad-cast sown, and Knowledge free!

Stout, life-long fighter, as he was, for light,
 His soul, if keen, was ever kind and bright,
 Cordial and constant—so that truth may say
 No truer, manlier man e'er passed away,
 None that to all of his best gladlier gave,
 None worthier of a good word o'er his grave.

NEWS FROM A STAR.

A VERY curious and suggestive volume, called *Another World*, has lately come under the eye of *Mr. Punch*. It is what may be called a Romance of Satire, and, unlike most books that are intended to do two things at once, it effects both. The scene is laid in another Star than our own, as the following *morceau* will prove:—

"The women are instructed in our planet as to the art of pleasing, and the handsomest and most gifted exert themselves to this end. They are required to attend to their personal appearance abroad and at home. The married especially are enjoined to attend to this as much in the presence of their husbands as before strangers. A different custom prevailed in former times, when women, after they had been sometime married, thinking that their husband's affection was secured, gave themselves no further care to please him, though still taking pains to appear handsome and fascinating to others. It was for visitors and strangers that the most comely apparel and the most engaging manners were put on; the consequence was, that the husband often preferred the society of those who, in appearance at least, seemed to care more for him than did his own wife."

Well, yes, there is something to be said for *Another World*. But taking into consideration present prices of feminine apparel, we think that our own system is the best—certainly the most economical. If the beloved ones of our bosoms came down to the domestic dinner every day, arrayed in all their war-paint, what they would gain by our admiration of their charms they would lose on our investigation of our cheque-books. Every star its own system. Yet we should like to see the arrangements so daintily described in the book in question; for see how the ladies of that world dress their hair. What does *Le Follet* say to this?—

"In the hair is sometimes worn an ornament forming two wings, each consisting of a single diamond, which moves on small fine hinges, and is so arranged that the least breath of air will set it in motion. In the centre, uniting the two wings, is a small crimson stone, surmounted by a large round stone of purple-blue, from which sprouts out a very fine dagger of a greenish gold colour. The rest of the head-dress is made of fine metal, chosen for its lightness, of the same tints. These metals are of equal, perhaps greater, value than gold, but are chosen for their qualities. The necklace and anklets correspond in character to the head-dress, with the addition to the former of one large pearl, which hangs to the wings, and rests on the lady's bosom."



"SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER."

Cheerful Party. "HULLO, BROWD! YOU LOOK DOWD IL THE BOUTH, OLD BAD! WHAT'S THE BATTER!"

Depressed Party. "O, BEASTLY COLD ID THE HEAD——"

Cheerful Party. "AH! THAT CUBS FROB LIVID ID THAT EDERVATIO HOLE, SOUTH KEDSIGTOD! WHY, DOLT YOU CUB AD LIVE ID ST. JOD'S WOOD, AS WE DO?"

BALLAD FOR THE BRUTAL CLASSES.

ANOTHER of our species, for addin' force to plunder,
Dear friends, has been compelled his great mistake for to bewail.
Call robbery with violence no crime, for 'tis a blunder.
He found that out last week when he was flogged in Newgate Gaol.

The Court gave forty lashes, inhuman to another,
With five years' penial servitude besides, for what he done,
Which sentence was inflicted without mercy on our Brother.
He underwent the punishment of forty stripes save none.

He'd made his mind up for to bear his pain with resignation;
And for a time succeeded in suppressin' every sign.
But soon become unable for to stand the flagellation,
And then for mercy did begin to beller and to whine.

From Holloway Gaol on purpose they had fetched two sturdy warders,
As CALCHAFF isn't quite the man he used to be afore,
And they let him have it hot and hot, accordin' to their orders.
One gave him twenty lashes, and the other twenty more.

The stinging cat-o'-nine-tails occasioned him contortion,
As far as the confinement of the whippin'-stocks allowed.
To see him writhe and wriggle to spectators was a caution,
Whilst he yelled, and howled, and holler'd, and with tears repentance vowed.

To put down all garottin' seems the Judges' resolution,
The lashes has been raised now from two dozen to two score.
And which was the whole number carried into execution.
If forty doesn't answer, they no doubt will make it more.

A NEW LEGEND.

THE telegraph (electric, not *Daily*) relates another remarkable statement of the PORE's. In reply to an address presented by PAIRCE LICHTENSTEIN to His Holiness:—

"The PORE said he rejoiced at this international demonstration, and cited the example of St. Peter, who spoke to several nations at once."

Did he? We know that St. Peter may be credited with having been extraordinarily endowed with the ability to speak the languages of all nations; but the fact that he was accustomed to speak, or ever spoke several of them, or any more than one of them at a time, if that is what we are to understand, is new to us. Or if it be that St. Peter, whether speaking several languages at a time, or only one, was heard and understood by a plurality of nations all at once, the extraordinary gift of hearing and understanding which this implies on the part of those nations, is something equally new. We would the PORE would take us with him, as *Falstaff* says; what means His Holiness? SIR GEORGE BOWYER will perhaps explain in a letter to the *Times*; and, while his hand is in, be so good as to mention also, for our better satisfaction, if he can tell, whether the Holy Father, when he made the statement that St. Peter spoke to several nations at once, was standing or sitting; as the view to take of it might be materially modified by the knowledge of the circumstance that it was or was not delivered *ex cathedra*.

Claim of Irish Catholics.

WE won't stand Mixed Education.
What we want is Toleration
Of that sacred resolution;
You may call it Persecution.

From the Isis.

Is the nature of the struggle on the river between Oxford and Cambridge entirely changed this year? The inquiry is not a superfluous one, seeing that in a notice of the doings of the representatives of the two Universities, since they have been at Putney, it is stated that the Oxford men "were more at home at sliding."

NOTICE FOR APRIL THE FIRST.—The Poet Laureate grants on this day Poetic Licences to all applying formally for the same.

Awaitin' of his sentence in gaol upon conviction,
The terrors of the sorrowful garotter is unknown.
And Ho, what must his feelings be whilst under its infliction,
'Tis best to use no violence, but robbery alone.

A SMASH FOR THE SPIRITISTS.

PEOPLE who profess to put their faith in Spirits, should pay a visit just now to the Crystal Palace. MESSIEURS MASKELYNE and COOKE there hold a *séance* daily, and do wonders in the way of rapping, ringing, rope-tying, table-raising, and the rest of it. Without the help of trickay spirits, they do all the clever tricks attributed by Spiritists to the agency of Spirits; and do them not in total darkness, but in blazing gaslight. With his hands fast tied behind him, MR. COOKE takes off his tail-coat in six seconds, and in six more puts it on again; and MR. MASKELYNE, who measures about five feet eight in length, crams himself into a box which is only three feet long, and twenty inches wide, and then covers it with canvass, and knots a cord inside.

Unbelievers as we are in the tales of table-turning, we rejoice to see the tables turned upon the turners, and we return our hearty thanks to MESSIEURS MASKELYNE and COOKE for showing us conclusively that many so-called spirit movements are merely feats of muscle, and that simpletons who put their trust in the Spirits of the Spiritists, are not above proof of being simply humbugged.

QUESTION?

MRS. MALAPROP desires to know whether the big statue adorning Hyde Park Corner is included in the law list of "Statues at Large?"

THE SPIRITUAL ART OF SINKING.



E have, it appears, heathen in our midst, not only at Whitechapel and thereabouts, but likewise at Cambridge; and there not only in the Borough, but in the University too. A paragraph in the *Times* announces that the BISHOP OF ELY and BISHOP CLAUGHTON, assisted by some neighbouring clergymen, have been holding a number of "Mission Services" for the benefit of both Town and Gown; special addresses having been delivered to both men and women, and, at the request of students, members of the University, services having been held in College rooms; besides all which, open-air preaching has been conducted in Barnwell; where, as elsewhere, let us hope that it will have led to practice. That the

discourses delivered by the Right Reverend Prelate and their reverend auxiliaries to both undergraduates and townsfolk were of a highly practical nature as a rule, may be inferred from their connection with certain proceedings, which seem to have constituted rather an exception. "On Friday afternoon there was a conference in the Town Hall, the subject being 'The Deepening of Spiritual Life.'" This statement is unaccompanied by the explanation it requires. What can "The Deepening of Spiritual Life" possibly mean? The heightening of spiritual life one understands; but can hardly understand its deepening, unless in a sense apparently not contemplated by the BISHOP OF ELY and the assembly over which his Lordship presided; namely, that of depression, as opposed to elevation—a spiritual alacrity at sinking.

The deepening of spiritual life is a phrase which may be considered to have been illustrated by MILTON in plain English, as well as in grand poetry, where he makes a Spirit, whose spirituality is under zero, complain of being situated at a profundity such that, ever sinking, he has "in the lowest deep a lower deep" still yawning beneath him. Of course the spiritual life which goes on deepening in this way is just that from which ministration towards the rescue of their fellow-creatures, as well as endeavour to obtain their own, is supposed to be the reason of all clergymen's existence.

When the Pilgrim, in the song, runs up the mountain shouting "Excelsior!" is that imperfect Latinist to be taken as symbolising the deepening of spiritual life? In that case, deepening means increasing altitude; and certainly a hill is as deep as it is high: so is a river or a bowl of punch, or anything else. To deepen, according to DR. JOHNSON, in a secondary sense, is "to make sad or gloomy." We should be glad to be assured that a moody countenance, and black looks, betokening low spirits, are not the characteristic symptoms of that deepening of spiritual life which was canvassed the other Friday at the clerical *conversazione* in the Cambridge Town Hall. Those are the physiognomical indications of advanced atabilliousness, of which a suspicion may be entertained by many that the deepening of spiritual life is one of the forms. In that case, certain doses of calomel, blue-pill, taraxacum, or podophyllin, might be recommended in cases of the deepening of spiritual life; an affection expressed in terms of art seeming rather to savour of the religious novel than of the formularies of the Church of England.

The Man in Possession.

ACCORDING to a letter from Berlin, PRINCE BISMARCK will not consent to the complete evacuation of French territory until the whole of the indemnity is paid. In the meanwhile, if there were any such wise men—well, let us say wisacres, in the French National Assembly as there are in another place, perhaps, some of them would propose the abolition of capital punishment on the ground that France has too much of an execution in the house already.

"THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE FOR IRELAND"—evidently meaning the Potato.

"A CLERK THERE WAS OF OXENFORDE."

Chaucer.

MR. PUNCH is gratified at reading in the *Era* that a banquet has been given to MR. JOHN OXENFORD, and that his portrait has also been presented to him. The majority of those who rendered these tributes are connected with the Drama. Literature, however, also owes a debt to a scholar of varied accomplishment, a humorist of the best type, and, let Mr. Punch add, in these days of "graphic alip-slop," a writer of pure and admirable English. Mr. P. fills his own glass to Mr. O., and ere emptying it, winks, which otherwise unjustifiable demonstration implies a demand when MR. OXENFORD intends to publish anything more of a Rabelaisian character. 'Tis "looked for at his hand." This said, Mr. Punch who is everything as well as critical, but can also be that, would note that the gentleman who proposed MR. OXENFORD's health insisted on a fact in which that gentleman's very highest excellence does not seem to lie. "It was a proud thing for him to remember that he had never drawn a tear from one man, woman, or child whom he had had, in the course of a long career to pass judgment upon in his official capacity." It is a natural thing that to a theatrical gentleman this should seem a very proud thing. Well, as regards "woman or child," let that pass. No one would willingly make either cry, except for joy. But as regards "man"—well. Firstly, a man who blubs over anything that can be written against him is a booby whom it were gross flattery to call an ass, so we have no compassion for him. But secondly, who or what is an actor that he is not to be treated as honestly and severely as a Painter, Sculptor, Author, Composer, or any other artist? Why is he not to be flagellated, if he deserves it? Echo answers that she has not the slightest idea. But as regards MR. OXENFORD's criticisms, the truth is that he is a master of the English language, and his criticisms on stupidity, or vulgarity, or negligence are so deftly conveyed, that while they are perfectly lucid to those who read between the lines, a stupid, vulgar, or negligent person fails to comprehend that he is being scarified. The educated public is informed, and our "blubbing" friend is still happy. MR. OXENFORD is too well aware of his critical responsibilities to evade his duty, and those who "are not simple men" admire alike his perspicacity, and his subtlety of literary art. There, that's Mr. Punch's speech for the Oxenford banquet, and now he pledges his friend J. O. in a cup like unto that of one FRIAR JOHN of the Funnels.

LIBERTY AND LICENCE.

THEATRICAL Managers in general seem pretty well content, on the whole, that plays and playhouses should continue to be licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They do not, apparently, want a Licensing Act passed for the increment of their liberties. They are not so anxious to be put, as to their licences, on a footing with the publicans, as they should be, if, as we are told, the Public-house Licensing Act "works well." No doubt they would find a Playhouse Licensing Act "work" equally "well" in the estimation of the Prigs and Precisians of the Sabbatarian persuasion, most of whom would like to see theatres shut up as well as taverns on every day of the week as well as on Sunday, and who will soon, perhaps, begin to agitate for a Permissive Prohibitory Act to prohibit not only "intoxicating" liquors, but dramatic performances too.

No Demand for Salmon.

IN a summary of the proceedings of the House of Commons on the eventful night when MR. GLADSTONE announced the resignation of the Ministry, it was not surprising to read at the close, that "No attention was paid to an entreaty from MR. DILLWYN that he might be permitted to carry his Salmon Fisheries Bill a formal stage on." Members had other fish to fry. Official men had other fishes (and loaves) to look after.

Something Bright in the Future.

MATERFAMILIAS, still mourning over her coal merchant's account, is most anxious that Parliament should not be dissolved before it has passed "the Fires Bill," which she was glad to see had been found so interesting by the House of Commons that they read it a second time.

Another Way.

SOMEBODY is advertising a preparation which, among other merits, is warranted to keep a lady's hand free from chaps. Punch knows another way to effect this. Let her dress in the present fashion, and have it known that she has no money. Chaps, if they are sensible chaps, will let her hand alone very severely.



A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.

Young Wife. "JOINED THE JUNIOR PANTHEON!" O, ALFRED, YOU SAID WHEN WE WERE MARRIED, YOU'D NEVER CARE TO BELONG TO ANOTHER CLUB!"

Alfred. "YES, MY DARLING; BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU, THE NEXT THANKSGIVING DAY, TO HAVE A GOOD WINDOW AND FIRST-RATE LUNCH!!"

URBI ET ORBI.

THERE is an Old Gentleman sits on a Hill,
(By the last Roman mail, he was sitting there still—
There's but one Hill now, where once were seven)—
And he calls himself the Vicegerent of Heaven.
Thence, East and West, and South, and North,
Much *brutum fulmen* he thunders forth,
At Princes and Peoples, and Kingdoms and Kings,
Lay-thought, Light, Reason, and other things,
Which stand in this Old Gentleman's way,
And pooh-pooh his infallible say!

For this Old Gentleman flatters himself
He locks all Truth on his cupboard-shelf;
And keeps the keys of Heaven and Hell,
And conscience of Kings and Nations as well;
That whithersoever, *Ex-Cathedra*,
His will may point, there lies the way;
That whene'er he says "Thus it is," 'tis thus,
Singing, "*Semper, ubique, ab omnibus*;"
And so this Old Gentleman sits on his Hill,
In the teeth of the times proclaiming his will.

But much as this Old Gentleman may
Atop of his Hill have it all his own way,
'Tis not the less true that, beyond his Hill,
Light still is light, and Reason still
Is reason, whate'er this Old Gentleman's will!
That Kings decline to Priests to yield,
And narrow the fence of the old Church field;
That more and more the Church's fight
With the State is a strife twixt dark and light;
And though all's a not light that for light is shown,
None wish to change even half-light for none.

DEAD OR DORMANT?

CONCURRENT Endowment how perfectly fair!
Let Catholic teachers with Protestant share;
In its own Orbit each University move,
Or run, each by each, in a parallel groove.

Concurrent Endowment, how well it works, lo!
On Germany cast but a glance if you'd know.
'Twould answer still better in Ireland, there's a hope,
Where his Bishops are still more devout than the Pope.

Concerning Endowment, imagine a claim,
As matter of right, to a Catholic's name,
Contested; the differing Doctors between
Could the question be tried in the Court of the QUEEN?

O, no! Not for CULLEN! Before the POPE's throne
On that point appeal could be carried alone.
Concurrent Endowment in Ireland implies
Therein Jurisdiction Concurrent, likewise.

We here have no BISMARCK to handle the reins,
And short and sharp pull up your Ultramontanes.
Such shocking intolerance we never could bear,
So Liberal JOHN BULL is, and so doctrinaire.

Mind, you, *mie BEN*, to democracy did,
The last time in office, concession outbid.
When next, can we trust your assurance that you
Won't outbid concession to Popery, too?

DANCING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WE learn that at a ball given at Washington to celebrate the PRESIDENT's "inauguration," as the penny-aliners term it—

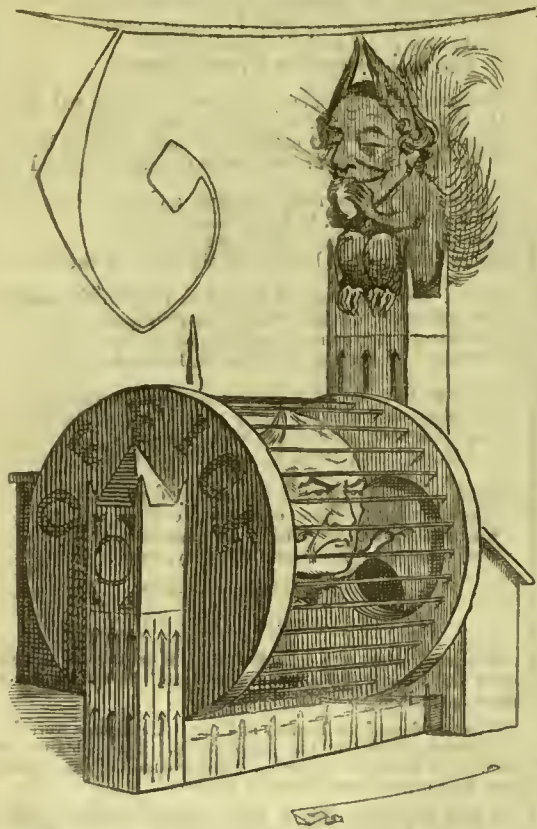
"Ladies danced in bonnets and furs. Gentlemen wore hats and overcoats even at the supper-table. Bitter blasts blew through the flags and draperies, and drove most of the company home long before the chilly night was over."

A cool reception this, a joker might remark: but it must be past a joke when Jack Frost thus makes himself a Master of the Ceremonies, and turns a pleasant dance into a perfect snow-ball. One would wish, if one were present, that one had the wand of *Harlequin* to make a change of scene; or it would be better still, perhaps, if in such a frozen ball-room one could suddenly turn *Clown*, and bring in a hot poker.

Once this Old Gentleman saw, around,
Naught but bowed heads, uncrowned and crowned:
But, one by one, the crowned heads have dropped off,
Some with a sigh, and some with a scoff,
Till now, about the Old Gentleman's chair,
The deuce a head with a crown is there!
But an epione crowd of skirmish-fighters,
In petticoats, priests' birettas, and mitres,
Each mumbling his hocus-pocus charm,
With his conjuring book beneath his arm;
Of Fathers and Casuists large provision,
All in the latest Jesuit edition;—
Some, plain Roman calf, without letters, confined in,
And some, in Ritualist half-binding:
But the bolder their hocus-pocus tricks,
The greater the poor Old Gentleman's fix!

For all the brisker they bid him ban,
The less the Old Gentleman feels he can;
And the louder they make their old lion roar,
Echo but mocks him, more and more;
Till, at each new peal of Vatican thunder,
Says Enrope, "What old scold's that, I wonder?"
Of late, they thought a bolt had struck,
And kneeled to give thanks for a stroke of luck,
When, by the blast of the POPE's brass band,
At wave of CULLEN's staff of command,
An ill-built Liberal wall was brought down,
In an avalanche, on GLADSTONE's crown.
But, bless the Old Gentleman, if he dreams
That *that* will forward his Vatican schemes!
Rather twixt them and us 'twill fix
A higher fence of good English bricks,
Than the six feet of ill-set Irish stone,
Which, all things considered, is better o'erthrown.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RANQUILLISE yourself, Madam, the comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* has been played and withdrawn, and the Westminster Manager has announced *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Mr. Punch had some thought of stopping here, and leaving those lines as his *Essence for the Week*. But you are kind enough to say, and wise enough to know that it is good for you to hear him talk, and therefore he will expound the story of the Retirement and Return of MR. GLADSTONE at a little more length, and with some of Mr. Punch's accustomed felicities of illustration.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 17th of March, Saint Patrick's Day, the Lords met, but EARL GRANVILLE got rid of them in twenty minutes, asking them to come again on the Thursday. The DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX entirely approved this course.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE, "stepping into his place from behind the SPEAKER's chair" (this is very important, and we hope, dear Madam, that you will remember it, for no step in MR. GLADSTONE's career should be unnoticed), made a short speech.

He had been passing Sunday in the country. He might have said, but did not, that he had been

"At Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of naughty SHREWSBURY and love."

While in that alcove he received an intimation from the QUEEN to the effect that MR. DISRAELI would not make a new Ministry. HER MAJESTY graciously inquired, therefore, whether MR. GLADSTONE would resume office, and to this he replied that he would, and also that he would ascertain from his late colleagues how far they were disposed to do the same. He proposed that the House should again adjourn until the Thursday, in order to give him time to make arrangements. "For there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form," as *Lady Blarney* says; or is it *Miss Skeggs*? The moral is the same.

MR. DISRAELI said that he should be silent. That is, he would defer explanations. But he begged that it might be distinctly understood that he had at once informed HER MAJESTY that he was ready to make a very good Ministry, but that he could not work with the present House of Commons.

MR. GLADSTONE repeated that it was not until Sunday that he had abandoned the expectation that MR. DISRAELI would make a Ministry.

Then we all went away. Mr. Punch, whose every act must be interesting to you, Madam, proceeded to dine with the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House. The banquet was served in the Long Parlour, which has been re-decorated, with taste and splendour, by MESSRS. GILLOW, and the menu was perfect. As, however, the season was that of Lent, Mr. Punch of course felt bound to restrain his somewhat Epicurean tendencies, and he confined himself to one plate of *tortue*, two of *tortue claire*, some *filets de truite à la Tartare*, some whitebait, some *timbale d'écrevisses*, a few *maucielles* out of a lovely *pouding*, some *jambon au vin*, a slice of *dindonneau piqué*, some Marrow-Pudding, which the Scotch bard has worthily celebrated as

"My winsome Marrow,"

some *pouding à la Nesselrode*, and some *anchois en canapé* (this is a very pretty way of putting it, but the *canapé* is toast), with a few other trifles. He compliments MESSRS. KING & BRYMER on the elegance of the feast, and he gratefully thanks the LORD MAYOR for having discouraged something, and encouraged something else, to which things (the party not having been an official one) Mr. Punch's sense of propriety prevents his making further allusion; but those who are in the habit of "sitting at good men's feasts" will easily be able to say what it is the greatest bore to have, and what to lack.

Now, Madam, are you familiar with COWPER's poems? If not, pray become so. But you almost indignantly reply that of course you are. Very good. Then you recollect a passage in *Retirement*? The patriot statesman resolves to leave office and go into the country.

"'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,"

("Bays" means horses, but MR. GLADSTONE most likely took the G. W. R.)

"Which whirl away from business and debate
The disencumbered Atlas of the State."

("Self-made men" will please to understand that "Atlas" does not mean a book of maps. There are none at the Treasury—though plenty at the Foreign Office,—and, if there were, MR. GLADSTONE would not think it right to take them out of town with him.)

Well, the country stagnation—miscalled repose—soon begins to pall upon the brilliant man of the world, and

"He feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst for his renounced employ,
Blames his own indolence, observes, tho' late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking State;
Flies to the levee, and, received with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place."

MR. GLADSTONE certainly had not much time to get tired of the country, but the rest of the story is sufficiently applicable, and, Madam, whether a quotation exactly fits or not is of no consequence. It is the poet's fault if he has not written with accuracy, it is your business to show that you have read the poet, and have a Macaulayish memory.

Thursday.—There were Ministerial explanations in the Lords, but you do not want the story twice over, and the Leaders in the Commons were much more explanatory than the aristocrats.

Quoth MR. GLADSTONE. We will resume our offices. (Cheers.) I did not quite understand MR. DISRAELI's written reply to the QUEEN, and I wrote this to HER MAJESTY. On Friday evening I was satisfied that he had unconditionally refused office. But I drew up a paper on the subject, which I sent to the QUEEN, who gave it to him. He forwarded his answer to HER MAJESTY on Sunday evening. [After church, we hope.] When I received it, I saw that it was unequivocal.

Now MR. GLADSTONE, it seems, holds that an Opposition has no right to give a fatal vote, unless prepared to take the place of the men put out. This view he, being desirous to put MR. DISRAELI in the wrong, presented to the QUEEN. But MR. DISRAELI is particularly ready with an answer, and he responded vigorously to MR. GLADSTONE, in another paper sent to HER MAJESTY. Mr. Punch, as the QUEEN's private and personal friend, begs leave to intimate that it is too bad of these two gentlemen to trouble the QUEEN with their views. Let them fight matters out in the House, and not at Windsor.

The PREMIER did not disguise the fact that he had desired rest, and thought that he had earned it. Also he admitted that the fortunes of a Revived Government were not very good. Touching this he quoted *Horace*, *Liber iii.*, *Carmen v.*

"Neque amissos colores
Lana refert medicata fuco;
Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus."

You understand every thing, Madam, and need not to be told (yet we tell you) HORACE's meaning is that when wool has been once dyed, no washing thereof will entirely restore its delicate whiteness. The quotation in itself was happy, but does MR. GLADSTONE wish his Administration to be known as the "Washed-Out Ministry"?

He distinctly declared that he had no intention of dissolving early, or at any particular time. He should proceed with business on the old principles, and he trusted to have the confidence and support of the House.

MR. DISRAELI spoke at great length. He had something to do besides make explanations. He had to talk to the Nation. He had to show what humiliations and torturings he should have had to undergo had he taken office with a hostile majority of 88 to 90. There was no common bond, he said, between him and the Irish, who had enabled him to defeat the Government. Nor did he

see his way to a dissolution. What was he to dissolve upon? A dissolution would not have been justified. Nor was he bound to take office. An Opposition could not have a matured policy to be ready at a moment's notice, when an accident might defeat a Ministry. He had already tried the experiment of governing with a minority, and he was not going to do it again. The Government, however, had had no business to resign. They knew that they meant to sacrifice educational interests to the Romish hierarchy, and they had expected the votes of all the Catholic Members. However, MR. GLADSTONE had made it a question of honour; that had been vindicated, and now let him return to his work. Then the Leader of Opposition pronounced an eulogium on the Tory party, which, he said, held the most satisfactory position it had filled since the time of MR. PITT and LORD GRENVILLE. Financial questions were all settled, but now all our institutions were menaced—the rights of the Crown, the existence of an aristocracy, of the Church, of Property in Land, and these will become great and burning questions. Then will come the time for a great, intelligent, and organised Party to step forward as the guardian of National Interests.

After this there was some small talk, and the House was Counted Out early. And, to parody good old CHAUCER, Madam, though we are sure you never read the original,—

“Thus BENJAMIN his WILLIAM doth defy,
But WILLIAM is once more set up on high;
And PADDY's priests lament the mended breach:
That tale is done. Heaven save us all and each!”

Friday.—The Lords wisely stayed at home, out of the way of the

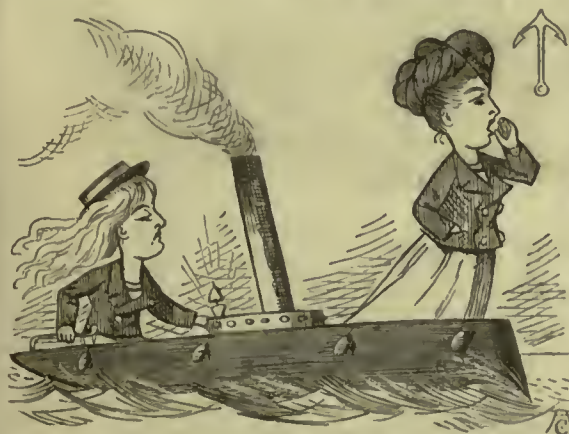
savage March wind;—we admire CANON KINGSLEY to excess, but the encouragement he has given to this abominable blast would make us remonstrate with him, but that it has got into our throat and deprived us of the power of objurgation. His health, in a cup of fine old gruel.

In the Commons, MR. GATHORNE HARDY moved a Resolution about the Geneva Arbitrators' interpretation of the Three Rules, of which he wishes HER MAJESTY's disapprobation to be declared to all nations in general, and America in particular.

Now touching that Geneva decision *Mr. Punch* has no desire to say anything unpleasant. The business is done, and let us have done with the business. But it is known in Society that very high authority does not hesitate to say very unpleasant things indeed on the subject. Your “finger to your nose”—we beg pardon—“your lip, thus,” Madam, for the present.

The question was debated at great length, and with ability. MR. FORSTER said that the vote would be one of censure on the Arbitrators, and he did not think that course would be dignified. Moreover, we were not bound, for the future, by anything the Arbitrators had said in excess of their Commission. Some strong men spoke, and, in the end, MR. GLADSTONE undertook that when other nations were asked to accept the Rules, they should be “disencumbered of recitals.” Rather a dull story, dear Madam, and the House relieved its mind by some fierce little divisions, on Supply. We sat till nearly two, though, and then fled away into the darkness and the winds, like KEATS' Lovers on the Eve of St. Agnes.

BLUE RIBBONS.



HE Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, the greatest event of the year after, or rather, before the Budget and the Derby, will be rowed on Saturday afternoon, the 29th inst., a week earlier than usual, for solid reasons connected with the time of high-water at London Bridge, which the Editor of the *Nautical Almanack* will be happy to explain to any one who may favour him with a call on the following Tuesday.

The Vice-Chancellors, Heads of Houses, Doctors, Proctors, Professors, and other eminent dignitaries of the two Universities, escorted by a guard of honour composed of gentlemen in *statu pupillari*, will take their places in the seats set apart for them by the Thames Conservancy, punctually at the hour appointed by Convocation, wet or dry. The Creweian oration, in accordance with ancient custom, will then be delivered by a member of the Oxford crew. (N.B. No Collection.)

Immediately afterwards, the Vice-Chancellors will drop their handkerchiefs, and the struggle will commence.

The two boats are teak-built, lined with satin-wood, and registered at Lloyd's as A 1. One of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House will act as Starter, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY will officiate as Judge, and the JUDGE OF THE ADMIRALTY COURT will be present as Umpire. The result of the race will be proclaimed from Hammersmith Bridge by Blue Mantle. The course will be the same as usual—riding, driving, or steaming down, lunching, laughing, flirting, betting, cheering, steering, afternoon tea, dining, dancing, glancing, and going home when it is time to return.

The Railway arrangements for the day may be known on personal application at the different Booking-offices and the Board of Trade, and by reading the placards displayed at the various Stations north of the Thames and south of the Trent. Special trains may be engaged by those willing to pay for them.

During their stay in London and the suburbs, the following places of amusement will be thrown open to the two University crews, *free of charge*, on showing their colours and certificate of matriculation—the British Museum, the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, the Law Courts, and the Royal Exchange. If the crews can arrange to visit Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, in company, a reduction will be made in the usual scale of charges. Application to be made to the Verger in residence.

All persons intending to be present at the race, who are not thoroughly well acquainted with aquatic sports, are urgently recommended to give their nights and days to the study of the sporting papers, so that they may be able to distinguish one end of the boat (either Oxford or Cambridge, it makes no difference)

from the other, to explain the use and construction of the new “patent sliding seats,” and avoid the lamentable error of confounding the coxswain with the stroke. They should also dismiss from their minds all prejudices in favour of one University over the other—shunning any such conspicuous symbol of partisanship as a broad band of blue ribbon round their hats—and generally strive to conduct themselves as Britons, who for many centuries past have been in the invariable habit of ruling the waves.

No prophecy, prediction, or other vaticination will be hazarded here as to the result of the race, the choice being so very restricted, lying between but two opposing parties. Oxford may win, if Victory should once more smile on the Dark Blue, or the success of Cambridge may be a mathematical certainty if Fortune again prefers the lighter shade in ribbons, silks, and other materials for ladies' dresses; or both may claim a triumph if the race should prove a dead heat. But one thing is clear, that, allowing for accidents, the best men are sure to win; and if anyone is not satisfied with this significant hint, let him be at Corney Reach or the Soap Works during business hours between now and then, and watch the course of events with the acumen of a Judge, the impartiality of a critic, and the field-glass of any respectable optician.

Genuine Irish Grievance.

AN Irish grievance, which may be felt, although it has not been expressed, is a form of oath which, peculiarly constituted as the national mind of Ireland is, compels a large proportion of the jurors of that country very frequently to incur the disrepute, in prejudiced British opinion, of committing perjury. They have to swear that they will “a true verdict give, according to the evidence.” Justice to Ireland clearly requires that, in the Irish juryman's oath, for “according to the evidence” should be substituted “according to the religion of the parties concerned and the direction of your Priest.”

Prosperity on Paper.

UNDER the able management of our CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the Revenue amounts to the amazing total of £76,000,000. Happy we. What a prodigiously wealthy nation! Perish individuals. A surplus of nearly five millions sterling for us all, and a coal and meat famine for every one.

A SLOVEN'S PLEA.

COMFORT before ostentation. Your outward appearance necessarily affects the consciousness only of other people; but by no reasoning whatsoever can you dismiss bodily sensations from your own.



TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Unsophisticated Cousin. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, JACK?"

Jack. "O, I MEAN TO BE A SOLDIER; AND YOU SHALL BE MY NURSE."

Unsophisticated Cousin. "WELL, BUT SOLDIERS DON'T HAVE NURSES, JACK!"

Jack. "O, DON'T THEY, JUST! THAT SHOWS YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE PARKS! WHY, I DON'T THINK I EVER SAW A SOLDIER WITHOUT ONE!"

THE WILD BIRDS' PETITION.

We wild birds all, both great and small,
Whose names are hereto appended,
To the Commons of Britain present, under-written,
Our prayer they will have amended
The Wild Birds' Act, that from fiction to fact
Its working may be extended.

Though, measured by inches, we tits and finches
The Birds' Lower House may sit in,
If you reckon our notes by the size of our throats,
You'll find they by no means fit in:
Think how much and how long we have cheered with
our song
The Commons of Great Britain!

If larks and linnets, with whose field-spinnets
Not even a BARRAGE e'er meddled,—
If blackbirds and thrushes, MOZARTS of the bushes,
By roughs for pence now peddled,
Are not as deserving of Law's preserving
As the birds in your statute scheduled,—

If starlings and sparrows of bows and arrows,
Guns, and nets, must still go in danger—
Of the numerous tits, if no species flits,
To apprehension a stranger—
If no close-time gives these to take the ease
Of the fearless feathered ranger,—

If, spite of the aid of PALISSY'S maid,
And the GAZZA LADRA'S pleading,
The magpie bold be left out in the cold,
And the jay left to lie bleeding,

For his blue-wings' bloom, not himself to plume,
But the hats of blondes unheeding—

If the youthful rook have no right to look
For protection from transportation
Into pigeon-pie, but still must lie
In risk of that transmutation;—

If the raven be left, on the charge of theft,
To promiscuous condemnation—

When snipe, swan, and duck, have had the luck
To be placed beneath law's ægis,
Why the Act should cease this side wild-geese,
We ask Her Majesty's lieges?

With none of us meddle, or all of us schedule,
Or our status you change in *pejus*.

Don't call your Act an accomplished fact;
Its merits to mockery dwindle;
And those who framed it, should ne'er have claimed it
As ground the hearts to kindle
Of the feathered throng into grateful song,
For what is but a sham and swindle!

'Gainst which mockery hollow, we whose names here
follow,

Hereto our claw-marks lay,
Beseeching you hear, with attentive ear,
What herein we sing and say—
And we, your petitioners, field-musicianers,
Will ever gratefully pray.

[Here follow the signatures of many millions of larks, linnets, blackbirds, tits, mistletoe-thrushes, song-thrushes, rooks, ravens, magpies, jays, &c., &c., omitted from the Schedule of the Wild Birds' Protection Act, which came into operation Saturday, March 15.]



“WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS.”

DOCTOR PUNCH. “WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE! NO BONES ARE BROKEN, BUT YOU’VE HAD A SHAKE; AND YOU MUST BE *VERY CAUTIOUS* FOR SOME TIME TO COME.”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Visits the Queen's, and, in reporting as usual to the Editor, draws the attention of the public to a distinguished sporting character in the drama of "Old London."



Y Sir, I represented You, the other night at the Queen's. Let me advise lovers of the genuine old melodramatic school of art to see *Old London*. *Dick Wrastell* is played by Miss Hodson as prettily as though, confound him, he were a lad of most

unquestionable morality. Never was there such a fascinating, worthless, charming, unprincipled, amiable, wicked, dutiful, cruel scamp. Miss Hodson's *Dick* is a sort of *Aladdin Jack Sheppard Prince Hal Paul Clifford*, all rolled into one: indeed in the French original *Jack* was discovered to be the heir to the Throne, and was only pardoned on condition of abandoning his claim. The Old Mint on fire is very effective, and Old London Bridge, one of the best "sets" seen for a long time, and an exciting situation into the bargain.

But what especially took my fancy, as your Representative, and what ought to draw to the Queen's all old and young London, all middle-aged London, and particularly all patrons of pigeon-shooting, sportsmen, and members of the Gun Club is the astonishing pistol-practice of *Velvet Grawl* the villain.

The object of this weak-headed person's life—he evidently being of a sporting turn—was, as I gathered from his actions, to shoot little *Dicky Wrastell*, whom he appears to have considered, perhaps being misled by the name, as a little Dicky-bird. From morning to night the aim, literally the aim of his existence, was to catch the unwary *Dick* alone if possible, or, failing that, to have a shot at him in company; his chief point being to get within two feet of him anywhere, an easy shooting distance, which you might think would have rendered the chance of his hitting him somewhere extremely probable. Revolvers not having been invented in those days, *Grawl*, I am sorry to say, must have suffered considerable inconvenience from the necessity of having to provide himself with, at least, six pistols, in order to get half-a-dozen shots; and, at seven for sixpence, I am bound to say he would have made the fortune of any one speculating in the hire of firearms ready-loaded. These weapons were craftily bestowed about his person, much as, I suppose, not being strictly in the secret, a conjuror conceals the fish-bowl, cannon-ball, and canaries in a cage, which he is presently going to produce from under his handkerchief. But a conjuror thus furnished cannot sit down. Now these pistols of the make of *GEORGE THE FIRST'S* time were not light elegant little pea-shooters, a dozen of which could be carried in a lady's reticule. No, they were things so constructed as to render even momentary forgetfulness of their presence in your tailcoat pocket almost impossible, and interfered with the set of your clothes as awkwardly as a parcel containing a pair of boots. Like all true lovers of sport, *Velvet Grawl* could evidently put up with these inconveniences, provided that the sport itself occasionally came in his way: and only once did I see *Velvet Grawl* take a chair, and that was in *Sir Randolph's* study,

whither he had come without his weapons, at least I suppose he must have forgotten them (and didn't like to ask if he might send a servant for them), from their not being employed by him, when a glorious opportunity offered itself, for a fair certainty, at three inches. Such a chance, thought I, you won't have again, my friend. He did though, or very nearly: but all through this scene he was scowling and muttering to himself, probably confounding his ill-luck which had made him forget his pistols just when they would have come in so handy, reminding me of the sentiments of a gentleman, who, after mature debate with himself as to whether he should walk out, with, or without his umbrella, decides for the latter, and is caught in a pelting shower. I've got no sort of doubt that *Grawl* said to himself before he left his own house, "Now, let me see, shall I want my pistols or shall I not? I might meet *Dick* on the way, and have a shot, but it isn't very likely. So on the whole I'll consider this an off-day, and perhaps, as I am going to pay a visit, it will be more comfortable." So he left them behind him. He was soon to be compensated, however, for his oversight, for, in the very next scene but one, he had a regular field-day of it. This came off "in a cellar of the 'Magpie and Stump.'" Here *Velvet Grawl* was perfectly reckless with pistols. The cellar was as light as a Belgravian Drawing-room on a ball-night, with a fair sprinkling of company, who were evidently accustomed to *Grawl*, and were prepared to humour his little ways of bringing out pistols and having a pot-shot or two at anybody who might offer himself as a tempting mark.

The reason of this general toleration of his peculiar foible was soon apparent to the meanest capacity.

Whatever *Velvet Grawl's* original intentions may have been, he was, practically, perfectly harmless when trusted with loaded pistols—that is, under certain conditions. Only give him a fair-sized person, in a moderately conspicuous dress, placed in a good strong light—broad daylight preferred—and within a foot of the muzzle of his weapon, and as sure as is a falling stone to obey the laws of gravitation, so certain was *Velvet Grawl* to miss the most obvious shot. It was a thousand pounds to a bread-crumm in favour of the person at whom he aimed. No Life Insurance Company of the period would have refused *Dick Wrastell* on the sworn testimony of any friend that *Velvet Grawl* was going to shoot at him from all quarters, in all places, at any hour from 10 to 3, and every day in the year. "He here!" exclaimed *Velvet Grawl*, when, on seeing *Dick* in the cellar, he was quite unable to repress his sporting instinct, and lunged out a pistol to have a good steady shot at him. *Old Nollekins* balked him, however—a proceeding which had the character of obtrusive friendliness, as it was really quite unnecessary, and certainly called for no gratitude on the part of *Dick*, who, with regard to *Velvet Grawl* and pistol-shooting, might well say, "My dear friend, let him go on; it pleases him, and it doesn't hurt me."

Presently *Dick* stood close at *Grawl's* elbow, and he never had such a chance of a dead-shot as now, but for *Dick's* unfairly interfering with the free action of his wrist. After this *Grawl* was quiet for a few minutes, when suddenly the old uncontrollable desire seized him, and exclaiming, "This time—now, at least, he shall not escape me," or words to that effect, with which he generally prefaced his various misses, he levelled a pistol at *Dick*, which was, however, gently taken from him and laid on the table. He yielded it without even the mildest protest, and thereby Your Representative, Sir, was certain that he only did not complain of the removal of his playthings because he knew well enough "there were more where that came from"—namely, his pocket.

My divination was correct. Within five minutes he had hauled out another, a larger and more terrible weapon, that might have done some service on a swivel on the poop of an Elizabethan man-of-war, and there being this time no obstacle in the road, he blazed away at *Dick* to his heart's content. "Now," said I to myself, "if he misses him this time he couldn't hit the Great Pyramid at six inches." Sir, *Velvet Grawl* could not hit the Pyramid at one inch distance. After this feeble exhibition, *Dick*, as might be expected, was more alive than ever, and, taking up the old pistol from the table he pointed it at *Grawl*, who lost the presence of as much mind as he had ever possessed, forgot his store of weapons, and crediting *Dick* with a better eye for a mark than himself, obeyed that young gentleman's command, and descended by a trap-door into another cellar below this cellar, suggesting that even in this deepest depth there was a deeper still.

In the Fourth Act he rushed down to Battersea with pistols, and a bludgeon, which convinced me that repeated disappointments in shooting had affected his brain, and I should not have been surprised had I on the next opportunity seen him trying to take aim with a walking-stick, or attempting to lead a kitchen poker.

I believe, now, that this bludgeon was, after all, only taken up in a moment of weakness and self-distrust, or, in a lucid interval: either supposition being dependent upon the view adopted of *Velvet Grawl's* idiosyncrasy. He discarded the bludgeon when he went



REASONABLE REQUEST.

SCENE—Hounds running; men pulling up, and hesitating at stone wall.

Very Young Lady (on clever Cob). "WILL THOSE WHO DO NOT MEAN TO JUMP GET OUT OF THE WAY FOR THOSE WHO DO!"

out on the river in a little boat with *Sir Randolph*, and once more took to his pistols.

Never, never, was there such a chance as now! *Dick's* boat had smashed, and *Dick* himself, in his white shirt-sleeves, was standing in the angle of a buttress of old London Bridge, and sheltered from *Grawl* by the side of the bridge itself.

Never had this undaunted sportsman such an opportunity to distinguish himself as now! I should not have bet on *Dick* now, nor would a Company have risked his premium. Why? Because *Grawl*, in a boat, on the further side of the archway away from his victim, was compelled, by *Dick's* position in the angle, to shoot at him from round the corner. Need I say that he missed again, and again. Then he went away. I was anxious for his re-appearance, as I began to be fearful lest continued failure might end in hopeless dejection, when he would probably renounce pistol-shooting for ever, and join the Society of Friends.

No. In another quarter of an hour he was out again, blazing away; and where do you think? Why, of all places in the world, on Hampstead Heath! Now here *was* a fair field, and no favour! I was startled to find that a dense London fog had settled on this suburban elevation.

Yes, now at last I trembled for the lives of such of KING GEORGE'S subjects as business, or pleasure, might have brought into this locality.

There were, as it happened, numbers of people about on this foggy day, including vague members of the British army—deserters, perhaps, or out for a few leisure hours with the donkeys, and I shuddered, for never during the whole play, even when shooting round a right-angled corner, had *Velvet Grawl* been so truly dangerous as now. What damage might not such a man do with a pistol, in a fog! And so, alas! it turned out. *Grawl* was quite in his element, and having made up his mind that somebody in the fog was the object of his hitherto unrequited attentions, he made the usual speech about "this time he shall not escape me," and fired—bang!—with the usual result, as far as *Dick* was concerned, inasmuch as *he* did escape him, but with an unusual result as far as the sport went, as the bullet had taken deadly effect on

Nollekins, between whom and *Dick* (for whom *Grawl* had mistaken him) there was about as much resemblance, physically, as between the Norfolk Giant and a Norfolk biffin. When *Grawl* returned (the fog having cleared off), to find that he had not made the bag he had intended, he lost all heart, and surrendered himself to the constables, by whom I trust he was led off gently to Bethlehem Hospital, where, doubtless, he would be easily kept quiet by amusing him with Lowther Arcade toy-pistols, with which he could pop at the keepers from morning to night.

Indeed, Sir, as representing You, I have not been so thoroughly interested in any recent performance as this. *Vive Velvet Grawl!* I shouldn't like to be out shooting with him, on a moor, in a Scotch mist.

O, my sporting friends, see *Grawl*, enjoy his bad shots, and applaud the genuine hit as heartily as did

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

HIPPO-MAGNETISM.

It is well to call the art of inducing sleep, sleep-waking, and other abnormal conditions of mind and body, Mesmerism, from the name of its inventor, MESMER, rather than Animal Magnetism. This latter denomination is best restricted to denote the magnetic influence exerted by the lower animals. The most remarkable instance of Animal Magnetism in this sense is presented by that noble animal, the Horse. The attraction which this quadruped acts on mankind withal far exceeds the strongest that any other creature has for our species. Almost all men, of what character soever, are more or less attracted by the horse; but among them it is notorious that the majority consists of persons whose character the horse's influence appears to lower exceedingly. Is there an analogy between Animal Magnetism, emanating from the horse, and frictional electricity in respect of induction? A body positively electrified induces, you know, a state of negative electricity on another near it. Is the Noble Animal, by a corresponding magnetic action, apt to induce upon ostlers, grooms, jockeys, betting men, and even gentlemen so-called about him, a negation of nobility?



"PICTURE-SUNDAY."

(It is very difficult to know exactly the right thing to say to an Artist about his Pictures. We recommend unlimited praise; but do not enter into details.)

"O, MR. ROBINSON! YOUR PICTURES ARE QUITE—TOO—MORE THAN LOVELY! SURELY YOU ARE THE GREATEST ARTIST THAT EVER LIVED! ARE YOU NOT? CANDIDLY!"

"WELL, I DON'T KNOW. THERE WAS MICHAEL ANGELO, YOU KNOW, AND HOGARTH, AND—AND—"

"O, YOUR PICTURES HAVE ALL THE INEFFABLE REFINEMENT AND PURITY OF HOGARTH, ALL THE IRRESISTIBLE HUMOUR OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AND—AND—SOMETHING QUITE YOUR OWN, WHICH I HAVE NEVER PERCEIVED IN THE WORKS OF EITHER OF THOSE MASTERS!"

ULTRAMONTANE HISTORY.

GIVEN, a Catholic University of Ireland a hundred years hence, with a Professorship of Modern History, what are the students in that seat of learning likely to be taught to make out of the following telegram from Berne, preserved, peradventure, in some historical record?—

"The Government of Berne have resolved to suspend all the Catholic Clergy who refuse to obey its decrees for carrying out the decision of the diocesan conference at Basle."

Is it not possible that this statement will be quoted as attesting the fact of a persecution, A.D. 1873, in Switzerland as cruel as any endured by the Christians of the Roman empire under NERO and DIOCLETIAN? Will the Catholic undergraduates not be taught, accordingly, and that in perfect good faith on their teachers' part, that the Government of Berne, in announcing their intention to suspend the Catholic Clergy above referred to, threatened to hang them? The foregoing telegram goes on to say that ninety-seven Curés, having declared that they would pay no respect to orders issued by the civil authorities relative to ecclesiastical matters, had all been "temporarily suspended." Can you not imagine that this will be taken and explained to signify that the ninety-seven Catholic martyrs were all of them hanged by the neck, but not till they were

AUSPICIOUS EVENT.

Most people said, "How nice is
The Ministerial Crisis!"

Though that event
Of Government
Appeared incipient phthisis.

Its happy operation
Retarded legislation
A whole week's space;
A week of grace
To this poor Prig-ruled Nation.

Prove true the fond impression,
'Twill short have cut the Session!
This liberty
Awhile will be
Protected from aggression.

Whose further prosecution,
Stop, speedy Dissolution.
The right men send
A House to mend
Which needs reconstitution.

THE SCHOOL OF THE STAKE.

At the late Liverpool Catholic Club Dinner, the Papal Archbishop made a speech, in which he said that

"The great question of education was of all the most burning question, and at the general election it behoved Catholics to unite and to take distinct political action on it."

No; the question has not yet arrived at the extremity of burning. But that is not the fault of those of whom the zeal is so excessive that they refuse to tolerate mixed education. It appears not at all unlikely that, by uniting, and taking distinct action on the question which their Primate calls "burning," could his followers succeed in obtaining a parliamentary majority, we should have that question settled by re-enactment of the statute *De Hæretico comburendo*.

Chemistry of Law Reform.

THERE is talk about a contemplated "fusion of Law with Equity." Perhaps, if this be effected, the resulting amalgam will be innocent, or even salutary. Such is sometimes the case with a compound the constituents of which are deadly poisons.

CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL.—WHEN is a blundering schoolboy like a fraudulent shopkeeper?—When he makes a false quantity.

dead, having been cut down while yet alive, &c., &c., as the Protestant English miscreants under JAMES THE FIRST served B.B. GUY FAWKES and GARNET?

To the Scientific World.

It seems that there is a state of oxygen gas which possesses "a flavour of lobsters," but, unfortunately, it has the drawback of being injurious, otherwise, in such dear times as ours, lovers of these crustacea might have been glad to inhale it as a substitute for their favourite shell-fish. Now that they are so costly, cannot some chemist discover a cheap and harmless gas which has a flavour of oysters?

A Family Affair.

IN view of the scarcity of coals, the *Gardeners' Magazine* proposes the cultivation of trees for fuel. This, doubtless, is a promising speculation, and it may, perhaps, pay Posterity. But whose Posterity? Before planting an estate for Posterity, one would like to be quite sure that the property would be preserved for Posterity by the perpetuity of entail.



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

SCENE—District Court in a Colony.

Scotch Judge (with a very marked Pug-Nose). "WEEL, NOO, SIR, IF YE GAE ALONG THE RO'D IN QUESTION, QWERE'LL YE GANG TAE?"

Scotch Witness (deliberately). "THAT A' DEPENDS, YER HONOUR, ON HOW FAR YE GAE!"

Judge (snappishly). "YE UNDERSTAN' VARA WEEL, SIR. IF YE FOLLER YER NOSE, MUN, QWHERE'LL YE GANG TILL!"

Witness (after a pause). "AH 'VE ALWAYS HEER-ED IT SAID, YER HONOUR, THAT IF YE FOLLER YER NOSE TOO FAR, IT'LL TAK' YE T' THE MOON!"

Judge. "STEP DOON, SIR!"—(In an angry aside).—"THE MON'S A FOLE!"

A DAY OF REST FOR ALL.

THE National Sunday League, under the presidency of LORD AMBERLEY, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, the other day, resolved on sending a petition to the House of Commons for the opening of Museums and other similar institutions on Sunday afternoons. LORD AMBERLEY made a suggestive remark:—

"He would yield to no one in his desire that one day out of the seven should be observed as a day of rest, but he did not admit it to be an absolute necessity that every person should rest on the same day."

To every thinking and unprejudiced mind this, surely, must appear a very just observation. Our fellow-subjects include Jews and Mahometans. Do they enjoy freedom of conscience when, whilst their own religions compel them to rest, respectively, on Friday and Saturday, our own Sabbatarian law compels them to rest on Sunday too? Against opening Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays the only serious objection that can be alleged, the interference with the Sabbath of officials employed to attend in them, would be obviated by the employment of a few supernumerary Mussulmans or Hebrews. Both the Children of Israel and the Votaries of Mahomet would be glad enough to be engaged in a service that would be no hard labour for a Christian even, needing to earn an honest penny. If diversity of creed is an evil, it is allowed to be a necessary one in a land of liberty; then make the best of it. Since we have Jews and Mahometans in our midst, we might as well utilise them, during our Sunday's rest, to their own advantage as well as for the benefit of the Christian community. In the same manner Secularists also might be turned to some purpose, and also withheld from temptation to do worse than work, and at the same time get to spend their time in doing about the least possible amount of work, on Sundays.

THE SPANISH KALENDS.

We learn from a paragraph in the *Times*:—

"No date is at present fixed for resuming the official inquiry before the Police Magistrate at Greenwich respecting the loss of the *Northfleet*, and it is expected that nothing further will be done until the case of the *Alurillo* is disposed of by the Spanish Government."

Considering our experience in the case of the *Tornado*, to say nothing of the present state of things in Spain, this is a "long look-out" with a vengeance!

Punch's prayer is, may the owners who are waiting for "the Spanish," get their money—with deferred interest. If they do, what swingeing damages they will get!

Legislation for the Counter.

THE *Times* remarks that our European neighbours tell us that we must meet the Ultramontanes with "rigid counter legislation." Has our legislation, in general, for some time past, been anything else? The principle on which it has been mainly directed by a Government of severe economists, who subordinate all other considerations to those of finance, is surely both counter and rigid to the uttermost extreme.

Something Left Out.

At the close of his speech on the night of the Ministerial explanation, MR. DISRAELI referred to certain "great and 'burning' questions," but with strange forgetfulness omitted to mention one of the most serious of all—Coal.



CIRCUITOUS.

Passenger. "QUITE THE SORT OF WEATHER FOR YOUR BUSINESS, THESE APRIL SHOWERS, I SUPPOSE!"

Red-Faced Driver. "NO, SIR, GI' ME FAIR WEATHER; 'CAUSE IF IT AIN'T FAIR, NO ONE GETS UP OUTSIDE, AND IF THERE AIN'T NO ONE TO GET UP OUTSIDE, THERE AIN'T NO ONE TO SAY 'COACHMAN, GET YOURSELF SOMETHING WARM TO DRINK!'"

GENTLEMEN AT LARGE.

PROFESSORS and Practitioners of Psychological Medicine. A practical question, Gentlemen, of some importance in your line, seems suggested by some particulars in connection with a case of Mysterious Disappearance, mentioned in the *Post*, under heading of "The Kidnapped Solicitor," as follows, with variations merely nominal.

"MR. STARKINS, the solicitor, whose supposed kidnapping so much disturbed the public mind, is at present under the care of Dr. DASH, of Oldport. It does not appear, however, that Mr. S. is suffering, or has been suffering, from hallucination. His mind is perfectly clear and collected, and if it be affected with any mysterious form of insanity, it can only be of that strange kind happily little known in England, and called by German and Russian physicians 'wander-madness.' It is now ascertained that while Mr. S. was writing the letters giving an account of his abduction to the 'loathsome den,' somewhere in the East-end of London, he was pleasantly passing his time in Southampton."

The friends of Mr. S., when they had once caught him, might as well have looked after him. But—

"After Mr. S. had been only four days with his friends, following his return from the 'loathsome den,' he disappeared again on Thursday the 13th inst. This time, fortunately, his friends at once communicated with the police, and he was traced by MR. SUPERINTENDENT BROWN, of Oldport, to a lodging-house at Ditchmouth. Looking in through a crack in the door, he saw the missing solicitor seated at a table, with a bottle of sherry on either side of him, a long clay pipe in his mouth, spectacles on his nose, and in his hand a newspaper, which he was quietly perusing. He was very carefully dressed, and seemed quite at his ease."

It was subsequently found that this erratic gentleman at large had been "making arrangements to proceed to Jersey." He seems distinctly to have asked himself the question—

SERENADE FOR A CITIZEN.

Celebrated in Connection with the Trans-Continental Railway.

FIVE years 'prisonment! FREMONT,
Will it hurt you? Guess it won't.
'Cause you can imprisoned be
Nohow but in effigy.
What is that for him that collars
Seven hundred thousand dollars?
You may laugh, for, whilst you win,
You are out of gaol; not in.
Wish that I was in your place.
Would a blush o'erspread my face?
No, Sir, but a smile serene.
I should wear a lofty mien
Far above the thought of shame,
Conscious of a world-wide fame,
Glorying in my inmost heart,
Knowing I was voted smart,
Named "remarkable" among
Our first men by every tongue.
In my absence I could bear
Any judgment: shouldn't care.
Foreigners might sentence me
To the stocks or pillory.
Whip or brand to me were nought,
Sure that I could not be caught,
I should, no fear lying under,
All the more enjoy my plunder.

A Professional Remonstrance.

TEMPLE BLACKSTONE, whose briefs are not overwhelming, grumbles at being obliged to mix coke with his Wallsend; but the aggravation of short weight in his last supply of coal has forced from him the indignant Commentary that Coke is bad enough, but that Coke upon Little-Ton is beyond all endurance.

AGED, BUT AFFABLE.

A LADY asked MR. SCUDGELLS if he liked children. "Don't know, Ma'am," answered that crabbed old gentleman; "never tried 'em: am not an Ogre." On another occasion, SCUDGELLS remarked that infants were not innocents. "Quite the reverse," said SCUDGELLS. "A baby is a crying evil."

"Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither shall I wander?"

There appears to have been a certain method in his "wander-madness;" for in the meanwhile, pending reference to his family:—

"The superintendent and the solicitor accidentally met in the street. The latter knew at once the business of the former, and said, 'How on earth did you find me out here?'"

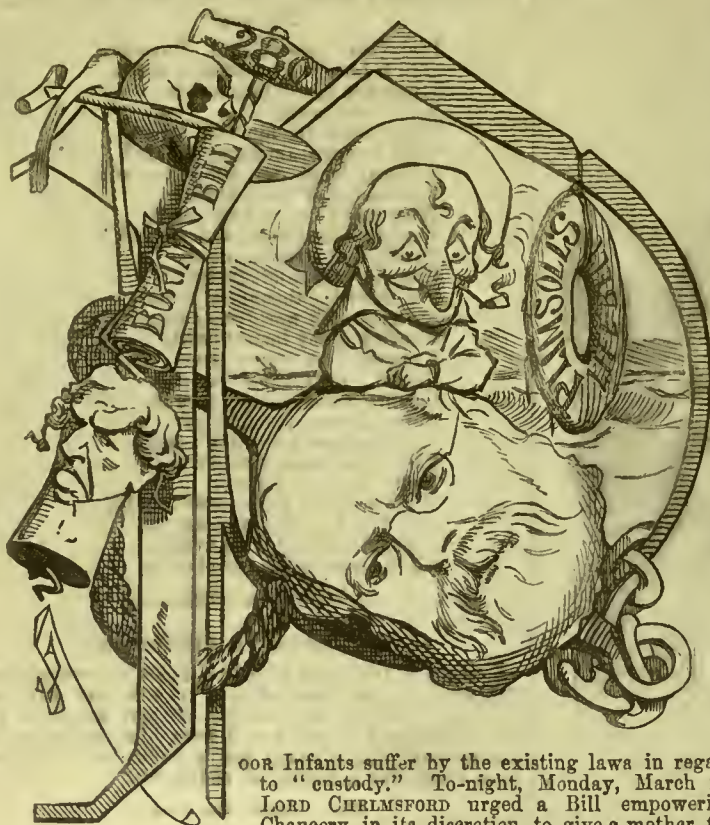
It is pleasant to be enabled to add that—

"Mr. S. states that he is very glad to find himself at home once more."

Let us hope that his friends, if they rely on this statement, will not find themselves deluded. It is also to be wished that they may prove equal to the task of taking care of him. But now, if a case such as his were put under professional hands, how would they handle it? Everybody knows what an improvement has been wrought in the treatment, once customary, of common raving, rampant, roaring, dancing madness. The simply soothing system has supplanted a regimen which, mainly consisting of bread and water, included whipping-cheer *ad libitum*. There still occur cases, however, of madness, wherein it may be questioned whether, even now, recourse might not with advantage occasionally be had to that combination of lowering measures with stimulant. Perhaps, in "wander-madness," of which the symptoms are mingled with the degree of lucidity exemplified in the above instance, considerable success might be achieved by the moderate and judicious administration of "Tickletohy."

But there are two sides to every picture, though nobody ever looks at the other side, except the Cataloguer at the R. A. Travellers, glorified as heroes, brave dangers, endure privations, and sacrifice money which at least every Philistine thinks nobody in his senses could. Must we not, therefore, beware of being landed in a conclusion which would bid us prescribe "Tickletohy" for a Livingstone?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



our Infants suffer by the existing laws in regard to "custody." To-night, Monday, March 24, LORD CHILMSFORD urged a Bill empowering Chancery, in its discretion, to give a mother the custody of children under sixteen; and supporting

deeds of separation, whereby had husbands give up children to wives. All in the right direction. We cannot pay too much respect to the interest of the young. *Maxima debetur puero Revalenta*—here *pueris*, though wrong, would be more appropriate.

In the Commons MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE thanked MR. PLIMSOLL for giving him such information as had induced him to cause a vessel called the *Parga* to be surveyed. She had been declared unseaworthy, and orders had been given to prevent her going to sea. This is well. Touching her name, the word recalls to *Mr. Punch* a most valiant and furious poem which he read in the early days of GEORGE THE FOURTH. In this the treatment of *Parga* by the British was made the subject of awful invective. He well remembers that it began thus:—

"O *Parga*! *Parga*! land of many wrongs,
Land bowed beneath th' oppressor's iron rod,
Methinks even now I hear thy dirge-like songs.
I hear and shudder. Can it be, O God?"

Unless *Mr. Punch* mistakes, *Parga*, which is in Albania, held out against ALI PASHA, and we had a good deal to do with its surrender to that tyrant. Anybody who likes can look up the history—we shan't. We never read anything that tells against our beloved country.

MR. GLADSTONE said that we were not going to pay the Alabama money until it should be due—months hence.

The gallant SIR SAMUEL BAKER's expedition for the purpose of putting down Slavery in Africa, was represented as having met with misfortunes, and there is some satisfaction in learning that the Khedivé has sent some soldiers to the aid of BAKER PASHA.

MR. GÖSCHEN gave us the Navy Estimates. They are nearly Ten Millions, and exceed last year's by about £340,000. But who cares about the money? Look here. We have got twelve ships, so strong that all the rest of the nations of the world, together, cannot produce a force that can fight us. In addition, we have another splendid fleet.

So, after a short debate, the Commons voted 60,000 men and boys, and £2,629,000 for wages.

Some day the time may come when, in the beautiful words of the Laureate, we shall be

"Breaking our mailed ships, and armed towers,
Controlling, by obeying, Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth, and crowned with all her flowers."

But it is particularly certain that the time has not yet come, and anachronisms are bad taste. So, hooray for the *Devastation* and her terrible sisters!

Tuesday.—A handful of slightly cheeky fanatics in Ireland call themselves

the Catholic Apostolic Christian Church. Which course LORD REDESDALE called rather strong. We think it rather weak. But there is some difficulty about their marriages, and as it is not fair that their children, who have nothing to do with their parents' nonsense, and will probably repudiate it by-and-by, should be inconvenienced, a Bill is passing the Lords for putting matters straight.

MR. PLIMSOLL's hook was referred to in the Upper House, and LORD MALMESBURY said that MR. PLIMSOLL had revealed acts which could only be called "diabolical." A celebrated judgment of the House of Lords has rather put the word out of date, but we understand LORD MALMESBURY, and cordially agree with him.

In the Commons, MR. GÖSCHEN gave some information as to the stations selected for observing the Transit of Venus. Also about the "method" to be employed. All highly instructive, and particularly dull. What says KEATS?—

"Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow—once—in Heaven.
We know her woof, her texture. She is given
In the dull catalogue of common things—
Philosophy could clip an Angel's wings."

There was only one Transit of Venus which commends itself to the lover of poetry—when she passed before *Aeneas*.

"*Veraque incessu patuit Dea.*"

"And by her radiant walk the Queen of Love is known."
Dryden.

However, we dare say it may be very proper to measure stars, and auns, and cook up Nautical Almanacks, and to make ourselves generally and astronomically useful.

MR. ANDERSON then proposed to carry the House from Venus to the Currency. But the *Times* says that he was so awfully wrong that his speech afforded a painful illustration of the state of the representation, or thereabouts, and we shall not go into his heresies. The Currency question is simple enough. A Bank of England note is a Mint Certificate. The ebb and flow of our Currency in harmony with the Specie movements of the world is as regular as that of any river. But any man who suffers from wrong calculations wishes to throw blame elsewhere. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, who knows all about it, defended the Bank Act.

After the subject had dropped, MR. CHADWICK moved for an inquiry into the Income-tax; but such a subject—or such a speaker—was not acceptable, and there was a Count.

Wednesday, for a wonder, gave us rather an interesting debate, and a good party rally. The subject was not promising. It was the Bill affecting the Burial of Dissenters. They are desirous to be permitted to be buried in Church Yards, but without the services of the Church.

It is not a topic for mirth, unless we find any in the fact that such a man as MR. DISRAELI could lead opposition to the Bill, and exert himself, in an elaborate speech, to array all kinds of arguments against allowing Englishmen, who had stayed away from the Church in life, to be brought near it in death. One single real objection had been provided against. There are vain fools, and vulgar sceptics, who might take the opportunity of a funeral to air their oratory, or to announce their atheism, over a grave. But this Bill expressly enacts that no person shall officiate but a minister of a registered congregation, and that the service shall be strictly religious. The Ministers supported the Bill, and the Second Reading was carried by 230 to 217—majority 63. Yet a second note of resolute opposition has been sounded.

This evening, in respectful imitation of *Mr. Punch*, the Ministers went to dine at the Mansion House. They met all the Mayors of the kingdom, whom SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW had hospitably gathered, and the show of robes and chains was delightful to behold. Ministers did not distinguish themselves much. MR. GLADSTONE reminded us of Surya in the *Rejected Addresses*, when asked to mount the new theatre. In the imitation of SOUTHEY it is writ,—

"But ah, coy Surya still felt a twinge,
Still started from his former singe,
And to Veesnahoo replied,
In a tone rather gruff,
'No, thank you, one tumble's enough.'"

MR. GLADSTONE said, however, that Government had had a fall and a recovery, and were ashamed of neither. But the event overshadowed ministerial memories, and Mr. LOWE quite scoffed at Mr. DISRAELI—who was “not there,” like the shopkeeper when the nigger got the hat from the shop, and therefore could not tell the price of it.

The Mayors were not eloquent. The LORD MAYOR OF YORK made “a brief speech,” which the reporters did not take. “By perfect modesty o’ercome,” probably, like one of POPE’s heroes. Do you know the Yorkshire rhyme about the Chief Magistrate of York and his Lady?

“He is a Lord for a year and a day,
But she is a Lady for ever and aye.”

Thus sweetly, Madam, does Mr. Punch blend with stern politics gentle archaeology and placid poetry.

Thursday.—LORD ENFIELD informed MR. PETER TAYLOR that we cannot recognise the present Spanish Government, except as provisional.

MR. GLADSTONE made a present of this evening to the independent Members, who gave up their Motions to permit the Irish Education Bill to come on. The night, of course, was utterly wasted, but the PREMIER, as a gentleman, could do only as he did. There were a variety of useless discussions—one on the Park Rules (MR. AYRTON getting decidedly the best of it, as he had to contend with men of two extremes), one on the Rule of the Road at Sea. While a Minister was speaking, MR. CHADWICK tried to count him out. This would have been bad taste, but that the latter wanted to enforce an argument about keeping a House.

The Volunteers still desire an Easter Monday Review, and MR. CARDWELL told LORD ELCHO that any arrangement for one should be supported by the War-Office. The military authorities are very cold about military shows. They do not see how such things inflame the youthful mind towards soldiering. There was a song, in 1825—

“When a youngster up I grew,
Saw one day a Grand Review,
Colours flying
Set me dying
To embark in a life so new.”

And then mark our gallant young friend’s élan (not an elk) in the hour of battle:—

“‘Charge!’ our gallant leaders cry,
On like lions then we fly,
Blood and thunder!
Foes knock under:
Then hooray for a vic-to-ry!”

You don’t get such poetry as that now-a-days, Madam.

Friday.—MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE gave MR. PLIMSOLL the names of the individuals who are to be the Royal Commissioners for inquiring into the state of our Mercantile Marine. Some very good men have been selected. Chairman, the DUKE OF SOMERSET, who will stand no nonsense. The DUKE OF EDINBURGH is one, and the nation will be pleased to know this. Some practical and scientific men are also chosen, and Punch may say, on a review of the whole, that he has seldom noted a Committee less willing or less likely to be humbugged.

We had rather a scene. MR. FAWCETT had an Irish University Bill. Since he introduced it, he has altered and improved it. So the POPE’s men, eager to smash it, contended that it was not the same measure which he had leave to bring in. MR. GLADSTONE saw a difficulty, and proposed that a new notice should be given. There is little chance of the measure coming on at all, but this course would have made that chance infinitesimal. The SPEAKER ruled that MR. FAWCETT had received permission to bring in such a Bill, and that he might do so then and there. Which he did, the Conservatives cheering their loudest.

A Select Committee is to inquire into the working of the ridiculous Irish Jury System. We rather envy the members. They will hear such a lot of good stories, as will make all of them worth asking to dinner, which is not to be invariably predicated in the case of a Member of Parliament.

Soliloquy Summarised.

Hamlet (instead of “To be, or not to be,” &c.). I’d kill myself, if I were sure I could;
But am by no means certain that I can:
Nor might, if I committed suicide,
Not be worse off thereafter than before.

TO ALMANACK-MAKERS.

CAN a year remarkable for its hideous fashions be remembered as a Year of Grace?

JONATHAN’S LESSON TO JOHN.



THE time has been folks chaffed JOHN BRIGHT
On his itch for Americanising;
When he painted Columbia, no shadow, all light,
Effete JOHN BULL surprising,
With a babe in her arms, Young JONATHAN hight,
On pure Democracy’s milk, to the might
Of an infant Giant arising.
But some things, perhaps, we have seen of late,
Have left us Young JONATHAN’s model state,
On the whole, less disposed to imitate,
And less in the mood for prizing—

As the scandals and shames of the Tammany Ring,
The lobbying and log-rolling;
Corners and wire-pullers in full swing,
The votes of dead-heads polling:
The millions of dollars paid to bring
Representative rascals their papers to fling
The balloting urns by the shoal in:
And the general confession that, tried by the test
Of character, Congress stands confest
A place whither JONATHAN’S worst, for his best
In too much force, have stole in.

But in one thing JONATHAN stands revealed
Of his cousin JOHN the master—
In raising the crops of rognery’s field,
To bigger growth and faster,
Till a harvest, undreamt of once, ’twill yield
To his bold hand who the sickle may wield,
As well as the seed’s broad-caster.
He’ll sink his thousands his millions to sack,
As knowing such seed brings increase in its track,
And the bigger the rogne the broader the back—
Not so much for the scourge as the plaster.

Let this effete old Europe go on
With petty robbing and reiving,
Teach, New World JONATHAN, Old World JOHN,
Thy grander style of thieving!
When he would fitch a single atone,
Square miles with diamonds broad-cast sown,
Salt thou, for flats’ deceiving:
Where he at his one forged flimsy would stick,
With a hundred thousand do thou the trick,
And the Bank of England’s own pocket pick—
The swindlers’ sublime achieving!

How short the old World of the new one falls,
So prove, to the end of the chapter;
That not only Old England’s lakes and falls
By Young America’s capt are:
The jobs of thy senatorial halls,
Thy rings, thy corners, thy crises, thy calls,
In a larger ether wrapt are;
And last, not least, thy swindlers rise
To a grandeur that dazzles Old-World eyes,
And Lords of industrial enterprise
Make those who, as rogues, here trapped are!



A SMART YOUTH.

Cousin Millicent (with smothered indignation). "GOOD-BYE, ROBERT! AND SINCE IT SEEMS YOU FOUND NOTHING FITTER THAN MY FAVOURITE BIT OF JAPANESE ENAMEL TO DROP YOUR CIGAR ASHES IN, LAST NIGHT, PERHAPS YOU'LL ACCEPT IT AS A GIFT! IT HAS NO FURTHER VALUE FOR ME, AFTER SUCH DESECRATION!"

Cousin Robert. "THA-ANKS, MILLICENT! AND IF THAT'S THE WAY ARTICLES OF PRICELESS VALUE ARE DISPOSED OF IN YOUR BRANCH OF THE FAMILY, I CAN ONLY REGRET I DIDN'T MAKE AN ASH-PAN OF YOUR HAND!"

A SONG OF SPRING.

By a Cockney Poet.

ALL hail, thou joyous time of year,
To Cockneys and cock-robins dear!
All hail, thou flowery, showery season,
When throatsles, mating, perch the trees on:
When sparrows on the house-tops sit,
And court their loves with cheery twit:
While Opera songsters tune their throats,
Exchanging for our gold their notes!

Now Nature her new dress receives,
And dinner-tables spread their leaves;
Asparagus again one sees,
And early ducklings, served with peas;
Again the crisp whitebait we crunch,
And chops of lambkin blithely munch;
Salmon again our shops afford,
And plovers' eggs adorn the board;
While for one day at least our sons
May stuff themselves with hot cross buns!

See now the swells begin to show
Their horsemanship in Rotten Row:
See now the Drive is thronged once more,
And idlers lounge there as of yore:
See now fair April fills Mayfair,
And gives new life to Grosvenor Square.
See now what crowds flock to the Zoo,
Where Master Hippo is on view.
See daffodils, and daisies pied
In bloom, and buttercups beside;
See now the thorn, and e'en the rose
Signs of returning Spring disclose:

See now the lilac large in bud;
While costermongers, splashed with mud,
The product of the passing showers,
Cry "Here's yer all a blowing flowers!"
Or wake the echoes of the groves*
With "Hornaments for yer fire-stoves!"

* Westbourne Grove, Lisson Grove, Camden Grove, &c.

SUITRESS AND SUED.

It is very seldom that Man is sued by Woman; except at Law. That, however, happens not at all unfrequently; and there has lately been rather a glut of breach of promise of marriage cases, in more than one instance, with exacerbation of damages awarded to a fair plaintiff for laceration of feelings occasioned by failure to secure a husband who would have had to keep her, although at the same time regarding her as an encumbrance, and certain to make her miserable for life. In the reports of these pleasing trials, letters which have passed between the parties to them are usually published. Some of these contain verses, generally doggerel as to metre, and for the rest nonsense. It is very remarkable that none of this poetry is ever the composition of the plaintiff. The author of it is invariably the fool, that is to say the defendant, who had the folly, first, to fall in love with an unsuitable object, and, secondly, to put his folly on record in suitable strains. In these cases the pursuer, as the Scotch well call her, is not only too clever to be capable of writing such stuff as that, but likewise too cool by many degrees to be susceptible of the sentiment which inspired it.

A PROFESSIONAL PUNSTER.—SIR BONES SAWYER was asked if he had seen the *Cataract of the Ganges* at Drury Lane. He said no, and added, "Why don't they cough it?"



A DEPLORABLE SCEPTIC.

SABREY GAVE "QUITE RIGHT TO REFUGE THE MONEY, MY PRECIOUS BOBSEY, BUT I WAS SORRY TO READ YOUR LANGUAGE TO THAT DEAR LORD STANHOPE ABOUT TROY, AND ACHILLES, AND 'OMER, WHICH IT'S WELL, BEKNOWN I STUDIES 'IM DAY AND NIGHT."

BOBSEY PAID, "BOTHER YOUR 'OMERS, AND YOUR ACHILLESES, AND YOUR TROYS! I DON'T BELIEVE AS THERE WAS EVER NO SUCH PERSONS!"

["Mr. Lowe's refusal to subsidize a pilgrimage for discovering the graves of Agincourt and Hektor, betrayed a deep and deplorable scepticism as to the historical accuracy of *HOMER*."]—*Times*.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the British Museum. Important to Visitors from the Country.



H me! "Breathes there a man with soul-dead, Who never to himself has said"—I must go to the British Museum? I said this to myself, and, finding that this public institution was closed on all the days most convenient for my visit, I nobly sacrificed myself on the altar of Necessity for the benefit of the Great Unenlightened.

How to get there.—The shortest and the cheapest route is by walking, if you know the way from wherever you may be. Consult a map and your own convenience.

The building itself and environs.—The mental nose of the classically-minded will, on entering in at the iron gates, sniff, as it were, a faint odour of paganism in the grounds. I allude to my own mental nose. There stood before me the Fane of some

Heathen Deity approached by a majestic flight of steps. I felt that I had come to worship Something or Somebody, and there were the pigeons wandering about consequentially awaiting their purchase by enthusiastic devotees, and picking up such crumbs as were thrown to them by the students returning from mild luncheons at a neighbouring pastrycook's.

On such classic ground did I feel myself, that, had I seen elderly gentlemen in *togas* ascending and descending those steps, I do not think I should have been in the least surprised: on the contrary, I was astonished at their absence.

At the Inns of Court the Members dining in hall are obliged to don a sort of academic gown, just to give a learned Tone to the festivity. This custom, in *togas*, ought to be adopted by the authorities of the British Museum; a notice could be easily stuck up over the Porter's Lodge, informing the public that "*Togas*, gratis, must be obtained within, without which no one will be allowed to enter the Museum."

The unclassically-minded could watch the proceedings from outside, poking their noses through the railings, and evincing the same kind of interest as is shown daily by the crowd who watch the sports of the Bluecoat Boys, who, many old ladies believe, are the sons of the prisoners in Newgate, condemned to wear yellow stockings and cloth petticoats, and confined behind these bars, within view of the passers-by, for no fault of their own.

I noticed that the houses in the streets leading towards this centre of attraction seemed to have caught something of its style and character, being more and more classical the nearer they approach the Museum, and increasing, proportionately, in the primness of their respectability.

The walks and grass in front of the Museum look as though they had been lathered and shaved every morning regularly, so clean and smug is their appearance. There are a number of vacant pedestals, suggestive of there having been a considerable row among the officials as to "who should have a statue." I do not know how these things are managed, but I suppose the names of various eminent statues are proposed and seconded for a Committee's election. These meetings must be, consequently, scenes of great excitement, requiring, to insure the success of a candidate, much preparatory diplomacy. I can imagine a proposer, very anxious about his statue getting in, and even going so far as to say to a probable oppositionist, "I won't pill your statue if you won't pill mine!"

It would be interesting on such occasions, too, to hear the objections made to the character of many of the proposed candidates. However, this is loitering. Let us enter.

"Scenes of my childhood!" I exclaimed to myself, "once more I behold you!" After many roving years, how sweet it is to come

to a place of public entertainment where you can go in and see everything without paying anything!"

Here, first of all, is the usual prisoner in the dock to receive your stick or umbrella. In return you receive a medal, or an antique coin, numbered. There is no temptation to even the most dishonest to leave his umbrella or stick, and walk off with the coin.

The next curiosity, after this mark of respect and esteem presented to you by the prisoner in the dock, is a board announcing "The Christy Collection." As I had been often emphatically assured, by those who ought to have known, that the Christy Collection never, never, never will (like the Britons in "*Rule, Britannia!*") perform out of St. James's Hall, I was obliged to look upon this announcement as a specimen of a curious joke made by the Committee. I fancied, as I looked warily around, that the policemen, the catalogue sellers, the two officials in a corner, and another vague person in a chocolate livery, were all in the sell, and were only watching my movements, pretending, of course, to be thoroughly uninterested, in order that they might not lose the chance of hearing me ask one of their party for further information about this board, when, on my uttering the word "Christy," they would, I've no doubt, have broken into a tremendous guffaw, and exclaimed, "O, you April fool!"

My reticence sold them. I ascended the staircase chuckling and pluming myself, as an old bird well may, on not having been caught with this remarkably inappropriate chaff.

The First Landing.—This is not an incidental allusion to WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, nor does it mean that you go about the British Museum, as about Venice, in a boat. It simply means the head of the staircase, whence you obtain a view in perspective, like what you see in VAN DER HOOE's pictures, of a few rooms full of inanimate curiosities, the farther one presenting the terrific effect of gigantic blackbeetles pausing in a vain attempt to swarm up a kitchen wall.

My object, to which I have not hitherto alluded, was to see the fossil ante-diluvian monsters, whose address is—British Museum, North Gallery, Upper Floor.

For, I have a Theory, worthy of the Laughing Philosopher. It is this: Geologists have omitted one period. The Oolitic, the Mesozoic, &c., are all very well in their way, but they are inexpressive terms, I hold, compared with what I am now about to propose for the benefit of Science generally, and this Museum in particular. I would include two or three "periods" in one term, viz., The Pantomime Period. Why these gigantic creatures are the very models for Drury Lane property-room at Christmas time; and when some of the learned have opined that no man could have been their contemporary, have they forgotten the men with Large Heads and Goggle Eyes, who only appear in the Pantomime Period, the remnant of some oral tradition of the Past. Then came the Transformation Scene; then followed more gradually, in due course, civilisation, just as the realms of Fairy Land are closed in by the brilliantly-coloured shop-fronts of JOHN DOUGH, Baker, PIKE, Fishmonger, and SWIPES, Publican. Oblige me by considering this as we sit in

Room the First, which I here name The Alderman's Room, it being apparently full of Turtle—Real and Mock. Let us digest this first of all. The voice of the Turtle is heard in the Grove. After such a getting up-stairs, let us sit awhile and lovingly regard a Tremendous Turtle, of the evidently Pantomime Period, big enough to have dined, or to have dined on, six Aldermen. Alas! an extinct species.

LINES ON LADY DAY.

HERE again is Lady Day.
I have got my rent to pay.
How the Quarters roll away!

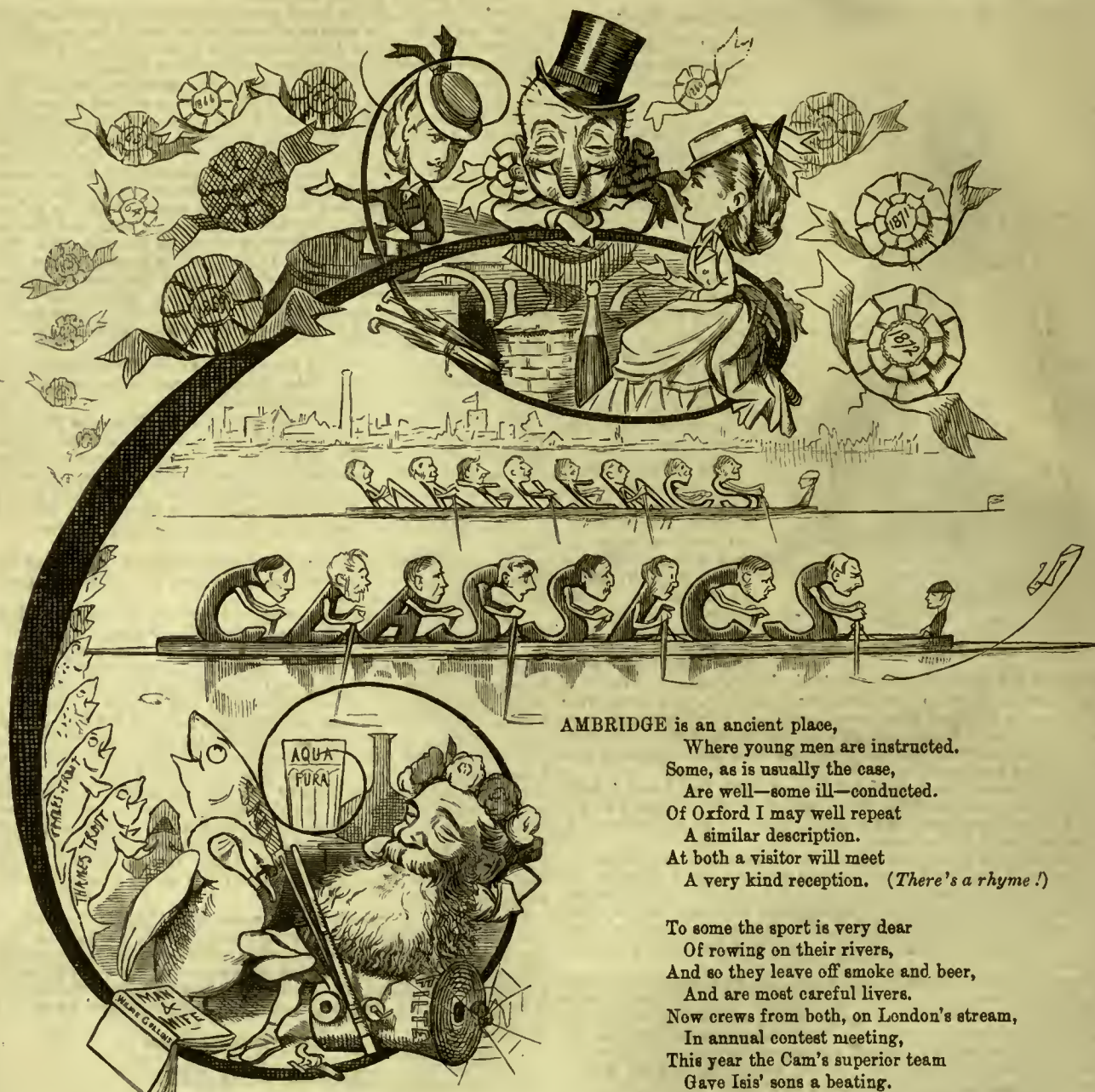
Lady Day is fair this year.
Wind East; hazy; mild, but queer.
Sunshine bright, though hardly clear.

Lady Day! Will March go by,
And the ground have not got dry
Ere that Taurus pipe his eye?

Lady Day; the dust is due.
Down with mine's what I must do.
Up will March with his dust too?

Dust in March; it is a thing
Worth the ransom of a King.
None has yet been paid this Spring.

April, if he break no rules,
Soon will puddles bring, and pools.
Lady Day! Next week All Fools!



AMBRIDGE is an ancient place,

Where young men are instructed.
Some, as is usually the case,
Are well—some ill—conducted.
Of Oxford I may well repeat
A similar description.
At both a visitor will meet
A very kind reception. (*There's a rhyme!*)

To some the sport is very dear
Of rowing on their rivers,
And so they leave off smoke and beer,
And are most careful livers.
Now crews from both, on London's stream,
In annual contest meeting,
This year the Cam's superior team
Gave Isis' sons a beating.

A PRIZE AND PROSE POET.

PROHIBITION FOR OTHER PEOPLE.

SINCE the loss of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, the other day, in the House of Lords, a considerable number of our contemporaries have rejoiced over its rejection, and eulogised its opponents. They have, however, omitted to notice two chief points in which the claims of those parties to commendation are remarkable. Not any Journalist or Reviewer has pointed out, firstly, that the Bill for legalising marriage with the sister of a deceased wife was permissive and not compulsory; so that it was not as though those who opposed it did so because it threatened to make them and others of their way of thinking liable to be obliged to marry their deceased wives' sisters against their wills, and therefore that their opposition to it proceeded from a purely disinterested and benevolent desire to regulate the conduct of other people. Secondly, that the permission to contract a marriage forbidden by the British Law, though not by that of Nature, and not only legal in many foreign countries but customary without any the slightest detriment to Society, would have been the removal of an existing restriction on personal liberty; a thing never

to be thought of by the majority, who are not aggrieved by it, so long as it is implored only by a weak minority, and to be conceded not until those who demand it are numerous and formidable; but then always, of course.

EAGLE AND GOOSE.

It seems to be a question whether the United States Government will allow the "Three Rules" under which the Geneva Award was given against us to the amount of between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 to bind them, prospectively, in the same sense as that in which we consented to let it retrospectively bind us, so letting ourselves in for payment of all that money. But the money is not paid yet; or, at least, if it is not, my Lords of the Treasury, had you not better wait before you do pay it, until you know whether or not the Yankees mean to agree that what has been sauce for the British Goose shall, in like circumstances, be held and taken to be condiment also for the American Eagle?



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

"NOW, JESSIE, SAY YOUR PRAYERS LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!"

"MAMMA, DEAR! WHY MAYN'T I KNEEL DOWN, AND HOLD MY TONGUE, AS PAPA DOES?"

COAL AND CHAMPAGNE.

MR. DICKENSON, Her Majesty's Inspector of Mines for East and South Lancashire, in his evidence before the Coal Committee, in answer to a question by MR. MUNDELLA, stated that he had heard that the colliers do "indulge in the luxury of drinking champagne," and believed that it does happen occasionally. Some time ago newspapers announced that an American chemist had succeeded in making champagne out of petroleum. He very likely did contrive to make an effervescing fluid, worthy at least of the name of "fizz," which is said to be that under which the colliers drink something which goes down for the above-mentioned wine. There is no petroleum in our British coal-mines, otherwise perhaps champagne might be cheaper for those striking sons of toil, who would then occasionally "strike ile" in addition to their strikes for higher wages.

If the "fizz" which the colliers sometimes indulge in were really genuine PÉRIER JOUTET, or MOÛT and CHANDON, it might be apprehended that there would soon occur a rise in the price of champagne as well as in that of coals; but rhubarb is cheap, at whatever price "fizz" may be vended to its probably indiscriminate consumers. It is sad to think that those poor men are very likely done when they spend half-a-guinea out of their hard earnings on stuff that may not be worth sixpence a bottle. Yet the painful suspicion which one cannot help feeling on that point may possibly be unfounded, and the beverage which has replaced beer among those good fellows may really be the genuine growth of the French wine-growing districts, *premier cru*. If that is so, well. To a species of malt liquor the denomination of Cooper is applied. In like manner, let that product of the juice of the grape which has hitherto borne the title of Champagne be called Collier.

HORTICULTURE AND HYMEN.—"As you have made your bed, so you must lie upon it." "I shan't," replied the youthful bridegroom, to whom this observation was addressed by an aged relative. "I'm a gardener."

ODE ON ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Lo, here we are again;
Yea, quotha, marry.
And we'll be merry men,
By the LORD HARRY.

Why, so; an thou wouldst woo,
Ne'er shilly-shally;
Nay, prithee, fie, go-to!
Tush, tilly-vally!

Fond youth was ever free,
While maids were bonny.
Sing, O the apple-tree!
Hey ninny nonny!

What boots to cudgel pate
When brains be addle?
Some, that o'erleap the gate,
Keep not the saddle.

We be a goodly train;
Who list may mingle.
Tut, an thou bear a brain,
Make thy bells jingle!

Join us all you that bet;
All you that borrow.
When ye run into debt,
Snap thumbs at sorrow.

All you that have, on hope,
Ta'en shares in bubbles—
Heigho!—an ell of rope
Ends all fools' troubles.

All yon that think to wed,
Lacking the penny—
This cap for one fool's head
Fits you, if any.

You that do Quacks let thrust
Pills in your gizzards;
You that in "medinins" trust,
Witches and wizards.

Leagues that love street-parade,
Here's ostentation!
Good Templars, please you aid
Our demonstration.

Foresters, join our throng,
Likewise Odd Fellows.
Old Rose shall be our song:
We'll burn the bellows.

All you that never grow
Wiser, if sadder,
Come, each with coxcomb, hol
Bauble and bladder.

No fear that you'll be shent;
Come, willy-nilly.
"All right," says Jack-a-Lent.
Whoop, silly Billy!

CULTURE OF NATIVE WORTH.

A JOURNAL of Caen (Calvados) announces the formation of oyster-beds, on an extensive scale, at Coursenilles and Marennès. The oysters laid down in them are natives of Portugal, having been imported from the mouth of the Tagus to the number of some hundred thousand. An English contemporary reproduces this information under the title of "Oyster Culture." This is a branch of Culture which, to every man of taste, must commend itself especially, and, barring idiosyncrasy in that respect, is one of which the prosecution cannot but be highly satisfactory to MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD. It may be remarked that Oyster Culture necessarily effects a development of Sweetness, although the relation of the mollusc to mud altogether prevents it from being accompanied by that of Light.

FRENCH PROVERB.—*Telle est la vie, or Baga-telle est la vie.*

STRIKE FOR LOWER WAGES.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY thinks he has discovered the real way of effectually promoting temperance amongst the Working Classes. Opening a Bazaar, the other day, in aid of some Baptist schools, his Lordship made a speech, wherein, referring to those classes, he observed that:—

"There never was a time when efforts in support of temperance were more needed. He could not help thinking that the state of things had become so formidable that one hardly knew how best to cope with it."

A Permissive Prohibitory, or any other Liquor Law, does not appear to have commended itself to the Noble Lord's judgment as a panacea for the excess which he ascribes to the Working Man. No; but—

"Of one thing, however, he was sure, and it was that no effectual good could be done until we had planted in the minds of the people a spirit of self-control."

The spirit once planted could be watered if necessary; and the result, of course, would not be grog. But how to plant it? Hear; and mind that it is LORD SHAFTESBURY who speaks, and not a cynical buffoon:—

"What had been the result of that enormous increase of wages which had lately taken place in nearly every class of Working Men? He remembered, thirty years ago, there was a Committee appointed by the House of Commons in connection with the principle of combination, and SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON laid it down as a truth that high wages were the curse of the Working Men. He (LORD SHAFTESBURY) could not help thinking the statement a correct one."

To plant the spirit of self-control, then, in the minds of the People (with a great P, as, by a mistake, it is not spelt in the above-quoted report), the way would obviously be, if LORD SHAFTESBURY is right as to both the fact and cause of their intemperance, simply to lower their wages to the requisite standard. For, as his Lordship said,—

"Of course, where economy and prudence were practised, the condition of

the Working Man should be improved by higher wages; but there were recklessness and improvidence. The sudden increase of money had been productive of the greatest possible mischief, and so long as these habits continued he could not but think that an increase of wages was a positive indictment to the Working Man, his wife, and his children."



"A JOB'S COMFORTER."

Irish Ex-Major. "So, ME BOY, you're going to INDIA! UNHEALTHY PLACE, YOU KNOW! THE LAST STATION I WAS AT, COFF'NS WERE ISSUED WITH ANNUAL CLOTHIN' TO THE MEN, AND KEPT AS NECESSARIES IN STORE; AND, BEDAD, I HAD A FRIEND WHO WAS ON FIRING PARTY OVER A MAN OF HIS COMPANY IN THE MORNIN', AND WHO FIRED OVER HIMSELF IN THE EVENIN', SOR!!!"

Doubtless the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY takes a view of the People which, in respect of sobriety, under some delusive influence, directly reverses their actual case. Who does not know how well the Licensing Act works? What if DR. MANNING agree with the noble Earl, and cite statistics to prove that drunkenness is on the increase? They are both the one and the other enthusiastic philanthropists, whose fears are fathers to their thoughts. The Working Classes, it is surely not too much to say, spend every little increase of wages they obtain by their harmless strikes chiefly in the education of their children, and in the purchase of the appliances needful to make home happy. If they are at all extravagant is it not in books, and in the dress which some of them are a little too apt to lavish on their wives? For the vast improvement evident in their habits we have to thank not only the Licensing Act, but also the Trades' Unions Act; and moreover the Conservative Reform Bill, which has rendered them, as MR. LOWE said, our masters—if not their own.

Wrongful Impression.

"You are wrong, my dear SIMPSON, in supposing the Irish to be Cannibals from the mere fact of their having 'the broth of a boy' so frequently in their mouths." * * *

Extract from some elegant Correspondence.

On the Square.

"An American," says the *New York Herald*, "has discovered the means of squaring a circle." We might doubt this, but that Americans are thought to have squared a triangle—not far from the Lake of Geneva.

AN OLD FOGY TO MR. PUNCH.



Perhaps I merely wished to please my nieces, JESSIE and MARIA. Perhaps I wished to escape a tedious friend who had menaced me with a call that evening. Perhaps I only wished to be able to say that I had seen a piece twice, with an interval of fifty years between the performances. 'Tis no matter. I went to the play.

I think the revival was a mistake, but I am an elderly fellow, and I should probably say that of any revival. I fancy, however, that neither the story nor the structure of the old

, yes, fifty years ago, dear friend, I was younger than I am now. It is a fact, and that fact was borne in upon me on the last night on which Mr. CHATTERTON gave us the *Cataract of the Ganges*, originally produced by his predecessor, Mr. ELLISTON. It boots not to say what induced me to visit Drury Lane Theatre on that night.

melodrama suited a modern audience, and that what were gorgeous splendours in ELLISTON's days are now but the ordinary accessories of a show. Still, there was a great deal of glitter and colour.

But when I got home, and the girls had had their soda-water, and I had been left to mine (slightly fortified), I dreamed a dream. I beheld myself in my gay and graceful youth, as I appeared reading the playbill, on my visit to the theatre to see ELLISTON's piece. With the aid of a talented young friend, I have sketched myself as I sat in my chair the other night, and as I looked in 1823. Accept the work. "Look on this picture and on that." I do not know what moral to append. People do get old, if they live long enough, and old men do not dress as they did when boys. I think the garb of our young fellows, now-a-days, much more becoming than was mine in '23, and they will agree with me. But let them remember that, if they live, they will be Old Fogies in 1923; and let them believe that the Old Fogies of the present day have some memories of an Arcadia that was not to be despised. "We have heard the chimes at midnight."

Yours, uncomplainingly,

VIXI.

P.S.—JESSIE and MARIA declare that no girl of any day could have made herself such a fright as the above. I see no fright; but I see what I saw and loved fifty years ago.

Reparation at Rome.

A SOLEMN religious service was performed the other day at St. Peter's, "in reparation," says the *Osservatore Romano*, "of the execrable blasphemies," which certain journals continually "vomit out." Ostensibly for a charitable purpose, two lectures on the sun and other celestial bodies were lately delivered in the great hall of the Cancelleria Palace by the learned Jesuit astronomer, FATHER SECCHI. Were these discourses intended "in reparation" of the "execrable" treatment to which the Holy See, in error, subjected GALILEO?

THE THAMES AND THE NILE.

SIR J. KARSLAKE, at the Mansion House, proposing the health of the LORD MAYOR, as host to the University Boat Crews, gave his Lordship a chance:—

"Thanking the LORD MAYOR on the part of the assembled guests for his magnificent hospitality, he said he had taken a wise course in inviting the Oxford and Cambridge crews, for he had kept them out of the 'Wicked World,' and far away from the 'Happy Land.'"

Of course SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW was equal to the occasion:—

"He could not assume that his invitation had kept any of the young gentlemen from entering the 'Wicked World,' but he hoped he was not wrong in inferring that they had found the Egyptian Hall a 'Happy Land,' to which they would return some future day."

The next Lord Mayor may safely try the experiment by inviting them. Never could have been an inclination to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt experienced more strongly than by the guests who partook of those served up at the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House.

PUMPS v. PILLAR-POSTS.

LONDON letter-writers ought to be obliged to Mr. W. J. WILSON for warning them, through the *Times*, of a risk to their letters, we will be bound to say, they never thought of:—

"Scattered over the parish of St. Marylebone," writes Mr. WILSON, "and probably in other parts of the metropolis, there are several old-fashioned iron pumps, the handles of which have been removed, leaving a vertical slit which looks much like the opening of a letter-box. In these pumps many persons place their letters. As it is not impossible that letters of value or importance may be lying in some of these hiding-places, surely it is expedient that a search be at once made, and that something be done to prevent such mistakes in future?"

All Mr. Punch can say is, that any one so depositing letters must be even a greater pump than that which he thus turns into a pillar-post. But the writer suggests that the Post Office ought to shunt up the pumps. What next? Is the Post Office responsible for acts of idiots who can't tell an old pump from a new pillar? We don't want to be too much Governed. "Folly is but the speck in Freedom's eye."

HYPERCRITICISM.

A DISCERNING article in the *Saturday Review*, on LORD ORMATHWAITE'S *Lessons of the French Revolution*, contains the following remark relative to the author of that considerable performance:—

"LORD ORMATHWAITE, for example, is a believer in the British Constitution, and for the good old-fashioned reason that it is an admirable mixture of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy. He regards a Constitution, that is, as a kind of chemical product, which should be judiciously compounded by a legislator, as a chemist makes gunpowder out of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal."

To make the simile perfect, however, gunpowder should, in point of fact, be a compound of substances chemically combined, as in the various fulminates, instead of being a merely mechanical mixture. But, as an illustration, it will do well enough for all that; only an ass might observe that, whereas gunpowder is made to the end that it may go off, the British Constitution can have been compounded only on purpose to go on.

ONE SIDE OF THE MEAT QUESTION.

It has been denied, *à propos* of *abaltoirs*, that a well-conducted slaughter-house is a nuisance. But what would cattle, if they were not dumb animals, say to that?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



VENING talk on Monday, March 31, in the House of Lords, about the *Devastation*. My Lords of the Admiralty do not distrust her, but they consider her an experimental vessel, so the Comptroller of the Navy is to take a passage in her on her trial trip. The DUKE OF SOMERSET urged that if she went the way of the *Captain* no one would know who was responsible, to which LORD HALIFAX replied that the Admiralty would be responsible. This must be entirely comforting to the Comptroller of the Navy. We suggest that the Admiralty may just as well go in her also, for if they stay at home and anything happens to her—

"Their lives will not be made so pleasant to them,
That they, my Lords, will greatly care to live."

In the Commons we had long debate on the Bill for vesting in three Commissioners authority over all the Railways and Canals. MR. FIELDEN did not consider such a measure necessary, as the railways kill

very few passengers, considering the vast number they carry. But there are other things beside accidents to be considered. The railways charge what they like, and make their own arrangements, and quarrel among themselves, regardless of public convenience. When public complaint is raised, the Companies never condescend to reply, and on the whole the gigantic anomalous monopoly will be all the better for regulation. It was only the other day that Mr. Punch wanted to go to the Crystal Palace, and when he got to the High Level station, Victoria, he found that there was no train for an hour and forty-two minutes. Do we live in the nineteenth century, Madam? Are we Britons? Are we descendants of the men who won Cressy and Agincourt, who wrested Magna Charta from the tyrant John, who hurled from his forfeited throne the tyrant JAMES? We believe these are the questions which it is proper to ask when anything displeases us?

Tuesday.—The Judicature Bill was sent to a Select Committee, on the ground that it is too full of detail to be dealt with by the House. Everybody was very polite to LORD SELBORNE, and LORD SELBORNE was very polite to everybody—but we hope business is meant.

"Graced as he is with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured in the House of Lords,
Persuasion tips his tongue whenever he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks,"

(or at least he might have if he liked), his Lordship will find he needs all he knows to get the Judicature Bill through both Houses this Session.

LORD JOHN MANNERS presented a petition from some Leicestershire gables in favour of "the Claimant." Let 'em go and thatch Groby pool with pancakes, as their idiotic proverb says.

In reference to the Budget (there's a splendid surplus, Madam, and Drink has produced a very large part of it—Mr. Lowe will probably say, with the wild fellow in *Barnaby Rudge*, "I drink to the drink"), MR. GLADSTONE stated that no resolution would be proposed on the following Monday, binding the House with reference to the future taxation of the year. This, Madam, was held to mean a good deal.

"Folks are not always generous and well-bred,
But GLADSTONE is—meant truly what he said."

MR. FOWLER moved that the Indian Budget should be taken early in the Session, so that it might be discussed. An amendment, referring the matter to the Select Committee on India, was carried by 130 to 89. Madam, you have much general information. Who was "the base Indian that threw a pearl away Richer than all his tribe?" (*Othello*, Act v. s. 2.)

A Defamation Bill was thrown out, but never mind, Madam, Mr. Punch intends still to

"Bear without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."

By the way, dear Madam, we have heard of a blunder that is as good as wit. A lady of the Malaprop order threatened to summon another lady for Definition of Character. Isn't it good?

Wednesday.—MR. CHARLEY promoted a Bill with a meritorious object. This was to afford certain new protection to young persons of the gentler sex. There was some rather sharp debate, but the Bill was read a Second Time.

There is a Bill to restrict private slaughter-houses. It is sturdily opposed, on feeble grounds, but (a spiteful person would say and therefore) MR. BRUCE joined in the opposition, but conceded a Committee on the Meat Supply of London.

An Irish Member raised a point of form in order to hinder MR. FAWCETT from bringing in his Dublin University Bill, and for that time succeeded.

Thursday.—In the Commons, a petition like that already mentioned (about CLAIMANT-CASTRO) was presented from some ninnies of Hampshire and Dorsetshire. We inform the Dorset folk that we believe the CLAIMANT to be as much akin to the TICHBORNES as Lenson Hill is to Pilsen-Pin; and the Hampshire folk, that Manners makes a man, quo' WILLIAM OF WICKHAM, and that they would show better manners in not insulting their QUEEN's Government by implying that it means to convict CASTRO in any unfair manner.

It was an important matter, and worthy to be mentioned in the Imperial Parliament, that a char-woman who took away some broken meat from LORD GRANVILLE's, and was given in charge for taking it in one of his Lordship's napkins, which she pawned, was discharged, larcenous intent not being proved, but she was declared not to be without blame. Question was asked by the HONOURABLE WILLIAM LOWTHER, Conservative member for Westmoreland, and answered by the RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY AUSTIN BRUCE, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

But then we had some fun. The other night the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote as followeth:—

"The scene of Friday night showed how lamentably MR. GLADSTONE's sense of propriety has been perverted, by his fretful irritation at a rebuke the more painful because it was felt to be merited. It was not surprising that the Irish Ultramontane Members should resort to every quibble discoverable in the technicalities of the law of Parliament to delay or defeat a measure like MR. FAWCETT's, which cuts the ground from under their venal agitations, and their traffic in noisy disloyalty."

This is mildness itself compared to the furious onslaughts of the Papal organs in Ireland against the supporters of the Education Bill; but then, as no person in his proper senses cares a farthing for any amount of howling by the Irish Papal press, whereas a journal of culture hits hard, we cannot complain that the POPE's men are incensed. "Ultramontane," Madam, means "beyond the mountains;" that is, the Alps, and is a word applied to the men who take the priestly view of Papal authority.

MR. MUNSTER, a very young Member, who had that day taken his seat after prolonged travel, moved that the P.M.G. had been guilty of breach of privilege.

MR. DISRAELI made mirth of the proposal, and said that, before attacking the liberty of the Press, he should like some more information. Were there any Ultramontane Members in the House, and who were they?

But your Irishmen of the present day have small sense of humour, and MR. DISRAELI caused them to wax angrier. So the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to contend

that the newspaper had not attacked the Ultramontanes in their Parliamentary capacity. He did not make much of this plea, however, for an obvious reason; and, after some more excitement, MR. GLADSTONE was obliged to put an end to the nonsense by appealing to the Mover, "whose experience in Parliament had not been long accumulating," not to go to a vote. The charge, of course, was unfounded, — let the consciousness of that fact be enough. SIR JOHN EDMONDE (one of the most sensible and gentlemanly of the Irish Members) described this as a handsome statement, and thus flung oil on the troubled Hibernian waters. The Motion was withdrawn. We don't think the worse of a young Member for being a little passionate, but at school we were taught that passion should take advice. The *Pall Mall Gazette* subsequently stated that its language had been too ungracious, that by Venal it had not meant pecuniarily corrupt, but that—

"Nothing must be taken to imply that we think the Ultramontane Members have not resorted to parliamentary quibbling for the defeat of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill; or that there is no noisy disloyalty in Ireland to influence elections; or that the votes of certain Members are not at the disposal of a priestly party whose one aim is not the good of the State, but the prosperity of their own Church. This we do not think, and can make no apology for saying so."

MR. FAWCETT did bring in his Dublin Bill. It is limited to the doing away with the Test that excludes the Catholic, and we are curious to know on what ground the Catholics will oppose it. Perhaps because it does not impose a Test to exclude the Protestant.

Friday.—My Lords rose for their Easter holidays.

SIR GEORGE JENKINSON, in a lucid manner, pointed out the great advantage that would arise from a railway between the Mediterranean and the head of the Persian Gulf. *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*, replied MR. LOWE. If we interfere to promote the object, Turkey will infallibly let us in for the cost, and, said MR. DODSON, the making seven hundred miles of rail through a howling wilderness, infested by howling savages, is not precisely a joke. Yet we shall probably see such a project accomplished. The House was Counted Out while SERJEANT SIMON was recounting the sufferings of MR. JENCKEN, who was atrociously ill-treated by some wretches in Spain, and to whom the Spanish Government will make no compensation. Ha! there *was* a time when the mention of JENCKEN's, or, rather, JENKINS' Ears, roused a flame not easily extinguished. But the House, in 1873, had no Ears for JENCKEN.

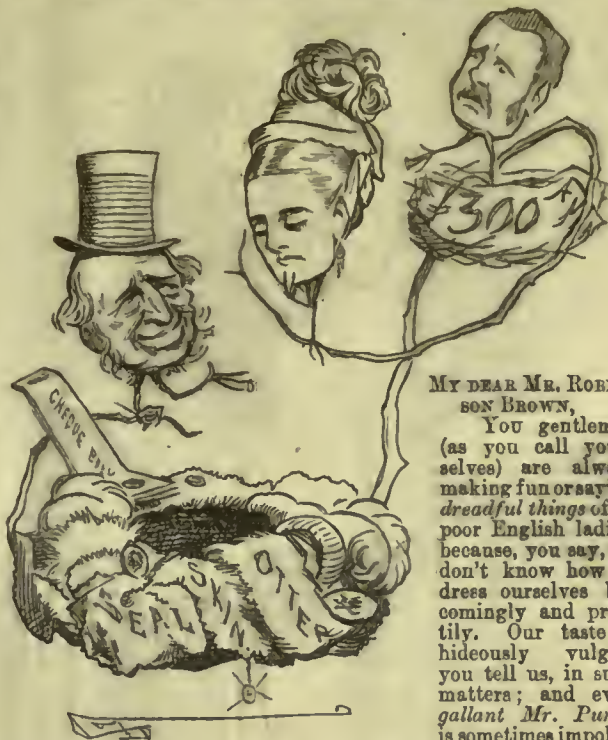
MATRIMONIAL MIXED PUNCH.

UNDER the heading of "Mixed Marriages," in a letter to the *Times*, "ONE MUCH INTERESTED" inquires what remedy is to be found for a grievance consisting in the refusal of Roman Catholic Priests, by order of ARCHBISHOP MANNING, to celebrate mixed marriages between couples who decline promising to be contented with the Roman Catholic ceremony, and not have the Protestant performed either before it or after. The remedy is simply to do either without the Roman Catholic marriage or without the Protestant, whichever the parties intending to marry value the less. People who do not hesitate to mix their marriages, can hardly be more particular about their denomination than people accustomed to mix their liquors are about their drink. For the former, one religious marriage ceremony ought to be as good as another, if only legal. They have no right to complain of DR. MANNING. He has professional reasons for the office he has given his priests as to officiating at weddings. This is a land of at least religious liberty, and he and his clergy are a free hierarchy in a so far free State. Any other Dissenting minister than the titular Archbishop would be quite as much within his right if he were to take the same line in regard to mixed marriages as that ecclesiastic's, and risk the result of a secession from Ebenezer.

In the meantime, MR. MIALl, and the rest of you, beloved representatives and constituents of the said Ebenezer, and also of Little Bethel, Salem, and so on, must you not admit that the respectable British Public at large is furnished with at least one great convenience in an Establishment whose Parsons are bound to marry all comers provided there be no just cause or impediment why those persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony? As far as those reverend gentlemen are concerned, you are entirely at liberty to mix your marriages as much as ever you please, and as many of you are blessed with pretty daughters, and, not a few, moreover, have something to settle on them, it may be as well to add that there are, doubtless, many eligible young Churchmen who would gladly afford you plenty of opportunities of enjoying your blessed freedom in that particular.

SHEPHERDS AND SPECTRES.—Among the "Fashions for April," *Le Follet* announces "medium textures." Are these to be worn at séances for "Spirit Photographs?"

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.



MY DEAR MR. ROBINSON BROWN,

You gentlemen (as you call yourselves) are always making fun or saying dreadful things of us poor English ladies, because, you say, we don't know how to dress ourselves becomingly and prettily. Our taste is hideously vulgar, you tell us, in such matters; and even gallant Mr. Punch is sometimes impolite enough to make a

funny picture just to show what frights we look. Then you bid us take a lesson from our friends across the Channel, for you say that Frenchwomen are models of good judgment in the matter of their raiment. Well, *c'était autrefois peut-être*; but they have changed all that, I fancy, since the EMPRESS left them. At any rate, see what a writer says now of the Judgment of Paris in its fashionable costume:—

"The polychrome cacophony of a fashionable Paris *salon* is intolerable to an educated eye. Yellows, pinks, blues, purple, sea-greens, Metternich-greens, gooseberry-purples (*sic*), and other equally decided hues jar and wrangle like an assembly of viragoes."

Have politics, I wonder, any influence on the fashions? May the polychrome cacophony now current in French drawing-rooms be regarded as resulting from the varied party-colours displayed in the Assembly? Can the jarring and the wrangling of the horribly discordant hues in Paris evening dresses be occasioned by the jarring and the wrangling at Versailles?

Leaving you in your own profundity of wisdom to solve these knotty problems, I would ask what Mrs. BROWN thinks of this further sample of French taste:—

"Formerly it was considered not the thing to combine the plumage of an ostrich, the products of a greenhouse, and the contents of a jeweller's shop in the same head. Any *belle Parisienne* disposed to make such a display, may now indulge her fancy without the risk of being laughed at."

There, Sir! Now you have your models of good taste all complete. Now you may behold your beautiful French ladies in all their native loveliness and elegance of costume: their sea-green skirts, with yellow bows, pink sashes, and gooseberry-purple paniers, and their pyramids of ostrich plumes and primroses, and peonies perhaps, and pearls, and emeralds, and rubies, and cornelians on their heads. And I trust that, with this pretty little picture fresh before your mental eyes, you will spare poor English ladies from both your scathing sarcasm and your scaring wit.

With my best love to dear Mrs. BROWN, believe me

Yours sincerely,
JULIANA JONES.

To the Careless.

THIS is an attractive advertisement:—

MAN and WIFE: Man thorough In-door Servant (understands hunting things).

Gentlemen who "never know where they've put" whatever it may be, would find this In-door Servant invaluable.



DIFFERENT VIEWS OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Edwin (to his Angelina). "WITH YOU BY MY SIDE, MY VERY OWN, WITH YOU, I COULD WANDER AMONG THESE HEAVENLY HILLS AND DALES FOR EVER!"

Angelina (to her Edwin). "AND SO COULD I WITH YOU, MY VERIEST OWN!! FOR EVER, AND EVER, AND EVER!!!"

Angelina's Sister (to herself). "O DEAR ME! WHAT A TROTTING UP AND DOWN IT ALL IS, TO BE SURE!"

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM!

A CHEER, a lusty cheer! Six-and-seventy millions clear! boys.
Sure never such a revenue by State was raised before.
In face of such prosperity, a fco for the fear, boys,
Of days when BULL's black diamond-fields their finds shall yield
no more!

In spite of strikes and struggles of Capital and Labour,
How hammers ring, and forges roar, looms whizz, and shuttles fly!
In Competition's social game of beggar-me-my-neighbour,
JOHN BULL has never won so much, and never played so high.

But what's this song that, sad and strong, I hear a blackbird
singing—

How, more than loom and shuttle, and more than forge and mine,
'Tis the Tavern and the Ginshop these millions in are bringing,—
That more in drink, than wealth or work, JOHN BULL may boast
to shine:

That the tap-root of our revenue lies deep in sin and sorrow,
And feeds a fruit as fatal as Java's Upas-tree;
That the best part of our surplus from our ewinishness we borrow,
And pay some twenty millions into beasts transformed to be.

'Tis for burials and for bridals Lowe his surplus-fee is craving,
That he may raise his balances beyond experience high,
By the millions paid to bury soul, sense, strength, speech, and
saying,

And to wed a horse's labour to the pleasures of a sty!
Let parsons fight o'er vestments—ecclesiastical dressy men!—
A fig for Churches! BULL proclaims his faith in spirits deep—
That national prosperity, like a museum specimen,
May most safely be committed to Alcohol to keep.

Our test's the Spirit-Level, the Wittler, and Exciseman!
And if the one should mark JOHN BULL low on the social scale,

And the others, having got JOHN down, should keep him down,
their prize, man,

As a set-off to the mischief, reckon up the money's tale.
And let's thank the British toper's "spontaneous taxation,"
Not only for the millions that o'erswell the Exchequer's due,
But for the superfluity, through this most favoured nation,
Of sorrow, sin, and suffering—which have their surplus, too.

THE POLICE ON A NEW FOOTING.

ALARMISTS we are not, and would not write a word to frighten a
cat, if we could help it, and much less an old lady. Still we cannot
help remarking that burglaries of late have been frequent in the
suburbs, and pupils of *Bill Sikes* have broken the peace of even
Kensington. It is small fault of the police if the thieves have not
been caught: for how can a policeman, heavy-booted as he is,
expect to catch a nimble robber, whose business is to run at the
slightest sound of danger? The tramp of the Bobbeian boots may
readily be recognised full half a mile away; and *Bill Sikes* has
ample time to put his crowbar in his pocket, and vanish round the
corner, ere the Peeler, *pède claudo*, can manage to come up to him.
The heavy boots are, no doubt, useful in their way; for instance,
say for kicking to the station a ruffianly wife-beater. Still we cannot
help opining it would add to the safety of our streets, if a Light
Brigade of Bobbies were established for night service, and furnished
with goloshes.

"Sing, Birdie, Sing!"

A YOUNG Lady Correspondent suggests that under the Wild Birds' Act the poor dear blackbirds and thrushes are protected. Nobody must kill a robin. Anybody may kill a blackbird. Not so, if he is stealing our cherries, for then he is a robbin'. Very good, dear. We hope ALFRED thinks you as clever as we do.



“THE GREAT SELF-TAXED.”

WORKING-MAN. “HI!—GOV’NOR!—LOOK HERE! WE’RE TH’ PEOPLE S’MAKES TH’ SHURPLSH—NOW WHAR A’ YOU AN’ OUR WILLIAM GOIN’ T’DO FOR TH’ PEOPLE I SH’LIKE T’KNOW?”

“And pay some £20,000,000 into beasts transformed to be.” (*Vide Poem, opposite.*)

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A further report on the British Museum, from Birds to Beetles.



Enter the Zoological Department.

After regretfully quitting the Real and Mock Turtle Room, filled with specimens of the Great Aldermanic Period, when these monsters crawled about over the face of the earth labelled "This Day at 1 o'clock," and when even the very mud on the banks was mainly composed of green fat, I strolled into the Zoological Department, with a view to making the acquaintance of The American Oriole, The Esculent Swallow, and the crafty bird of the same species, which makes

a sham entrance on the side of its nest in order to deceive its creditors. The name of this last is the San Geronimo Swallow: in English the Jeremy Diddler Swallow. The Tailor-bird is also exhibited, with, of course, his little bill. I have no doubt he is occasionally much bothered by the San Geronimo's devices.

The Rooms are dangerous to such as walk unevenly, or with a rolling gait, on account of the glass cases built up against the walls, and the islands of more glass cases, in the midst of channels requiring careful navigation.

The guardian of this department has, I noticed, a martial bearing, and marches up and down shouldering what appeared to me to be a billiard cue, as though he were playing at soldiers. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "he is playing at soldiers. And why not? It is a harmless recreation, and he must otherwise find life here a trifle monotonous among the Reptiles, the Batrachia, and the Radiated Animals."

I came upon him five times during the morning, and he was still marching about with the billiard cue. A happy and placid existence, all among the stuffed exotics, with plenty of food for the imagination out of meal-times, and full liberty to fancy himself whatever he pleases as long as he doesn't break any of the glass cases with that billiard cue. I thought once that I would ask him a question suggested by the collections; it was this, "Why is a Tortoise like a Bee?" I was prepared with the answer; something about both making combs. On consideration, I was afraid this would ruffle his perfect serenity, induce melancholy, and cause him to be discontented with his lot; so I kept it to myself, and smiling upon him benignly (when his back was turned), murmured, "Play on at soldiers, I would not disturb thee for the world. Right about face! March! Farewell, brave soldier!" and then I betook myself to the Toads, the Frogs, the Efts, and the Horned Toads of Brazil.

What would the unlearned in such matters make of the "Siren of Carolina?" It sounds like the name of a black Soprano. The name is an attraction. I mean, were your Representative informed, by an excited person, that by going at once to the British Museum, he could, for nothing, see "The Siren of Carolina," he would jump at the offer, and run all the way there to catch her before she left. But, stay! Impetuous Reader, pause! Friends at a distance will please accept the following intimation, and save themselves some anxiety and trouble:—

The Siren of Carolina is a sort of an eel with front legs. That's all. Like a Soprano, however, it is gifted with lungs, and, like a nigger in the "Christy Collection," it has "gills."

The humour of the nomenclature is really immense, and the compilers of the Guide to the British Museum must have had many a mirthful hour, after dinner, when making up their book in anticipation of the series of glorious sells which they were conceiving for the public.

The Siren, above-mentioned, is not a bad one in its way. It is, perhaps, outdone by the *Salamander of Japan*. Now, Sirs, I constitute myself a Committee of Inquiry, and I call into court before me, four skilled witnesses, MR. E. L. BLANCHARD, who has written the *Drury Lane Pantomimes* for any number of years past; MR. DRY-

WYNKYN, who makes the masks; MR. BEVERLEY, who paints the scenes; and MR. CHATTERTON, who is a specially Beneficent Providence to the Renters, and a recognised caterer for Christmas, and I ask them, *singulatum*, "What, Sir, would be your idea of a Salamander of Japan?"

What would they individually and collectively answer? Why, that he was the very fellow for the opening of a Pantomime; that he might be trusted with some good lines to say; that he would be dressed in red, with tinsel on his eyelids and spangles all over him; that he would be attended by the Sprites Flame, Firefly, Snap-dragon, attired in costumes stitched with gun-cotton, and accompanied by Guards armed with Lucifer Matches warranted to strike on every one's box but their own; that his Palace would be in the Glowing Caverns of the Fiery Phlegethon; and that throughout the first scenes this Salamander of Japan would be the patron of the savage old Tycoon who wished to part the pair of Japanese Lovers whom his hereditary antagonist, The Fairy of the Flowing Fountain would of course protect. And the public, one and all, would, hearing this description, cry aloud, "Hear! Hear!! Hear!!! Yes. That's the Salamander of Japan!"

And what is it at the British Museum? Why, an *amphibious animal*, to whom the sight of a fire would be instantaneous death. Were any respectable Manager to attempt to palm this creature off on the public as a Salamander in a Christmas Pantomime, my four witnesses, above-mentioned, agree with me that such an imposition would end in the benches being torn up, the Manager called for and pelted, and, in fact, and literally, it would be an effect that would "bring down the House."

Room 2.—On tables 7 and 8 are laid out the *Sea Pancakes*. Whence this division might be termed the Shrove Tuesday Room. The Guide-Book says of these Pancakes that they are "so depressed"—I should think so, being dried up, and stuck in a glass-case. Why, to look at them, without even a fossil lemon and sugar, and to think of a fossilised indigestion, and how well ordered was everything for the "Capacious Month" in the Aldermanic Period of the world's existence, is enough to make one melancholy. The Catalogue (it is just to finish the quotation) continues—"So depressed that there scarcely appears to be any room for their internal organs." And on this I must remark, that it is a pity to see British Museum Cataloguists become, by their occupation, so narrow-minded as to reduce everything in creation to their own notion of arrangement. Because the Museum is divided into rooms, is that any reason for a wretched Sea Pancake to be so divided? Why should a Sea Pancake have a room for an organ inside it? Or rooms for organs? Could they prove the poor depressed creature to have been a Musical Sea Pancake, there would have been some excuse for their remark. I cannot quit this department without drawing attention to the varieties of beetles from South America, some of them being nearly as big as lobsters, and as vicious-looking as a villain of the deepest dye in a melo-drama. The kitchen of a South American house must be a pleasant sight at twelve o'clock at night for the master of the house, who, returning home late with a latch-key, and not liking to arouse the servants, descends to the basement to see what there may be cold for supper, and to tap the beer. The Domestic Black Beetle "in his thousands" is quite an agreeable companion compared with the "Gigantic Goliath," and the horned genera of this species. Goliath I see, however, is a native of Africa, where I trust some woolly-headed David may soon stamp him out. Seeing these beetles, I am very grateful for being an Englishman. Beadledom is preferable to Beetledom. Brazil, I observe, is a great place for beetles, or, I should say, a place for great beetles.

Happy Thought.—Don't go to Brazil.

The Museum is not done in a day, nor is an account of it polished off in one number. I will conclude my visit next week.

In the evening I refreshed myself with *Tricote et Cucolet* at the New Royalty. Rather strong: but the ladies laughed. And so, as the poet says— But I have not time to find out which poet, or what he says; and so I am for ever

• "Avant, pendant, et après,"

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

The Wednesday Pops.

ON Wednesday evening, during the season, there is generally a concert, besides other music, going on. On Wednesdays, also, the House of Commons is usually engaged in discussing a liquor law, or some other preposterous measure, proposed by an honourable fanatic. Shouts of "Sing!" are sometimes heard on these occasions, but nobody attempts to, and thus the harmony of the evening is undisturbed. Though quavers are absent from Wednesday's debate, the attention of the House is so often devoted to a crotchet, that Wednesday night as well be called Crotchet Day in the House of Commons.



"BUSINESS AS USUAL."

Charles. "WELL, JAMES, I SUPPOSE AS YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE IT EASY THIS SEASON, NOW THAT YOUR OLDEST YOUNG LADY'S TURNED OFF!"

James. "AH! BUT THERE'S THE YOUNGEST A COMIN' OUT; SO WE'RE MUCH AS WE WAS."

APRIL THE FIRST.

A Fragment. Showing how All Fools' Day was solemnly kept by MASTERS TOMMY MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD in the house of their beloved Tutor, MR. BARLOW.

AT six o'clock in the morning of April the First, TOMMY and HARRY rapped loudly at the door of their beloved Tutor's bedroom, which they were unable to open, owing to MR. BARLOW having taken the precaution, overnight, of turning the key on the inside.

He was dreaming of an auction, whereat he was engaged in bidding for a brass-plate with his name on it, when, with the third blow of the hammer, he awoke to the consciousness of his being summoned by a knocking which was now repeated with increased violence.

"How strange," murmured MR. BARLOW, drowsily, to himself, "are auricular delusions!" And he was about to give himself up; once more, to slumber, when a terrific blow, severely trying the strength of the panels, caused him to sit upright in bed, and demand the reason for such an unwonted display of energy.

"I protest, Sir," said MASTER TOMMY from outside, while HARRY could scarcely restrain the exuberance of his mirth by stuffing a pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, "I protest, Sir, that I would rather have died than that you should have been disturbed in your repose, which, as you have often taught us, is so necessary alike to the health both of mind and body. And, indeed, I would not now call upon you to leave your warm and comfortable couch, but that my father—"

"Who," thought MR. BARLOW to himself, "is a very wealthy man."

"—is here," continued TOMMY, "and most anxious to see you on business of the very last importance. He is now sitting in the library with a cheque-book before him, and says that if you are unable to join him forthwith, the loss will be, he regrets to say, yours, as he must quit this house within the next two minutes."

"Tell your honoured parent, my dear TOMMY," exclaimed MR. BARLOW, "that he shall not be delayed one instant longer than

is absolutely necessary for my compliance with the ordinary requirements of that society of which he is so admirable an ornament."

So saying, he stepped from his bed, and, in less than one minute and a half, was descending the stairs to the library, the door of which was slightly ajar.

Though not yet entirely in command of all his senses, MR. BARLOW was careful to press his hair down tidily with both hands, rub his eyes, and cause his features to assume that benign smile which so well became him.

These preliminaries being settled, he addressed himself in a hearty tone to MR. MERTON, whom he supposed to be within, previous to pushing open the door.

"My dear MR. MERTON —" began the beloved tutor of TOMMY and HARRY, as he entered the room, when, suddenly, the contents of a pail of cold water, craftily suspended by hooks, and balanced between the cornice of the door-post and the top of the door, were, by the movement of the latter, emptied on MR. BARLOW's head, with such force as to deprive him for a while of breath, and to render him unable to ascertain clearly what was before him.

On partially recovering from the shock, he saw what appeared to him to be a boy standing by the table; and entertaining no doubt but that he had been the object of some innocent frolic on the part of his fond pupils, he rushed forward, and grasped the boy by the collar, who, offering no resistance, fell to the ground, carrying along with him MR. BARLOW, whose feet, having caught in the centre of a system of strings, which were attached to every article of more or less weight and value in the room, brought to the ground all the crockery, the glasses, the books, the china ornaments, the ink-bottles, the water-jars, the inkstands, and some recently framed pictures, with one overwhelming and appalling crash.

Scarcely had MR. BARLOW discovered that the boy he was belabouring was only an ingeniously contrived dummy, before the voices of his two beloved pupils were heard at the door.

"Indeed, Sir," cried HARRY, "I think you are an April Fool."

"I vow and protest, Sir," said TOMMY, "that in this matter I am of the same opinion as HARRY. And, truly, your present position

THE MOSAIC IRISHMAN.

AIR—"The Minstrel Boy."

THE words ye spake, BISHOP VAUGHAN, 's as thrus
As the clock beneath the steeple.
The Irishman is the modern Jew;
And ourselves, bedad, The People.

The fact's as plain as in DERMOT's face
The eyes, and lips, and nose is.
The devil a doubt about the race.
Sure, O'BRIEN might be O'MOSES.

There's Egypt beyond the green Red Sea
That ye call St. George's Channel.
And a thrife of Dan in our midst have we,
The kin of our Champion DAN'L.

Bricks and mortar, in PHARAOH's land,
Our childher have borne their backs on,
Among the Philistines; understand,
The base and the brntal Saxon.

The harp, once borne by the Minstrel Boy,
To the ranks of death behind him,
Was the same KING DAVID did employ
When his tuneful thoughts inclined him.

I'd like to know from a Hebrew root
If ye don't derive "Shillelagh."
And is not SHADRACH a name, to boot,
That would fit a spouse for SHELAM?

There's lots of links to make up the chain
In that same concatenation.
O'SULLIVAN is but SOLOMONS, plain,
With a thrife of alteration.

An Irish lad is a Maccabee
That 'ud fight for his faith like fury.
And all allow that an Irishry
Is the likes of an iligant Jewry.

Maybe that we don't yet cry "O! Clo!"
About in the tone of sorrow;
Nor lend much at cent-per-cent, although
There's a few of us that borrow.

But o'er the face of the Earth we roam,
The Missioners of piety,
For order famed like we are all at home;
And we tache mankind sobriety.



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY

Useful Sister (to Ornamental Sister, who has been bewailing the dulness of her existence for the last hour). "BELLA, YOU'RE THE MOST EGOTISTICAL CREATURE I EVER MET IN MY LIFE!"

Bella (who always gets out of everything with a joke). "WELL, JANE! IF I AM EGOTISTICAL, AT ALL EVENTS IT'S ONLY ABOUT MYSELF!"

reminds me of *The Greenlander and the April Fool*, which story, as you have not yet heard it, I will now proceed—"

At this moment, however, the Butler, who having been startled by the prodigious noise, had approached quietly, took the young gentlemen gently but firmly by the collar, and before they were aware of his intention brought them into the room.

MR. BARLOW, having slowly risen, now locked the door; and while proceeding to open a safe labelled, in large characters, *Birch's Sweets and Sugar Canes*, thus addressed his young friends:—

"The Festival of 'All Fools' Day' is celebrated, or, to keep pace with the humour of the day, I should say *sell*-e-brated, in various ways."

"O, Sir, please—"

"Youth must have its fling, and its whack." Here MR. BARLOW produced a brand new birch, tied round with violet riband (for MR. BARLOW was acquainted with the ecclesiastical colour of the Lenten season), and then continued, "I am indeed unacquainted with the anecdote you have just named, MASTER TOMMY, but I will forthwith illustrate, strikingly, another, concerning Greenland, which is called *The Rod and the Rising Wales*. BINKS," to the Butler, "prepare the block for the first cut."

Here we imitate MR. BARLOW's example, and draw a veil.

Thus was April the First kept in the Happy Home of the Beloved Tutor of SANDFORD and MERTON.

CURIOUS NON-COINCIDENCE.

PRINCE BISMARCK celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday on Tuesday last week. So BISMARCK, you see, was born on the First of April. Do you know what day it is? All Fools; and BISMARCK, certainly, is not one of them.

PIOUS PUFFERS.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with the Card of a certain Association for the sale of Tea. He has no objection to make to the statements of the advertisers, but he thinks this paragraph suggestive:—

"Our Tea is offered to all who wish to buy it at 2s. per lb.; but for the present, Local Preachers *only* will be allowed the Discount for selling it. If they take the matter up heartily, the Privilege will be continued to them exclusively."

Punch wishes he had seen this before the first debate on the Burials Bill. He would have sent it to one of the orators, who could have used it against the measure. A Local Preacher who heartily pushes the sale of tea is not likely to be pedantically observant of what the carnal world calls good taste. We can imagine such a Vessel dismissing a funeral concourse thus: "And now retire, brethren and sisters, to meditation and moderate refreshment, for which latter purpose I humbly represent unto you that there is nothing better, in this vale of tears, than the excellent Tea which I can supply at two shillings." Perhaps some M.P. who intends to speak on the next stage of the Bill will register this Memorandum.

Minute Tithes.

AN award of a small rent-charge on newly cultivated market-gardens, made by the Tithe Commissioners, has been announced under the heading of "Market Garden Tithe." Antiquity may be quoted for this tribute, of whose payment certain parties in Palestine once made a pretence of merit. Under the head of Garden Tithe, our modern Sabbatarians might, like their predecessors, pay tithe on mint, anise, and cummin. Only some of them are Nonconformists, who would not pay any tithe whatsoever if they could help it.



OUR RESERVES.

Captain of Rural Corps (calling over the Roll). "GEORGE HODGE!" (No answer.) "GEORGE HODGE!—WHERE ON EARTH'S GEORGE HODGE?"

Voice from the Ranks. "PLEASE, SIR, HE'S TURNED DISSENTER, AND SAYS FIGHTING'S WICKED."

RIDDLE FROM RUSSIA.

It is, of course, complimentary to us English that the "highly cultivated Russians" should condescend to recognise our language at all. We are too proud of their deigning to use any of our barbarous jargon to think of complaining that, when they advertise in English, they do not take much trouble over a "nice derangement of epitaphs." Here is an advertisement sent to us from the *St. Petersburg Exchange News*. It has appeared four times without any correction, so we suppose it is understood in Russia:—

LAND-HOLDER.

28 year, to have thirty thousand ruble Circumstances, immobility, to wish Foenter spiritual marriage, land-holder miss, orthodox confession, of faith to have circumstances immobility, although a half designation. To address Adding protographic card: Orel poste-restant M. 8.

After giving to this announcement our most deliberate study, we seem to arrive at the conclusion that the writer is a young landed proprietor, with an inalienable income, who wishes to make a brilliant marriage with a young lady of the orthodox Greek persuasion, who has also an inalienable income, although this latter is a secondary consideration. But why he has taken so much pains with his Dictionary, and why he advertises at all in what he supposes to be English, we do not understand. If he will explain in a similar charming style, our columns shall be as open to him as Khiva is to the arms of his Czar.

"A Short Life and (not) a Merry one."

(Apropos of M. GRÉVY's resignation of the Presidency of the *Assemblée Nationale*.)

SUCH an Assembly can scarce last long,
Now even GRÉVY finds their sauce too strong.

UNIVERSITY FAVOURS.

OXFORD and Cambridge each denotes her Crew,
This with a light, that with a darker blue.
Our damsels, too, those several colours wear;
For ribbons any pretext serves the Fair.
But man may mark, and ask the reason why,
They nearly all the Cambridge ensign fly.

Do Cantabs, then, Oxonians much excel
In person, manners, mind, magnetic spell?
Or can it be that girls at large adore
The Classics less, the Mathematics more?

Such questions may philosophers perplex;
Ah, versed too little with the gentler sex,
Thou verdant Sage! Compare those rival blues;
With dress and wearer, both, connote their hues.
Into thy mind this truth will then be borne:
The more becoming 'tis that's mostly worn.

The French Game of War.

THE DUC D'AUMALE, on his reception at the French Academy the other evening, made a speech in which he said, "Poor France, pick up thy broken sword, labour, and take heart." The son of the KING OF THE FRENCH has known, as they phrase it, how to talk to his country. "Pick up thy broken sword" is good, but would not the picture suggested by that advice have been improved upon in significance if the apostrophe had been, "Poor France, pick up thy broken drum"?

CHEMISTRY FOR THE CZAR.

"WHAT are the Russians to do with Khiva when they have got it?" asks the *Times*. Well; perhaps they will decompose the Khanate of Khiva, and precipitate the Khan.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

GREAT SENSATION FOR THE AQUARIUM—COIFFURE OCTOPUS.

LIGHT IN LOW LIFE.

SCIENTIFIC sages, for some time, were sure that BYRON made a mistake in *Manfred*, where the Spirit of Ocean sings:—

"In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life.
Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells;
Like the stern on the surface,
Came the sound of thy spells."

Their Sapiences held that, out of soundings, as soundings then were, there could be no life at the bottom of the sea. Since then, however, the sea has been sounded full fathom two thousand, and more, and living creatures have been detected in its bed, which may therefore be compared to many a one in a marine lodging house. To be sure, the explorers have not caught the sea-serpent yet, nor dredged up a mermaid, but they have discovered lots of other wonderful forms of seafaring animal life. Among these some are furnished with eyes, and the question is how do they see with them? Certainly another poet than the noble one above quoted avers, anonymously, that:—

"The sun's perpendicular height
Illumined the depths of the sea."

But, although in this statement also poetry may turn out to coincide with matter-of-fact, one does not see how any fish can do so with a mile and a half of water between them and the sun. Far-darting Apollo can hardly be supposed capable of shooting his beams such a long way as down to the deepest recesses of Neptune. Yet the inhabitants of these regions rejoice not only in eyes, but also in vivid colours—like you, dears. DR. C. WYVILLE THOMSON, in his recent work, *The Depths of the Sea*, suggests that the submarine light may, below a certain depth, be afforded to the population by one another, many of them being phosphorescent. If that is so, then these radiant denizens of the deep, which lighten the darkness of Davy Jones's locker, are your true *radiata*; these, look you, zoologists, are your genuine star-fishes.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

THE Gentleman who resided Over a Week in Bond Street, is now lodging Over a Wax-chandler's in the same quarter.

A STATUE FOR LOWE.

SHALL our ROBERT have a statue?

If so, we must agree

What the style, cost, and materials

Of that monument should be.

First, the work must please our AYRTON,

So it must not be a job;

Then for cost, we must insist on

Our bob's-worth for our BOB.

For material—precious metals,

Of course we must discard:

E'en true bronze would come expensive,

And AYRTON screweth hard.

And I hardly fancy marble

For such a work would do,

Unless a new cheese-Parian

In Attio quarries grew.

Alabaster, in our climate,

Would hardly last as long.

As BOB's fame, in joint-keeping

Of his Budgets, and our song:

Perhaps of all materials,

Brass must fittest be confest—

Not the true *Æs Corinthiaca*,

But one mixed of worst and best.

As for style—we must discover

A kind of golden mean,

Where the modern free and easy,

Blent with the old classic 'a seen.

But of sentiment, or ideal,

Not a trace the work must show;

AYRTON would hold it wicked

To waste High Art on LOWE.

Then for treatment, some would tell you,

That, considered by the card,

As BOB treats deputations,

It could not be too hard:

Nor could it, if the treatment

Of BOB's statue modelled be,

On the treatment Clerks and Writers

Get from BOB's own Treasure.

But *Punch's* pet-designer

Long since the statue planned:

On a basis of old Budgets,

With a save-all in its hand.

In which—for useful purpose—

As utility's the go,

We might candle-ends stick nightly,

And, as street-lamp, light up LOWE!

His form must stand defiant,

In act a cheese to pare:

With his sharp, shrewd tongue in action,

And his pen drawn keen and bare.

And every one that sees it

From afar, must cry—"That's LOWE!"

And in his smile sardonic,

Instinctively, read "No."

If, as usual, on the pedestal,

Four *bas-reliefs* appear,

In one, I'd have LOWE making

Five quarters of a year:

In another, BULL from Income-tax

Respite to ask should go—

"*Bas-relief*" you may call it,

Who ask that boon from LOWE!

In the third, I would show ROBERT

In MAT ARNOLD's mantle dight;

And on it this inscription,

"Sweetness, behold, and Light."

One hand from sugar taking

Half a farthing in the pound;

One behind, a match-box hiding,

With "*Lucellum ex Luce*" crowned.

In the fourth, I'd have the subject

That this week's Cartoon has hit—

BOB, his "conscience money" dropping

Into JOHN BULL's letter-slit:

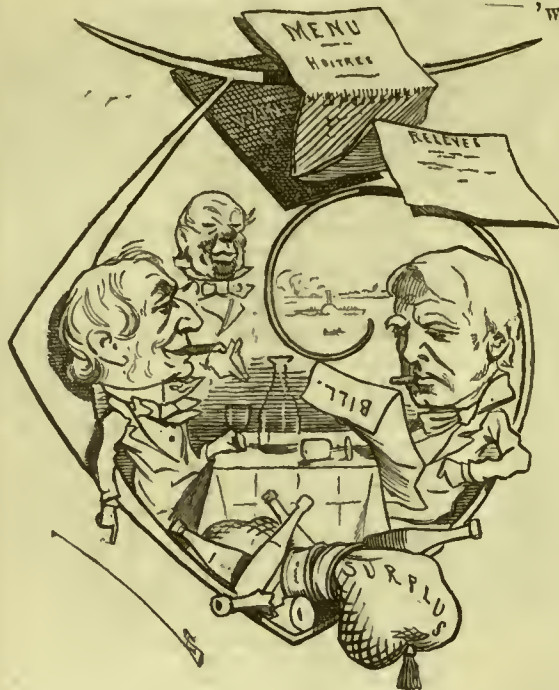
With look and gesture, saying,

"This penny back to earn,

Say, Income-tax Assessors,

How oft your screw must turn?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



'WAS Monday, April 7.—
Master Slender cried
"Mum" when the
supposed *Mistress*
Ann Page was to
cry "Budget;" but
his experiment was
not so successful as
to induce the House
of Commons to imi-
tate it to-night.
Although Mr. LOWE
was to proclaim Bud-
get, the House was
so far from being
Mum that it asked
two columns of ques-
tions before it would
allow the CHANCEL-
LOR OF THE EX-
CHEQUER to get at
business.

One query was to
the point, and it was
raised by MR. STAP-
LETON, who quietly
demanded whether
(recollecting American
unpleasantness)
British subjects were
not to be prevented
from raising money
to promote the cause
of CHARLES THE
SEVENTH in Spain.

MR. GLADSTONE said that the Crown Lawyers saw nothing illegal in the subscription, and therefore that it would not be interfered with. Well, we allowed GARIBALDI to obtain arms and money here in order to place VICTOR EMMANUEL where he now is, and we suppose that the same rule must apply, especially as we do not even recognise the Spanish Republic. But if Spain were not a weak Power, we might hear a little more on this subject.

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE was, shall we say, a little explosive?—no, only a little impressive, in his declaration that the Board of Trade had no favouritism which would prevent certain of MR. PLIMSOLL'S accusations from being fully investigated.

MR. AYRTON made an observation which *Mr. Punch*—not that gentleman's most devoted admirer—records with pleasure. In reference to some Mosaics in the Central Hall, MR. AYRTON said that the artist received £150 for his design, while the mere mechanics who carried it out received £500. He did not call this encouragement of Art; and in reference to Frescoes, he had determined not to go on with them, desiring to have works of Art, and not revivals of the works of a semi-barbarous period of decoration. It is clear that the *Edile* has been thinking over these matters, and that some correct ideas are beginning to dawn on his mind.

In reply to complaint by MR. G. BENTINCK about Counts Out, MR. GLADSTONE said that he was not in the House on the preceding Friday, as he was unable to leave his bed all day. At this the Liberals broke into loud cheering. They reminded *Mr. Punch* of what *Cousin Phoenix* said about the duty, in his days, of cheering whenever MR. PITT'S name was mentioned, and about the House being ready to applaud if a Member had announced that MR. PITT had tumbled down in a fit in the lobby.

MR. C. BENTINCK mentioned that MR. CHADWICK had Counted Out the House from spite. But he immediately withdrew the un-Parliamentary word, and substituted "Retaliation," which, being a word of six syllables, was of course more soothing to the feelings than a word of one. There is a singularly hidden virtue in polysyllables, and, indeed, in all redundancy of expression. Tell a man that he is a stupid ass, and he does not, as a rule, look much pleased; but tell him that he appears to you to fail in the power of exactitude in appreciating the question at issue, and he smiles, as if you had done him a favour. MR. C. BENTINCK also observed that the Opposition always Counted Out with great judgment, but the Ministerialists did not; a remark not received with unanimous plaudits.

But then, Madam, we got at the Budget for 1873. MR. LOWE did not make a very effective speech. Some said that he was not in good form, having been incensed with his colleagues for not letting him pay off all the *Alabama* money. Be this as it may, he spoke briefly—little over the hour—and was a good deal bothered with his figures. His points were these:—

1. Unexampled prosperity, in spite of Continental troubles, Strikes, a bad Harvest, and High Prices.
2. We have a surplus of £5,895,000.
3. He hoped we should never have to pay another sum of £3,200,000 in gold, by referring questions to arbitration.
4. We shall pay only one half of that sum out of the revenue of the year,

and the rest, without new taxation by Exchequer Bonds, if finances are unlucky.

5. He takes off half the Sugar Duty, after May 8th.
6. He takes One Penny off the Income-tax. Here he probably Winked at his Private Mind, and murmured something about Surcharges, which enable him very well to afford a slight expenditure of Conscience Money. Our Income-tax is now to be Three Pence, which, he added, yields quite as much as when SIR ROBERT PEEL laid it on, at Seven Pence, in 1842.
7. He exempts from Taxation Hotel Servants and those "of persons who deal in intoxicating liquors." It must be allowed that the latter have been his generous Benefactors, and from his point of view ought to be rewarded.
8. Thus, he reduces the surplus to £291,000.
9. During the year he will pay the Americans their Three Millions odd, reduce The Debt by £6,000,000, and relieve taxation by £2,885,000.

There was the usual provisional comment. The Agriculturists complained that nothing was done for them. But, if signs are to be trusted,—

"Yes, honest Farmer, you may trust our rhyme;
Something *will* follow—at a fitting time."

SIR WILFRID LAWSON made a very fair protest against any rejoicing at our having Drunk ourselves out of the Alabama difficulty. We have done it, though. SIR WALTER SCOTT quotes—

"O the parish, the parish, the parish,
O the parish of bonny Glenfell!
They've hangit the Minister, stickit the Precentor,
Burnt the Church, and drunk the Bell."

He "thinks he should like to have known something of these meritorious people." We have not degenerated.

Warnings were given, from several quarters, against the present system of assessing the Income-tax.

MR. LOWE said that the country was still on the full tide of prosperity.

Resolutions in favour of portions of the scheme were agreed to, and the House rose for the holidays, until the 21st.

Touching the weather at this season, Madam, *Mr. Punch* would make a Shakspearian remark or two. *Mercutio* accuses *Benolio* of "falling out with a Tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter." Gentlemen never fall out with tailors, except when they make bad clothes, or want to be paid. But any tailor, or other person, who put on new garments before this present Easter, must have been an idiot. *Pandarus* says that if *Cressida* were not his relative "she would seem as fair to him on Friday as *Helen* on Sunday." All the ladies whom *Mr. Punch* beheld on Good Friday looked pinched and reproachful, thanks to the East Wind, and things were not mended on Easter Sunday. Posterity may like to know that the general condition of the English mind at this period of history was that of unadulterated Sulkiness—a reflection of the skies.

TEMPLARS GRAND AND PETTY.

A MYSTERIOUS and august transaction was solemnised on the evening of Monday last week at the Freemason's New Hall, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was no less than the fusion of the English and Irish Orders of the Knights Templar of the most Ancient and Honourable Community of Freemasons. The PRINCE OF WALES, as head of the Order, presided, and the proceedings concluded with a banquet, whereat, of course, the usual loyal toasts were drunk in the usual generous liquors. It is, however, hardly necessary to mention this circumstance for the purpose of preventing any mistake about the fusion of the Knights Templar, which would involve the confusion of that Order with the Association whose Members modestly style themselves Good Templars, for the sake of a distinction which of course they do not mean to be invidious, but perhaps consider to be insufficiently apparent from deportment, language, and costume.

SERVANT MAID'S SONG (to her Policeman).—Aria:
"ROBERT, toi que j'aime!"

THE KITCHEN AND THE NURSERY.



like to scrub her kitchen floor. We have now a glut of Governesses and a dearth of Cooks, and we fear there is no likelihood of the former class combining and going out on strike. Yet this would be a strike which we should see with real

N the whole, there can be no doubt that food for the mind is considered of less value now than food for the body, at any rate so far as our families are concerned. As a rule, at least, a Cook is paid far better than a Governess, and has far less to do for the money that she gets. Wellnigh every Cook now expects to have a Kitchenmaid, who does more than half her work; and any Cook who condescends to serve without a Kitchenmaid expects to have assistance daily from a charwoman; and is much too lady-

pleasure, if it could fairly be maintained to a successful end. Meanwhile, Cooks might be hired more cheaply if there were less demand for them, and this young ladies, in due time, have in their power to decrease. If young ladies would but learn the noble art of cookery, they might yearly save their parents some considerable out-going, and might, on marriage, spare their husbands the expense of hiring high-priced Cooks. South Kensington is now affording them the means of acquiring the art in question, and *Mr. Punch* earnestly recommends them to join the Provisional Classes.

A MODERATE MONSTER.

ANARCHY progresses at a quiet pace. At a meeting of delegates representing above a hundred of the London Trades' Societies, held on Wednesday last week, at the Bell, Old Bailey, it was resolved to hold a "Monster Demonstration of the Trades of London, in support of the total repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and to protest against all special legislation for Trades' Unionists, and the application of the law of conspiracy as laid down by JUDGE BRETT in the recent trial of the gas-stokers." The Trades' Unionists, when they propose to unite in a Monster Demonstration, appear to accept the name of "the Many-headed Monster." The self-styled Monster designs to roar at the Government and Legislature "in Hyde Park, or some other suitable place, on a day to be named." Saint Monday, perhaps, would best suit the Striking Classes, who largely keep that festival.

But your Monster will roar you as gently as any sucking dove. The Striking Men are comparatively reasonable in their demands. Merely to ask for the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act is moderate as times go. It is almost a wonder the Monster does not demand the repeal of the Criminal Law altogether, and roar "No Punishment!"

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

DRESSING in a desperate hurry to dine with most punctual and particular people, mislaying your studs, failing in several attempts at a symmetrical arrangement of your tie, compelled after many postponements to wear your new boots which prove to be tight across the instep, missing the train, and having to wait twelve minutes for another; and at last entering the PUCKERING'S drawing-room to find everybody assembled, and to be made uncomfortably certain by unmistakable looks and the immediate announcement of dinner, that it is for you and you alone that host and hostess, guests and cook, have all been impatiently and indignantly waiting.

Being selected to lead into the dining-room MISS CAMILLA BRUMBY, the energetic Secretary of the Female Domination League, who wears spectacles (slightly tinted), and exhibits marked peculiarities in the fashion of her dress and the arrangement of her hair; while EVA TERRINGTON, whose expected presence at the party has been your main inducement to face the fog and the thaw, is conducted by a wealthy and widowed ironmaster to a chair at the extreme end of the table, and on the same side of it as yourself.

Somewhat sated with MISS BRUMBY'S views on the struggle between Capital and Labour, and the attitude Russia is assuming in Central Asia, finding, when you turn to the lady on your left, that it is MRS. CYRIL BONCASTLE an enthusiastic admirer of the REV. LOFTUS PRIESTCRAFT, to whose fantastic proceedings at St. Jerome's you are diametrically opposed.

Sitting next the lady of the house—one in which the dishes are not handed round—and being expected to manage a small turbot for a large party, and afterwards to deal with a popular turkey—your inability to carve even the simplest joint being a matter of ludicrous notoriety in your own domestic circle.

Turning somewhat sharply round when the servant offers you a sweet in the composition of which cream largely predominates, and thereby causing a deposit of the whole contents of the dish in the new blue silk lap of your rather stiff neighbour.

Having directly opposite to you at table the lady who returned all your letters and presents last winter, and whom you have not met since that well-remembered day, when she suggested that it would be better for you not to come again to Upper Cheveley Street.

Dining with the PINCHAMS, and, in ignorance or forgetfulness of the established fact that the quality of their wines is more than doubtful, going through a course of experimental chemistry with their sherry, hock, champagne, and claret, in a fruitless search for some liquid which will not embitter your to-morrow.

Dining in company with your doctor, who has lately put you on a

strict regimen, and knowing that there is hardly a thing on the table which he has not forbidden you to touch.

Being a highly nervous man, and choking, or having to talk to a deaf stranger, or becoming aware that your artificial teeth are every instant growing more and more insecure.

Being the only man of the party who does not hunt, and having to listen, after dinner, when the ladies are gone, to narratives of capital days with the South Yoickshire or MR. WENTWORTH GAMS-ROX'S Hounds, particularly on that memorable occasion when they found in Toddington Gorse, and, after a splendid run of an hour and forty-five minutes, killed in LORD SAXONDALE'S shrubberies.

Going up into the drawing-room, and being induced to take a hand at whist, when you are conscious that you are a most indifferent player, and never remember what cards are out after the first two rounds. Finding that your partner is a lady who knows the game almost as well as CAVENDISH himself, but has all her *finesse* spoiled by your blunders; while your opponents—one of them a man you have not spoken to for years—are both accomplished performers, and win every rubber, and all your, and, what is far worse, all MISS PENDLEHAM'S silver.

Turning the corner of your street, and seeing a fire-engine and a mob in the middle of the road, and discovering, after a brief interval of suspense, that the engine and the mob are before your own door, and that it is your own kitchen chimney which is throwing out soot and sparks at 5.45 P.M.—eight persons, including a newly-married couple, being expected to dinner at 6.30.

Inviting several friends to come and help you to eat a haunch of venison which LORD DARTMOOR has been good enough to send you; and being informed by your cook, on the morning of the day appointed for the feast, that the venison is not fit to appear at table.

Having made your adieux to your host and hostess, to be told by the servant in the hall that it is a pouring wet night, and that there is not a cab to be got anywhere. Walking home in the rain, and discovering, when you reach your lodgings, that you have forgotten your latch-key, and standing for ten minutes on the door-step, until the domestic can be roused to let you in.

Derangement of the digestive organs.

Patients and Pay.

"PREVENTION," said a Sanitary Reformer, "is better than cure." The Medical Man to whom this observation was addressed, smiled, and replied, "That may be all very true in theory, but the reverse is what we always find to be the case in Practice."



RATIOCINATION.

"MAMMA! DON'T FORGET TO ASK PAPA ABOUT GOING TO BRIGHTON FOR A FORTNIGHT!"

"HUSH, DEAR! I'M AFRAID IT WON'T DO! YOU KNOW HOW DREADFULLY THE SEA-SIDE UPSETS PAPA FOR THE FIRST WEEK ALWAYS!"

"YES; BUT PAPA NEEDN'T COME DOWN TILL THE SECOND WEEK, YOU KNOW!"

BIG WORK AND LITTLE.

(*Mr. Punch's Last Treasury Minute.*)

A NASMYTH'S steam-hammer serves equally well
To weld a great anchor, or crack a nut's shell;
And the Elephant's trunk the same credit will win,
Set to pull up an oak, or to pick up a pin.
But whatever the work by our Treasury done,
Of such double duties, it aims but at one:
It fulfils its small function, to pare and to pinch,
See each candle burnt out to its uttermost inch;
See each cheese to its horniest bottom pared down,
And no service so close-shaved as that of the Crown.
But to show BULL the way hard-earned millions to spare,
To see that the national books are kept square,
On Treasury hammer and trunk never call,
Or you'll find that their worth is—just nothing at all!

For the more penny-wisdom our Treasury shows,
On a scale more superb its pound-foolishness grows;
And the closer its grip of the coppers, we see,
The gold through its fingers run all the more free.
On a penny unvouched in its audit 'tis down,
But out of eight thousand* lets BULL be done brown;
On the waste of red tape strictest checks 'twill impose,
But sees hundreds of thousands† ta'en under its nose;
Of assize prosecutions it cuts down the cost,
That rogues may go free, and Crown-verdicts be lost;
To big jobs ope the door, knocking small on the head;
And one sinecure lops, to make two in its stead;
Cool Treasury trunk! It can pick up our pins—
But for rending our oaks, ask when that work begins—
And the Treasury, invited to blush, only grins!

* See the case of the £8000 deficit in the Science and Art Department.

† See the case now pending of unauthorised appropriations of upwards of £700,000, by the Post-Office, for purchase and extension.

THE PEOPLE AT PENANCE.

EXCEPTION has been taken by thoughtful Churchmen to the enjoyment of Good Friday by the Masses as a holiday, instead of its proper observance as a fast. This fault, however, is not found with the People by any one who has ever mingled with them on that anniversary at any place of public amusement or recreation open to them. They resort to every such place, the Crystal Palace for example, in their thousands, and so many thousands that they crowd it almost to suffocation, and quite to such an extent as to render one another, as well as everybody else, extremely uncomfortable. Thus, in effect, they observe Good Friday, practically, as a day of real penance; and the truth is that they are chargeable with uncanonical behaviour only in making Easter Monday, and Whit Monday, days of the same penitential endurance too. What austerities can equal the mutual punishment which, on those two days, the People are accustomed to undergo of their own accord, jammed together, pushing, squeezing, jostling each other, and treading on each other's toes, whilst utterly incapacitated from enjoying anything they see at the British Museum and National Gallery?

Faustus Emendatus.

Margaret (with daisy in her hand, to FAUST).
Let me alone. (*Picks off petals one by one.*)
Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, ploughboy, thief.
There! [*Exit FAUST, disgusted.*]

HERALDRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE now general adoption of Armorial Bearings promises to give rise to an agitation against the existing duty thereon. A cry about to be raised in concert with that of "A Free Breakfast Table!" will perhaps be, "A Free Scutcheon!"



CONSCIENCE MONEY.

"ACKNOWLEDGMENT REQUESTED IN THE *TIMES*."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

All among the Minerals—a Word on Vegetables—Hints and Suggestions for a new Guide to the British Museum, adapted to the meanest capacity.



Antediluvian Pantomimic Period! Asparagus grew, then, in forests. The song would have been—

Woodman, spare that Asparagus!
Touch not its blooming top,
Protect it from the sparrer, 'Gus,
Until we've got a crop.

"'Gus," in the third line is supposed to be the Woodman's name. *Figurez vous* the Asparagus grown to fit the mouth of the single-eyed Polyphemus! But to proceed.

It is a little startling to a Representative Person of nervous temperament to find oneself suddenly among the "Arsenic Group," a term that might be applied, with much propriety, to two or three groups of figures in MADAME TUSSAUD'S Chamber of Horrors. But here it is a harmless party under a glass case, which you would pass without noticing but for the appalling name in the catalogue.

My attention was attracted by the specimens of the Rhombohedral, and the Oblique or Clinorhombic Systems—the latter sounding like one of *Touchstone's* divisions of lying. The Oblique or Clinorhombic System is one, alas! in favour with many who might be put under glass cases and labelled as fossilised Humbugs of the nineteenth century. But this is to be moral not mineral, so, as the Showman says, "On we go again," using our pocket-handkerchiefs, and not breathing on the glass cases.

The ninth case brought me to a standstill, for I had been wandering. But now, as the poet says,

"I ceased to wander,
And began to ponder"

on the marvellous Minerals under my very nose—beneath my very eyes. Description fails me: the Catalogue comes to my aid:—

"Case 9.—*Molybenite* ($Mo S_2$) and *Realgar* ($As_2 S_2$) are severally bismuth and arsenic disulphides; the former is a rhombohedral, the latter an oblique Mineral."

To all friends from the country seeing the sights of Lunnun the above will be a piece of really useful information.

Then follows a charmingly picturesque bit—"Here is included *Laurite*, the rare ruthenium sulphide."

It sounds like a character in a Fairy Ballet, as, indeed, do almost all the names. They would come in admirably in a Mineral Kingdom Scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Molybenite (A Lovely Creature) MDLLE. FANDANGO.
Realgar (Her Lover: a troubadour) . . . M. TIPTOE.
Laurite (The Rare Ruthenium Sylphide). MDLLE. HENRIETTA D'OR.

There you have it, or rather there I have it all before me. And the specimens of Pronstite and Pyragryte (with Pyragrytations) should be the Sprites and Tumblers of the entertainment.

I recognise, however, the truth of what I have said before; namely,

that this is not the spirit wherein to visit the British Museum. Let us be serious. Lead on, I follow, with further suggestions for a new Guide to the Collections.

Division III. Cases 13, 14, Sect. i. This looks like a reference to a book of Legal Precedents. It isn't. It is simply to draw the visitors' attention to "Compounds of the Halogen Elements."

"The Salts in this division are represented," the book informs me, "by certain fluorides."

On inspection I found the salts to be genuine Old Salts. I shouldn't like to call an Old Salt a Double Fluoride. Let somebody else try it first and report progress. It can be attempted on the beach at Brighton.

In Case 16 (a) will be seen the "Spinel Group," which, from the name, one would have thought represented the backbone of the collection. Considered from this point of view it is weak.

Case 20. The Tin Stone. Most interesting, if you can find it. I couldn't. I contented myself with the information, in the Guide Book, that "*Its pellucid varieties are gems*," and that "*the Dull green is the Jargoon*," whereon my friend Wags remarked that the Jargon was uncommonly dull.

Case 21. In the same series is the Rutile. As this mineral is of no great use to anybody in its present form, it doesn't combine the Rutile with the Dulce. To which joke of WAGS'S MR. TOOLE, in *Don Giovanni* might say, "Pah!" Apropos of *Don G.*, I recommend any one scientifically interested in the Terpsichorean Art to go and see the Dancing Quakers. To enjoy this thoroughly a happy day should have been spent at the British Museum.

In the *Fourth Division*—this sounds like a military variety, but, again, it isn't—Walk up, walk up, and see The *Dolomite* and The *Ankerite*! The latter being a sort of Mineral Hermit without any legs.

The Female Minerals are represented by the Silicates. Here I made a discovery of the greatest interest to all admirers of the works of MR. WILKIE COLLINS. In Case 46 (i)—and I give the direction clearly in case you should otherwise miss it—I came upon "*The Moonstone*." I cannot say I was surprised to find this among the Minerals, as I had always ranked MR. COLLINS'S novels among the gems. *Suivez moi*, s. v. p. Here is "Gypsum." It is a Cambridge Mineral. The name is composed of two words, *Gyp*, "a server," and *sum* "I am." The meaning being, I am a useful mineral.

Case 57.—Here you will find, if no one has removed it since I was there, and I didn't, the Haidingirite, the Erinite, the Uranite, the Antunite, the Leadhillite, and the Lagulite. And, strange to say, at my elbow, looking into the case, was an unmistakable specimen of the Israelite. He was humming, nasally, the air of MR. FREDERICK CLAY'S popular song, *Nobody's Nose like my Nose*.

In the same case were "*splendid Specimens of Apatite*." This settled me. It was one o'clock, and I had long felt a craving. So I determined upon taking "a splendid specimen" of my Appetite to a neighbouring Restaurant's.

Happening at this moment to refer to the Catalogue, I found that the Guide to the Mineral Department was signed by MR. MASKELYNE.

It now occurred to me (memory being roused into action by the aforesaid splendid Appetite) that I had long promised myself a visit to MESSRS. MASKELYNE & COOK (and, were the latter a woman-cook, their entertainment might be called Maskelyne and Feminine), at St. James's Hall. Thither I repaired, and refreshed exhausted nature. Then I went to see how MESSRS. MASKELYNE & COOK do all the Spiritualist tricks without any of the charlatanish humbug. The Cabinet and Box are very clever, and defy every ordinary eye. Neither of mine is an ordinary eye, and I should like (or rather I shouldn't) to hear anybody say that "black's the white of it" (N.B. This was a *mot* of other days), but my eyes were defied, and I retired with some dignity. After all, Sir, who wants to know how things are done? Life's too short for Inquisitiveness, a fact I could wish you, Sir, to bear in mind, when you put queries to your Representative as to his next intentions.

This digression took me far away from the Fossils, to which I am obliged, contrary to my intention, but in chivalrous fulfilment of my promise, to return in my next. As before, so now,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Harmony in the Church.

THE arrival of a new Curate is always an interesting event in the Annals of a Parish, and to the ladies of his congregation it can never be a matter of indifference whether he is married or single, and likely to be an agreeable acquisition to Society. But it is seldom that a parish is so exceptionally favoured as one in the immediate neighbourhood of London, which has just secured the services of a reverend gentleman, who is described as a "musical bachelor." Of the popularity of this new Curate with a large and interesting section of his flock, no one, with any experience of Scenes of Clerical Life, can have the slightest doubt.



THE NEXT ELECTION.

Ethel. "PAPA, YOU MUST VOTE FOR MR. MOUNTBANK, OR WE SHALL NOT GET INVITATIONS TO THE BALLS AT LORD HIGHROPE'S, HIS UNCLE, YOU KNOW!"

POETRY AND PROSPECTUS.

MR. MILTON had an ear for sonorous names. He was the author of certain lines which will be recollected by most of our young men and girls who mingle in dances and pic-nics:—

"And all who since, baptised or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Danasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond."

MR. PILGARLIC has received the Prospectus of a Joint Stock Company, containing in each of the subjoined paragraphs a string of names which may be contrasted with the above in *Paradise Lost*, as being, if perhaps as imposing as those, not quite so euphonious:—

"This Company has been established for the purpose of developing, under improved management, the valuable Nicolajevski Colliery, close to the Gruschevka Station of the Voronezh-Rostoff Railway, and also for acquiring and working 12 other mining areas, situate at Vladimiersky, near the Sulin Station on the same Railway, which passes through the property.

"Both properties are in direct communication by Railway with Moscow, Riasan, Tamboff, Sarotoff, Voronezh, and Rostoff, and the principal ports of the Sea of Azoff and the Black Sea, namely, Taganrog, Sebastopol, and Odessa; also by the River Don and the Volga-Don Railway with the River Volga and the Caspian Sea."

The names of places above enumerated certainly seem to MR. PILGARLIC somewhat more to the purpose than those of Noblemen, and other ornamental persons, which sometimes figure on lists of Directors. Be that as it may, the foregoing prosaio parallel to MILTON'S poetry is but one out of innumerable communications of the same kind for which MR. PILGARLIC is indebted to unknown friends, who can possess no more information respecting him than what they may have gleaned from a professional Directory. Thence, probably, they have surmised that he may, in the course of years, have amassed some small savings, which he would be glad to invest so as to secure the highest possible interest for their amount. He has no particular reason for doubting that the advertisers offer him "a sweet boon." But before MR. PILGARLIC could invest even the smallest sum at his command in any speculation whatsoever, he

would require to know all about it. This condition cannot exist. He can, therefore, in any case, only gaze with smiling admiration on the nicely ruled spaces of the form of application for shares, so conveniently arranged by his kind benefactors that would be, to facilitate that petition, which he is invited to fill up and sign. He begs to thank them all for keeping him in waste paper, and thus supplying his Vestal with the means of lighting the fire, and himself with those of igniting his tobacco, &c. But he has to complain that some of the prospectus-paper does not burn long enough, and to suggest that it should be a little thicker. Companies generally are requested to notice this intimation.

SHAKSPEARE IN THE SADDLE.

THE successful attempt which has been lately made at Astley's (with the reverence of our youth we stick to the old name), to place a "page of English history" on the boards and in the sawdust, has set us thinking of the pages and more exalted personages that might be similarly treated by our clever hippodramatists. How easy it would be, for instance, to set SHAKSPEARE in the saddle, and adapt his plays to the Astleian pomp and circumstance. Good *Mr.* and *Mrs. Page*, and *Robin, Falstaff's* "skirted page," occur to us at once among the pages to be mounted; and if *Sir John* himself were to appear on horseback, half the town would flock to see him in his acts of equestration.

Since the Battle of Bridgnorth has proved a great attraction, why should not the Battle, say, of Shrewsbury, be shown in a like manner? *Falstaff's* ragged troop might be mounted upon screws to make them look more comical, and the fight between the *Prince* and *Hotspur* would be sure to bring the house down, if it were fought on horseback. Indeed the play of *Henry the Fourth* abounds with points for hippodramatists. For instance, take the famous passage describing how young *Harry*, with his beaver up, vaulted to his seat like feathered Mercury,

"To witch the world with noble horsemanship."

See what a splendid opportunity this gives for what the playbills



A VOCATION.

"WELL, MY FINE FELLOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

"O, SIR, PLEASE, SIR, I'M A MODEL, SIR! YOU COULD GIVE ME A SITTING, SIR!"

"GIVE YOU A SITTING! H'EM! HAH! HAVE YOU GOT A GOOD CHEST AND ARMS?"

"O, SIR! PLEASE, SIR! I DON'T SIT FOR THE FIGGER, SIR! ONLY THE FACE AN' 'ED, SIR!"

call a rapid transformation act. You can imagine the Prince turning a few summersaults to show his skill in vaulting, and then throwing off his armour and appearing dressed as Mercury, and finally performing on his fiery untamed Pegasus a rapid act of horsemanship, in a brilliant suit of spangles.

There are many other scenes in the historic plays of SHAKESPEARE which are peculiarly adapted to the saddle and the sawdust. Of course in hippodramas much depends upon the mounting, still the audience at times condescends to hear the speeches, and SHAKESPEARE'S noble language would have at least the charm of novelty to ears which are accustomed to the words of equine writers. *Richard the Third* is full of points, in word as well as action, that would be sure to tell at Astley's. The *Duke of Norfolk*, to begin with, might be costumed as a jockey, to give a new point to the couplet:—

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

Then *King Richard* might on horseback perform prodigies of valour, and his charger being visibly slain upon the stage, and not behind the scenes, as formerly, his scream—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

would be much heightened in effect, and would certainly evoke the plaudits of the gallery.

So too the ghost-scene might be made immensely more appalling, if the ghosts were to appear all mounted upon nightmares. Indeed we see no reason why *King Richard* in his sleep should not perform a rapid act of riding on four fiery bare-backed steeds, to which, when he shouts out "Give me another horse!" a fifth might be led in with an effect quite overpowering.

AN UNWORTHY MEMBER.

THE Law admits of no excuse
For theft. Of dying for a meal,
Prisoner, thy plea is of no use
If thou stretch forth thy hand and steal.

Six months of gaul, with labour hard,
Thy sentence is—could not be less.
Of course the Barrister's disbarred
Who stole a book from sheer distress.

For so revolted are the Just
By such an act of sin and shame,
A brotherhood of honour must
Strike from its roll thy tarnished name.

Thou art a wretch unfit to wear
The Robe unsullied as 'tis long,
Or don the Wig of equine hair,
Which ne'er capped advocate of wrong.

O yes, unmeet art thou to plead
The widow's cause, and spinster's too,
For breach of promise being feed
The victim she hath missed to sue!

'Tis not for one like thee impure
To vindicate his fellow-man,
And heavy damages procure
The justly labelled charlatan.

Thou stolest a book for lack of bread.
Six months in Bridewell are for thee.
If thou in malice hadst, instead,
Knocked out some teeth, there were but three.

A Plea for Old Tom.

THE population of London amounts to four millions. They are continually adding to their number. Accordingly, the Metropolis keeps on extending itself, and bricks and mortar encroach daily on and abolish the beauty of the environs of London. Can nothing be done to arrest this spreading evil? To limit the expansion of London in these days by law nobody would propose, for fear of the Masses; but they would probably have no objection to a measure for cheapening gin. It is said that gin stops children's growth. Would not a sufficiently plentiful supply of it check that of London?

WOMEN'S RITES OF OLD.—The Mysteries of Ceres.

POETRY AND PROPER NAMES.

(The former assisting you to pronounce the latter.)

THERE dwelt an old cobbler at Bromley,
And he had a daughter so comely,
That, though he was poor,
And SNOOKS for name bore,
That name she relinquished for CHOLMONDELEY.

A small barber shaved for a penny;
His shop was the pride of Kilkenny.
He hung out his pole
Along with a scroll,
Whereon was inscribed ABERGAVENNY.

A school was for boys kept at E'sham,
By one who knew not how to teach 'em;
Yet his line he could trace
To a generous race.

This poor pedagogue called himself BEAUCHAMP.

There is choice of a great many large banks,
For those with their money who charge banks.
And one I would trust
With the whole of my "dust,"

Need I say, it is yours MESSRS. MARJORIBANKS.

A soldier may genius or dunce be;
But either can slain only once he.

As one was whose name
Is worthy of fame;
That hero of Waterloo, PONSONBY.



A "QUICK RETURN."

Captain Botteswell (speaking of his Host's Daughter, who has been pressing the Gentlemen to select Partners). "HERE COMES THE LITTLE WHIPPER-IN!"

Daughter (who has overheard the remark—with a curtsy). "—TO HER MAJESTY'S HOUNDS!!!"

VICE ITS OWN PENALTY.

To the Ministerial Budget of this year the *Times* objects that:—

"One half only of the Alabama Indemnity is to be charged on the revenue of the coming year, the other half being met by a draught on the Bank of Hope."

If the Bank of Hope were an institution homogeneous with the Band, the draught would be very much less likely than it now is to be honoured. At present one draught seems to meet another. The Band of Hope youth contribute little to the revenue; but that's no marvel, they drink no wine, neither do they consume any other exciseable liquors. But we (the People, or Working Classes) are truly said to have drunk ourselves out of the Alabama difficulty. This is sad, to be sure. It would be comparatively jolly if the amount had all to be extorted from the Small Involuntarily-Taxed instead of having been contributed by the Great Self-Taxed. It would then have been paid in sober sadness—by a minority. Still, unless the former are absolutely to pay for everybody, a taxed tap will remain the only possible condition of a free breakfast-table. "What you want in meat, we'll have in drink," as *Bardolph* says. So may the spontaneous tax-payers say to the others; but the latter would be even worse off for meat than they are now if the former had raised the prices of all provisions to a yet higher point than they actually have, by spending less of the excess of their high wages in gorge and more in guzzle. Moreover, of gin and other "intoxicating liquors," at least, *pecunia non olet*. And, after all, the surplus derived from the Excise is the Tribute which the Vice of Tippling pays to the Virtue of Total Abstinence. Need Virtue be so very indignant at the oblation?

NO BULL.

If a person has, by the negligence or default of a Railway Company, sustained incurable injuries, can he recover? No doubt of it; and, sure, the law in this point, if it does not, ought, by all means, to extend to Ireland.

PETROLEUM AND PIETY.

A TELEGRAM from Perpignan the other day announced that the Carlists were threatening to use petroleum for the purpose of burning down houses whose inhabitants refused to pay the contributions demanded of them. Several other messages had previously been telegraphed to the effect that petroleum had been, or been threatened to be, employed by the Carlists as an incendiary agent on behalf of Legitimacy and Divine Right. Petroleum is a substance so like pitch that one wonders that the saying that none can touch it without being defiled, particularly those who employ it in arson, after the manner of the Communists and Red Republicans, has not occurred to such loyal and religious enthusiasts as the Carlists. An advertisement, soliciting subscriptions in aid of those insurgents, has appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. The *Gazette*, truly, is a credit to the diocese so called. Are the faithful who call it a diocese authorised, if they please, to contribute money wherewithal Carlist incendiaries may purchase petroleum?

Non Carcere Duro.

FROM Rome, a few days ago, there arrived the comparatively welcome intelligence that:—

"The physicians attending the Pope have momentarily forbidden his Holiness to leave his apartments, merely for the sake of additional precaution."

Everybody, MR. WHALLEY not excepted, will be relieved by the assurance that the Prisoner of the Vatican is but confined to his room, and that by the sentence of his physicians only, who have given him no more than a moment's imprisonment. We trust that, by this time, the venerable Pontiff and Prisoner is out again.

FIZZICAL WEAKNESS.—Love of Champagne.

IRISH JURIES.

(From the Dublin Denouncer.)



own way. A deeply injured man, who had been tyrannically pestered for rent, though he had several times made small payments on account, and whose nature was at last aroused to indignation, knocked the collector into a ditch, and set dogs upon him. The Jury found him "Not guilty," and most logically, for he was indeed not guilty of betraying the cause of his beloved Ireland. Another patriot who had protested, through the mouth of a blunderbus, against a notice to quit the sacred soil on which he had been reared, was found guilty of trespass, for he had trespassed against arbitrary law, but he was cordially recommended to mercy and reward. In some instances where duty to Ireland is not concerned, Juries have used their own common sense, regardless of a scowling Judge and a sneering Counsel. A man who was indicted for setting a friend's house on fire was convicted of petty larceny, and another who had poisoned his neighbour's cows was found guilty of burglary; while a third, who had blown up a mill, was acquitted, on the ground that several of his relatives had been sent to penal servitude, and that the law ought not to be hard on an afflicted family. It may be considered, by the cold-blooded, matter of regret that our Juries, when looked up, have frequently engaged in personal conflict; but we would rather that the noble Irish nature thus found vent for excitement than that men should sit calmly weighing probabilities, and comparing testimonies, while a fellow-creature stands trembling and shuddering in the accursed dock. At present, cases in which accounts and pecuniary matters are at issue, are the chief stumbling-block, and we are aware that what would be called "business" by the callous London citizen or the selfish Scotch merchant is not thoroughly understood, or, rather, is thoroughly ignored by the Irish Juror, who recognises a higher law than that of COCKER, and in his simple, pious, Catholic way, strives to equalise the advantages of suitors, and deprives the rich man of his gains, only that the poor man may be more content with his lot. This is natural justice, and long may it be administered by the brave Irish Juror, in defiance of impious Saxon cant.

A Second Donation.

It is announced that the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers have granted fifty guineas towards the building of a chapel for the patients of the Royal National Consumption Cottage Hospital at Ventnor. This is a new obligation which the Fishmongers have now conferred on these invalids. The Consumptive had already to thank the Fishmongers for Cod's-liver Oil.

Natural Feeling.

HA! "Friends will please accept this intimation."
Well; there are friends and friends. If any such
Look to have leavings from a lost relation,
They'll all please to accept it very much.

MORE LADIES IN THE CASE.

OUR old friend "Wheat Mary Anne" has found companions at last. Among the Companies lately registered is one with the sweet name of the "Catherine and Jane Lead Mining."

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

(A propos of the Newcastle Co-operative Congress.)

CO-OPERATE—co-operate—co-operate, *ad libitum*.

Mountains may grow of mole-hills—one great of many small!
Workers are winners ever: they are idiots who'd prohibit 'em
From the long pull, and the strong pull, and the pull of one
and all.

Yes; the working-arm's the lever—with that, like Archimedes,
We've power to move the great round Globe, a larger Loggan
stone:

But a "*pou stō*" to begin with, a fulcrum our first need is,
And Labour without Capital's an arm without the bone.

That war-cry—"Down with Capital!"—is *that* the voice of
Labour?

"Not such a fool!" says Labour. "I need tools as well as hands.
If instead these tools of owning, I've to hire them of my neighbour,
Labour is but the Private—Captain Capital commands!"

"But if Labour save and spare, and lump his littles to a mickle,
Grow his own plant, find his own tools, materials, machines,
Money may be as tight as wax, the market may be fickle,
Labour is lord of his own ends, once he has made his means.

"Why? Not because he's managed to do away with Capital,
But because he's wisely taken his own Capital to raise.
For Capital and Labour's bond is flesh and blood: once snap it all,
You'll find one life runs in his veins, who's paid, and his who
pays.

"Yes, Capital and Labour are the Chang and Eng of nature:
The Siam twins—united in birth, and growth, and death:
They wax and wane together: one in health, and strength, and
stature;
One blood in heart, one life in brain, in lungs one common breath.

"Through clash of Mischief's cymbals, noise of Folly's pipe and
tabor,
Let Common Sense her still small voice wide as the world make
heard—
Capital still is Capital, and Labour still is Labour:
United, the earth's shaping power: apart, an empty word!"

Co-operation the world's rule is now, and has been ever:
All things still work together, to fulfil God's heavenly law;
If Labour be the brick that builds our pyramid, once sever
Labour from Capital—what is't? A brick without the straw.

Whoever be your Moses, and where'er your land of Goshen,
One thing is as transparent as the daylight that you see,
That he of "Down with Capital!" who introduced the notion,
Sets you to make bricks without straw, and must your Pharaoh
be.

HOP MARKET INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN Hops.—La Polka not in great demand. La Valse exported in quantities. Fandango, Bolero, &c.

The only English Hop is Sir Roger de Coverley.

Quotations from the Hop Market.—"I suppose you've not been to many dances as yet?" "No, not many." "Do you think the season will be very gay?" "Yes." "I hear the SHAH OF PERSIA doesn't dance." "Really! But he'll go out everywhere?" "O, yes." "Who is the SHAH OF PERSIA?" "Ah!" "What a strange head-dress that Lady has on!" "Hasn't she I told her so." "You know her, then?" "A little. It's my wife." "How absurdly LADY XMINSTER is painted!" "Yes. And look how MISS WYE is powdered! I wonder her mother permits it." "LADY WYE, like CROMWELL, puts her trust in powder. Everyone thought her daughter would have gone off last season." "May I offer you some—" &c., &c.

Social Distinction.

THERE are people in the world who esteem it so extremely vulgar to express emotion, that, if an earthquake were reported to have happened in their neighbourhood, they would consider it a proof of their good breeding not to have been moved by it.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.

THE Preceptor of MASTER HARVEY asked that young gentleman what were round numbers. HARVEY, with characteristic sauce, replied, "Noughts."



'A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER.'

"NOW, MISSY, YOU'VE SEEN ME SHAVE, SO YOU MUST JUST SKEDADDLE, PLEASE, AS I'M GOING TO TAKE MY BATH."

"I WON'T TELL IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT, UNCLE ROWLAND. LET ME STAY, PLEASE."

"WON'T TELL! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MISSY!"

"WHY, NOBODY WOULDN'T GO INTO COLD WATER, UNCLE, IF THEY WASN'T MADE TO, I SUPPOSE. NOBODY DON'T MAKE YOU, DO THEY?"

IMPROPER EXPRESSION.

"THE most enjoyable number was the symphony," writes a musical critic in a notice of a Concert. This word "enjoyable" is one of those novel expressions that have of late been intruded into the English of the Press and the Platform. Enjoyable, that which may be enjoyed; analogy defines it, for the word is not in Johnson. In the foregoing connection it means most productive of enjoyment. The symphony, described as having been enjoyable when it was played, would have been equally enjoyable if it had been murdered, or never been played at all. It would have been enjoyable—that is, capable of being enjoyed—whether it was actually enjoyed or not. To say that a composition, performed at a Concert, was enjoyable, is either to represent that it was capable of being enjoyed by a lover of music, or else to suggest that it might have been enjoyed if it had been properly performed, or could have been heard. A dinner is eatable, and likewise enjoyable, but in being eaten it, if enjoyed, is more than enjoyable. This word "enjoyable" sounds like an importation from the United States. Though not so base a coin as "reliable," it is still not sterling, and has the ring of a dollar.

No Ear.

IF SHAKESPEARE'S advice were generally acted upon, those of us who are so unfortunate as to have no taste either for opera or oratorio might find it difficult to get credit even for the commonest necessities of life, for—speaking of "the man that hath no music in himself"—does he not recommend, "Let no such man be trusted?"

A PHARMACEUTICAL QUESTION.—What medicinal substances are derived from Purgatory? Not any of those, my Lady, that your Ladyship would probably name. No, M'm. Rectified Spirits, M'm.

THE GOOD TIME COME.

SAINT GEORGE for Merry England!

For, as in days of yore,
This English land is merry now,
And shall be evermore.
What, have we not, at Eastertide,
Burlesques and brave buffoons;
And for Christmas goodly pantomimes,
And clowns, and pantaloons?

Saint George for Merry England!

Is there no bitter ale,
That amacks like infusion of gentian;
And might serve should quassia fail?
And are there no teetotallers,
That meet and make good cheer,
Whereas they drain the dish of tea,
And quaff the ginger beer?

Saint George for Merry England!

And a Liquor Law eftsoons.
Our taverns are already closed
On Sunday afternoons.
Policemen watch our hostelryes,
Or enter in disguise.
Here's a health to your informers, all!
A benison on your spies!

Saint George for Merry England!

And the huckster a Calf of Gold,
And them thereto that sacrifice
The memories of old;
Them that, of late, at Surbiton,
The Thames' dead wall did plan:
And them that will Northumberland House
Demolish if they can.

Saint George for Merry England!

And the Lords of Manors good,
All who, by Act of Parliament,
Enclose the merry greenwood;
And most of all the Ministers
Who, an they might, would sell
Each rood of Royal forest land,
The revenue so to swell.

Saint George for Merry England!

And the chimneys tall and fair,
With factory-smoke that drape the sky,
And with incense load the air;
For increasing population,
And the ceaseless growth of towns:
O'erspreading woodlands, hills, and dales,
And meadows, fields, and downs.

Saint George for Merry England!

And the British Working-men,
Who, banded in Trades' Unions,
Still strike and strike again!
While the means of life keep rising
From day to day more high;
And much privation is the fact:
Prosperity all the cry.

Saint George for Merry England!

And the rare old English beef,
And the butchers and the coalowners.
May they never come to grief!
What matter if flesh and fuel both
To such a price have got,
Poor gentlefolk may not roast the joint;
Can hardly boil the pot?

Saint George for Merry England.

And the Massees all tax-free,
Unless they please to tax themselves,
As taxed they choose to be.
For their excess of wages
In drink excised they spend.
Would ye pay a threefold Income-tax
Their ways to make them mend?

Saint George for Merry England!

The Commons, Lords, and Crown;
The British Constitution,
Which BEN turned upside down;
For Hyde Park Monster Meetings,
Held under OGDEN's thumb:
For the "good time coming" of the song,
Which is now the good time come!



THE SUGAR DUTIES.

Lady Customer (with her Grocer's book). "YOU KNOW, MR. SWEEPINS, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER TAKES OFF HALF THE SUGAR DUTY."

Grocer. "YES, 'M, HE DOES; AND YOU WILL SEE THAT WE HAVE NOT YET CHARGED YOU ANYTHING EXTRA IN CONSEQUENCE!!"

SIGHTS WHICH WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

The sight of a large coal-waggon unloading at our door, at the cost of a kind friend who wished to show us his affection.

The sight of a statue put up by public subscription, and proving not to be an eyesore to the public.

The sight of a wholesome honest Union of Workmen for putting down the hiring agitators who live by causing Strikes.

The sight of London macadamised, or else paved throughout with asphalt.

The sight of a whole column of theatrical advertisements without one single puff in it.

The sight of a four-wheeled cab which neither jolts, nor rattles, nor smells horribly of smoke.

The sight of Leicester Square improved, as it well might be, and would soon be, if in Paris.

The sight of our brand-new silk umbrella which was taken by mistake (of course) for a very old alpaca one we found left in exchange for it.

The sight of a pew-door in a convenient position, opened for us *gratis* when we desire to listen to a fashionable preacher.

The sight of the *menu* of an English public dinner, where French intelligence is shown in both the sequence and selection of the dishes.

The sight of pictures hung "upon the line" at the Academy, for reason of their merit, although painted by outsiders.

The sight of some of the half-sovereigns, not to mention the five-pound notes, which, on various sham pretenses, we have been constrained to lend to out-at-elbow acquaintances.

The sight of a few rays of continuous bright sunshine, enough to reinstate our faith in the actual existence of a working Solar System.

The "finest site in Europe" ornamented with a building to supplant the dome and pepper-boxes, and which should be truly worthy of the situation.

The sight of a photograph of Ourselves, which, in our own private opinion, really does us any justice.

The sight of an improved specimen of omnibus, which you can actually sit in without fear of being suffocated, and which will positively carry you as fast as your own legs.

The sight of an advertisement seeking for us as the next of kin of a rich Somebody or other, whom we have never heard of, who has left us all his property.

The sight of a new form of Constitutional French Government, founded on eternal principles, and capable of enduring for upwards of a twelvemonth.

The sight of our own butcher's bill, with steaks and legs of mutton charged at the same price as when we began housekeeping.

The sight of a new patent machine for washing shirts without knocking the buttons off.

And, finally, a "sight of money" paid by some good fairy of the future to free us all from Income-tax.

Irish Melody.

SOME lines of the late MR. THOMAS MOORE's will probably be thought of the next time there is a Fenian rebellion. Irish Jurymen, marching against the Saxon, will sing—

"The friends *we've tried*
Are by our side,
And the foes we hate: before us."

FLOWERS OF SPRING.

FATHER HYACINTHE has been lately preaching at Geneva. GOLD-SMITH appears to have invented, by anticipation, a comparison to FATHER HYACINTHE; namely, DR. PRIMROSE.

THE TEA-TABLE TRAGEDY.



W

R'VE got Delirium Tea-mens,
My MIRIAM and me—"
"You've got Delirium Tea-mens!
Now what's that maladie?
Sure not Delirium Tremens
With a tre and not a tea?"

"O, no! I never boozed
Sweet ale, or bitter bree—
My brains I ne'er abused
With hollands or whiskie;
Nor hath my wife infused
Brandy in her Bohea."

"Then doubtless it is Robur
Inspires thy wife and thee
To stray with steps unsober
And laugh deliriouslie?"

"O, no! it is not Robur,
The Spirit of the Tea."

"'Twas through a blind devotion,
My MIRIAM, for me,
That you conceived the notion
That, saving only tea,
Unwholesome was the potion
Of all the drinks that be."

"So, at thy strict injunction,
All other drinks that be,
Without the least compunction,
Resigning instantly,
I turned my every function—
Intelligent—on tea."

"Nay, not one moment wasting,
The more to pleasure thee,
With eager footstep hasting
At sunrise to the Sea,
I fell at once a-tasting
Each fresh imported tea."

"And now I nibbled 'Assam,'
'Moning' at two-an'-three,
And, now, with lingual spasm,
Lapped up Gunpowder Tea,
Until I felt *sick passim*
Through all my entity."

"Yet still I set fresh eyes on,
And tasted, fast and free,
Teas from each far horizon
Of Inde and eke Chinee.
Till I chanced upon 'Young Hyson,'
The finest of green tea."

"And, O! so sweet his savour!
'Hi! Captain from Chinee,'
I cried; 'come, what's to pay for
All of your Hyson Tea?'"

'For all our "Finest Flavour,"
A thousand pounds,' quoth he.



"I paid it—every shilling,
My MIRIAM, for thee;
And sev'ral waggons filling
With chests of Hyson Tea—
My own with transport thrilling—
Drove back to Finsburie."

"Then down we sat together,
My MIRIAM, did not we,
Regardless what the weather
In London Town might be?
Yes; down we sat together
To make our Hyson Tea."

"What joy we then evincèd,
What fine felicitie,
As she the tea-pot rinsèd,
And I spooned in the tea.
What raptures we evincèd—
What gusts of gamesome glee!"

"Then pouring from the kettle
Warm water plenteouslie,
We let Young Hyson settle—
Aye, left Young Hyson free
T'expand his pea-green petal
Beneath a pink Cosie."

"Then cup on cup of Hyson
We drained exstati'ly,
Not knowing he was pizen
Quaffed in such quantitie:
Now, wasn't that unwise in
My MIRIAM and me?"

"Until at last my MIRIAM
From her tenth cup of tea
Upstarting from delirium
Extremely suddenly—
In dreadful D. Tea-lirium—
Addressed herself to me:"

"Behold the Green-Tea Devil,
As green as green can be,
Is leading up his revel
Across your cup of tea."
Beware! or he will bevil!
Your nose against your knee!!"

"I looked—and saw Young Hyson—
I saw him * * *



A-ah! I see!
O, spare me, fine Young Hyson—
Have—mercy—upon—me!
O, O! not that cup of pizen!
Help! help! help! help!"

"I see,
You've got Delirium Tea-mens
From drinking too much tea."

OUR DOMESTIC DIGGINGS.

A CONTEMPORARY quotes a letter from one of our largest coal-owners, also an M.P., addressed to a friend, in which the writer, having stated the difficulty in raising coal he had to contend with, owing to the want of colliers, proceeds to say:—"So, if you should come across a good vein of skilled collier labour, content with 10s. to 15s. a day wages, pray inform me." To be content with from 10s. to 15s. a day is to be satisfied with, say, some £234 a year. If that is to be earned by mining here, there can be no inducement for any skilled miner to betake himself to gold or diamond diggings. He can live in clover, on enough to satisfy all his wants, by raising black diamonds at home. For a miner, an income of the above amount is a salary much more adequate than £5000 for a Law Officer of the Crown. The miner has no appearances to keep up in a mine, where any ostentation would be so very imperfectly illuminated by the Davy lamp as to be inappreciable; besides that, if it could be seen, it would, from its incongruity with coal-grime, be derided. He needs not incur any expenses but those which are necessary for his personal wants and pleasures, including champagne and dog-fighting; which, the former luxury as well as the latter amusement, he can manage to afford well enough by a judicious economy, above-ground, of lodgings, furniture, and clothes.

Economy in ostentation is painless to the average miner. Culture has not led him to imagine that other people trouble themselves about his looks, nor does reflection, in case he is endowed with any, admonish him to care if they did; because, in his line of life, any opinion of theirs on that subject could have no possible effect on his income. Herein he has the advantage of a lawyer, or a parson, or a medical man, whose professional receipts or earnings, how beggarly soever, are always more or less contingent on the respect for Society, which Society expects him to demonstrate by certain proprieties of costume, residence, and carriage. Whereas a miner is free to inhabit a hovel, and to go about in clothes and boots patched to any extent that suits his convenience, with a billycock hat of any antiquity on his head, and a short pipe in his mouth, as black as his hands and face.

It used to be common for a young man, come of parents in respectable circumstances, to talk of going into this or that liberal Profession. These vocations will henceforth be monopolised by the sons of millionaires. The only liberal profession possible for any other youth will be one liberally remunerated, like that of mining. A boy not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, if rationally brought up in or within reach of a mining district, when asked what he intends to do for a living, will answer, not that he shall enter the

Church, or the Army, or the Navy, or the Law, or the Medical Profession, but that he intends going into the Mine. Could he do better?

SHORTEN YOUR DINNERS.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

THAT melancholy time of year is now full upon us when overworked humanity is sentenced to its annual three months of hard labour, in the way of driving, dressing, dining, dancing, and generally doing all sorts of disappointing and health-destroying things.

Now, you and I, and other fellow social sufferers, would not so bitterly complain of the hardness of our lot, were our punishment confined within the limits of the period assigned for its duration. But, so lasting are the injuries it causes to our health, that, even by the very carefullest of living, we are barely able to restore our shattered nerves and battered constitutions, ere the time for the recurrence of our suffering returns.

To you and me, and others whose dancing days are over, dinners are undoubtedly the worst part of our punishment, and I rejoice to see that efforts are bravely being made, in certain influential quarters, to procure for us some respite of the labours that afflict us. How sorely this is needed may be guessed from this sad groan from one of your contemporaries, which rarely is constrained to murmur at such matters:—

"It is only necessary to watch the habits of what is termed 'society,' in order to arrive at the conclusion that they are quite sufficient to account for more than half the illnesses suffered by those who indulge in them. . . . To say nothing of the late hour at which people dine, many of them having eaten too much luncheon, or none at all, what an enormous variety of food they swallow, or are expected to swallow, before they get up from the dinner table. They could assuage their hunger and slake their thirst comfortably in half an hour, yet for an hour and a half or two hours they go on eating and drinking, night after night, and at the end of the London season find themselves, as they express it, 'thoroughly worn out with business.'"

On sanitary grounds, then, let us humbly pray Society—the Juggernaut we worship—to spare us from the sacrifice which its fashion of big dinners entails upon our health. Life is short, and banquets of ten courses are decidedly too long to be undergone without imperilling one's strength. Abolish then your *entrées*, O my dinner-giving friends, and let us have plain roast and boiled, like our grandfathers of yore. Good soup, good fish, good meat, with a salad for a relish, and a morsel of good cheese, is all that man requires when he sits at home to dine, and why need cooks give him more when he is tempted to dine out? A surfeit clogs his system, and destroys his sleep; and when slowly and sadly he lays him down to rest, depend on it he hears the hoofs of coming nightmares, and thinks bitterly of the morrow, and his visit to the doctor.

That we may ere long have the sense to cast aside our Juggernaut, and to prolong our lives by shortening our dinners, is the fervent aspiration of yours piously,

The Hermitage, Mayfair.

PODAGRA.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

MR. PUNCH has not the presumption to pretend to understand this advertisement, but it is far too lovely to be lost. The fair advertiser proclaims the merits of her "Governesses' Institute" in Dublin. Something unwelcoming seems to have happened, but that is all over, and there is formed in the heaven's sight one arch of peace and loveliness. Subjoined, be it explained, is a list of distinguished patronesses:—

MISS O'BOROO is happy to announce that her Establishment—the first of its name—is now, and will be in future, the only one in Stephen's Green. So, should another strange cloud venture, even to the surroundings of this, the "brightest prospect" of Dublin, the generous breaths of the undersigned, like so many refreshing Zephyrs, will at once send it back to its region, truly known by its smoke-like effusions.

Sense in "Le Follet."

"One thing should always be borne in mind, that the material and colour that would constitute a robe simple for a married lady, is perfectly admissible as a *toilet parée* for a young unmarried girl. This is a fact seldom lost sight of by our fashionable *modistes*, who know that it is the cut and *façon* of a *toilette* that constitutes its real elegance, and not the amount of money spent on it."

PATERFAMILIAS, who has copied this extract from the Fashions for each of his four young unmarried daughters, is delighted to find that the Paris *modistes* hold such sensible opinions, and earnestly hopes the London dressmakers may imitate them, and come to the same economical conclusion.



RATHER AWKWARD!

"WELL, AND HOW'S THE BEAUTY, MRS. JESSAMY? AS LOVELY AS EVER!"

"O, LOVELIER, IF POSSIBLE, MR. POLKINGTON! SHE'S JUST BEEN SHORT-COATED, POOR DARLING, AND——"

"JUST-BEEN-SHORT-COATED, MRS. JESSAMY!!!!"

"YES, OF COURSE! MY BABY YOU MEAN, DON'T YOU?"

"O-ER-NO! I-I-I MEANT YOUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBOUR-MISS BELSIZE!"

TO THE TICHBORNE JURY.

GENTLEMEN,—

To save My Lord, and you, and DR. KENEALY (more power to his elbow) all trouble, I have the honour to inform you that the noble Cartoon opposite, which appears on the day on which MR. CASTRO's trial begins, is not intended to bias you in the slightest degree. I should think it an impertinence to suppose that anything could bias you, but DR. KENEALY has paid you that compliment, by making an elaborate complaint about an old shilling book, quite forgotten until he revived it. Therefore, Gentlemen of the Jury, be pleased to understand that my picture simply embodies my intolerable annoyance that once more society is to be set discussing, in season and out of season, the details of a case which it is your duty to try, but which I wish could be tried with closed doors, and in the absence of reporters. Now, dear Gentlemen, I leave you to a duty which I am sure you will discharge admirably, with the aid of the best Bench that could sit to preside over the trial, and receive your verdict. "I will stand (or rather sit) and mark," as my friend the Laureate has it.

Your faithful servant,

PUNCH.

A LECTURE AT EXETER.

COLERIDGE ON WORDSWORTH. Due rebuke
Administered to scoffing railer,
In a discourse from SIR JOHN DUKE,
Which might have come from SAMUEL TAYLOR.

WANTED—A SPECIMEN.

A FISH NOT YET IN THE BRIGHTON OR CRYSTAL PALACE
AQUARIUM.—A Boot Jack.

REAL EDIFICATION.

If walls really had ears, and could understand what they hear, the walls of some of our proposed national schools would be likely to learn, on one subject at least, a great deal more than any of the scholars whom they contain. That subject is one of no less importance than the Fourth R.; as to which the Secularists propose that schools provided by school-boards shall be open, out of school hours, to ministers of all religious denominations, for the purpose of affording the children belonging to each of them instruction, separately, in their several creeds. As a branch of education, a great deal is wont to be said about religious knowledge. The most thorough knowledge, such as that epithet distinguishes, would be the knowledge of religion that the walls of the Secularist schools within which the scholars were taught it in turn, would acquire if they were endowed with hearing and intelligence. Those walls would know all the current religions, instead of knowing only one of them. Then they would be in the position of being able to choose the best for themselves, instead of being merely prejudiced with some variety of one-sided dogmatism. Thus a Secularist school would, in a very short time, become, more truly than any Church of any one particular sect, a religious edifice.

Literary Gems.

A POET advertises a work with the title *The Curse of Immortality*. As we have not seen it, we are not rude in supposing—from study of modern poetry—that it has a reasonable hope of escaping that terrific doom. Another poem has been published, of which a critic says that it is "noteworthy." It is, but the author would not much enjoy the notes we have made on his margins. A third new publication invites remark. The title is *The Baronet's Cross*. Which baronet, and what has made him cross? Has MR. GLADSTONE refused him a peerage?



THE GREAT "IRREPRESSIBLE."

"*Macbeth*. THEN COMES MY FIT AGAIN: . . .
. HENCE, HORRIBLE SHADOW!
UNREAL MOCKERY, HENCE!"—*Shakspeare*.



POSTHUMOUS BRAYING.



broken up. The deceased officer bequeathed 5s. a week to support a Newfoundland dog. Did you ever see a dead donkey? Yes, if you ever beheld the mortal

THE expediency of giving executors some discretion in cases where the testator has had none at all, should be demonstrated to the legislators by the scrap of news subjoined:—

“EXTRAORDINARY REQUESTS. — CAPTAIN ***** of the 20th Battalion, 6th Regiment, stationed at Drogheda, who died a few days ago, requested that after his decease a splendid grey charger, value £150, should be shot, and that a phaeton of great value should be destroyed. Yesterday these requests were carried out, the charger being shot, and the phaeton

remains of anybody the fellow of that one who enjoined his representatives to perpetrate the idiotic absurdity of destroying a valuable horse and carriage. A man might die and endow a college, or a cat, or a dog either, without making himself an absolute congener of the long-eared quadruped, if that were all; but the additional requests that a horse worth £150, and a phaeton of proportionate cost, should be made away with, are testamentary dispositions of which no creature could be capable less stupid than the ignoble animal above specified. Legal obligation, surely, could alone induce any executors not as senseless as himself to carry out the ridiculous directions of such an ass.

A LEGEND OF THE THAMES.

THE progeny of Juno
Were mongrels to behold.
The Keeper thought they'd do no
Good, so the lot he sold.

A baker, for a shilling,
The brood entire did buy,
And of them, after killing,
He sold a rabbit-pie.

O, this delicious pasty,
So cunningly prepared
With condiments right tasty,
A water-party shared!

Thus Ponto, Dash, and Carlo,
Were eaten up, all three,
Beneath the Bridge of Marlow.
Ha, ha! by whom, Bargee?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Final touches to the British Museum—Holiday time—Farewell—A Quiet Watering Place—A Secret—An Offer—Close of this Series.

AFTER twice considering this interesting collection, I have arrived at the conclusion that a visitor cannot begin his examination at a better point than that offered by Case No. 2, Upper Floor, Third Room, where are preserved all that remains of that once playful and amusing reptile, the *Diognodon*. It is described, with truth, as “The large and very remarkable.” Its teeth were fortunately limited to two; if there had been a few more, it is probable that the Megatherium, the Plesiosaurus, and the other quiet members of the Happy Family of the Great Pantomimic Period, would not have stood much chance of a dinner, unless they combined and dined off the *Diognodon*.

Do not fail to notice the Gigantic Herring, three feet and a half long. I remarked, also, a large number of prodigious Anchovies in oil, which were, perhaps, dainty dishes for the Ogres, Cyclopians brothers, and Gorgibusters, of the Antediluvian Era.

I next entered Room VI., which at first sight seems to resemble what might have been the exhibited collection of an advertising Painless Dentist in the *Edentata* period. My friend WAGE immediately observed that an Irishman must seize upon this last name to jump at the conclusion that the Forbidden Fruit in Paradise was, probably, a potato; “as,” he urged, “if it wasn’t, what could be meant by the *Eden-tater* period?”

Promising to represent his theory in the proper quarter, I drew his attention to the “Osseous remains of the Quadrupeds without front teeth;”—but, with such tusks!

A board requests you not to touch the specimen of the “Giant Ground Sloth.” How different the request would have been had he still been living! Alas! poor Forick!

Every creature in this room belongs to the Great Pantomimic Period, which would have been a merry time had they had some sparkling music; but a trifle dull without.

The *Dinotherium* (an animal, not a Club) seems to have been an eccentric animal. His large tusks, being in the lower instead of the upper jaw, and directed downwards, were probably so placed in order to assist him, when in a joyous mood, in turning head over heels, either for amusement or to puzzle the foe.

And now, Sir, in reply to your questions regarding “my intentions,” I reply that this is holiday time; and so, farewell.

I go to the quietest sea-side place that I can at this Easter time (how did you like the seasonable, because Easterly, winds?), be found. *Au revoir.*

I am there. I have been here and still would go, 'tis like a little Haven below,—being, in fact, a sea port, and called Littlehampton. As WAGE, who accompanied me, because he professed to like a quiet place, but who didn't expect to find it so very quiet, observed, “There's a precious little of the Hampton in it.” But when I tell

you that WAGE's idea of solitude is the Brighton Aquarium on an Easter Monday, you will be able to appreciate his remark for just exactly its proper value.

Here everything is calm and peaceful. Even the Sea seems to snore at regular intervals, while its bosom heaves placidly. Windmills here go lazily and noiselessly. There are miles and miles of sands, and your eye (whichever you like, my little dear) rests upon the green sward, lying between your front windows and the beach. Here children, unprotected, can roam fearlessly by day, and at night the bold Policeman is a luxury, scarcely a necessity.

Inland, the country is lovely, and there are the Parks of Arundel and Augmering, the Grove of Nightingales, and the Romantic Bosquet, where the something or other is caught in profusion in the picturesque tarn, and the something else sings harmoniously on the topmost boughs; a fact that accounts for my not having been able to discover what he was.

I fear I am doing the place a grievous wrong in mentioning it. It is so quiet and so private that even the proprietors of a very perfect little Hotel here attempt to keep its existence a secret from the world at large; and I do not suppose I should have ever discovered the “Belle Vue” had not an enterprising waiter, having become a trifle tired of his monotonous life, hung up the words “Coffee Room” on a label in the front window.

Aladdin, entering his fairy palace for the first time, could not have been more agreeably surprised than was I at the comfort and elegance of this establishment. The Manager and the Waiter were, for a few moments, staggered at the sight of a stranger, but, recovering themselves, they proved that the genie of the Kitchen could provide an excellent and reasonable repast. They appeared alarmed at the chance of my disclosing their secret, and, on revisiting the spot next morning, I expected to find that the “Belle Vue” had disappeared, having been spirited away to some more remote and less known watering-place.

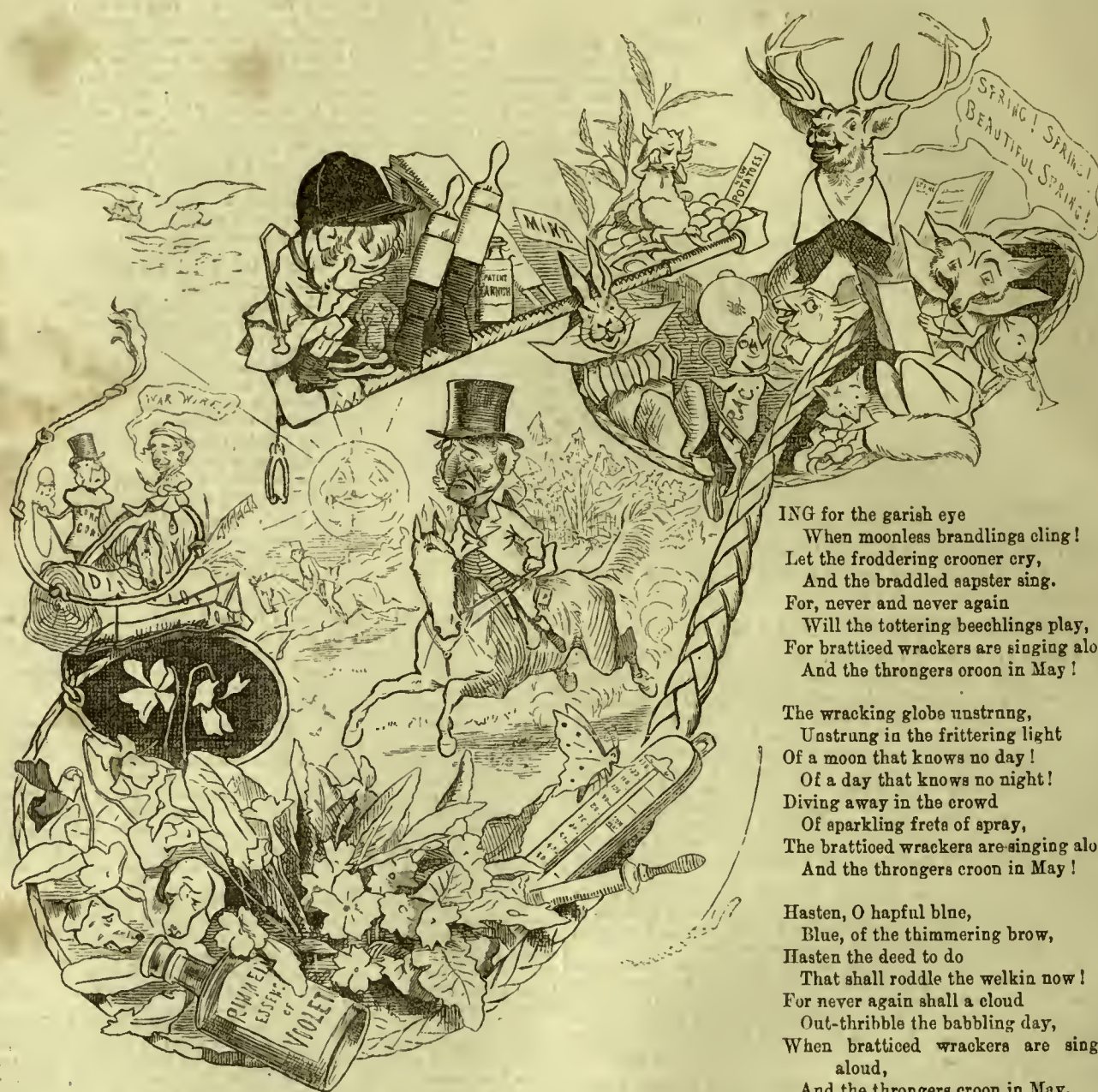
In order to give my readers some notion of the gaiety of this place in the Season, I will venture to repeat the Hotel Manager's information. “Oh, yes, Sir,” said he, quite smiling and brisk in anticipation of the future dissipation; “we're lively enough here in the Season. Why, we engage a man to play the piano in the drawing-room, regularly.”

I could only marmur, slowly and emotionally, “Do you, indeed!” And then I dined at this Establishment for the Quintessence of Quiescence, experiencing less remorse for having awoke them from their slumbers, than I should have felt had I not seen three or four people already seated in the snug and comfortable *Salle à Manger*.

Now, Sir, to my Island Home! Farewell! “Where the bee sucks—” and so forth. Your Trickys Sprite is away for his holiday, and, for the present, at all events, you will hear no more of, or from,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Of course, if you like, I can Represent You on my holiday trip. It will save your leaving your desk, and I'll only charge you half expenses.



ING for the garish eye
 When moonless brandlings cling!
 Let the froddering crooner cry,
 And the braddled apster sing.
 For, never and never again
 Will the tottering beechlings play,
 For bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,
 And the throngers croon in May!

The wracking globe unstrung,
 Unstrung in the frittering light
 Of a moon that knows no day!
 Of a day that knows no night!
 Diving away in the crowd
 Of sparkling frets of spray,
 The bratticed wrackera are singing aloud,
 And the throngers croon in May!

Hasten, O hapful blue,
 Blue, of the thimpering brow,
 Hasten the deed to do
 That shall roddle the welkin now!
 For never again shall a cloud
 Out-thribble the babbling day,
 When bratticed wrackers are singing
 aloud,
 And the throngers croon in May.

EARNEST PENITENCE.

WE sincerely hope that the Russians will be kind and gentle with the KHAN OF KHIVA. He may have erred, but surely he has now not only made amends, but has shown such a truly noble nature that it would be cruel indeed to afflict him further. He has released the Russian prisoners. "That's but a trifle," as the aristocrat says in *King Lear*, when he hears that "Edmund is dead, my lord." But to show how earnest is his sorrow at having been misled into offending Russia, the high-minded KHAN has cut off the heads of ever so many of his own uncles and cousins, including his Premier. He excels ARTEMUS WARD, who only said that he would make almost any sacrifice for the good of his country—would sacrifice all his wife's relations. The great KHAN may want a handle, but his sword clearly wants none. We have rarely read of an instance of more heroic conduct, or one in which a noble penitence was so manfully shown. We may add, that though a Khan's life has its troubles, it has its compensations. Think of being able to exterminate one's relatives, just as a sort of preliminary measure, before entering seriously into details of business. The thought makes one dance a Khan-khan.

SAFE, IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

LAST Tuesday was the commencement of Easter Term. On that day the LORD CHANCELLOR gave the usual breakfast to the Judges and Queen's Counsel previously to going in procession to Westminster Hall. The newly-appointed Judges were in attendance; but a great legal officer, whose office is vacant, was conspicuous by his absence, all the rather that there could not have been a more particular occasion for his presence than that of the judicial and forensic morning meal. But his place was supplied. More than one learned partaker of that repast is understood to have poked his neighbour in the ribs, and pointing to a plate of appropriate comeatibles, to have whispered, grinning—"The LORD CHANCELLOR for the present takes the business of the MASTER OF THE ROLLS."

FASHIONABLE ARRIVAL.

MRS. MALAPROP has returned to the Caledonian Road, from Scotland. She has been spending the Easter Vacation with her friend MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, in the Cossacks.



MATERNAL:

Little Woman (hugging her new Doll). "Isn't SHE A DARLING? I'D GIVE HER TO YOU, ONLY—SHE'S MY OWN!"

ROME AND BOHEMIA.

By accounts from Austria:—

"The provincial clergy of Bohemia have endeavoured to found a Roman Catholic Bank at Prague, entitled the 'Bank of St. John,' the management of which was to be exclusively in the hands of priests. The imperial authorities have, however, declined their assent to the scheme."

It is difficult to imagine what particular objection the Austrian Government can have had to a bank managed by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. The presumption would be, as to probity at least, in favour of its reverend managers. On the other hand there is equal difficulty in forming an idea of any special relation that can exist between Roman Catholicism and banking, unless amongst people whereof the Protestant bankers were generally rogues, and the Jewish, for the most part, no better. The only place which denominationalism has occupied in finance has hitherto been filled almost entirely by gentlemen of the last-named persuasion; a small part of it only having been held by Members of the Society of Friends. Roman Catholic priests, turning bankers, would find themselves in a position of express antithesis, if not antagonism, to a Community in relation to whom they, by their own showing, were originally Protestants. A bank in Bohemia, if the Bohemia were our own, and not Austria's, would be a rather questionable concern, whether its directors professed themselves Roman Catholics, Protestants, or Jews. The Imperial Authorities cannot, to be sure, have confounded the idea of a Romanist with that of a Romany bank among Bohemians. Some want of confidence, however, must have been the reason why they refused to sanction the banking scheme of the Bohemian Popish priests. The frustration of that project precludes a question which might have arisen if they had permitted it. Would the bank instituted by those reverend gentlemen have insisted on the practice of crossing all cheques?

MOTTO FOR ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETIES.—"The proper study of mankind is man."

THE SONGS OF SPRING.

I LOVE to flee the sultry throng,
And roam the Solitudes among,
Rejoicing in the wild birds' song;

There, far away from the guffaws,
Am solaced by the mingled caws
And cackle of the rooks and daws:

Have many a time distinctly heard,
In singing, more than one small bird
A voice articulately word.

The Nightingale throws all away
A warning, meet for them that stray
In towns alone, and live on prey.

For, whether on the prowl, or snug
In pothouse, over pipe and mug,
They hear it not sing "Jug, jug, jug!"

That word to me suggests no fear
Of Prison, when it strikes mine ear;
But bida me think upon my beer.

A NOTE FOR NATAL.

THE subjoined telegram from Washington breathes vengeance against a horde of murderous and treacherous savages:—

"Profound indignation prevails in the army and official circles at the assassination of GENERAL CANBY. The PRESIDENT and the Cabinet are deeply grieved, and unreservedly sanction the adoption of the severest measures of retribution. An immediate movement of the troops on the Modocs has been ordered, and then punishment will be complete and relentless."

Should this meet the eye of BISHOP COLENSO, it may suggest to him the question whether he should not have thought twice or three times before entertaining an objection based on the extermination of certain races, and urged by his inconvertible Zulu. But, in the interest of humanity, *Punch* is sternly pleased to hear that the savages have been driven from their "lava fortress," and that the American cavalry have had their innings.

SOMETHING FOR SIR JOHN LUBBOCK TO DO.

EASTER-MONDAY was not a holiday for everybody, even in the City. For instance, one of the papers, referring to what was happening on that day, announced that "at the Mansion House the Aldermen and principal officers of the Corporation dine with the LORD MAYOR, and afterwards attend Divine Service in Christ Church, Newgate Street, where the 'Spital Sermon' will be preached by the BISHOP OF SALISBURY." It must have been a hard task for the principal members of the congregation to keep awake, and pay proper attention to the Spital sermon, after partaking of the hospitality of the Mansion House, in which this year there seems to be anything but a falling off. It is sad to reflect that the Swordbearer, and the Secondary, and the Aldermen who have passed the chair, may have been caught napping by a Bishop. For a clear recollection of the discourse we can but look to the Remembrancer. To prevent the possibility of unseemly consequences, would it not be better in future that the dinner should follow the sermon, instead of the sermon coming after the dinner? An amendment in the Bank Holidays Act to this effect would prove an immense relief to those meritorious persons whose annual duty it is to spend part of their Easter Monday at church in Newgate Street.

Historical.

WE'VE a book from the pen of old CALEB (*né CUSHING*),
Which no honest Yankee can read without blushing:
But, taken in joke, it is worth any money,
And "CALEB," we know, was the son of "G. FUNNY."

A Daring Enterprise.

A RUMOUR has reached us that an influential deputation is about to seek an interview with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, with a view to induce him to sanction (at the public expense) an expedition in search of the Lost Tribes.

FASHIONABLE DEFORMITY.



he was talking to a lady, whose weight was about twelve stone, and she told him that the size of her waist was eighteen inches; and he had measured many of the villainous bands with which the female waist was bound, and found that they did not exceed that size. Into a space, then, of eighteen inches the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach—the four largest and most important organs of the body—were to be compressed."

A joker might remark that a fashionable lady is like a strict economist, because she makes a great fuss about a little waist. But the practice of tight-lacing is too serious to be laughed about. It can clearly be no joke to squeeze your heart, and lungs, and liver—to say nothing of your stomach (think of that, ye Aldermen!)—into a space that many a man with his two hands could span. Women who, for fashion's sake, perform this hateful feat, are virtually guilty of committing actual suicide, and deserve well to be buried at four cross roads when they die.

But, Ladies, read a little further what was said upon the subject:—

"The system of tight-lacing was attended with the greatest possible evil. The heart could not act, consequently the circulation was impeded; and as none of the organs were properly nourished, disease of the whole body here and there took place. They got even the most visible effects of impeded circulation. Women who tight-laced suffered from cold feet and got red noses. (Laughter.) If they would only bear that fact in mind, it might have a greater effect upon them than, perhaps, any consideration of health."

Here, one would think, is what should act as a deterrent from tight-lacing, if the fear of even suicide should be found to fail of doing so. Many a lady might consent to die a martyr to the fashion, who would shrink from it in terror if she thought her nose would suffer by it. Yet haply a red nose may, in course of time, be viewed as a fashionable ornament, and love-songs may be written, by the lovers of Mayfair, in the manner of the following:—

My love has got a red, red nose,
Like roses blown in June:
Her vital organs, clear it shows,
Are sadly out of tune.
My love has got a waspish waist,
A waspish temper, too;
Alack, she is so tightly laced,
The year she'll scarce live through.

My love is like an hour-glass,
So slender is her shape:
Her sands of life full soon will pass,
Her grave's e'en now agape.
But ah! red nose, nor gaping tomb,
Are fearful in her eye;
Rather to health sans stays than come,
She'll in the fashion die.

AN EASTERN SUBJECT.

WAPPING seems a most unlikely place for a person of studious habits to select as a retreat. Yet, amongst the pictures in the International Exhibition at Kensington we find *A Study at Wapping*.

MORE PUFFS WANTED.

OUR theatrical advertising friends give us very delightful, if somewhat monotonous, reading, every morning. We are charmed to think of "the still waters of the Thames rushing swiftly," we are greatly comforted to know that though a fire is so tremendous to behold there is no real danger, we are gratified with the sweet English of the announcement that an eminent actor will appear in the "dual rôles" (which they are not, but the two parts) of Somebody and Somebody else; and we are very glad to know that SHAKESPEARE's comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* is, in a Manager's opinion, "sparkling."

But as this sort of thing has been served up for a long time, we might petition for a little variety. Why do not the Managers imitate another class of persons who push off drugs by means of puffing? Let us have some testimonials to the efficacy of given dramas. *Mr. Punch* is never ill-natured, and would not hurt anybody's feelings for the world, so in giving an idea of what he means, he disclaims the intention of alluding to any theatre in particular. The stars forbid that he should make "uncalled-for remarks." But why can't we have something like this?—

THEATRE ROYAL, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

The Management is permitted to publish the following letter, the original of which may be seen at the Box Office between 10 and 5—fee optional:—

Sir,—I feel it my duty to bear sincere testimony to the merits of your great and beautiful drama, *The Serpent's Whisper*. For nine nights I had enjoyed no sleep whatever. A friend advised me to buy a box at your house. I did so, but with little faith in the remedy. Before the first Act was over, I was sleeping as soundly as ever in my life, and I did not rouse till the box-keeper informed me that the house was being shut up. Then I awoke, "bright as a button." I have attended several times since, with the same happy fortune, and I recommend *The Serpent's Whisper* to all my friends. Make whatever use you please of this communication, and believe me

Your faithful Servant,

WIDGERY POPPS.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

The following letter will speak for itself:—

Sir,—I have to thank you for adding a considerable sum of money to my means. I had lately witnessed, at a rival establishment, the performance of a piece called the *Fiery Tombstone*. A friend, who accompanied me, betted with me, heavily, that this was the worst play in the whole world. I took him to your theatre, where we beheld the representation of your brilliant piece, the *Boiled Owl of Avernus*. He instantly felt that he had lost, and signed a cheque for the bet, while we were partaking of the charmingly warmed soda-water ministered at your refreshment stall.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM BUNKER.

THEATRE ROYAL, SALISBURY PLAIN.

Averse to self-praise, the Manager feels it a duty to give publicity to this testimonial from a stranger:—

Sir,—Domestic details cannot be uninteresting to one who, like yourself, is so successful with the domestic drama. It has been my misfortune to unite myself in holy padlock with a lady who is of an unsympathetic nature and a bitterly bad temper. We quarrel terribly from morning to night. But we are sometimes conscious of our unhappy condition, and lament it. The other evening my wife, in an unusually softened mood, observed that not a misery could be added to our life. I immediately ordered a cab, and took her to your theatre, to witness your new burlesque, *Strabismus*; or, *the Winking Walrus of Westphalia*. We endured it to the end, and, as we returned in abject depression, we agreed that we had still something to be thankful for. We are very wretched, but we need not see your piece again, unless we like,—and we don't like.

Yours gratefully,

BARNABY FUDGE.

N.B. To Managers.

The above suggestion is Registered, and any person using it without *Mr. Punch's* sanction will be prosecuted with the utmost rage and fury of the law.

Equality on Horseback.

In connection with Women's Rights, it is whispered that a movement is about to be set on foot amongst fair equestrians for the abolition of side-saddles. Why not? How charmingly Mrs. ROUSBY looked as *Joan of Arc* mounted!



ADJUSTMENT.

Bootmaker (who has a deal of trouble with this Customer). "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WERE TO CUT YOUR CORNS, I COULD MORE EASILY FIND YOU A PAIR——"

Choleric Old Gentleman. "CUT MY CORNS, SIR!—I ASK YOU TO FIT ME A PAIR O' BOOTS TO MY FEET, SIR!—I'M NOT GOING TO PLANE MY FEET DOWN TO FIT YOUR BOOTS!!!"

MAY MEETINGS.

MAY 1st.—Chimney Sweepers' *Conversazione* and Ball.

2nd.—Private View of the Royal Academy—Meeting of Painters and Critics—Meeting of MAY and GERALD.

3rd.—Anniversary Dinner of the Survivors of the Battle of Maida Hill.

5th.—Society for the Revival of Old English Sports and Pastimes—Maypoles (in the City), Merrice-Dancers, Mummers, Tilts, Tournaments, Popinjay, Quintain, &c.

6th.—Annual Meeting of the Anglo-Indo Suboceanic Intercommunication Company.

7th.—Society for the Amelioration of the Upper Classes.

8th.—Constitutional Walkers. To meet at the seventh milestone on the London Road, and walk across to Bagshot Heath. After lunch, to resume as far as Moulsey Hurst. Dinner. Return to Town.

9th.—Cosmopolitan Humanitarians. Decayed Dentists. Society for the Suppression of Mendacity.

10th.—Anti-Wine, Beer, Spirits, Tobacco, Snuff, Scents, Perfumes, Condiments, Essences, Sweets, and Novel-Reading Alliance.

12th.—Society for the Introduction of additional Bachelors into Gentle Districts. Oldest Inhabitants.

13th.—Concert and Ball for the benefit of the Provident, Friendly, and Wedding-Day Dinner Fund of the Amalgamated Carriage-Lamp Wick-Makers and Trimmers.

14th.—Grand Banquet of the Button-Makers' Company.

15th.—Association for Supplying the Ladies of Beyrout and Damascus with Pages and Parlour-Maids.

16th.—Society for the Expansion of Thought and Elimination of Prejudice.

17th.—Triennial Festival of the Butter, Cheese, and Bacon-Factors' Warehousemen, Clerks, and Assistants' Association. The MARQUIS OF HAM in the chair.

SERVANTS AND SORCERERS.

Of spirits never talk to me,
That through the air with Medinms fly;
Cantrips that would but witchcraft be
Without the broomstick—all my eye!
Yet if a soul could now be sold
To buy familiar demons' aid,
There's far more motive than of old
For such a bargain to be made.

Imps ever waiting at command,
Prompt service, and complete, and free
From waste, preposterous demand,
Dirt, and impertinence, to be;
What terms! The REVEREND DR. WHEWELL,
Himself, could not have known what can
More be, for Man's immortal jewel,
Bid by the Enemy of Man.

For footman and for servant maid,
Who would not decent fiends engage,
If lawful, and, for choice, arrayed
As Buttons, keep a goblin page!
But now the Tempter FAUSTUS plies
No more with hints his soul to sell;
Because the "Ghost that thence denies"
Knows his own game a deal too well.

If a suggestion he would shape,
To work a Doctor's "fiendful" fall,
'Twould be:—"Account thyself Fitz-Ape.
Believe thou hast no soul at all!"
Yet, if his plan were souls to buy,
No better one could he pursue
Than that of proffer to supply
And suit with servants me and you.

Tale of a Tub.

THE sanitary arrangements—ventilation, etc.,—of our Law Courts have often been the subject of complaint, but personal cleanliness seems to be held in proper estimation within those venerable precincts. In the Court of Exchequer, the office of "Tubman" has just been filled up, the gentleman appointed taking possession of his seat with "the customary formalities," which we should have liked to see described.

19th.—Great Demonstration of the Anti-Vaccination, Ventilation, Fumigation, Education, and Legislation Phalanx.

20th.—Humane Society for the Protection of Masters and Mistresses against Domestic Servants. Upper Servants' *Soirée* and Ball.

21st.—Association for the Emancipation of Women from the Shackles of Conventionalism.

22nd.—Eastern Countries Savings Banks and Shoe-Black Brigade Society.

23rd.—International Croquet Congress.

24th.—*Soirée* of the Lion Killers, Tiger Slayers, and Elephant Hunters' Club.

26th.—Society for the relief of deserving Apparitors, Proctors, Notaries, Prothonotaries, and Surrogates.

27th.—Tercentenary Commemoration of Ancient and Hospitable Roisterers. LORD RUBICON in the Chair.

28th.—Derby Day—greatest of all the May Meetings.

29th.—Restoration of CHARLES THE SECOND. Meeting of Omnibuses at the Royal Oak. Oxford and Cambridge Men sport their Oak.

30th.—Oaks Day. Annual Cricket Match between the Heads of Houses of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

31st.—Quinquennial Festival of Executors, Administrators, and Assigns. Ceremony of laying the Foundation Stone of the New Laundries of the Royal Philanthropic and Patriotic Asylum by the DUKE OF DUNWICH.

Meetings of Creditors, Unexpected Meetings, Meetings of Old Friends, Meetings by Moonlight, Meetings in the Vestry, and Meeting of the Waters, all through the Month.

PROPER PROMOTION.

THE LORD MAYOR, after his brilliant celebration of SHAKESPEARE'S birthday, now ranks as a Citizen—and successful—"Spectacle-maker."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ood boys are always punctual as to returning to school after holidays. Members of Parliament are not, as a rule, bad boys, but they did not muster very strongly on this *Monday*, April 21st. The Lords came, and sat for about forty minutes, during which they discussed two measures in the interest of those unfortunate little persons whom SIR FRANCIS HEAD, in a famous article in the *Quarterly Review*, made a young lady, with long curls, call Hilly

Jittimites; those who, in MR. SAVAGE's words,—

"Live to build, not boast, a generous race."

MR. GLADSTONE and four faithful colleagues appeared, like the knights in the *Ivanhoe* tournament, to do battle against all comers; but the comers declined to come up to any scratch.

So we soon got on MR. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill. He promised to be quite amiable, and kept his word. He had made a sort of bargain with Government that he should have their support if his Bill merely abolished Tests. To that object he had therefore confined it, and he thought that the University might be left to enact other liberal Statutes for itself. MR. PUNCH congratulates MR. FAWCETT on his wisdom and moderation, and would quote a new saying, which has never yet appeared in print,—

"The better part of valour is discretion."

MR. MITCHELL-HENRY complained that Ireland had been much insulted in former debates on the subject, and that her pulse had been caused to beat more tumultuously than for many years past. We are bound to say that the outward and visible sign of Irish wrath has not been lacking to the Hibernian organs, and that their Belin's Gate language has been of the strongest. Let us hope that, in MR. MOORE's words, Ireland will "feel that pulse no more." He declared the test to be a small matter, it was Protestant "atmosphere" that asphyxiated young Catholics. They cannot breathe where it is taught that an eye on canvas cannot wink, and that the earth goes round the sun.

There was more speaking, but like Thersites (for once) MR. PUNCH felt inclined to say to the Irish lads, "Be silent, boys, I profit not by your conversation." At last

MR. GLADSTONE expressed his approval of the Bill, although it was confessedly of a limited character. He declared, however, that it would be a mockery to contend that the measure was payment in full of the educational debt due to Ireland. But the Government's business was now to take instruction from others. Amendments being withdrawn, the Bill was read a Second Time.

We went into Supply, and MR. AYRTON was a good deal catechised. He gave satisfactory answers, and mentioned, *inter alia*, that the Works were restoring the Monument to KING JOHN, in Worcester Cathedral. No Hebrew Member had the bad taste to object, or to show his teeth at the mention of the monarch whose odontological operations on the Jews are historically interesting. ALDERMAN LUSK objected to payment for an unfinished picture, the "*Judgment of Daniel*," but MR. AYRTON explained that it could not yet be completed because it had given sign of "swelling," and this probably satisfied the worthy Alderman, who may have supposed that the picture was getting bigger, and therefore more valuable.

It is still perfectly uncertain whether the Houses of Parliament will fall to pieces, or not. MR. AYRTON said that we, or posterity, must wait and see.

That unlucky monument in St. Paul's to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON came up again. The sculptor has been painfully afflicted, so no more can be said. But MR. GOLDNEY was right in remarking that at present all that can be seen is a sort of dilapidated chapel, and something like a chimney-piece. But the Duke can afford, better than most great men, to wait for "storied urn and animated bust."

Tuesday.—The Commons did an unusual thing. MR. AUBERON HERBERT wanted to introduce a Bill limiting certain compensations to University Fellows. The House would not even let him bring it in.

Then we had a most "learned" debate on Central Asia, originated by MR. EASTWICK, who laboured under the disadvantage of knowing all about his subject, and therefore could not be paradoxical and amusing. It is to be regretted that dull topics are taken up by well-informed men, who are too much in earnest to be entertaining. However, we have not very often to make this complaint. A jocosse Member is a sweet boon, though

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

MR. GRANT DUFF was sarcastic on certain Russians who dream of fighting England on the banks of the Indus. There was no more cause for alarm now than there was four years ago. He would watch Russia, but remember the Spanish proverb—"Let him attack who will, the strong man wins." MR. GLADSTONE expressly declared that we had bound ourselves to nothing except to use "moral force" with the AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN. Nobody supposes that a virtuous nation like England will ever use immoral force, but, to adapt *Sir Henry Wildair's* hint, the strictest morality will permit us at need to use a sword of gold.

Wednesday.—It seems that legislation is necessary to enable private persons to endow Canonries. MR. BERESFORD HOPE kindly remedies the case. We own that we should think a good many times before we endowed one, and then that we should not do it, any more than we should

"Endow a college—or a cat."

But it is wrong that a benevolent wish should be hindered of accomplishment. "Heaven save the foundation" that has enabled authority to promote CHARLES KINGSLEY to a Canonry at Westminster; and long may he enjoy his well-earned repose

"In those deep solitudes and awful cells
Where each accomplishment with STANLEY dwells."

A Locomotives on Roads Regulation Bill was protested against by the HOME SECRETARY, and withdrawn. MR. GREGORY justly declared such engines to be intruders, and to need restriction. But what's the use of talking? Look at those detestable Tramways that make a carriage drive into a suburb a service of actual danger. Look at the Railway Vans that crush everything but one another. Who thinks of persons who only desire to be allowed to traverse London unharmed? Everything is sacrificed to commercial greed.

Thursday.—LORD SELBORNE has got his Judicature Bill back again from the clutches of the Select Committee. There is a chance for it yet, if Members of the House of Commons will make up their minds to leave the discussion of such a measure to those who have mastered the questions at issue. Let's have no Punch and Judicature contentions.

MR. GLADSTONE was again questioned about the Carlist subscriptions. He somewhat qualified what he had

before said about the perfect legality of these contributions, and he emphatically condemned the raising money for CHARLES THE SEVENTH. Let us leave the Spaniards to knock one another about as they please, and to sing, if they choose, with SIR WALTER,

"The time shall come round
When, mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpets shall sound—
'Here's a health to KING CHARLES!'"

It was then proposed to go on with the Budget, and the first grievance was that of the Brewers. After debate MR. GLADSTONE said something which the chief malcontent liberally interpreted into a promise to deal with the Brewers' licence question very soon. MR. GLADSTONE replied with a neat shake of the head, which meant that he gave no such promise. We discussed the Budget at great length, but there were no divisions. MR. LOWE resembles Midas in one particular only. Everything he touches (except matches) he turns into gold. But he certainly has not the ears of which TOMMY MOORE wrote so cleverly:—

"But worse on the modern judge, alas,
Was the sentence launched from Apollo's throne,
For to Midas were given the ears of an ass,
While H—NL—Y was doomed to keep his own."

Friday.—Teste the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, we have as terrible Breech-Loading big guns as any nation in the world, or a little terribler.

PUNCH'S FOLK-LORE.

MAY-DAY.



LIKE many more of the great anniversaries in our modern year—Lady-Day, Lord Mayor's Day, Michaelmas-Day, Midsummer-Day, &c.—May-Day, the darling theme of every poet from CHAUCER to GOWPER, the favourite subject for the painter's pencil, the sculptor's chisel, and the musician's grand piano, exercises a mysterious influence over events and circumstances subsequent to it in time and date, according to the day of the week on which it falls. If the First of May falls on a Sunday, there will be more marriages in the ensuing year between bachelors and spinsters than between spinsters and widowers; if it happens on a Monday, the hens will lay through the summer; if it occurs on a Tuesday, the silkworms

should be looked to; if it takes place on a Wednesday, the black-thorn will be in flower before the white-thorn; if, as this year, it recurs on Thursday, heavy rain may be expected after sunset; if it has the ill-luck to be contemporary with a Friday, all the goslings will not grow up to be geese; and if Saturday is May-Day, search should be made for a purse of money in growing grass, before the ash is in full leaf.

Provided the weather is genial, and there is no snow lying on the ground, and the wind is not in the East, and overcoats and sealskin jackets can be safely left in their respective wardrobes, and the last cold in the head has taken its farewell flight, the annual return of the month of May, with all its associations and Meetings, awakens recollections of home and youth and days gone by, of country rambles and fresh-laid eggs and new-made butter, in the bosom of the most hardened political economist, in the breast of the most calculating statist, and in the heart of the most impassive woman of the world. To listen to the song of the thrush, the nightingale, the wryneck, the grosbeak, the hedge-warbler, and all the other principal performers in the feathered orchestra; to gather the daisy, the daffodil, the lesser celandine, the polyanthus, and the periwinkle, in "the flowery meads of May;" to watch the harmless gambols of the squirrel, the cricket, the field-mouse, and the grasshopper; and to sally forth, with the first beams of the rising sun on May-Day morning, with the avowed object of washing the face in dew, and returning home, heavily laden with odorous branches of perfumed blossom, to a comfortable home and nice breakfast—these, next to a

Some fools in Nottingham stuck up a Republican placard. The Chief Constable of the County, happening to see it, inactively poked his stick through it and destroyed it. 'Tis a sign of the times that a gentleman in the House of Commons could complain of this, and a worse sign that MR. BAUCE, HER MAJESTY'S Home Secretary, could stand up and condemn the Constable's course. In this display of pedantic timidity, MR. BAUCE showed that he had forgotten, if he ever knew, the rule of law, that every man becomes a Constable when he sees an offence committed. However, the loyal officer is not to be dismissed this time, a public reprimand for being incensed at an insult to his Queen being held sufficient by HER MAJESTY'S Government.

Attention was called to the case of an Irish Editor who has been imprisoned for contempt of Court. The incident was interesting only as showing how utterly impossible it is to get truth in an Irish case. SIR JOHN GRAY, a man of honour, had been informed by those who had asked him to complain, that the prisoner was confined in a room without a fire. This would have made out a cruelty. "It is true," said LORD HARTINGTON, "for the cell is warmed with hot-water pipes." Ninety-nine Irish grievances are of this kind.

Supply again, but nothing amusing. A Ministerial speaker mentioned, as matter of congratulation, that there were a third fewer vagrants in the Metropolitan Wards than this time last year. This is rather a narrow way of looking at the matter—the vagrants must be somewhere, and the National Ratepayer must be charged to "comprehend all vagrom men."

good novel or an unexpected legacy, are amongst the purest pleasures that fall to the lot of those who are not insensible to the charms of nature, and the solid advantages of a landed estate in the Midland Counties.

Much might be written about the May-pole and its many endearing associations, but, as Parliament is sitting, we have only room to enunciate one or two of its leading features. The last Census showed that May-poles were still to be found lingering in thirteen of the fifty-two counties into which England and Wales are mapped out, resembling, in this particular, the hebdomadal divisions of the year. But incomplete returns were received from Dunstable, Hendon, Mile End, Macclesfield, Nantwich, West Drayton, Wigan, and the Isle of Wight.

The descendants of the last surviving citizen and cordwainer, who remembered looking out of his oriel window, and seeing the Corporation of London dancing to the music of tabor and pipe and the merry clash of the parish bells, round the May-pole which formerly reared its lofty head ("high as the mast of some tall ammiral") on the verdant sward of Cornhill, are still to be found pursuing their usual avocations; and tradition to this day (April 26th) fondly clings to the memory of that buoyant, light-hearted Under-Sheriff, who specially distinguished himself by the way in which he executed a galliard on the steps of the old Royal Exchange, before business hours, "in the merry month of May" (SHAKESPEARE or BARNFIELD), long, long ago.

Much, too, might be said of Chimney Sweeps and Milkmaids, and their participation in the mirth and merriment of May Day; of QUEEN ELIZABETH going a-Maying with BACON and BURLEIGH; of the Oxford Choristers, who ascend the fair tower of Magdalen at sunrise to sing their May-morn carol; of the arrival of the *May-flower* on the shores of New England; and of May Moons, May Marriages, May meetings, and May cleanings. ("For those old Mays had thrice the life of these,"—TENNYSON.) But the fullest details on all such topics may be found in the papers and transactions of these Societies (see, especially, the years 1811, 1826, 1834—5—6—7, and 1861, and the Supplement and Appendix) which cast theegis of their protection over the manners and customs of a time growing every day more and more remote from our own bustling age, and destined, perhaps before the next decennial Census, to fade away altogether into the vista of the illimitable past.

Boon to Boniface.

THE recruits of the 1st Surrey Militia were, last year, instead of being billeted in public-houses, placed under canvass in the barrack-yard by way of experiment. This experiment was found to answer so well that it has been repeated this year, and the men are now encamped at Richmond. The step of lodging Militiamen in tents, if again successful, will perhaps be adopted as a permanent and not a merely tentative arrangement.

A Vast Domain.

A FRIEND and Total Abstainer, who has hitherto been a great admirer of MILTON, feels his faith in that poet somewhat shaken, on finding that he refers to the "Empire of Negus," without one single word of disapproval.



A COUSINLY HINT.

"HOW TALL OUR SHADOWS ARE, CLAUDE!"

"YES, AREN'T THEY?"

"TALL ENOUGH FOR US TO BE MARRIED, I THINK!"

SUFFERERS AND SIGHT-SEERS.

WORTHY MR. PUNCH,

"SPRING, Spring, ge-entle Spring!" I hear a cheerful butcher-boy chirping at my doorstep, while I am seated shivering over a winter's fire, and watching the hail pattering on the passing umbrellas. The little warbler seems to me a trifle premature in the selection of his song; still I cannot help remembering that May-Day is at hand, and the R.A.'s are prepared to exhibit their R-ray.

Springing thus from one of the Fine Arts to another—from Orpheus to Apelles, if I may air my classics—perhaps I may be suffered to jump to the conclusion that the Show this year will be as popular as ever, and that the people who attend it will be as pushing and unpleasant and impertinent as ever. *Hinc ille lacrymæ.* I mean, here is the reason of my crying for your aid to reform the ill-behaviour of the picture-seeing world.

If I may trust my memory of the miseries I have suffered in my study of the Arts, there are at least ten distinct classes of obnoxious persons, who have disturbed my comfort, if not trodden on my toes:—

1. There are the civil people, who, when you are standing at just the proper distance to appreciate a picture, coolly plant themselves in front of you, and then back you from your place.

2. There are the pleasant people, who, by force of weight and muscle, calmly shoulder you aside, and turn a deaf ear to remonstrance if you think fit to give it vent.

3. There are the fashionable people, who come in all their finery, and cause you ceaseless fear of being tripped up by their trains.

4. There are the stingy people, who will not buy a Catalogue, and continually plague you by peering into yours.

5. There are the snobbish people, who affect to claim acquaintance with half the lords and ladies whose portraits are exhibited, and audibly proclaim their satisfaction with the likeness, or complain that "her dear Ladyship" has been "anything but flattered" by the artist of the work.

6. There are the wall-eyed people, who stick their noses to each picture, as though they wished to smell it, and thus totally eclipse it from every body else.

7. There are the stupid people, who get puzzled by the Catalogue, and read out wrong descriptions loudly to enlighten their deaf aunts.

8. There are the vulgar people, who, when a crowd is round a picture, tell their cronies, blatantly, "Ah, it ain't so good as mine!" or else, "I gave five 'und'erd pound for it, and wouldn't take a thou."

9. There are the clever people, who make unkind comparisons of dead with living painters, and tempt you to believe that there is nothing now worth looking at in all the range of modern Art.

10. And there are the gushing people (young ladies chiefly these), who go into small raptures at every other second, and scream "How sweetly pretty!" or, "O, isn't that *too* charming!" when they see a scrap of millinery or a sentimental face.

If you could bind these harmful people not to break the peace of harmless people like myself, you would deserve to have your portrait painted for posterity by the first of living artists (you know whom I mean), and would earn the lasting gratitude of yours truly,

IRACUNDUS.

P.S.—As there are days reserved for Students at certain of our Galleries, might there not be days reserved for Snobs at the Show of the R.A.?

PPS.—The charge on these days should be raised from a shilling to a sovereign.

Woolwich Nursery News.

MORE Woolwich Infants, yet unborn, are thought of. It is proposed to construct, within the next year, no less than twenty of these little strangers. They are to weigh thirty-five tons each, and carry a seven hundred pound bolt propelled by a charge of one hundred and thirty pounds of pebble powder, necessitating a cartridge of two feet six inches long. There are reasons which have determined the choice of that sort of gunpowder for the Woolwich Infants; and it is certainly more suitable than violet powder would be to those iron babies.



THE "UGLY DUCKLING."

NEPTUNE. "WELL, OF ALL THE HIDEOUS—!"
BRITANNIA. "AH, SHE ISN'T PRETTY, CERTAINLY; BUT REMEMBER, FATHER NEP, HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES!"



OURSELVES AND OTHERS.



UCH' ought we to thank goodness that we are not as foreigners are, nor even as these Germans:—

"BEER RIOTS IN BADEN.—A serious riot has broken out in Mannheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, arising from an increase in the price of beer. A crowd, numbering about 6000 people, attacked and destroyed to their foundations three great breweries,

and it was necessary to call in the troops before order was re-established."

So much from the *Post*. What an admirable contrast to the frantic destructiveness of those rampant Mannheimers, infuriated by a mere rise in the price

of beer, is presented by the patience and resignation which we our noble selves have displayed under an absolute prohibition of beer on Sunday afternoons; and, not only that, but during an enormous increase in both the price of the meat, which used to be the Englishman's food, and that of the fuel which served to cook it, and maintain the warmth necessary to his life. No increase of the death-rate in Mannheim attended the dearth of beer, as amongst ourselves it has that of meat and coals. Yet where stood the butcher's shop, which a British mob has razed, or the plant of a coal-owner, which a populace of Britons has demolished? Moreover, have not the Police Stations, the head-quarters of the Force, inclusive of spies and informers, instrumental to Sabbatarian legislation in debarring a Briton of his beer, been scrupulously respected by a law-abiding multitude, that does not even throw stones and break windows? The popular British Lion may roar in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square, but does only when he is poked up by agitators, and even then (except but once, when he pushed rails down) his part, like that which *Bully Bottom* wanted to play, is "nothing but roaring." Only certain persons, particularly prigs and extortioners, might as well consider whether it may not be possible to exhaust the noble animal's patience, and provoke him, one of these days, to a degree of fury that he will "tear the cat in, and make all split."

Protoplasm and Putty.

THERE is a great chasm
'Twixt live and dead matter;
What means Protoplasm,
The former or latter?
That gap it can fill
Not up if 'tis either;
Nor yet, being *nil*
Material, if neither.

A HEAVY TRIAL.

GROANING beneath the weight of the good things placed upon it, is, clearly, not one of the Pleasures of the Table.

FROM THE SEA.

(A Holiday Note from your own Tommy Tourist.)

I HAVE made, I am afraid, enemies for life of several kindly disposed friends, by inducing them to come down and spend a few days in this retired spot. It is called Littlehampton. Wacc came: from Brighton. He won't do it again, he says, and adds that, before he revisits it, he'll see me further first; meaning, probably, in the Bognor and Southsea direction. But I shall, temporarily, stay where I am.

ENGLEMORE ran down here, and brought a portmanteau: a big one. He unpacked it at night, and spent the following day in repacking it. Yet I am happy and contented.

ENGLEMORE expressed himself in his usual felicitous way, thus:—"No," said he, "I'm fond of Sammy Shrimp and Peter Prawn; also I like seeing something of Billy Beach. But I do miss Colonel Company. Daniel Donkey and Gregory Goatchaise on the Green is not quite good enough for your little ENGLEMORE; and my name is not little Dicky Dull."

So he went off, and left me like ALEXANDER THE GREAT SELKIRK, monarch of as much as I can see about me within certain limits.

O Solitude, where are thy charms? Why, here. By the sad sea wave, where I now sit down and pen the following little 'Ooliday Ode:—

SONG OF THE SOLITARY.

If for a place in quest, alone,
Whose face is Quiet stamp on,
Then quit the Busy Brightelmstone,
And seek a shore but little known,
And rest at Littlehampton.

Here you can psee the glist'ning sand,
Which boots will soon be damp on,
For miles you'll walk with book in hand,
By gentle Southern breezes fanned,
That blow on Littlehampton.

Then on the green you'll rest your eye,
Which bits have oft been champt on,
And here some humble friends you'll spy—
A goat, three donkeys, and a fly—
Content with Littlehampton.

If theologic'ly inclined
To study lectures Bampton,
There's not another place you'll find
So suited to this frame of mind
As sober Littlehampton.

On terrace, lit by moonbeams pure,—
The terrace I am campt on—
Walks the Policeman; but I'm sure
His office is a sinecure
In steady Littlehampton.

Here undisturbed can Artists paint,
On canvass never scampt on,
Without a crowd of rustics quaint,
To argue "what it be" or "bain't,"
We've none at Littlehampton.

Drive to the Ducal Park—'tis near,
The grass you may get crampt on;
There argufying rocks you'll hear,
And see in herds the social deer,
Five miles from Littlehampton.

O, had I Tubal's Lyre famed,
Which many tunes were vampt on,
I do not think I should be blamed
If, musically, I exclaimed,
"Hooray for Littlehampton!"



NICE DISTINCTION.

Lady. "TOMMY SMITH, WHAT IS MEANT BY 'SENDING RAIN UPON THE JUST AND UPON THE UNJUST?'"
Tommy Smith (promptly). "SENDING IT TO WET GOOD BOYS AND NAUGHTY GIRLS."

COLD WORK.

IN the International Exhibition may be seen "The Domestic Freezer." To many visitors this will be no novelty, the Domestic Freezer being rather too well known in the domestic circle. Sometimes it is the Head of the Family who operates as a Domestic Freezer, when the business transactions of the day have not been altogether satisfactory, or dinner is late, or AUNT SARAH has written to say that she hopes to be with them on the 16th, to stay a month or six weeks. Sometimes it is Mamma who is the cause of everybody feeling chilly and uncomfortable—put out because the servants have given warning, or the dressmaker has spoiled her new silk, or that projected visit to Bathingampton is likely to come to nothing. A daughter of the house has been known to perform the part of Domestic Freezer, and generally in such instances a gentleman is in the case—FREDERICK has omitted to write, or failed to come, or his marked attentions to EMILY are not regarded with enthusiasm by EMILY's parents. But more frequently it is the presence of a son in the family circle which acts as a Domestic Freezer—when he has exceeded his allowance, or is keeping late hours, or finds the billiard-room more attractive than the counting-house.

The bore who takes a liberal advantage of his general invitation; the mother of Mamma after she has had a difference with nurse on the subject of the management of infants; the *enfant terrible* of the family with his inopportune remarks before strangers; and the unsophisticated relative who will refer to passages in the early career of COUSIN ROBERT, which he would prefer to have forgotten—all these Domestic Freezers are additional proofs, if any were wanting, that it is an everyday institution amongst us, and that we need not go so far from home as the International to find it.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

GENERAL CONTRERAS has been nominated to the command of the army of Madrid. Quite right. If any rule is likely to suit Spain, now that everything there is turned upside down, it is "the rule of Contraries."

CONFISCATION AND CONSCIENCE.

THE deputation of one hundred gentlemen from the National Anti-Income Tax League, who waited on MR. GLADSTONE and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the other day, to urge the abolition of that popular impost against which they, on behalf of the discontented minority, who feel it, are banded, were of course "fubbed off," as *Mrs. Quickly* says, with the usual courteous and evasive answer. Neither the PREMIER nor MR. LOWE as yet sees his way to the possibility of doing without that valuable piece of class taxation. Perhaps LORD NORTHBROOK could show them. He has discovered it in India, and they also, if Englishmen were as Indians, would too soon find it out here. You may take it as an axiom in fiscal (or confiscal) science, that an exaction should, and must, and can, be abandoned as soon as its collection ceases to be possible. One would like to know how many Baboos have enriched the Indian Exchequer with "conscience-money"?

Music and Masonry.

THERE'S walls, through music's power alone,
 Were built by famed Amphion,
 Whose plastic harp could channel stone
 Like corrugated iron.
 And yet a wag, in whom to pun
 The tendency was rooted,
 Said, what, perhaps, he meant for fun;
 Their pillars all were fluted.

Nature and Art.

WHAT are the "pictorial trees" which we see announced as about to be exhibited in the Horticultural Gardens at Kensington? What branch of Art do they represent? Are they trees hung round with beautiful woodcuts?



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

"YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE POOR DEAR DUCHESS! ISN'T IT TOO AWFUL?"

"IT IS, INDEED! DID YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HER GRACE?"

"WELL—ER—NO!"

"NO MORE DID I! HAPPY THOUGHT—LET US TRY AND BEAR UP!"

THE LORD MAYOR IN MOTLEY.

(By an elderly Alderman.)

MERCHANT-PRINCES, and magnates of trading,

In costumes making merry!

Municipal masquerading!

Questionable, very!

Our Alderman's collars of Esses,

Turned Horse-collars, through Bow-bell-dom!

MR. MAR'S stock of fancy dresses

On the backs of Civic swelldom!

Lord of Misrule and the Revels—

Ought a Lord Mayor to be it?

Is this keeping folks to their levels?

Somehow, I don't seem to see it.

I've been in the habit of feeling

A great respect for Gny's.

With the Hospital I've had dealing,

Which in the Borough lies.

Then, on the fifth of November,

Gny's I hold an institution;

They're as old as I can remember—

To stop 'em were revolution.

But Guys in the Corporation,

And the LORD MAYOR at the head of them!

Seems like trains running out of their station,

And into the train ahead of them.

Twenty jesters at once reads funny;

But they don't seem in place at Guildhall.

I can see mountebanking for money,

At the West End Egyptian Hall.

Where of broughams so long the rank was
To A. SMITH'S Mont Blanc crowding hotly;
But his mountain less of a blank was,
Than those twenty mugs in motley.
Once, callings used to be testers
Of what those who used them were best in,
But you'd scarce say those Mansion-House jesters
Had served their time to jesting!

I can see my LORD MAYOR presiding
At Courts and Commissions of shores,
But not, like a play actor, striding
About, dressed as LOUIS QUATORZE.
That King was no fish out of water,
He didn't look small—but big;
To his *Fleur-de-Lys* mantle no martyr,
At home in his full-bottomed wig.
"L'état c'est Moi," said that sovereign,
Which, for LOUIS QUATORZE, was true;
But, in such a gilt-gingerbread covering,
"La Cité,"—my Lord—ain't you.

I like to see things in their places,
For then they don't cross and hurtle:
I like Aldermen saying graces
For lots of green fat in their turtle:
To see 'em standing up, manful,
For City rights and charters;
For these, o'er the coals, by the painful,
Game to be hauled, like martyrs:
To hear 'em each other schooling
In a Corporation quarrel;—
But I don't like to see 'em tom-fooling,
In other folks' apparel.

I respect my ideal Lord Mayor,
In my family I instil it—
Bow down to the Civic chair—
With something solid to fill it.
But Lord Mayors have no call to be funny,
Or learned, or wise, or witty—
Though in course they should have money,
And position in the City:
Should be up to entertaining—
The chapter in Civic story!—
And subscribing, and sustaining
The City honour and glory.

Minor Mayors may invite—though a labour it is—
And noblemen, they're our betters;
But as for dining celebrities
In sciences, arts, and letters,—
All such new-fangled notions
My ideal Lord Mayor must drop,
To Mammon confine his devotions,
In other words, Mind the Shop.
And as for masquing and mummung—
If cobblers should stick to their last,—
They may suit the Queer Time coming,
They don't suit the Good Time past!

Chemistry of Common Life.

Lady Customer (to Druggist). Will you let me have a pint bottle of Chloroform?

Druggist (amazed). Pint bottle, M'm? Of Chloroform, M'm? May I be allowed to ask for what purpose?

Lady. A disinfectant.

Druggist (aghast). Disinfectant, M'm! Surely you cannot be aware, M'm, the use of such a quantity would cause paralysis. There must be some mistake, M'm, in naming Chloroform. Allow me to suggest *Eau de Cologne*.

Bystander. Perhaps the lady means Chloride of Lime.

Politics and Practice.

THE *Morning Advertiser* animadverts on the fact that a contemporary labours to make out that the Government have come up "fresh" after their recent downfall. In the interests of the public-house, that might be good news; but it would by no means follow because Ministers themselves got fresh, that they would not propose measures to prevent other people from getting tight.



"CULTURE."

Fare (furious at being overcharged). "I INSIST ON SEEING YOUR BOOK OF FARES!"

Cabby. "I SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY TO PERDOOCE IT, SIR, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I LEFT IT ON THE PIANO-FORTE IN MY DRAWING-ROOM, SIR!!"

PERPETUAL SPRING.

"*Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!*"

Very good song once to hear;

Not all day to have it ring,

Organ-ground, upon your ear.

That's too much of an encore;

So the song becomes a bore.

Grinning Child of sunny skies,

Who art wont the streets to roam,

With the sparkling teeth and eyes,

And the hair that knows no comb,

"*Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!*"

Thou that, in each unwashed ear,

Wear'st a metallic ring,

Varlet, comes not playing here!

"*Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!*"

Creas and mustard time to sow;

And thy collar is a thing

Whereupon the seed would grow.

Hence, ere BOBBY'S glove it soil!

I shall call him if thou stay.

Turn thine hand to useful toil;

Grimy Foreigner, away!

Greasy Creature, go along;

Grinder of the hackneyed song!

"*Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!*"

Played for more than half a year,

Like the frosts in May that sting,

Now hath gotten too severe.

"NOW IS PUNCH A CHILD OF CONSCIENCE."

Merry Wives of Windsor.

MR. PUNCH presents his best compliments to MR. W. S. GILBERT, the author of *Pygmalion* and other delightful plays. The former gentleman last week inserted in his immortal page a poem, of which his opinion was therefore, of course, immeasurably high. It begins, "*Sing for the garish eye.*" This composition he had supposed to be new, and the work of the valued contributor who forwarded it to him. It seems that *aliquando bonus*, etc. The contributor enclosed it with some other papers, and in the accompanying note expressly mentioned that it had been copied from a scrap-book, and was remitted only for Mr. Punch's private diversion. This notification is now before Mr. Punch, but had previously escaped his vigilance. The East wind must have got into his eyes. The verses (with some slight variations) are by MR. GILBERT, and appeared elsewhere ten years ago. Mr. Punch had never seen them, or must have remembered anything so excellent. He is the soul of frankness, honour, and good humour, and he hastens to say "*Blunderavi*"; yet can hardly regret having thus introduced MR. GILBERT's poem to a delighted universe.

City Magnates.

WERE Gog and Magog at the LORD MAYOR'S fancy dress ball? They ought to have been among the most honoured guests. Was SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON present with his immortal cat? Did KING LUD gaze with astonishment on the dazzling spectacle—fancy dress balls not having come into fashion in his time? Did WAT TYLER and SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH meet again in happier circumstances? If any of these eminent civic characters were absentees from the Mansion House, we hope they sent valid excuses.

PERSONAGES IN THEIR PLACE.—Ambassadors from Japan at a Polish Ball.

NEW SLANG FOR CHAMPAGNE.—Collier's Pop.



A SUMPTUARY MATTER.

Smart Volunteer Captain. "I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU, PRIVATE FIGGINS, ON MY LAST PARADE, TO HAVE YOUR HAIR CUT SHORTER BEHIND!"

Private Figgins (taking it off with one hand, and his Shako with the other). "YOU DID, SIR, BUT—CUT IT TO YOUR OWN LIKING, SIR!!"

W. C. Macready.

BORN 1792. DIED AT CHELTENHAM, APRIL 27, 1873.

Is this the Actor's death? When into dark
Sinks the last spark of a slow-waning light,
Only the bedside watchers miss the spark
That quivered tremulously on the night.

The Actor's death is when he quits the Stage,
Whence he controlled the beat of many hearts,
Feeling and making feel more love and rage
Than falls to those who fill more work-day parts.

Short life, perhaps, and shadowy—but sublime,
In those rare moments; when, for joy or pain,
Actors and audiences' hearts keep time
To music from some mighty master's brain.

A phantom being: but who dares to say
Our substance than their shadows is more true,
Their lampless night less bright than common day,
Who live, awhile, the life that SHAKESPEARE drew.

MACREADY dead! 'Twill point a paragraph,
Inspire a column—leave some aching hearts;
But not an instant checks the light world's laugh,
As when an Actor from our stage departs.

He left *his*, many and many a year gone by;
And I who write must track, with backward thought,
Up to my youth, for the bright memory
Of all MACREADY acted, was, and taught.

He lived the life 'tis fitting they should live
Who commune with ideal thoughts and things.

To all he wrought his best brain loved to give,
Was cold to Fashion's smiles, stout 'gainst her stings.

Of high aim in his art, whose dared preach
High art was folly, fool would bluntly call:
Still in his craft dared wider range and reach,
Until he stood it chief—confessed by all.

He was content to shine, and store the gain,
With which success tempts men on downward ways,
But strove to make the theatre a fane
For noble art, e'en in ignoble days.

We were boys then, and, with young hearts aglow,
Followed his hand, that bravely led along
Through *Prospero's* glamour, *Lear's* colossal woe,
Hamlet's brain-sickness, and *Othello's* wrong.

Answered like English, English HARRY's call
Ones more to Harfleur's walls; and for the stour
Of battle mustered round him one and all,
On the unequal field of Azinour.

Ah, those were brave times, when each season brought
Its stately tribute of good work, well done;
And kindred spirits at his bidding wrought,
To help the progress he had well begun.

What if no harvest, whose ears men can weigh,
Were housed from that spring-sowing?—fruit it bore,
And most of good our Stage can boast to-day
Came from *his* labour, who is now no more.

Hail and Farewell—thou last of a great line,
Who in ideal art moved as at home!
Because ye bowed at a now empty shrine,
Was your faith false? Lo, the believers come!

MR. BOUVERIE, of course, objected to turning Women into Men. The former were physically weaker, and therefore could not undergo equal fatigue. (Beleakins, as we say in Lancashire, Mr. BOUVERIE can never have shared the severe enjoyments of a London season.) He made the usual jokes about female Members of Parliament, about an Attorney-General eloping with a Solicitor-General, and about a Prime Minister being laid up with a baby (are Prime Ministers never laid up with the gout?), and he gave us the rest of the cheap and aged satire customary on such occasions. MR. LEATHAM, too, opposed the Bill, and objected to the creation of the monster called *Femme-homme*. His picture of a blooming and engaging First Commissioneress of Works, however, made the House laugh.

LORD JOHN MANNERS, always all chivalry, stood up for the Ladies, and made one good point. If the Ballot were the guarantee for order, quiet, and secrecy that it had been represented to be, what difficulty was there in the way of feminine voting?

MR. BRUCE was unusually vigorous against the measure—timid men are generally most afraid of women, unaware that

"Woman, born to be controlled,
Stoops to the haughty and the bold."

All through the history of mankind a broad distinction had been made between man and woman,—no country had yet conceded feminine suffrage—in a House whose Members had wives, sisters, and daughters, their interests were sure to be looked after, etc., etc. Indeed, so feminine was MR. BRUCE's logic that it did seem to make the presence of more orators of the kind unnecessary, and so he did mischief to the Bill.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE hit straighter, though not so politely, and had a pleasant word for ejectives of noisy, and disagreeable, and strong-minded women, who he thought led the agitation in the matter.

MR. FAWCETT, of course, supported the Bill, and said that though women were generally Conservatives, and would certainly hinder the destruction of the Church of England (which he desired) that was no reason for refusing them justice.

MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN objected to sarcasm on the question. But Providence had assigned different duties to men and to women. This is not quite exhaustive. On both sexes is imposed the pleasant duty of reading MR. K. H.'s charming story-books, and we wish he'd write more of them.

MR. HENLEY had previously been on the side of the—Men, but he had seen reason to go over to that of the Angels.

MR. NEWDEGATE was very, very sorry to hear this. He protested against the Bill as a declaration that men were unequal to the performance of their own duties.

SIR JOHN TRELAUNY quoted ever so much out of LIVY, in the original, against women, which would have been rather mean, but that most ladies understand Latin better than officers, schoolboys, and "self-made men."

MR. GREENE told the old story about the woman who had no "coals of fire" to heap on her husband's head, and so took boiling water, and he seemed to think that this would be the course in a family where the head of the house did not please his ladies by voting with them. After this descent no more could be said, and the Bill was thrown out by 222 to 155: Majority against Woman, 67.

One story might have been told in regard to the proposal that, when a woman married, she should lose her vote. A Scotchman made an offer of marriage in the most cheerful style. He conducted his love to the kirk-yard, and pointing out the graves of his own family, said tenderly, "Lassie, would ye like to rest with them?" A somewhat less doleful form of offer, in case of the above arrangement, might be, "BELINDA, darling, say, will you be disfranchised for the sake of your ALPHONSO?"

Thursday.—LORD SELBORNE's Judicature Bill was "improved," contrary to his wish. An alteration by LORD CAIRNS was adopted, purporting to uphold the pre-eminence of the LORD CHANCELLOR. LORD SELBORNE is a Medea in a new light. He takes the two ugly little children—Law and Equity—and tosses them into a cauldron, wherein he proposes to fuse them, and to bring out a perfect Angel of Justice. Their respective friends are making a most intolerable row about the operation, and Mr. Punch imputes no more interested motive than Patriotism to the demonstration against the measure. But it is certain that those who are most displeased with it are most likely to lose by it.

One of MR. PETER TAYLOR's "grievances"—the case of a culprit who was said to have received extra punishment for laughing in the dock, was explained, and of course, exploded. The fellow had frequently been guilty, but while his poor old mother paid his fines, he jeered at justice, which has finally given him something which he does not laugh at.

We then resumed the adjourned debate on MR. W. H. SMITH's Motion on the Budget. The House was not well attended during the early debate, and the speakers could not be very cheerful. However, it was known that the Leaders meant to have a round or two, so we picked up about ten. COLONEL AMCOTTS' mentioning

that he intended "to speak truth and shame the Evil One," was assailed with a cry of "Name!" MR. BENTINCK walked out of the House, displeased that the SPEAKER would not hear him instead of MR. DISRAELI.

The Leader of Opposition made an elaborate speech in support of the Motion, and was full of information about Local Taxation. But this was not nearly so interesting as his mode of paying back MR. LOWE for certain taunts. He was able to take a cheerful view of MR. LOWE's extraordinary speech—it was a specimen of the juvenile ardour of some primitive assembly. "Everybody had not had the good fortune to have travelled in the Antipodes." Translate this—we shall not—and you will see what it meant. He proposed that MR. LOWE should do as he had done before, take back his Budget, and try to make it better. Speaking of the duties on liquor and tobacco, MR. DISRAELI informed the House that he neither drank spirits, nor smoked. We may concede to SIR HENRY THOMPSON that spirits are bad for most people, but

"Divine tobacco, that from east to west,
Soothes the Turk's labour and the Tartar's rest!"

We cannot hear with pleasure that the friend of SIDONIA partaketh not of the fragrant "weed," as it is profanely called. We had imagined him, *lentos in umbrâ*, watching the narghill, and devising the epigram. Some pensive regret comes on us to learn that MR. DISRAELI has given up smoking. He made, however, an effective speech.

It was answered as effectively by the other, "war's perfect master." MR. GLADSTONE defended the Budget, and dwelt on the great boon to the working man from the remission of the Sugar-Duty—£750,000. But for this Motion the plan of Government as to Local Taxation would then have been before the House. If MR. LOWE had said that all the direct taxes fell on the rich, the indirect on the poor, it was a gross exaggeration, but MR. GLADSTONE said he had not heard this. But it would have been unjust not to remit as much taxation of the poor as we remitted of that on the rich. He trusted to the House to fulfil the dictates of justice.

Both Leaders declared, with profuse emphasis, that they would not shrink from a division. Doubtless they would not have done so, but no division was taken. To the Liberal shout of "Ay," the Opposition gave not one answering "No." And there was an end of the matter. This debate, with such a result, has been rather good for the Ministers.

Friday.—We sat very long in the Commons. After it had been admitted that England had been "put in a hole" in the S. Juan business—we having accepted unfair terms of arbitration because the Americans would not consent to fair terms, we went into Supply, and supplied away till two in the morning.

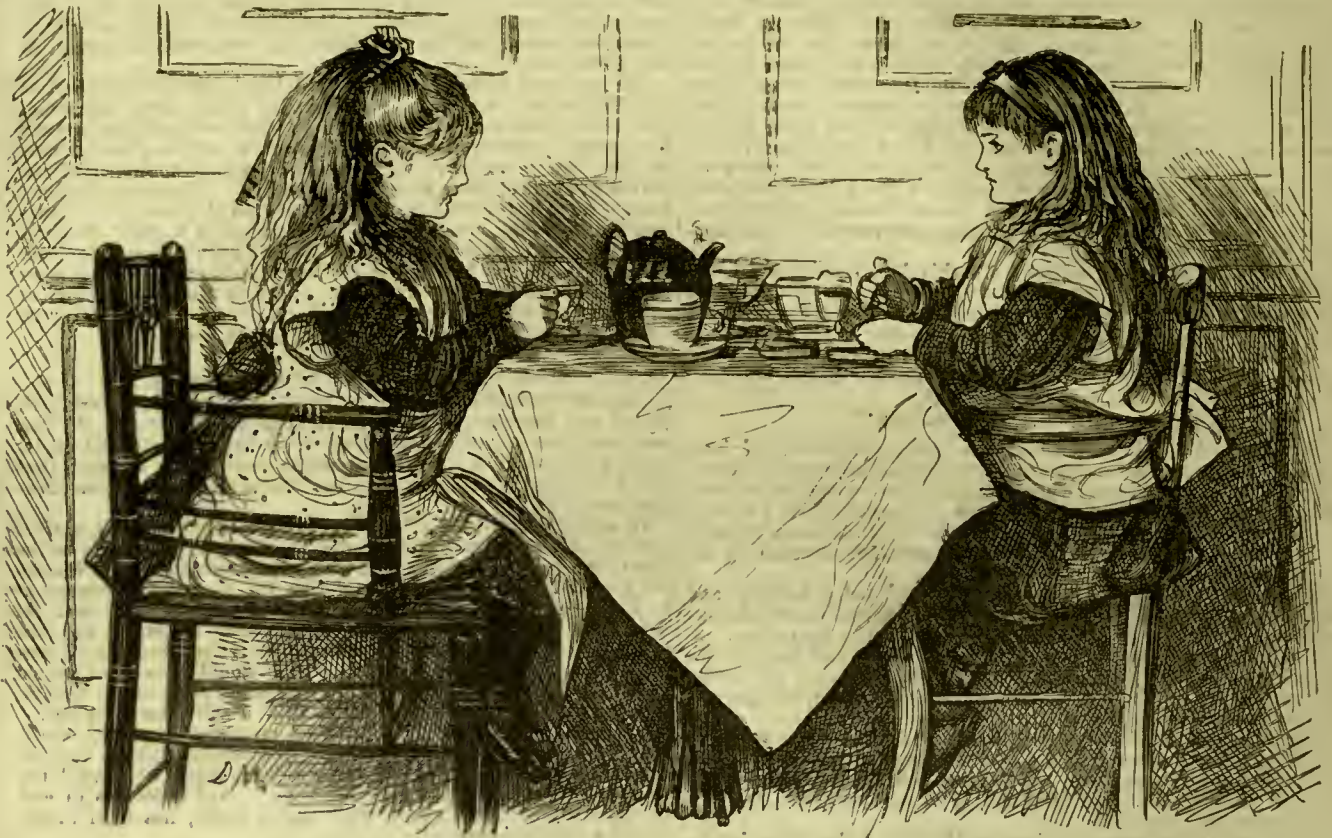
FOLLIES OF THE FASHION.

W H O is it that sets the fashions? Whom have we to thank for all the hideous excrescences by which beauty is distorted and comfort is disturbed? Passing periwigs and pigtails, as things happily extinct, we wonder who invented chignons, corsets, stick-up-collars, chimney-pot hats, and high-heeled boots. As regards these last-named instruments of torture, see here what is said of them by somebody who knows:—

"It was impossible to imagine a more depraved form of foot covering, or one more injurious, than the high-heeled boots now worn by many women. The five toes were crumpled up together, and a greater weight than it was ever intended it should bear was thrown upon the ball of the great toe, rendering long-continued muscular exertion a thing impossible."



Fine ladies may declare that fine ladies have no need of undergoing a continuance of muscular exertion, and that they therefore have no need to give up wearing high-heeled boots. Of course, fine ladies keep their carriages, and, except perhaps in dancing, never have occasion for stretching their ten toes. So they let these be deformed and crumpled up by high-heeled boots, and grow misshapen and distorted like the feet of the Chinese. Deformity becomes a proof of fashionable breeding, and it is better to be hideous than not dress *à la mode*.



SOME PEOPLE HAVE A WAY OF ACCOUNTING FOR EVERYTHING.

Florence. "MY EGG'S QUITE COLD! I WONDER WHY?" Ethel. "SO'S MINE. CAN'T YOU GUESS?" Florence. "NO!"
Ethel. "WHY, THEY'VE BEEN BOILED IN COLD WATER, STOOPID!"

NAPOLEON IN EXCELSIS.

It is very well known that, during the late French Empire, the celebrated Medium, MR. D. D. HOME, enjoyed the patronage of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, and used to hold *séances* before his Imperial Majesty at the Tuileries. In connection with this matter of historical fact, there seems a peculiar significance in the following passage of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S recently published will:—

"Il faut penser que du haut des ciux ceux que vous avez simés vous regardent et vous protègent. C'est l'âme de mon grand oncle qui m'a toujours inspiré et soutenu. Il en sera de même pour mon fils, car il sera toujours digne de son nom."

Perhaps the Nephew learned that he was inspired from Heaven by the soul of his Uncle from raps which occurred in the presence of MR. HOME. These, however, have proved untrustworthy, and are not to be depended on. Therefore we cannot confidently express the hope that NAPOLEON THE THIRD (who avenged Waterloo by doing good offices to England) may have rejoined his Uncle. We wish we could. The assurance that NAPOLEON THE FIRST had gone aloft would be cheering. In that case, who would need to be afraid of having to go elsewhere? He is in an abode which contains the majority, if not all, of the *majores*. Among them must be nearly, if not quite, every man Jack of the hundreds of thousands whom he sent thither from the battle-field—besides the DUC D'ENGHIEN in cold blood.

In another part of the late EMPEROR'S testament he expresses, with reference to the PRINCE IMPERIAL, the desire:—

"Qu'il n'oublie jamais la devise du chef de notre famille, 'Tout pour le Peuple Français.'"

It may be doubted if the Third NAPOLEON understood this motto exactly in the sense in which it was practised by the First, its Author. A proverb says that, "*le père de famille est capable de tout*." So was the Chief of the NAPOLEON family. In his mind did not "*Tout pour le Peuple Français*" simply mean "Anything to be Emperor of the French." Nevertheless, the ability to believe that he is now in a better place than even the Tuileries would be satisfactory, because reassuring.

RIDICULE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

THE suffrage both Man's right and duty
You hold, and yet deny to Beauty.
(Women in general so we call—
Some having more, some less, that's all.)
With just above an idiot's brains,
That men should vote you've taken pains;
To poll admit the multitude
Of fools: the sagest dames exclude.
You have enfranchised each male ninny.
Is Jackass so much more than Jenny?
Yes, men of lofty politics,
For you, because your Jackass kicks;
Whereas poor Jenny dees but bray;
So can be safely answered "Nay!"

Say, you whose theory supposes
The rule of right is counting noses,
And who, in point of worth, opine
That snub's as good as aquiline,
The *petit nez retroussé*, too,
Of less account is that to you,
Why, than the gross plebeian pug
Of tinker *Snout* or joiner *Snug*?
Are women in your sight as mud?
Are they not, too, your flesh and blood?

Hard Case.

OUR old friend JOLLIBOYSE, who is still forbidden by his Doctor to touch even a single glass of his favourite wine, speaks of himself, quoting COWPER,—for JOLLIBOYSE has more tastes than one,—as "Always from port withheld."

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF CRICKET (AND OF ARGUMENT).—The same thing over and over again.



THE NEW MEDEA.

JASON (MR. BULL). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS!—(aside)—I HOPE IT'S ALL RIGHT—BUT THERE'LL BE AN AWFUL ROW!"

NIP'S NOTES.

Theatrical Nippings. From the Lyceum to the Strand, from the Strand to the Opéra Comique, thence to the Vaudeville.



NUMBER NIP was a familiar. So am I, only not too much so. I observe the caution, "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar." Being eager to go everywhere, in order to keep you, my Master, and your friends *au courant* with what is going on—(and, indeed, you must now-a-days be on the run, when nothing is at a standstill)—being eager, I say, to go everywhere, and stay nowhere, I nip into a place, and nip out again,—fly here, fly there,—I should say, cab here, cab there, and see what is to be seen from one end of London to the other. Among the theatres, I have recently visited the Lyceum, the Strand, the Vaudeville, and the *Opéra Comique*, whereon I have the following remarks to offer.

Every playgoer will, of course, at some time or other, treat himself to MR. IRVING's performance of *Eugene Aram* at the Lyceum. *Eugene Aram*, however poetically idealised, was, in fact, but a Eugene Aram-scarum sort of a fellow. He was a hero of the *Newgate Calendar*. He murdered a man for his plate, wrote half-a-dozen lines of indifferent versification, and met a fate that CINNA might have experienced, had "*à la lanterne*," instead of "tear him," been the cry in the time of the Roman poet, whom *Eugene* resembled, only inasmuch as they were *arcades ambo*, or *Sinners* both.

Beautifully put on the stage under the direction of MR. BATEMAN, *Eugene Aram* is an undramatic play, but a dramatic poem. Its leading idea is but the ringing of one change on *The Bells*.

In the latter, *Mathias* had murdered a Polish Jew: and fear and remorse killed him. In the present play, *Aram* has murdered a scoundrel (not a Polish Jew), and fear and remorse kill him. In the last Act of *The Bells*, *Mathias* showed in pantomime how he killed the Jew; in the last Act of the present piece, *Aram* shows MISS ISABEL BATEMAN, who has rather a dreary time of it throughout, how he killed the scoundrel.

As for the language of the poem, it is, doubtless, excellent; but more than one visit is necessary in order to form an opinion of its literary merits. Were the book published, the more satisfactory method would be to read it first, and then see it played.

One thing more. *The Bells*, to which it bears so striking an affinity, was called a "Psychological Study." This is not so styled, though it ought to be. Now, Sir, I submit that the stage is intended for Plays, and not for "Psychological Studies." *Hamlet* is, *himself*, a psychological study; but he is the central figure of a strong play. So of *Macbeth*, so of *Othello*. However, there is the piece, and as it is, not as it isn't, we must all pronounce upon it. The verdict will decidedly be in favour of MR. HENRY IRVING's performance; but I sincerely trust that with this second "study" of "murder as one of the fine arts" will terminate what threatens to be "The Bells series." If murder will out in this psychologically-stagey way, then, instead of blessing the Bells, play-goers will be exclaiming, with *Mrs. Gamp*, "Drat them Bells!"—and so will MR. IRVING. The piece is completely successful, and has, up to the present time, attracted more attention than either of its predecessors.

After *Eugene Aram*, enliven yourself with *Nemesis*, a piece of musical buffonery at the Strand, and one of the funniest, brightest, and most extravagantest packs of nonsense that this little Theatre has had since—well, no matter since when—let me say, generally and vaguely, since the last.

There is not a dull bit of music in it, and though there is no particularly brilliant vocalisation, yet, as all the singing is well acted (which is nearly everything in this sort of thing), and as the people fit the parts, and the parts the people, it all goes with spirit.

Over the way at the *Opéra Comique*, MRS. GEORGE HONEY, MISS PATTY LAVERNE, MISS CARLYLE, and the numerous *dramatis personæ*, do their very best with the bright music of the rather too long *Bohemians*. There are excellent things in it, but for fun it

is some way behind the general run of *Opéras Bouffes*. Costumes and scenery, brilliant. Singing, capital.

Finally, for a genuine bit of comedy, commend me to the performance of MR. FARREN as *Sir Peter Teazle*, and MR. CLAYTON as *Joseph Surface*, in the celebrated Screen Scene in the *School for Scandal*. It has run for over two hundred nights; and, were it acted all round now, as perhaps it was at first, and as it still is by the two gentlemen above mentioned, it would not "surprise me to hear" at some future time, that it was celebrating its four hundredth representation to a crowded house. Played as it is, the advertisements ought to announce that the Screen Scene commences punctually at such and such an hour, and add the time of its finish. This would draw the latest diners, while the earliest would have their full six-penn'orth. I make no charge for this valuable hint, and remain your own familiar,

NIP.

FOUR BOB.

THE policy of ROBIN HOOD was not, MR. ROBERT LOWE, exactly what you represented it in your remark on the proposal to reduce Direct Taxation rather than the Sugar-Duty:—

"It is reversing the policy of ROBIN HOOD—stripping the poor to feed the rich."

Why not be accurate? It was, you know, the policy of ROBIN HOOD not merely to strip the rich, but worse, to rob them. ROBIN HOOD subjected the rich to a pocket-tax. With part of the proceeds of this direct taxation he bribed the poor to support him. This, you see, MR. ROBERT, was, as it were, sugaring the poor. Would not reversing the policy of ROBIN be something like reversing the policy of ROBERT? What's in either of those two names to differentiate them; do they not accord in the first syllable; and is not BOB, politically and financially, in the fullest sense equivalent to ROB? Recollect, there were two noted ROBNS—ROBIN HOOD and ROB ROY. The English ROB robbed the rich, as you should have said, to give to the poor, so that he might curry favour with the latter. The Scotch ROB levied black mail—on privileged classes, look you—and wouldn't he have made a famous Chancellor of the Exchequer? As to another illustrious ROB or BOB—long life to him, and—*de civis nil nisi bonum*.

You do not say much to discredit the policy you so cleverly misrepresent when you declare that—

"Such a policy will be an injustice to the sugar trade, which would, while these battles were going on about local taxation, be hung up between heaven and earth."

Well; in that case would not Society be well rid of a great many fraudulent grocers? In the meantime, MR. ROBERT, you coolly assume it to be an incontrovertible fact that the payers of direct taxes consume no sugar. Now—not again to mention the two BOBS already referred to in connection with a name that makes a third—is not that rather too much like a fourth BOB—ROBERT MACAIRE?

CRADLE-SONG OF A "WOOLWICH INFANT."

LULLABY, lullaby,
What a fine babe am I!
Born only yesterday,
Thirty-five tons I weigh.

Lullaby, lullaby,
What a fine voice have I!
List to the dulcet note
Flung from my iron throat.

Lullaby, lullaby.
See how my playthings fly!
Balls of gigantic size
Hurled to the very skies.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Brothers a score have I.
Rather a costly lot:
You'll have to pay our shot.

Pretty Batswomen.

IRREPRESSIBLE Woman is again in the field. "Ladies' Cricket" is advertised, to be followed, there is every reason to apprehend, by Ladies' Fives, Ladies' Football, Ladies' Golf, &c. It is all over with Men. They had better make up their minds to rest contented with croquet, and afternoon tea, and sewing-machines, and perhaps an occasional game at drawing-room billiards.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Man on Fidgety Mare. "GENTLY, OLD LADY! GENTLY! NO HURRY!"

Stout Lady crossing the Ride. "WHO ARE YOU, CALLING ME 'OLD LADY,' I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW? I DON'T INTEND TO HURRY, I CAN TELL YOU!"

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

WE are in a position to contradict the rumour which has lately been gaining ground, that in consequence of the daily increasing demand for fresh fruit and vegetables in the Metropolis, MR. AYETON has decided to convert a large portion of Kensington Gardens into Market Gardens.

There is no foundation for the report that MR. GLADSTONE is suffering from harassing doubts as to the personal existence of HOMER, and the authenticity of the popular accounts of the Trojan campaign.

We have reason for believing that MR. LOWE has no intention of submitting to Parliament a supplementary estimate for the establishment and maintenance of a National School of Cookery.

A little bird has just whispered in our ear, but we cannot vouch for its being well informed, that the leading supporters of the Women's Wayward Movement are about to abandon their native shores, and St. James's Hall, and MR. BOUVERIE and MR. LEATHAM; and form a new settlement in one of our Transoceanic Colonies—MR. JACOB BRIGHT to be the President of the Community, *pro tem.*, until the Ladies have settled among themselves which of them has the best right to take the lead.

A statement has gone the rounds of the Press, but we understand without sufficient official authority, that the SHAH OF PERSIA, during his approaching visit to this country, will be invited to lay the foundation-stone of a new wing to a well-known and popular public Institution, with full Masonic honours, a Municipal address, a procession of five hundred young ladies, dressed in the height of the folly of fashion, to deposit purses of gold at his slippers, and a luncheon after the ceremony in the nearest Town Hall.

A rumour is afloat, but we cannot trace it to its source, that a healthy young sea-serpent is expected at Whitsuntide at the Brighton Aquarium; and that at the Crystal Palace an elegant chamber (in the Rockoco style) is in preparation for the reception of a mermaid of prepossessing appearance and fascinating manners, now on her voyage to this country from the Cannibannalian Seas.

The report that a large number of Equity Barristers are about to

present the LORD CHANCELLOR with a full-length portrait of himself, holding the Judicature Bill in his right hand, seems to require corroboration.

The news seems almost too good to be true, that the Royal Academy have decided, after this year, to hang all the portraits in a room by themselves, to be conspicuously labelled "Portrait Room," and to which there will be no additional charge for admission.

It is whispered in the Clubs that the future position of this country with regard to the oyster is likely to engage the attention of the Cabinet before next season. The question is one which cannot long be shelved.—No epigram about shelly-fish implied.

Great excitement has been caused in the House of Commons by a report that the Government have serious thoughts of not adjourning this year for the Derby Day, but intend to add an additional holiday to the Whitsuntide recess, by way of compensation.

We regret to announce that, after the most searching investigation, we have failed to meet with anybody who *saw* the Members of the Metropolitan Board of Works twining garlands of flowers round the lamp-posts on the Thames Embankment, on the morning of the First of May.

It is whispered that the first stone of the new Courts of Justice will not be laid until PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR is of an age to take the chief part in public ceremonies.

We must leave it to our listeners to say what reliance they think is to be placed on the assertion that Government intend to delegate to a Royal Commission, with its head-quarters at Greenwich, the delicate task of settling the long-pending question—What is a whitebait?

A rumour has reached us—we give it for what it is worth—that through the liberality of the great City Companies, all the London Bridges will be thrown open, toll free, after the 31st of March next.

A project is said to be on foot for forming a Company to supply the streets at the West End of London, during the season, with scented water. The carts to be elegant and ornamental in their structure, to revolve on noiseless wheels, and to be fitted up with an ingenious musical apparatus, by means of which a selection from



"ON THE FACE OF IT."

Host. "I DON'T LIKE THIS LAFITTE HALF SO WELL AS THE LAST, BINNS. HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY DIFFERENCE?"

New Butler. "WELL, SIR, FOR MYSELF I DON'T DRINK CLARET; I FIND PORT AGREES WITH ME SO MUCH BETTER!"

some favourite opera will be given each morning. The drivers will be habited in a tasteful uniform.

Another new tripos (Athletic Exercises) is spoken of as being in contemplation at Cambridge. It is not improbable that a scheme for the revival of the ancient Public Games will, before long, be considered by Convocation at Oxford.

HOMO CAUDATUS.

In the course of his admirable oration in *Castronem*, HAWKINS, Q.C. (we do not say MR. CICERO), thus bespoke the Jury:—

"You know that the £100,000 upon the Tieborna estates was not touched by the will at all. The settlements had done that. But the Defendant, when questioned as to the general object of the will, said it was to 'create a reserve fund by entailing my father.'"

This quotation was followed by "great laughter;" after which our learned friend proceeded:—

"There is a distinguished conveyancer behind me (MR. CHAPMAN BARBER) who might possibly make me understand how that could be done, but he would be a long time about it."

A distinguished Naturalist could, perhaps, easily elucidate in a few words what it would task a distinguished Conveyancer to explain in many. Has not the Author of the *Origin of Species* entailed his ancestors? If you want to know how to entail your father, ask MR. DARWIN.

Elegance with Economy.

MADAM, you pinch your waist so tight
As to shock all men in their senses;
Your husband still you could delight:
As closely pull in your expences.

PALLAS; OR, THE WORLD OF WISDOM.

BEHOLD yon Planet bright and fair,
Yon world of splendour, Madam:
They manage matters better there
Than we, the race of ADAM.
For them the passions ne'er enthral
Which us are apt to seize on;
Because they have their feelings all
Subordinate to Reason.

Their earth includes no battle plain,
Renowned in song or story;
For knowledge is their only gain:
No thought have they of glory.
No martial hero there they know,
Low knave, or lofty plotter;
No soldier hath his scars to show;
His stripes hath no garrotter.

Folk act for ends which meet they think,
Regardless of sensation;
On principle they eat and drink,
And not from inclination.
Their bodies, which, unto their souls,
Mere engines, ruled by thought, are,
They stoke with food as though with coals;
Turn liquors in like water.

No rivalries are ever bred,
In that wise world, by Beauty.
For there, too, people only wed
Because it is their duty.
Herein the wisdom of their law
Transcends e'en all Egyptian;
The lot of marriage husbands draw,
Wives also, by conscription.

Hence, on that whole resplendent globe,
There's not a single nation
Which will be stripped of Nature's robe
By over-population.
We, too, this Island of our own,
Might save the flowers and trees on,
Would we, supreme upon its throne,
Likewise, establish Reason.

FOOT-NOTES.—Dance Music.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

THE true Tom Tiddler's Ground must clearly, one would say, be near the Bank of England. And what a lot of gold and silver must be constantly picked up there, when we find the land is purchased at the price which we here quote:—

"THE VALUE OF CITY LAND.—Premises in Coleman Street (once a leading thoroughfare of the City, but since the opening of Moorgate Street not so much used), with an area of about 2,000 feet, were yesterday sold at a sum of £12,000, being at the rate of £6 per foot, the largest sum, we believe, yet obtained at this spot."

Six pounds per foot! This well-nigh beats the diamond-fields. Fancy owning a few acres of land which may be valued at six pounds for a foot! Well, in spite of all one hears about the decadence of England, there is certainly small fear of her prosperity decreasing while her soil is thought worth purchasing at ten shillings an inch.

RUSSIAN HIDES.

OUR by no means remote ancestors used to account the Russians, whom they called Muscovites, barbarians, little better than downright savages. Hence they would have been prepared to misinterpret a telegram, concerning the EMPEROR WILLIAM's visit to St. Petersburg, which concludes with the statement that:—

"This being the birthday of the CZAR, the town is decorated in a festive manner. The streets are filled with joyous crowds. In the evening there will be a grand tattoo."

Thanks to the vast increase of intercommunication with our neighbours, which has been effected by the marvellous instrumentality of steam, we are, happily, far too wise to understand that, in Russia, tattooing themselves, after the fashion of South Sea Islanders, is one of the manners and customs of the natives.

THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT.

ON the afternoon of Sunday last week the REV. PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, preached, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, a sermon which, from a published summary of it, appears to have been an altogether awakening discourse, and not one of that numerous kind by which, on the contrary, a narcotic effect is produced on a congregation. The subject of it was "The Drama," whereon the preacher spoke as to wise men, and not to sanctimonious fools or gloomy hypooritea. He told them that it "was an enormous and powerful instrument in the hands of Society—an engine for good or for evil," and that:—

"Its popularity would inevitably secure for it a great influence, and he thought that the Drama should be encouraged, and, heartily sympathy with it expressed for all its noble efforts. It should be raised up and made what God would have it made, to purify the moral sentiments, to be the common educator of the people in all that was heroic, just, pure, lovely, and of good report."

And, he asked,—

"What was there to prevent the English stage from taking its proper place so as to inculcate all that was healthy in morality in the hearts of the people?"

Nothing, to be sure, in the nature of the Stage itself:—

"But the present state of the Drama was far from satisfactory; all honour, then, to those dramatic writers and stage managers who were attempting to raise it by not pandering to the vitiated tastes of some of the public."

The Stage, well conducted, would be auxiliary to the Pulpit—that well conducted too. For if the state of the Drama is unsatisfactory, so, in general, is not that of the Sermon? If the former is, in some instances, immoral, is not the latter, in very many indeed, unpractical; and is frivolousness on one hand not matched by imbecility on the other? Many sermons are light as the lightest literature, adapted to the meanest capacity by levity consisting in the mere absence of thought.

CANON LIGHTFOOT'S discourse, above quoted, may be ominous of better things for both Stage and Pulpit. Relating to a matter of practical interest, with moral and spiritual bearings, it is calculated to attract the congregation who heard it to come where they may

expect to hear the like, and also to go where dramas, which exemplify "noble efforts," on the part both of their authors, actors, and producers, are performed. Thus people might be sent from Church to the Theatre, and from the Theatre to Church. And so the Stage would edify the public six days a week; and the intellectual and moral edifice would be crowned from the Pulpit every Sunday.

It is said that a movement has at last been begun for the amelioration of sermons. If so, CANON LIGHTFOOT has evidently taken a hand in it. To call his exceptionally sensible sermon on the Drama, as compared with average sermons, an intellectual treat, would be to characterise it by a phrase which provincial reporters usually apply to a penny reading from *Pickwick*. Yet it was intellectual; therefore, a treat for a sermon. A good sermon, truly, is meat for the inner man; good meat even as venison. Now, in the ancient ballad of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, the Miller, entertaining his Sovereign unawares, regales the hungry monarch with a venison pasty, which, in respect of its contents, was derived from his Majesty's own deer. He distinguishes this delicacy by a name in point with respect to the foregoing observations:—

"Here's dainty Lightfoote! In faith, said the King, I never before ate so dainty a thing."

The material venison is not to be had in season and out of season too. The metaphorical is always ready, and long may it continue in prime cut every Sunday, and other festival or holiday of the Church.

Iron Quakers.

THE Peace Society may be glad to hear that the new rifled howitzers, of eight-inch and ten-inch calibre, which have been tried at Shoeburyness, combine the qualities of both



AN ARTISTIC DUOLOGUE.

"WHAT PICTURE HAVE YOU GOT THIS YEAR?"—"OH! THAMES!"
 "BOAT!"—"YAAS!" "GIRLS!"—"YAAS!" "IN WHITE MUSLIN!"—"YAAS!"
 "AH! GOOD SUBJECT!" "WHAT'S YOURS?"—"OH! THAMES!"
 "BOAT!"—"YAAS!" "GIRLS!"—"YAAS!" "WHITE MUSLIN!"—"YAAS!"
 "FIRST-RATE SUBJECT!"

a howitzer and a mortar, so that they are capable of either vertical or horizontal fire; for the salutation, if necessary, of England's enemies. All such appliances of the strong man armed contribute to the preservation of peace; so much so, indeed, that a candidate in a competitive examination, if asked the derivation of howitzer, would make no bad guess if he answered that it came from HOWITT, a distinguished ornament of the Society of Friends.



TROUBLES OF OUR CLERGY.

"Rector. How is it that you did not come for your SOUP TO-DAY, MRS. SMITH?"

Mrs. Smith. "WELL, SIR, THERE WASN'T NO TASTE IN IT LAST WEEK; AND THEY TELL ME THERE BE HARDLY ENOUGH SEASONING IN IT TO-DAY!"

PUNCH'S PICTURE GALLERY.

SINCE the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, a just surprise has been expressed that so few pictures are to be found on its walls illustrating the stirring times in which we live, and that our painters so seldom attempt to depict the remarkable events which have happened, both at home and abroad, during the last ten or twenty years.

It at once occurred to SIR JOSHUA FRANCIS PUNCH, P.R.A. (President of the Right Sort of Academy), that the Artists only require to have appropriate subjects suggested to them on proper authority; and he therefore proceeded, in the few moments of leisure he could snatch from the duties and delights of the Season, to jot down some recent historical events of importance, which appeared to him to be eminently suitable for pictorial treatment.

In doing this, the President soon found the contemporary history of his own little Island so exuberant in subjects deserving a permanent record on canvas, that he was obliged to postpone his intention of offering some additional hints for pictures derived both from the Old and the New Hemisphere, India, Spain, China, Japan, France, Germany, Italy, America, Australia, Roumania, and the Papal States.

THE GALLERY.

The Metropolitan Board of Works deciding on the Demolition of Northumberland House.

The Mob destroying the Railings in Hyde Park.

H.M.S. *Decastation* saluting the old flagship, the *Victory*, at Portsmouth.

The RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, M.P. A Triptych:—

1. Meditating the Match Tax.

2. Reducing Sugar a Farthing a Pound.

3. Signing the Cheque for the Alabama Award.

The LORD MAYOR'S Fancy Dress Ball.

TOO GOOD.

ABROAD I take my devious way
When flowers their petals now unfold;
With hyacinths and tulips gay
My neighbour's garden I behold.

Had I the leisure and the means
(Perhaps 'tis best that I have not),
I'd grow the like; and I'd rear greens
And parsnips for my lowly pot.

Sweet blossoms! I enjoy their sight
As much as e'er their owner can.
But is my pleasure wholly right?
Their owner is another man.

Should not the pleasure they impart,
Since they belong to him alone,
O tell me, my misgiving heart!
Be none of mine, and all his own?

Methinks that, as I pass along,
To look upon them I may dare,
And smell them too, and yet not wrong
My neighbour when his joy I share.

I relished oft a schoolmate's cake,
Saying within myself, "How nice!"
I robbed him not. I could partake
His happiness without a slice.

I loved; was not beloved again.
My love became another's bride.
But soothed was momentary pain
With balm which sympathy supplied.

In fancy I reversed the case;
My rival I imagined me;
My own self put in that man's place—
And felt—and feel—more glad than he.

A Recent Election.

THE reason why Bath preferred CHELSEA is a very obvious one. It has nothing to do with politics, so the Liberal party may dismiss their fears. There was a similarity of tastes quite sufficient to account for the choice. Both Bath and Chelsea are associated with—huns.

A Ritualist Clergyman defying his Bishop and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The New Licensing Bill—Closing the Doors of a Public-House on the First Night of its operation.

A Debate in Convocation—Are Hassocks as old as the Fourth Century?

The ceremony of throwing open the Bridge at Kingston-on-Thames free of toll.

Winchester—A good tunding.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY in the act of uttering those ever memorable and never to be forgotten words—"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I presume."

The Bank Parlour—raising the rate of discount.

Opening of the New Foreign Cattle Market at Deptford.

The Metropolitan Board of Works taking formal possession of Hampstead Heath.

Trafalgar Square by Limelight—MR. OONGER addressing the Meeting.

Waiting for the Division—Deceased Wives' Sisters and their Brothers-in-Law in Palace Yard.

Journeymen Bakers in the attitude of threatening to strike.

MR. AYTON visiting Kew Gardens.

The first election by Ballot.

The Battle of Salisbury Plain, 1872.

The Claimant quitting Westminster Hall—entering the Brougham.

Arrival in the London Docks of the ship *Kangaroo*, bearing the first cargo of Australian Preserved Meat.

A Sunday Demonstration in Hyde Park.

MAJOR-GENERAL MARTINGALE MARTINET assuming the command, as Honorary Colonel, of the Twentieth Dragoon Guards.

Anniversary Dinner of the Licensed Higglers' Benevolent Association—the Chairman proposing the Toast of the evening.

The First Patient—DR. LYDIA SHACKLESPEYNE in her Consulting Room.

Equestrian Group—the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs at Temple Bar, February 27, 1872.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OR this relief much thanks, LORD REDESDALE. You are very watchful, our good Lord. You pointed out to your fellow Peers that certain Gas Companies are trying a dodge. They want leave to increase their prices, permanently, because coals are dear, temporarily. You mean to be down upon them at the right moment. "Steadily and diligently" is your motto, and you are worthy to bear it on your shield. More power to its Eagles. This was *Monday, May 5th*.

The Judicature Bill was read, by the Lords, a Third Time, and passed, after a curious little debate about letting Bishops sit on the Judicial Committee. LORD SALISBURY did not want their assistance. However, he withdrew his Motion, but strongly objected to be called "a Quarter." This is right. Quarter is what the gallant debater never gives.

In the Commons the Member for Peterborough (a place that has a beautiful Cathedral and one of the cleverest bishops "out," and yet it elects MR. WHALLEY) brought up the ORTON case again, and demanded public assistance for that person. MR. BRUCE snubbed him, and bade him make his application to the proper official, and not bring such matters before the House. This angered the Member for Peterborough, as shall be seen.

MR. STANSFELD introduced a portion of the Government scheme in regard to Local Taxation, and explained it all, a process which occupied nearly an hour and a half. But at present, Madam, all we need tell you is, that he proposes to rate all sorts of Mines, Woods, Sunday Schools, Ragged Schools, and to exempt only Churches and Chapels, and certain Government property. SIR MASSEY LOPES declared that Ministers were actually riveting the chains of those who already laboured under grievances. 'Tis a dull subject, dear Madam. A Scot once introduced into the middle of a book on Planting Pines, or Cleansing the Clyde, or some other serious matter, an indecorous and utterly irrelevant story, lugged in by head and ears, and said he did it because he had been told that his work "required to be more lively." We doubt whether we could make Local Taxation lively by a similar process (bating indecorum, of course), but we can try.

"Our chains you shan't rivet,"

Says MASSEY, so stout;

"All's right as a rivet,"

Says STANSFELD, with flout;

"Your healths in Glenlivet,"

Says *Punch*, thumb to snout.

Do you feel cheerfuller, M'm? Then you will be prepared to hear that certain Irishmen tried to spoil MR. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill by proposing to hook on the "Catholic University" to the former. On division, the House smashed the project by 85 to 9. Then MR. FAWCETT's Bill Passed.

So Brighton's FAWCETT, single-handed, won
This victory—which great GLADSTONE had not done.

Tuesday.—The Lords read, a Second Time, the Bill creating the Three Railway Dictators—the Traffic Triumvirate.

SIR CHARLES DILKE made a speech in favour of what he calls redressing the inequalities of the distribution of electoral power. He complained, for instance, that there are 100 Members returned by 80,000 electors, and another 100 who represent 1,080,000. He cannot see the constitutional fitness of this, and talked about such a state of things being a menace to the peace of the country, at which unwisdom the House "murmured." It may be impossible to make SIR CHARLES understand that a small but an educated constituency is likely to choose a better Member than a great ignorant crowd, and that Parliament requires sundry balances, and not a Rule-of-Thumb system, which would probably induce a great return of Tom Thumbs. However, MR. GLADSTONE, loudly cheered by the Conservatives, strongly opposed the scheme, and soon afterwards the House, impatient, brought matters to an end by cries of "Divide!" SIR CHARLES got 77 votes, and those against him were 268.

MR. TREVELYAN tried to convince a scanty audience, chiefly composed of soldiers, that there ought to be no more appointments to Honorary Colonels. MR. CARDWELL opposed him, and threw out his Motion by 80 to 40. When you consider, Madam, what a glorious being a fully-uniformed (and not necessarily fully-informed) Colonel is—the nearest approach to an earthly angel—you will not desire that such angelic apparitions should be few and far between.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK had a very meritorious Bill—one for preventing our Vandals from destroying Ancient Monuments—read a Second Time, but MR. BRUCE refused to promise any public funds in carrying the measure into effect. Of course. We can make magnificent presents to foreign arbitrators for fining us heavily in the cause of philanthropy, but we cannot afford a shilling for the preservation of monuments of the days when England held her own against all the world. The House grew pensive, and let itself be Counted Out.

Wednesday.—SIR WILFRID LAWSON moved the Second Reading of his famous Permissive Bill, the Bill for permitting those who drink water to lock up other liquors from other people. The debate was not unamusing, and morning performances of farces are now so common that we cannot object to the Westminster Theatre following the fashion. But *Mr. Punch* is displeased

at the evidence that the Screw is put on, palpably, by the fanatics of abstinence, and by the licensed victuallers. The "insolence" of both sides was strongly censured, and proof was given that English gentlemen are indignant at dictation. Mr. BRUCE opposed the Bill heartily, and it was thrown out by 321 to 81.

Thursday.—LORD REDESDALE carried Resolutions for preventing the Gas-folks from permanently raising their price. Some day we should like to know why they do not, on Sunday nights, put on pressure enough to light up our houses properly. The "dim religious light" we get on those evenings elicits remarks which are only religious in a comminatory sense, and "dim" becomes Mantalinian in pronunciation.

Ha! The Constitution was in danger, for a moment. But the SPEAKER saved it. The promoters of a Bradford Bill introduced it in the Lords, notwithstanding that it contained Money Clauses—conduct worthy of JONATHAN BRADFORD. But Mr. FORSTER instantly undertook that submission should be made, and we breathed again.

Mr. BAXTER stated that an awful amount of tobacco is annually destroyed at the Custom House—smoked in what is called the Queen's Pipe—but that it is all very bad. Better far, than that it should be sold to our youth, for the whitening of their faces, and the stunting of their growth.

WHALLEY on ORTON again. Again snubbed, he demanded whether Mr. BRUCE would prosecute him if he published certain letters. The HOME SECRETARY referred him to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and the House roared. Yet Mr. WHALLEY can talk good sense when he has not got hold of a crotchet, and in a subsequent debate he pointed out that a fine of forty shillings would not deter the Liverpool Liberals from choking up their register with fictitious voters, particularly Irishmen.

Mr. LOWE ought not to have been asked a question about Servants, having himself had an unpleasantness with an insolent Teetotal Butler, whom, we are happy to say, he defeated in open Court. And, Madam, we are quite sure that you would applaud the true and lady-like courage which prompted Mrs. LOWE, whom the fellow had insulted, to appear and give testimony against him. Sham fine ladies would have declared that they should faint away if asked to do a reasonable act like that. Kindly ring the bell for your butler, "a spirit of another sort," as we should like, respectfully, to drink to Mrs. LOWE's health. To proceed. MR. HERMON (has he any fine mountain dew, as his namesake in ancient writ had?) asked whether, if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER gave a party, he would pay the tax on his extra waiters. Mr. LOWE was quite certain that he would do nothing of the kind.

There was a good deal of miscellaneous talk, but we fear that it must have been dull, for the KING OF THE BREGIANS looked into the Gallery of Honour, but stayed only ten minutes.

Friday.—LORD RUSSELL made his first appearance this Session, but showed that he meant to make up for lost time, moving for three sets of papers, on the subjects whereof (Irish) he promised that their Lordships should hear speeches. They were so delighted that they instantly rose to go home and tell the good news to their Peeresses and the younger ladies. Observe the exquisite delicacy of the comparative. All ladies are young, Madam.

"Youngness is your first law, but this confess,
Some are, and must be, younger than the rest."

Mr. EYKYN spoke out for the Police, who have many grievances, and shall have our aid in procuring redress. A great deal more ought to be done for the brave and much too-good-natured fellows who at the risk of life and limb, keep the brutal "roughs" in some kind of order. Mr. BRUCE made the usual official reply, and praised COLONEL HENDERSON, who deserves, we believe, all the praise he received. But

When it's a case of fair play to brave Bobby
Let every good Member select the right lobby.

Mr. PETER TAYLOR's grievance about a man who, it was alleged, received extra sentence for laughing at the Shifnal Magistrates, came up again. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL rose this time, *dignus vindice nodus*, and Mr. PETER got something which he would not have had from the mild Mr. BRUCE. SIR JOHN made great fun of

Mr. TAYLOR's grievance-mongering, and stated that the decent and tidy man for whom he was making fight got "mad drunk" four times in four years.

Should you be surprised to hear, Madam, that Mr. WHALLEY got at ORTON again, for the third time in five days, and tried to drag him in on a Bankruptcy Court vote, on the ground that ORTON had been a Bankrupt. It is true. He tried to explode several times, but was "ast upon," the House roaring. Finally he complained of the "insolent" manner in which he was treated, but a cry arising, he withdrew the word. Mr. PUNCH's best compliments and congratulations to the electors of Peterborough on their Representative Man. Are they all WHALLIES?

LIQUOR LAW LOGIC.



ONCEING 'the Permissive Prohibitory Member for Carlisle on his legs and his hobby, upon Wednesday last, the *Times* is so flattering as to say that:—

"He could not convince his opponents, but he drove some of them into a corner. Mr. DALRYMPLE, for instance, who still proposes to lock up the drunkard, was pointedly asked whether there would not be quite as much reason in locking up the drink."

If Mr. DALRYMPLE did not instantly bolt out of his corner, and over his questioner, he could have been withheld only by unilateral regard to a two-sided proverb of the wise King's. There would not be as much reason in locking up the drink as in locking up the drunkard. By locking up the drunkard, you prevent him from doing harm. You do not at the same time prevent him from exercising a power of doing good; because he is drunk and incapable. But, by locking up the drink, you do not only prevent it from doing harm to the sots who abuse it, but you also hinder it from doing good to the sober who use it in moderation to the refreshment of their bodies, and solace and satisfaction of their minds. In thus answering a certain description of reasoner according to the measure of his wisdom, with a view to rectify, if not his own estimate of it, at least that which may have been formed thereof by others, it is humbly hoped that the mistake has not been committed of becoming like unto him.

The Nomenclature of Fiction.

Is a new class of titles for Novels coming into vogue? Or are the Novels themselves going to be meteorological, like our conversation? It looks so, when we see advertised, the one under the other, *Wild Weather* and *Bright Morning*. Plenty more names of the same sort could be suggested—*The Rainy Day*, *April Showers*, *Something in the Wind*, *Angry Clouds*, *All in a Fog*, *A Storm Brewing*, &c.

Shavings.

A MEETING of Carpenters and Joiners, in Lambeth, the other evening, resolved to memorialise their employers for an advance of wages by one half-penny an hour. If their demand be complied with, let us hope these British workers in wood will know a deal better than to expend the increment of their earnings in any description of beverage possessing the properties of American "timberdoodle."



AFTERNOON TEA.

STUDY OF A BASHFUL MAN, WHO HAS PRIVATELY TOLD AN AMUSING STORY TO THE HOST, AND HAS BEEN REQUESTED BY HIM TO REPEAT IT ALOUD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COMPANY. WE HAVE TRIED TO DEPICT THE WRETCHED INDIVIDUAL AT THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN, HAVING MANAGED TO STAMMER THROUGH TWO-THIRDS OF HIS ANECDOTE (WHICH IS RATHER LONG), HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT HE HAS COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN THE POINT.

THE SCOTTISH CRAZE.

THE typical Scotchman, if a reader of the *Record*, must have perused with mingled feelings of pride and horror the subjoined paragraph:—

"THE REFORM CLUB AND SUNDAYS.—At the Annual Meeting of the members of the Reform Club, held on Thursday last, LORD EBUAY presiding—a strong proteat was made by SIR JOHN MURRAY, of Philiphaugh, against the use of the billiard and card rooms on Sundays. He moved a resolution that an order should be given to close the rooms on those days. The resolution was supported, and, after considerable discussion, an overwhelming majority of the members decided upon keeping the rooms open."

SAWNEY cannot but feel proud of SIR JOHN MURRAY, of Philiphaugh, for the valiant testimony borne by that undaunted Scot in the attempt, wherein even failure was glorious, to vindicate in the face of the Reform Club the observance of the Scottish Sawbath. But neither can SAWNEY not be horrified by the determination of the Reform Club to suffer cards and billiards within their walls of a Sunday. For SAWNEY is the subject of a fixed idea that, apart from gambling, vicious on any day of the week, it is sinful to play cards or billiards on the first, which he confounds with the seventh, to be observed as it was appointed to be by the Jews, with certain Presbyterian additions of his own, and thus kept as a Scoto-Judaic holiday.

And SAWNEY does not ask himself whether he would not invade religious liberty if he shut the card and billiard rooms of a Club, comprising Jewish members, in the faces of those gentlemen on his own Sawbath and not theirs.

Perhaps SAWNEY is afraid that things will ultimately go so far as to be managed here as they are in France; so that, one of these fine mornings, he will be shocked by an announcement corresponding, for London, to the statement, in Monday's *Pall Mall Gazette*, respecting Paris, that:—

"M. THIERS attended the races in the Bois de Boulogne yesterday. He had previously received the KING OF NAPLES."

To receive the KING OF NAPLES on a Sunday was probably bad enough, in the estimation of SAWNEY; but afterwards to go to the races, and that for the ruler of a nation, was it not absolutely awful? SAWNEY may well shudder as he imagines himself reading of a similar impiety announced as having been committed by a successor of MR. GLADSTONE.

SKIRTS IN THE STREET.

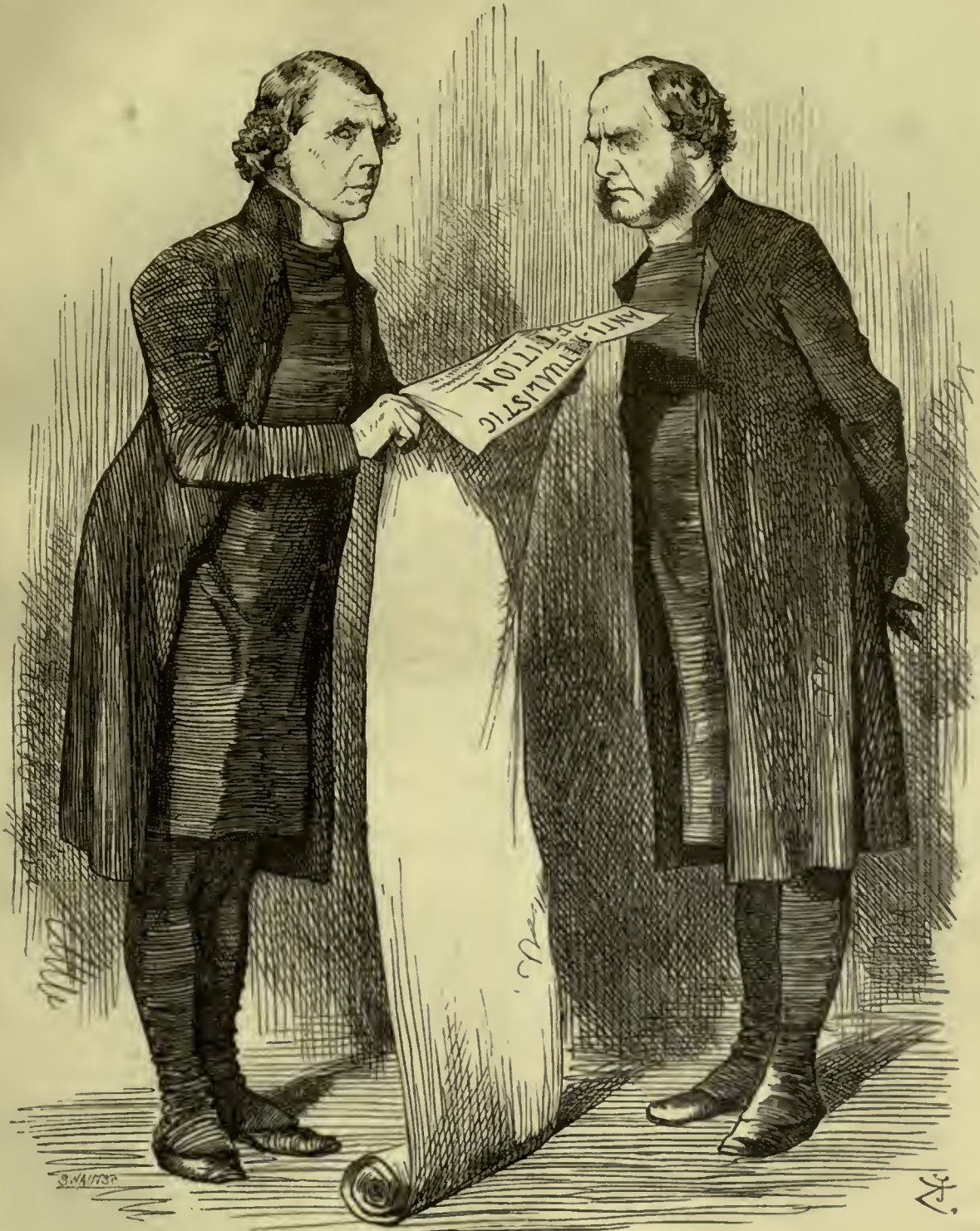
A CONCESSION, which the organ of millinery appears to consider great, has been made by Fashion to Common Sense and Cleanliness. According to *Le Follet* "the out-door morning dresses" for May "are made just to touch, or even to clear the ground." How ultra-reasonable and how exceedingly pure must be the skirts of the latter description, those which are so moderately long that they do not so much as quite touch the ground, but even actually clear it! Of some of these morning dresses the length has been retrenched to the immaculate extremity of clearing the ground to the extent of almost an inch! For, as to one of them:—

"It was of dust-coloured poil de chèvre, with narrow hair-stripes of a darker shade. The skirt was about an inch from the ground, and had five crossway flounces bound with green at the lower edge, and occupying about half the skirt; at the top of these there was a green ruche an inch and a half wide."

For crossway flounces, especially, those flounces are of course the best adapted of which the lowermost one does not sweep the crossing. In that case the "dust-coloured poil de chèvre" flounce admits of relief in being "bound with green at the lower edge." But otherwise it would very soon get that gayer tint obscured and assimilated to its own, whilst it acted as a besom.

CONGRUOUS COUPLES.

If there's a well-matched pair in married life
It is a Horsey Man and Nagging Wife.



THE PRELATES PUZZLED ;

OR, "WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?"

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. "IF I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE QUESTION, MAY I BE—AHM!—DISESTABLISHED!"

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. "IF I KNOW WHAT TO SAY IN THE MATTER, MAY I BE—AHM!—DISENDOWED!"

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER I.—A Conference between an Angler, a Hunter, and a Hawker—What came of it.

THE FIRST DAY.

PISCATOR. VENATOR. AUCEPS.



Piscator. You are well overtaken, Gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I hope your business may occasionally you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine May morning.

Auceps. My ware is the occasion of my business. I am a Hawker. You may know that from my pack.

Venator. And I, Sir, am a simple Hunter, though you could not come at that knowledge, seeing me without my pack.

Piscator. I am right glad to hear your answers. I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle.

Auceps. Marry, I had a Sister in a Circle. She is now a Columbine.

Piscator. Nay, you mistake my meaning. I am an honest fisherman, and I purpose taking my morning cup at the "Welsh Harp."

Venator. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company, for, in sooth, I do begin to mistrust the coming of a fox in my way, this May morning; and, indeed, my horse and I having parted at the last privet hedge, he preferring to remain on one side while I came over on to the other, I doubt whether I shall come up with the hounds, which, if I am rightly informed, are appointed to meet some miles hence.

Piscator. Here is the "Bald-faced Stag." Let us turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a rest.

Auceps. Most gladly, Sir. This is very excellent ale.

Piscator. I exchange courtesies with you both. A small glass of Geneva thrown into it, thus, leavens the whole, like a spice of Calvinism in the Thirty-nine Articles.

Auceps. Ay, and assists to settle it: like an arbitration.

Venator. Sirs, your discourse charms me to an attention.

Piscator. Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to propose to you that one should be at charge for the other.

Venator. Nay, Sir—

Piscator. I accept your courtesy. Hostess, take my young friend MASTER VENATOR'S proffered coin.

Auceps. Prithce stay your hand an instant. I will try chances with you, good Sir, to discover which of us two shall discharge the score of the three.

Venator. Nay, Sir, I cry you mercy—

Auceps. Marry, you should have cried "Heads," for 'tis "Tails," and you have lost.

Piscator. I am glad we are on the road once more. We shall soon come to where the river will stop our morning's walk.

Venator. O me! I have lost my cigar-case.

Auceps. Nay, Sir, never look so downcast at this ill-stroke. I have in my pack two bundles of cigars from the Havannahs, all excellent good, which I am minded to let you have a rare bargain. See how brown and glossy is their appearance; tied about, too, with a yellow fillet. Marry there be those of high degree who should not deal with me at one shilling a-piece. But, since your presence and fair conversation like me, you shall have them for sixpence each, and I protest this is, as it were, to bestow them with an open hand. Do you smoke, MR. PISCATOR?

Piscator. I do, Sir, in good truth. Indeed I have a sufficiency of the herb, in my pouch, for my own wants. Were I not thus furnished, I would—while our very young friend VENATOR is counting his money, apart and out of hearing—I would, I say, take a liberty to inquire three things of you. *Firstly*, Of what colour is the grass? *Secondly*, Do you notice a reflection of that colour in either of my eyes? And, *thirdly*, Are you, as a sportsman, sufficiently

skilled in the art of approaching a weasel with so great caution that he shall not be disturbed by your footsteps, and therewith proceeding so skilfully to shave off his eyebrows, that the creature shall not discover your trick until he be awake?

Auceps. Marry, Sir, I think I do perceive your meaning. Silence is silvern?

Piscator. Ay, now, Sir, you talk like an artist. Nay, I am not to be put off with less than seven, and those, mark you, good.

Auceps. Give me your hand. There, Sir.

Venator. Honest AUCEPS, here are two pounds ten for one bundle.

Auceps. It is a match, Sir. Marry, here is one that strikes only on its own box. And now, Gentlemen, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry. But, I assure you, MR. PISCATOR, that, however fishy I may have hitherto considered your general conduct, yet I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. Heaven keep you both.

Piscator. Well, now honest AUCEPS is gone, MR. VENATOR, I will tell you all I know about angling.

Venator. Sir, my patience and diligence shall not be wanting. But I would first ask you if you can teach me how to jerk a coin in the air so it fall this or that side uppermost, as you shall list.

Piscator. O, Sir, doubt not, 'tis an art, whereof honest AUCEPS is a master. Favour me with half-a-crown, and I will show you how the feat may be suitably accomplished. Nay, this is an indifferent piece.

Venator. Marry, Sir, it was one given me in change by honest AUCEPS. But here is another.

Piscator. You shall put my skill to the trial when we have breakfasted.

Venator. I would I had breakfasted ere I had attempted that cup of ale and these cigars.

Piscator. Nay, Sir, you look pale. Here is the "Welsh Harp." Hostess, how do you? I will myself see this poor young gentleman safely bestowed in bed. Now, Hostess, a cup of your best, and breakfast at once.

Hostess. I will do it, MR. PISCATOR, and with all the speed I can.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHAIR.

THERE has been a conference at the Hall of the Clothworkers' Company, to consider the best means of promoting technical education in connection with the cloth trade. One of the speakers at the meeting was in favour of the establishment of "an itinerant chair, with an eminent man at its head, to teach physics and chemistry in the most important clothing districts in the country."

This proposition is as hard as any in *Euclid*. It presents three almost insurmountable obstacles. First of all, the notion of an itinerant chair—a chair on its legs journeying from place to place, is not easy to take in. But we will suppose this difficulty overcome, by the kind assistance of the Railway Companies, and that the chair is fairly started on its travels—the position of the eminent man at its head, not, be it observed, as is ordinarily the case, seated on its bottom, does strike us as uncomfortable, dangerous, and for any length of time well-nigh impossible. No salary, however liberal, could compensate the most eminent man for being placed in such a situation. Then, lastly, highly intelligent as modern chairs and tables appear to be, not even the most confirmed spiritualist has at present succeeded in finding a piece of furniture competent "to teach physics and chemistry."

Unluckily, we have not had the advantage of a technical education, or this magic chair, which it was suggested might go about the country, with an eminent man at its head, teaching natural philosophy in the clothing districts, would probably appear as simple a thing as logarithms or local taxation.

Proverb and Prescription.

THAT "what's enough for one's enough for two,"
The saying is but in a measure true;
That is, a physiologist might say,
For each, of his or her three meals a day.

Science Gossip.

BOTANISTS have observed that the language of flowers is not a faculty developed alike in all blossoms. Some possess it more than others. For instance, flowers of speech have it to a remarkable extent.

THE NEEDFUL LAW REFORM.

THERE is one glaring deficiency in the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Judicature Bill. No clause provides for the creation of a Lord Cheap Justice.



SELF-SACRIFICE.

Boy (to Lady Visitor). "TEACHER, THERE'S A GAL OVER THERE A WINKIN' AT ME!"

Teacher. "WELL, THEN, DON'T LOOK AT HER!"

Boy. "BUT IF I DON'T LOOK AT HER, SHE 'LL WINK AT SOMEBODY ELSE!"

ACADEMY RHYMES.

(From the Margin of Mr. Punch's Catalogue.)

FIRST BATCH.

(Motto of the Catalogue: "Labor et ingenium.")

SHOULD a mountain in labour be our Art's device,
Whose "Ingenium et labor" brings forth, mostly, mice?

(5. "Sanctuary."—J. PETTIE, A.R.A.)

When J. P. painted these black nuns
And yellow fugitive, I bet, he
Said, smiling, to himself, "Bar puns,
Whate'er my work is, it's not 'PETTIE.'"

(11. "An Irish Weaver."—A. STOCKS.)

"The right man in the right place" give me still:
And Manchester while Fenian riot shocks,
What place could "Irish Weaver" better fill,
Than that he is assigned to here—A. STOCKS?

(12. "Cordelia."—J. B. BEDFORD.)

This sweet and sorrowful Cordelia?—Never—
Nor more than a live torrent is a dead ford!
Let's own the painter careful, even clever;
But our Cordelia never lived in Bedford.

(13. G. Norman, Esq. 36 W. Spottiswoode, Esq. 214. The Duke of Cleveland. 281. "The Prodigal." 915. Miss May Prinsep. —G. F. WATTS, R.A.)

The men starved, sallow, shirtless all, to boot!
Fair MAY in Ulster alop and worst of hats!
Such shabby get-up Prodigals may suit;
But helles and swella!—we ask what's come to WATTS?

(28. "A Lion in the Path."—P. F. POOLE, R.A.)

That unclad traveller, bare sword in hand,
Advancing on the King of Beasts, looks cool:
Figures so so, as usual; landscape, grand:
Think of a naked man, turned out by POOLE!

(44. "Good-night." 126. "Take, O take those Lips away." 181. "A Moonlight Serenade." 215. "Victory." 232. W. R. Elwyn, Esq.—P. H. CALDERON, R.A.)

For Mamma—well—let's call her fair, not pale:
For baby, ne'er was bonnier, brighter, balder 'un:
But still—isn't the subject rather atale?
A cri'b is not all one expects from CALDERON.

As for his "Victory" and "Serenade"—
In neither is the point of the subject miss'd:
The story's clear, characters well portrayed;
What's CALDERON, if not a dramatist?

Ha, MR. ELWYN, are you there? I twig you.
Where Portraits are so good 'tis good to show 'em:
But "take, O take those lips away," I beg you,
For they don't speak the spirit of the poem.

(20. "The Fishing Haven." 35. "Song and Accompaniment." 227. "Fishing by Proxy."—J. C. HOOK, R.A.)

In this fair lassie's basin, fine fat mussels;
Her duffle bed-gown'a arma, too, muscles brave in,
With laden oreels and long lines fit for tussles;
Yes, a Hook's the thing for a fishing Haven!

And when he sets this young nurse-tender tinkling
With spoon on can, hy way of "hush-a-bye,"
"The Boatie rous" comes back to one in a twinkling;
'Tia Hook and ear, as well as Hook and eye.



COMPLIMENTARY.

Artist. "WELL, YOU SEE, I GOT INTO A RAGE, AND TOOK OUT THE TEN PRINCIPAL FIGURES, ALL THE SKY, AND MOST OF THE BACKGROUND."

Friend. "WHAT A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT, TO BE SURE!"

"Fishing by Proxy" in a Surrey brook?
Long may euch cormorants be here unknown.
A fisher at first hand may use a Hook;
Fishers by proxy should leave Hooks alone.

(72. "The Fountain."—G. D. LESLIE, A.R.A.)
Wherefore a triptych? And why all so sallow?
Is your fount Vichy water, sought expressly
To cure these maidens of the jaundice yellow?
Purer skins, please, and shapelier arms, my LESLIE!

(64. "Wind."—PETER GRAHAME.)
See how the Scotch firs bow beneath the breeze;
How the cloud-searls fly, and the spate foams brown!
They may abuse you, PETER, as they please:
You've raised the wind, and who shall put you down?

("The Three Sisters." J. ARCHER, R.S.A.)
When this keen ARCHER asked these three to sit
For him to shoot at, he was dazzled, maybe:
The two sweet elder sisters he has hit,
But, somehow, as it strikes us, missed the baby.

(108. "The Last Evening." 121. "The Captain's Daughter."—J. TISSOT.)

English and French, 'tis said, see through two glasses.
But what JOHN BULL could more right English show,
Than he who paints these English tars and lasses?
Who dares say 'tisn't, when PUNCH says TIS-SOT?

(21. Mrs. Heugh, et. 94. 29. "Early Days." 228. Mrs. Bischoffsheim. 260. "New Laid Eggs." 598. Sir W. Sterndale Bennett. 1085. "Dreams."—J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.)

HEUGH! EHEH!—No! Time, by this hand is stayed:
Painter and sitter worthy of each other.

CAB REFORM.

PRIZES for improved Cabs have been generously offered, and specimens of new vehicles are now being exhibited, which we may hope, if we live long enough, to see some day in public use. When we have improved our Cabs, perhaps we may begin to hope for some improvement in our Cabbies, for which it may be granted there is actually room. Who drives clean Hansoms should himself be clean, not in person merely, but in raiment and in speech. So, projecting our prophetic mental eye into the future, we can see the British Cabman courteous, civil, cleanly, cheerful, and contentedly receiving his proper legal fare. A Cab will be no longer a mere vehicle of abuse, and its driver will no more offend against the laws of grammar, or show his lack of chivalry when a fair lady is his fare. Instead of slamming the door savagely, and blurring out, "Vere to?" he will perform the shutting softly, and say gently, "May I beg, Sir, to know the destination to which I hope to have the honour of conducting you?" Moreover, far from growling out "Vot's this?" when tendered his right fare, he will bow politely, and accept it with a smile and a civil phrase of thanks. Indeed, there is no telling at what an altitude of refinement our Cabmen may arrive, when their carriages have been improved. They may actually abstain from smoking in their Cabs while waiting for a hire, and their manners may become so altered for the better that the title of the Growlers will be exchanged for that of Smilers, while the Hansoms may by synonym be hailed as the Polites.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

SIXTY-TWO thousand Members of the Church of England, and more, have memorialised the Archbishops with a complaint that Roman doctrine is systematically preached in Anglican pulpits. "If it were so it were a grievous fault," the pleaders for Pseudo-Popery admit; "but then," they say, "we must settle what is Roman." That may seem no easy thing for anybody to do, and clearly, if the POPE, and no one else, is infallible, Romanism can be defined with certainty by the Roman Pontiff himself alone; but, if the word of his head-man in this nation is to be taken for what is Roman, then, as to the fact that Roman doctrines are preached within the Established Church, it is only certain that DR. MANNING has said so, and exulted in it; that is all.

Smile, REMBRANDT's ghost: approve, VELASQUEZ's shade!
Own MILLAIS one of a thousand, and your brother.

Both of life's entrance and its exit doors
He in his potent pencil holds the key,—
See Infancy its kitten hugs, in flowers,
And Age awaits the hour that sets it free.

Rich Splendour flaunts in jewels and in lace,
And Country Innocence in gems more rare:
And music breathes from BENNETT's gentle face,
And fond, fair Dreams sadden a face as fair.

'Tis hard to gauge our own at their true rate:
Small, through Time's mist, looms large: large, near,
looks small:
But if thou be not great among the great,
My MILLAIS,—PUNCH, henceforth, false prophet call.

DOMESTIC EXPECTATIONS.

CLEARLY, Servants now-a-days are not to be contented with mere payment of their wages. To judge by this advertisement, they have more than mere pecuniary expectations, when they condescend to apply for a new place:—

"A thorough Housemaid, where men-servants are kept. Christian privileges expected."

What are the Christian privileges which this young lady expects? Church- or chapel-going doubtless may be reckoned in their number, and possibly flirtation may likewise be included, or why should she have stipulated that men-servants should be kept? Another Christian privilege may be the wearing of the dresses of her mistress on a Sunday: at least this is a privilege which some maid-servants in Christendom are pretty sure to exeroise, if they can get the chance.



PROFESSIONAL CAUTION.

Mr. Bluebag (out for a Day's Shooting with his Articled Clerk). "STOP A MINUTE—DON'T FIRE!—LET'S SEE IF THAT BIRD'S IN THE SCHEDULE!"

CRITICISM.

MR. PUNCH seldom quotes, except when he is in a fit of admiration. He is now in a perfect convulsion, caused by that sentiment. Read this, from the *Morning Advertiser* ('tis part of a lovely notice of the Royal Academy), and rejoice that artists have such critics to appreciate them:—

"MR. VAL PRINCEP contributes two examples, one of which represents a scene in the country of the Gadarenes, illustrative of a herd of swine rushing down some precipitous and jagged cliffs into the sea. It is bold, and essentially novel in treatment. It is called 'The Gadarene Swine' (988). Two ladies ascending the staircase in 'Devonshire House' (896) is a totally different subject, showing that MR. PRINCEP is not limited either in resources or power."

"MR. VAL" is slightly familiar, the Catalogue merely giving the gentleman's initial; but the Critic would probably have us infer an intimacy between himself and MR. P. The existence of this is the more probable, inasmuch as the Painter's name is spelt wrongly, twice. Of the "scene" depicted it is evident that the Critic never heard at all. But we entirely agree with his last proposition; namely, that a painting of two gracious young ladies going up-stairs to a dance is "totally different" from a painting of several little black pigs going down a cliff into the Sea. On the whole, however, such criticism is hardly fair to the patrons of the *Morning Advertiser*, whose parlours are usually adorned with works of Art which show that their owners are imbued with true aesthetic principles.

Romantic Nonsense.

It is pretty well understood that there is a large and influential section of the Community—unmarried ladies looking out for a settlement, an establishment, a position—who do not agree with the author of a modern poem, that *Love is Enough*. Many other things, they say, are wanted besides—such as a town and a country house, a carriage or two, saddle horses, some creditable jewellery, perhaps a box at the Opera, and, above all, plenty of pin-money.

FOOLS AND FIREWORKS.

It is now some time since there has been an illumination, such as was heretofore customary on certain festivals, of St. Peter's at Rome. Can that discontinuance of a popular exhibition of fireworks account for the circumstance thus stated by a contemporary's Roman correspondent?

"The silly and dastardly habit of throwing exploding missiles in the neighbourhood of places of worship, and sometimes in the very midst of the congregation, continues to be occasionally practised at Rome. An instance took place on Sunday last at the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, which was very much crowded, when a petard, only consisting of gunpowder tightly bound with paper, but sufficiently noisy to produce a great deal of alarm, was discharged in the external portion of the church."

Surely the Roman populace have not turned Protestant! When they fling crackers into Catholic churches it can only be to hint to the ecclesiastical authorities their dissatisfaction at missing their accustomed pyrotechnic displays. They doubtless as little intend any demonstration of their religious feelings as our own Cads do on the Fifth of November, when they use to fling about explosive projectiles in memory of the Gunpowder Plot. The Roman Rough is probably ignorant of the claims to canonisation which might be advanced on behalf of GUY FAWKES, incendiary and martyr.

Law, Ancient and Modern.

"In a case in the Common Pleas on Friday, in which a well-known lady applied for, and obtained, a rule for a new trial, a previous verdict being against evidence, MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE handed up to the Bench the garments for the price of which she had been sued. 'God bless me!' said the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, astounded at the charge."

WHEN PHRYNE's counsel off her mantle threw,
The Court decided for her "on the view."
Our modern PHRYNE British virtue knows,
And veils her charms, but sends the Court her clothes.



PATRIOTISM.

First Reveller. "CHANCER'LOR 'SHCHEQUER SHAYSHS WE DRUNK OURSELVES OUT O' TH' AMERICAN DIFF'ULTY!"

Second Reveller. "JOSH SHO! THEN LET'SH PR'VIDE 'OAINSHT POSSH'BLE R'SHULTS O' NEXSHT (hic) 'NT'NASH-AL ARB TRA-SH-N!!!"

COOKERY AND CRIBBERY.

WORTHY *Mr. Punch*, although by nature the reverse of niggardly or skimping, I am perforce a practical economist; for, having a small income and rather a large family, I find it needful to economise that I may make ends meet. Indeed, with mutton chops at fifteen pence a pound, it is no easy matter now to make ends (purse ends) meat; and one might certainly be tempted to become a vegetarian, if asparagus were only not so ruinous in price.

Now, I observe that at South Kensington daily lessons in plain cookery are given for the benefit of people like myself, who have to make the best of what is not too bad to eat. With the best of things, indeed, one may get but a bad dinner, if one has the misfortune to be served by a bad cook. So I welcome with delight any effort that is made to further the advancement of the culinary art, which certainly in England falls short of such perfection as leaves nothing to be wished.

That man, I imagine, is deserving of a statue who simply teaches ladies what to do with their cold mutton, in order to secure its reappearance on the table in a palatable shape: and he who further can invent some ingenious deviation from the ordinary course, or courses, of our dinners, I consider as a noble benefactor to his species, whose achievements should be blazoned on the deathless scroll of fame.

But there is one point which, I fancy, as yet has escaped notice in this useful School of Cookery, and one on which, were I the Lecturer, I should plainly say some words. The point is that of Perquisites—which, for sake of proper emphasis, please to print with a big P. Perquisites, I fancy, are one of the chief causes that ruin English Cookery, and make our Cooks dishonest and their dishes rapid, tasteless, and unworthy of their cost. For instance, over-fattened meat is purchased for the sake of conversion into dripping, an end which roaring fires are facile to promote. The best part of the gravy is thus dried out of the beef, and its place supplied but badly with hot water from the tap. In short, while Cooks are

A BRITON ON THE BALLOT.

My Rulers I have cause to bless,
Albeit none at all too soon;
But O, the Ballot, I confess,
To me has proved a precious boon.

I was but in a measure taught
To think what it would do for me,
And, till I got it, never thought
How great a blessing it would be.

To vote as conscience might require
That 'twould enable me, I knew;
As well unmindful of the 'Squire,
As reckless of the Parson too.

But now, besides, I also find
It stands between me and the strong,
In Union, League, or Club combined,
Unto whose party I belong.

I'm free to vote as any bird;
An ox no longer in a drove,
No sheep nor pig in flock or herd:
Now I'm an independent cove.

And other fellows, if they please,
Both can, and will too, vote alone;
And not in swarms, the same as bees,
Instead of queen that serve a drone.

They'll vote for steady men and sure,
Who'll rights preserve and wrongs amend,
And British property secure,
And British liberties defend.

I question if the great and good,
Who gave the Ballot, fully knew
What they were at, or understood
Quite all the wonders it would do.

Legal Intelligence.

THE Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster, at *Nisi Prius*, the other day, was occupied during nearly the whole of it with the trial of a running-down case. This is a lawsuit, dears, altogether different from an action for slander or libel.

dazzled by the golden vision of their perquisites, they cannot keep a proper eye upon their spits and stewpans, and the Black Doll of the bone-shop is the idol whereto sacrifice of made dishes is made.

A Course of Lectures upon Cookery can, I think, be hardly perfect without mention of this idol, and the evils which its worship must inevitably work. Down with the Black Doll! then, *A bas la Pou-pée Noire!* cry I to all our English, or French-English Cooks. "No Perquisites Allowed" be the postscript to advertisements. Let no more dirty circulars be dropped into our areas, giving last quotations of the market rate of Kitchen-stuff, or mentioning the prices current for old Bones. Stop pilfering, in short, which is another name for perquisites, and depend on it the cost of our dinners will diminish, and their excellence increase.

Humbly hopeful that, at any rate, poor people like myself may find that it is possible to act upon this hint, believe me,

Yours respectfully,

Queer Street, Eve of Rent Day.

EPAMINONDAS JONES.

PS.—"All Fours" has been considered a favourite kitchen game; but one even still more popular, I fancy, has been "Cribbage."

Competent Juries.

SOME discussion has taken place in the House of Commons respecting the pecuniary qualifications of Jurymen. The only such qualification that can make a man really fit to serve on a Jury is pecuniary independence. If he have to live by any business, from which he is dragged away to sit in a jury-box, there he may sit; but he will be utterly unable to attend to anything that is going on. His mind will be distracted by anticipations of loss and ruin. Your Lordship may compel him to swear that he will well and truly try, &c.; but then you will oblige the man to take an oath that he will do what it is impossible he can, and will force him to commit that misdemeanor for which the trial of CASTRO, *alias* ORTON, is pending.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



coins in the world, and had lately purchased one of the most beautiful collections of works of Art ever brought into this country. We had gained, *inter alia*, a glorious Juno, and a divine Venns. The Museum beasts and birds would speedily be exported to Kensington. It will take some time to get rid of the abominable smell of camphor, though.

"Out with the fusty creatures, and their camphor, a Nuisance, and in with urn, and bust, and amphora."

Among the questions raised in Supply was one which is what SHAKESPEARE calls "a question to be asked." To a gentleman named THURLOW a pension was granted about forty years ago, and he has now received about £493,000. There cannot be, of course, the faintest doubt that he has deserved every half-farthing of it, but none of the Ministers could give the slightest information as to the history of the grant. Probably the recipient is the THURLOW who was Secretary of State to OLIVER CROMWELL, but we might be told, we think.

A vote for £6165 was taken for the Deep Sea Exploration. It would be a pleasant and also a profitable thing if our gallant Dredgers would bring up some of those

"Wedges of gold * * * heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea,"

which were seen one night by a late DUKE OF CLARENCE.

MR. STANSFELD obtained his Select Committee on Boundaries. "This is part of the Local Taxation scheme. He wants to get rid of old parochial and other arrangements, and, in fact, will

"Let vulgar Bounds with brave disorder go,
And snatch a Rate beyond the reach of LOWE."

Tuesday.—LORD CAIRNS, Conservative leader, moved the Second Reading of Mr. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill. He did not approve of the policy of which it was part, but as Tests had been abolished in England the same thing must be done for Ireland.

LORD DENBIGH, as a Catholic, could not accept the Bill as an instalment of justice, but as he could not support tests which he deemed blasphemous, he should not vote. Now the Tests may be unjust, but to call them what he called them was to talk nonsense. Mr. Punch is reminded of something that appeared in a Conservative paper twenty years ago—it would admit no such blunder now—where it was said that "a mob then advanced, bearing banners lettered 'God made us all,' with other blasphemous inscriptions."

EARL GREY painted Irish prospects in black, and EARL GRANVILLE hung up a companion picture in rose colour, and the Bill was read a Second Time. It passed at the end of the week. We compliment Brighton on its Member, also on its Aquarium.

Something is being done, for preservation, to Mr. MACLISE's great works in the Royal Gallery, but MR. ABEL cannot report upon the result until he shall have waited to know it. ABEL is from a Hebrew word signifying "transitoriness." We decline to accept the omen as regards the pictures.

In the Commons we had a capital evening. Madam, bear with a brief explanation. ANNE LADY DACRE, by will, dated December 20th, 1594, left funds which it is perfectly clear that the good woman meant for the benefit of the poor of Westminster. Never mind details. The Corporation of London got hold of it, lawfully enough, but did not act with faithfulness, and now, out of sixty children in the school LADY DACRE founded, Westminster has only thirty-two. The establishment is called Emanuel Hospital. LADY DACRE is buried, under a stately monument, in Chelsea Old Church. The Endowed School Commissioners propose to take the institution out of the hands of Gog and Magog, and to carry out the intention of good ANNE. But it is not in G. and M.'s nature willingly to give up anything they have grabbed. To-night MR. CRAWFORD (the excellent M.P. for London) moved for the rejection of the scheme of

ARTLE'S (we mean SIR BARTLE FREERE'S) Mission to Zanzibar, to put an end to the slave-trading in that region, was stated (*Monday, May 12*) to have failed. The SULTAN had two excellent reasons for being obdurate: he makes much money by the traffic—that is one; but we are sure that the other had the greater weight with his pious soul. His Cardinals, or Confessors, or whatever name his spiritual directors bear, assure him that slavery is ordained by the Koran, and, therefore, that it would be wicked to suppress the system. We may regret that he does not think as we do, but it is impossible not to respect the feelings of a religious sovereign, who listens to the counsel of holy men. LORD GRANVILLE stated, however, that SIR BARTLE FREERE had obtained valuable information, and had made two new treaties with influential chiefs. We are quite certain that SIR BARTLE did all that man could do—cannon might have done a little more, but England neither speaks cannons nor uses them, now.

On complaint in the Commons that a paper called *The Christian* was refused registration for the foreign post, the Post Master explained that it did not mainly consist of news. Cynics might say that such a name, if its meaning were carried out in the columns of the paper, might well entitle it to be considered an entire novelty.

MR. WAIT, the new Conservative Member for Gloucester, took the oaths.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

But this gentleman only stood and—was elected. Correspondents will please to be merciful with their pleasantries on a "waiting policy being that of Toryism," and the like effulgences.

MR. DILLWYN tried to abolish the salary of the Lord Privy Seal. Now it has been explained, over and over, that this is a most useful official, that he is the Odd Man of the Cabinet, and has to do all kinds of work, in order to relieve his various colleagues. The Motion was a bit of radical pedantry, and MR. GLADSTONE stamped it out, getting 229 to 59.

Pleasant words from MR. WALPOLE, who, as a Trustee of the Museum, asked for about £100,000, and told us that we had the finest collection of Roman

the Commissioners. He could not say much for his clients, but he managed unconsciously to represent their grievance as it appears most frightful to themselves. The idea of interfering with the august Corporation of London!

Now, MR. GLADSTONE has plenty of Veneration, but he does not bestow it at random. To-night he bestowed something else. In noble and Homeric wrath he stood up to the two-headed monster of Guildhall, and—

Nay, look at the Cartoon.

"What! the City of London, fattened, gorged, not to say Bloated with charities—the City of London struggling to hold what was meant for poor, helpless Westminster! And the City alone, of all the Institutions in England, is not to have a hand laid upon it! Take that, and that, you—" But where's a HOMER?

"And, swift, Epeus dealt a weighty blow
Pult on the Cheek of his unwary foe.
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropped he nerveless, and extended lay,
Like a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dashed against the shore."

The death-blow was given, but there was prolonged debate—

"For the prey was strong, and he strove for life."

But the Division came, and Gog and Magog were declared extinct by 286 to 238. They died hard—likewise impenitent. Be it said that MR. GLADSTONE never made a better fighting-speech in all his life.

Wednesday.—Yesterday, Madam, your PREMIER appeared as the champion of property, and as the upholder of the sacredness of bequests. To-day he showed as a bulwark of the Church of England.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE promoted a Bill for opening the Church pulpits to other persons than Clergymen. He thought that there was a great deal of preaching power outside the Establishment, and that it was a pity that a parson who was not himself a Boanerges, or a Bossuet, or a Wilberforce, should not be able to call in a talented friend to edify a flock.

After some discussion, MR. GLADSTONE said that the House last year had rejected the Bill, not as a Party question, but by the free expression of all shades of opinion, and it was not equitable to introduce it, year after year, in obedience to the dictates of a Church Reform Society. How could we allow persons under no subscription or declaration to get up in our churches and preach just what they pleased? *The unrestrained liberty of the priest was the slavery of the congregation.* (Note that, young Ritualist.) He would oppose a measure that would be the harbinger of religious chaos.

MR. ILLINGWORTH, a Dissenter, made a funny little objection to the Bill. If the idea was that Dissenters were to be smuggled in to preach in the afternoon, when the best people stayed at home, and the congregation was composed of maid-servants, he was quite sure that the Nonconformists wanted no such favour. But he should like a Disestablishment Bill.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE did not care about dividing, but there was some dispute, so the Bill was cast out by 199 to 53.

MR. CHARLEY's Bill, to prevent Infanticide, was read a Second Time, but will not be pressed. The subject is a difficult one. A jury will seldom convict an unhappy creature whose misery may have driven all her feminine instincts out of her, and thus child-murder is not dealt with at all.

MR. PLIMSOLL's own Bill, for the survey of Shipping, was talked out of the House—that is, MR. EUSTACE SMITH, who answered him, was speaking when the time came to rise, and the Bill dropped.

Thursday.—The Commons gave the night to Ireland. The O'KEEFFE case came up. In brief, Madam, that case is this. CARDINAL CULLEN (who was, by the way, sent to Ireland by Rome, when somebody else would have been much more welcome to the Irish Catholics of the higher sort) took upon himself to snub the one FATHER O'KEEFFE, and this the Cardinal did as Legate of the POPE, not as the Father's ecclesiastical Superior. It was done, because MR. O'KEEFFE dared to exercise his rights as a British subject, and appeal to the law against what he declared to be priestly slander. Then the Irish Education Board dismisses the Father from his school at Callan, on the ground that he had been suspended. Of course all this looks very like abject obedience to CARDINAL CULLEN, and MR. BOUVIERIE was about to take the sense of the Imperial Parliament on the matter. But on the Board are several men of high rank and real eminence, and they object to be judged by the House until they can be heard. So LORD HARTINGTON, Minister, asked for a Select Committee. MR. BOUVIERIE complained that he had been "roped," but it is a pity to use horse-racers' slang, especially when you don't understand its dirty meaning. "Roping" means a mode of cheating frequently practised on that great English institution, the race-course, but it is pulling a horse to prevent his winning, not shoving him to the rope, as MR. BOUVIERIE thought. He let out pretty freely on the matter, and irreverently described the Commissioners as the

mere creatures and serfs of CARDINAL CULLEN, language which should not have been applied to several of them. After some wrangle, LORD HARTINGTON carried his Motion, but by only 159 to 131. Now 28 is not the sort of majority for a Government, when it puts out its strength.

Then a Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill was read a Second Time. Some Irish Members opposed it, but THE O'DONOGHUE came out with the manly and frank declaration that he believed that the Bill was wanted, that it was no grievance, and would not have been talked of as one, but for a knot of Dublin newspaper scribblers. MR. MUNSTER was utterly unable to describe the monstrous indignation he felt at such a speech, but the House did not seem to regret his inability, and laughed at him.

Friday.—The Traffic Trimmings were finally confirmed in their authority by the House of Lords.

This was a GLADSTONE week. A third time, Madam, did our fighting PREMIER address himself to battle. On Wednesday he was the bulwark of the Church, to-day he was her Champion.

MR. MIALI, in a temperate speech, brought on his Resolution against maintaining the Establishment.

MR. GLADSTONE declared that the feeling of the nation was against subversion of the Church, as would be shown at a general election. The question was indefinitely remote. "Take the Church of England out of the History of England, and that history becomes a chaos without order or life." The Church had played a great part, "so vital, entering so profoundly into the life and action of the country, that the very attempt in mind to sever the two leaves nothing but a bleeding and lacerated mass." And hear the PREMIER's concluding words, spoken after he had described MR. MIALI as the Peter-the-Hermit of an objectionable crusade:—

"I invite the House distinctly and decisively to refuse its assent to this Motion, because it is a Motion the conclusions of which are alike at variance with the practical wishes and desires, with the intelligent opinions, and with the religious convictions of the large majority of the people of this country."

Tremendous Conservative as well as Liberal cheers greeted this peroration. MR. V. HARCOURT began to be constitutional on the same side,

But, "Divide, Divide, Divide!"
The House of Commons cried,

and for MR. MIALI's Motion there were 61, while MR. GLADSTONE's "invitation" was accepted by 356, majority for sustaining the Church 295.

The Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill went through Committee, certain Irish Members hindering it by divisions in which their small numbers justified MR. HAMRO's taunt that they had no case against the Government. It was not a pleasant thing, however, to see even a small body of politicians struggling desperately against a measure for the protection of life and property, and Mr. Punch went, sadly, to his Club, where he indignantly rebuked the usually intelligent waiter, for asking him whether he would take Irish whiskey.

ANALOGIES OF LANGUAGE.

LORD LINDSAY has written a learned work, in which he tries to make out ancient Etruscan akin to modern High Dutch. From this attempt, says the *Saturday Review*:—

"He is not even deterred by the mysterious phrases *κρυφὴ βραχὺ*, by which the worshippers were dismissed at the Eleusinian mysteries, and which some have identified with the not more intelligible form *Caneha Pachsa*, with which the Brahmins clothe their religious services. For LORD CRAWFORD these words have no mystery at all, and represent simply *Gang zu ambachs*, or *zumbachs*,—"Go to your practical duties," "Go about your business."

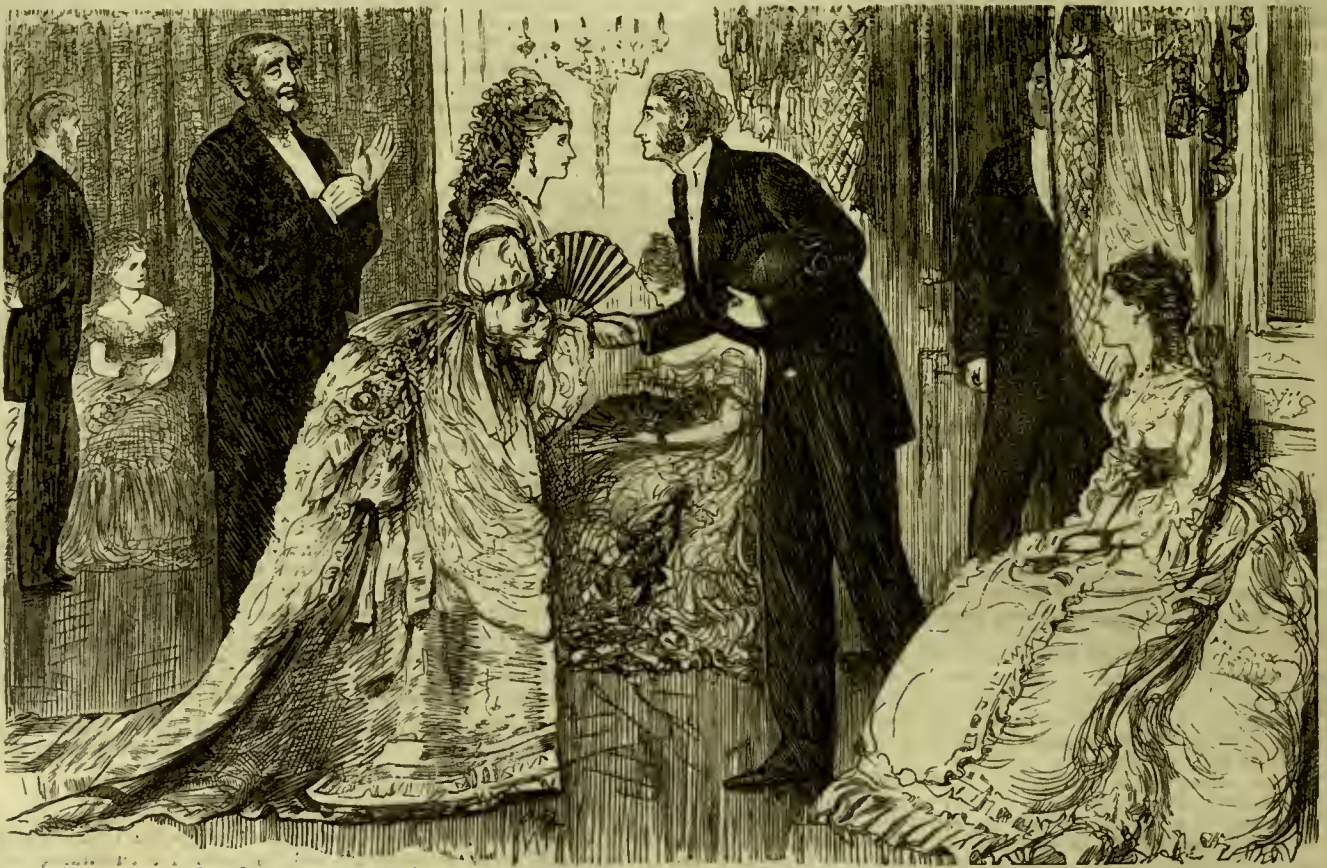
LORD CRAWFORD's authority is weighty, and the valedictory words of the Eleusinian hierophant may have nearly corresponded to the *Ite, missa est* of another. It may, however, be worthy of consideration whether those sonorous expressions were not intended by the reverend mystery-men at once to impose upon the vulgar and conciliate the wise, by the latter of whom *κρυφὴ* was understood to mean "noses," with the suggestion of "taking a sight;" whereas *βραχὺ* was the original word whence, with the addition of an aspirate, we have derived "humbug."

A Man of All Work.

A TELEGRAM from Vienna, the other day, said:—

"M. SLAVY, the President of the Hungarian Ministry, has arrived here."

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, being also KING OF HUNGARY, the Minister, M. SLAVY, may be described as one of His Majesty's servants; and a fool would perhaps add the remark that, as that Sovereign has become a Constitutional monarch, it seems odd that his Premier should be a SLAVY.



COMPLIMENTS.

Hostess (wishing to be polite). "GOOD EVENING, MR. LOVIBOND! SO SORRY YOUR WIFE COULDN'T COME TOO!"

Host (wishing to be polite). "NOBODY HERE IS LIKELY—HAW—TO REGRET MRS. LOVIBOND'S ABSENCE HALF SO MUCH—HAW—AS MR. LOVIBOND DOES!"

PARALOGY OF THE PUMP.

Good Templars, Beloved Brethren, a word in your ears—if they are not too long. It is not generally supposed that the REV. DAWSON BURNS is professionally connected with the provincial Press. But, Dear Friends, a letter in a country paper from its London Correspondent, likely to be rather widely read, contains a specimen of reasoning exactly like that of which examples commonly appear in communications to which our reverend and Permissive Prohibitory brother has signed his name. It relates to what the writer calls "MR. BERNAL OSBORNE'S astounding statement that Protestants have just as much right to forbid Catholics to eat fish during Lent, as two-thirds of the rate-payers have to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks." Astounding MR. B. O.'s statement may be to us, Brethren; it is not, however, original, being merely the converse of what has previously been often urged elsewhere, with the differences only of meat for fish and Catholic for Protestant majority. These differences do not at all affect the aptitude of the illustration, which some logician, who, if not MR. DAWSON BURNS himself, argues just like him, thus impugns:—

"It is by no means necessary to be a supporter of the Permissive Bill in order to see the fallacy of this argument. Indeed, the opponents of the Bill themselves denounced MR. OSBORNE'S speech in the lobby after the division. No one can say that eating fish either injures the eater or throws upon the rate-payers the burden of supporting his children whom his indulgence has pauperised. When rate-payers find that unlimited drink-selling imposes a heavy penalty upon them, they have a right to protest, and something more."

Yea, Dear Friends, they have, certainly, a right to protest and something more, but O, that something must be something else than the invasion of personal liberty. We should abstain from injustice as well as intoxicating liquors. Every one has, we must sadly admit, just as much right to drink beer, or anything else not poisonous, as he has to eat fish or meat either. It is too true that, because rate-payers are aggrieved through A's drunkenness, they have no right, therefore, to debar B from his drink. No more right,

unhappily, have they to prohibit C from selling drink to B, who keeps sober, merely because if A can buy it he gets drunk. A is the nuisance which only they have a right to abate, Brethren. They have no case against either B or C. If they had, then indeed they would be warranted in shutting up, not only public-houses, but likewise wine-merchants' and grocers' shops, and, more than that, would enjoy the glorious privilege of interfering with the privacy in which, according to another BURNS (alas!) than our own DAWSON—

"Willie brew'd a peck o' masut."

They might just as well ask to be empowered to stop domestic brewing as to abolish inns and taverns. In short, you Pumps, the principle underlying the paralogism above quoted is that a majority of ratepayers ought to be empowered to forbid the sale of any article or commodity whatsoever, from the abuse of which they are liable to incur expense or damage. If that rule were generally enforced, in a short time how many shops of any kind would there be remaining open?

COALS FOR ALL CREATION.

BURNING a candle at both ends is frugality itself compared to our exportation, besides our consumption, of Coal. According to the Custom House annual return, in the year 1872 there were 12,712,231 tons, value £9,858,418, exported from the United Kingdom. We supplied France, Germany, Italy, Russia, India, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Egypt, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, and Holland with quantities; for each, of from 468,424 to 2,152,527 tons. Of course the idea of arresting the exportation of Coal is too absurd to be named, except in joke; restraint of trade is not to be thought of, except as a privilege to be freely exercised by Trades' Unions: and the law of supply and demand must be let operate unchecked, and evacuate our coal mines to supply the world with gas and steam. Whilst, however, the coal of England is going at the rate of a galloping consumption, the Committee now sitting on it under MR. AYRTON, will doubtless pursue their diligent inquiries to great purpose.



ONE IN THE "CORPORATION."

"TAKE THAT IN YOUR CHARITY-BASKET, YOU 'FATTED, GORGED, NOT TO SAY BLOATED,' OLD GRABBER!"

[See MR. GLADSTONE'S speech à propos of Emanuel Hospital and the City Aldermen.

FINANCE AND PHYSIC



HAT a shocking disregard of sound financial and economical principle was exhibited by the Austrian Government during the late Panic on the Bourse at Vienna! The Panic might have been allowed to run its course; instead of which, see what was done, by the account of the *Pull Mull Gazette* :—

"The energetic efforts that are being made to ease the money-market at Vienna, both by the Government and the leading banks and credit institutions, have had a steadying effect already in prices, as it is the difficulty which individuals experience under such circumstances of meeting their immediate engagements that usually gives rise to so much unnecessary mischief and needless forced sales."

How much more like philosophical Statesmen would the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S advisers have shown themselves, if, instead of interfering with the natural consequences of things in the money-market, they had, on having been interrogated as to their intentions in the emergency, contented themselves with replying, in the sublimely curt and official stoisicism, "That his Imperial Majesty's Ministers did not consider themselves warranted by circumstances in making any attempt to resist their progress;" or, in answer to a more categorical question, that "They did not contemplate suspending the Bank Act, or authorising the National Bank to issue notes to any amount above that already authorised by law." Half-a-dozen, at least, of the leading firms in Vienna ought to have failed by this time, and so, doubtless, they would, but for an intervention of Ministers in a case of financial disturbance precisely like that practised by medical men in one of bodily disorder.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On his return he visits the Globe, and has a word to the wise about a certain rendering of *Sir Peter Teazle* at the Vaudeville.

Sir.—My holiday is over. "I love the merry, merry sunshine," as the song used to say, and would now, were any one to sing it. Not I, Sir: I cannot sing the old song,—I mean, *I will not*, and there's an end on't. Now is the time for The Weather and The Parks, the Dorking Coach or the Coochin' Dorking, and the thirty-five drags which are to turn out for parade in Hyde Park on or about this very time. Now the monotonous Cuckoo has commenced his engagement in the provinces, the Foreign Nightingales are warbling among the out woods, the sets, and the flats, of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the Jubilee Singers are siring their hymns, and hymning their airs in Hanover Square. What wonder that, my thoughts running thus on birds, I should, on returning to this gay Metropolis, elect to represent You, Sir, at the Globe Theatre, where there is just now being performed a play entitled *Fine Feathers*, which amuses many, and puzzles not a few, with its two or three Claimants, and its mysterious Elderly Gentleman turning up in the last Act, imploring everybody who happened to know who he really was, not to mention the fact to anybody else, as he was going back again to wherever he came from—(I'm not sure he wasn't the *Ghost* out of *Hamlet* in a modern suit)—as soon as possible. Your Representative strongly advises the public to go and solve for itself the following difficulties:—*Firstly*, whether Mr. Griswold, the Agent, is a villain or not; *secondly*, whether *Signor Rumbalino* is, or has been, a scoundrel,—there isn't a doubt about his being, in any case, an amusing rascal, as played by Mr. COMPTON; *thirdly*, is Mr. Clithero, a Lawyer, a thorough blackleg, or only a sharp practitioner with an eye to the main chance; *fourthly*, is *Doctor Gopple* a wicked old humbug, or only a mild social impostor; *fifthly*, is *Lord Gadderly* an idiot, or a knave; *sixthly*, is *Harry Greville* more a good fellow than a bad fellow, or both by turns, and nothing particular at last?

Daniel Dole, "the Chancery Comique," is well played by Mr. E. W. GARDEN, and seems far more worthy of *Miss Ruth's* hand than is the vacillating hero who ultimately obtains it—which is remarkably true to nature.

MR. MONTAGUE is fond of feathers. *False Shame* was first called

the *White Feather*, and, as Your Representative, Sir, I may be allowed to express a hope that this new piece may prove another feather in his managerial cap.

Before settling down to my regular Representative work of the Season (and what a deal there is to be got through!), I wish to raise a question respecting the performance of the Screen Scene in the *School for Scandal*.

From the moment of the fall of the screen up to his reconciliation with *Lady Teazle*, MR. FARREN represents *Sir Peter* as utterly heart-broken by the discovery of his wife's supposed infidelity. The picture thus presented evokes from the audience a feeling of kindly pity for the old man, whom, till then, they had been inclined to ridicule. Had SHERIDAN brought down his curtain at this point, as I fancy many a modern dramatist would have been tempted to do, an audience would have been electrified by the shock of this most dramatic situation, the force of which comes with the greater effect, because the transition from the preceding light and airy pleantries of comedy, to a situation lying on the border land of tragedy, has been so sudden, and so startling. *Charles's* badinage has a harsh and jarring sound after this: nay, it robs him of what is supposed to be his one redeeming quality, his good-heartedness, and makes him a careless, loose-living spendthrift, who can maudlin on occasion about a portrait of his uncle in Calcutta, but who possesses neither sufficient respect for himself, nor for his father's old friend and his own guardian, to restrain himself from the most cruel levity in the presence of what he must actually perceive from *Sir Peter's* woe-stricken face, and attitude of utter prostration, to be a grief too overwhelming for words. If MR. FARREN'S admirable reading, and no less admirable acting of this scene be correct (I believe it is according to paternal tradition, but this is not all-important) then SHERIDAN was wrong in allowing *Charles Surface* to have another word in that scene. *Charles*, good-hearted and generous, should have been made to share his guardian's grief, and stand aside silently. But the truth, I suppose, is that the pathos of the situation never once occurred to SHERIDAN. *Sir Peter* was an old fool, who had married a young wife, and was fair game for the town. SHERIDAN gives him no peace; he makes even *Sir Oliver* and sly old *Rowley* indulge in a laugh at *Sir Peter's* expense. Here, I take it, is an instance of the thoroughly conscientious artist being, in his generation, wiser than the author was, and such an author as SHERIDAN, in his.

Your Representative has been there, and still would go, for this great Screen Scene, as now played by MESSRS. FARREN, CLAYTON, H. NEVILLE, and MISS AMY FAWCEIT; but—with that picture of utter hopelessness depicted on MR. FARREN'S countenance, with that blank dismay of *Joseph Surface*, that shamefacedness of *Lady Teazle*, fearful of raising her eyes from off the ground, that look of mingled surprise and (to interpret it by my own idea) regret on *Charles's* face—with these, I say, freshly impressed on my mind, let me get quit of the Theatre, ere *Charles's* cruel laughter, and vulgar mockery, jar upon my ear and dispel the charm.

The truth is, SHERIDAN intended the Screen Scene to be farcical from beginning to end, and *Charles Surface* strikes, throughout, the key-note, with which the others must play in harmony. SHERIDAN was as brilliant as a diamond—and as hard: he risked everything for a laugh, and obtained it at all hazards. The *Sir Peter* of SHERIDAN is not a trusting husband, heart-broken by his lady's faithlessness, but an old beau, severely wounded in his most vulnerable point—his egregious vanity—by the publicity of his wife's *faux pas*. MR. FARREN'S intensity is, in Your Representative's humble opinion, irreconcilable with SHERIDAN'S frivolity. To be consistent, either the actor who adopts this serious view must sacrifice SHERIDAN, and have the curtain dropped on the situation (and here I sincerely sympathise with the actor), or he must enter into SHERIDAN'S humour, and be more concerned for the inevitable scandal out-of-doors, than for the death-blow, which, he would otherwise have us believe, his faith in man's friendship, and his trust in woman's love, have so unexpectedly received.

I may be wrong: if so, *ayez pitié de moi*, for I speak as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A WELL-SPENT WEDNESDAY.

MR. COWPER TEMPLE did service to the cause of freedom by cancelling last Crotchety Day (Wednesday) in the House of Commons to be occupied with the discussion of his Occasional Sermons Bill; discussion serviceable all the rather that the Bill was rejected. This measure was intended to enable professed Dissenters to preach, on invitation, in Church pulpits. If enacted, it would perhaps effect some little addition to the diversities of doctrine already preached by the conforming Dissenters amongst whom the Church is divided. Next year, perhaps, somebody else will reintroduce it, or something like it, to be discussed and rejected again. In the meanwhile, time will have been consumed in harmless talk which might have been misemployed in unnecessary legislation imposing new restrictions on the liberty of the subject under pains and penalties.



GENTLE TEMPTATION.

"NOT COME WHILE WE ARE SO GAY? O! BUT THERE'S NOTHING GOING ON JUST NOW, I ASSURE YOU! TO-MORROW, THERE WILL ONLY BE THE PARK IN THE MORNING, AND THEN SOME PEOPLE COME TO LUNCHEON, AND, AFTERWARDS, MAMMA WANTS ME TO GO AND PAY VISITS WITH HER AND DO SOME SHOPPING, AND YOU WON'T MIND LADY MUFF TO FIVE O'CLOCK TEA, AND WE MAY POSSIBLY GO TO THE FLOWER SHOW FOR AN HOUR OR TWO. THERE WILL BE ONLY TEN AT DINNER, AND WE SHAN'T LEAVE FOR AUNT'S DANCE UNTIL LONG AFTER YOUR BED TIME, YOU KNOW, GRANDMA DEAR!"

John Stuart Mill.

BORN IN LONDON, MAY 20, 1806. DIED IN AVIGNON, MAY 8, 1873.

A LIGHT the fewer in our firmament!
A light that unto many on their way,
Else darkling, a sure polestar's guidance lent,
Dies from our night, before the wished-for day.

New radiance from that fountain none shall see;
But as we bask in beams of some great star
Long ages after it has ceased to be—
Such time take rays to reach us from so far,—

Thus, for the generations yet unborn,
This now quenched star the darkness may shine through,
Till what seem'd foolish-false to purblind scorn,
By stronger light is known as wise and true!

And if the star whose setting we bewail
Some but an unsubstantial meteor hold,
Because it lighted paths beyond their pale,
Let not our reverence for that grow cold.

If e'er man's soul was star-like, his was so;
It burned so calmly, in such limpid air;
Gave out so pure and passionless a glow,
As scarce our earth's refraction seemed to share.

Strange that this mind, so high and calm and clear,
So set on heights whence e'en great things seem small,
Small shrink to nought, such soaring wings could rear,
On food that earthy one were apt to call.

From warm beliefs and haunting fancies barred,
Under the ferule of a rigid rule,
On manly brain-food e'en from childhood reared,
In the bare-walled Utilitarian school.

Early inured to more than private cares,
Near those who held the helm of empire set,
From boyhood conversant with great affairs,
The calm of large minds, small ones' fuss and fret.

So for long years he lived two lives abreast,
The life he fell upon, the life he sought:
To him, from work of Indian rule 'twas rest
To map wealth's currents, sound the depths of thought.

Till he who of our time was widest styled
"Philosopher," for sovereignty or scorn,
Office laid down, and from his books beguiled,
Was to loud hustings and loose Commons borne.

Wise was he, or unwise, his lamp to bear,
With its dry, pale, pure light, athwart the draughts
Of that rude place, into the smoky glare
That serves the work-day politicians' crafts?

Who says unwise, the Commons more condemn
Than the one wise man in their ranks astray:
If dunghill cocks for barley-corns slight gems,
What matter to men's minds that wiselier weigh?

'Twas well, methinks, that men this man should see
Leaving the heights of abstract thought, hard won,
For levels, where, though foul and dark they be,
Our England's day's work daily must be done.



THE DESCENT OF MAN.

Figurative Party. "So long as I am a Man, SORR, what does it matter to me whether me GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS AN ANTHROPOID APE OR NOT, SORR!"

Literal Party. "HAW! WATHER DISAGREEABLE FOR YOUR GWATE GWAND-MOTHER, WASN'T IT?"

This is for us best warrant of his thought,
It ne'er from healthy practice stood apart;
On work's hard anvil his mind's ore he wrought:
The glow his creed might lack was in his heart;

For through this philosophic life—that breathed,
Men whispered, a serener air than ours—
Deep-rooted, and flame-blessomed, there was wreathed
The purest, longest-lived of passion-flowers.

This strong man's heart to a weak woman's clung;
This stiff, stern reason, trained in a hard school,
On a sad, sweet, low voice, responsive, hung,
This rebel craved one loved and loving rule.

Was this man's strength weak, was his weakness strong?
Enough: his life's, thought's, lesson clear should stand,
For those that watch, as those that walk the throng—
Work and Love go with Wisdom hand in hand.

A REFRIGERANT APPLICATION.

FROM the Bell Inn, Old Bailey, MR. GEORGE SHIPTON, Secretary to the London Trades' Council, writes to MR. AYRTON, on their behalf, with reference to the threatened demonstration of London Trades, saying that, inasmuch as the Legislature has sanctioned that sort of thing:—

"The Trades' Council trust, therefore, that it will not be premature to ask you to be good enough to have erected, in some suitable position, a platform, which might be used by the speakers on the occasion of the demonstration of the London Trades' Societies in Hyde Park on Whit-Monday next. This would prevent the necessity of improvised platform or platforms by us, and could remain as a permanent platform for similar useful purposes in the future."

MR. AYRTON, who can be courteous enough to the striking and

PHILOSOPHY IN THE PARK.

"THIS is Hyde Park, my little son,
And that's the thing; and you see there
The Public, staring, every one,
As though they did at wonders stare.

"They stare at creatures of their kind,
But better off, or better drest.
Bethink you of how little mind
Our species mostly are possess."

"O yes, Papa; but they distract
Not with vain thought their heads, like you.
To stare at others is, in fact,
The wisest thing that they can do."

BEAUTY ON THE BEAT.

It is quite fair to argue that, if Women are to have their rights of citizenship, they must accept their duties, and that the acquisition of the elective franchise ought to be accompanied by the condition of liability to serve on juries, and to act in other capacities heretofore solely masculine. Distinctions of sex will then be obliterated, as regards qualifications other than simply personal for offices and employments, and there will be no reason why a strong-minded woman, if equally strong-bodied, should not be a coalheaver, or enter the Police. There are, perhaps, a few such Persons whose minds are of such a strength as to render them capable of being employed not only as Policemen, but also as Detectives, and even of enduring to be sent about in plain clothes.

Hunks on his Headstone.

WEEP not for me, relations dear;
You'd onions need to force a tear.
I left you all I had to leave;
Had it been nothing, you might grieve.
But now all 's yours that once was mine,
So therefore don't pretend to whine.

CASE FOR SELF-APPROVING CONSCIENCE.—Going to the Stores and getting for sixpence that which, if you went to one of several shops for it, would cost you half-a-crown.

menacing classes, and reserves his rude answers for gentlemen whom he needs not fear, civilly replied to this request that he had no power to comply with it, and referred his correspondent to His Royal Highness the Ranger. He might have told the representative of the London Trades that the demand that Government should erect a structure which would at once commemorate and subserve their own humiliation, constituting a monumental whipping-post for their occasional chastisement, was decidedly premature. The date of the letter containing it was the 6th instant; when the thermometer was below 60°. The weather was then not yet nearly warm enough to warrant it. So cool an application should, in order that it might be seasonable, have been deferred till the dog-days.

LEATHER LOOKING UP.

FROM a statement made by MR. GEORGE ODGER, in a speech addressed, the other evening, to an assembly of shoemakers at Woolwich, it appears that there is a remarkably good time coming, whilst a pretty good time has already come, for that description of working men. "No trade," MR. ODGER told his hearers, "had a better prospect than theirs, for it was well known that journeyman shoemakers were getting scarcer every year, and consequently their individual value was increasing, while the fact that no apprentices were joining the trade would make them scarcer and more valuable still." Nothing like leather, then, for a layman of the working class to get a living by. As for a curacy, the position of a journeyman shoemaker is infinitely preferable to that of a journeyman parson; and your cobbler's is the only remunerative cure of soles.

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE FOR THEM.

ONE Profession is safe from the invasion of Woman. She may enter the Army, but it is impossible that she can Man the Navy.



THE FEMININE "FACULTY."

New Housemaid (to her Master). "O, SIR! I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME IN. THERE'S A PARTY A WAITIN' IN THE SURGERY TO SEE YOU." (It was Mrs. Dr. Mandragora Nightshade, who had called professionally about "a Case.") "HE—SHE—WOULD COME IN, SIR,—AND—I THINK" (shuddering) "IT'S A MAN IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES, SIR!!!"

CLERICAL SPITE.

WE said the other day that we seldom quoted, except when in a state of admiration. That word, in the sense of "wonder," describes our condition on reading the following extract. And yet what wise man wonders at clerical idiotcy, coupled with caddish insolence? Look at what a "religious" newspaper has to say about the great and good man whose loss all but bigots lament. The *Church Herald* says:—

"MR. J. STUART MILL, who has just gone to his account, would have been a remarkable writer of English, if his innate self-consciousness and abounding self-confidence had not made him a notorious literary prig. His 'philosophy,' so called, was thoroughly anti-Christian; his sentiments daringly mischievous and outrageously wild. As a Member of Parliament he was a signal failure. His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel, and a most dangerous person. The sooner those 'lights of thought' who agree with him, go to the same place, the better will it be, both for Church and State."

We do not apologise for quoting this stupid malignity, offensive as it will be to every reader of *Punch*. It is well that decent and rational people should know in what brutality a certain form of priestly mind can revel. We say "priestly mind," for whether the animal who penned the above disgrace the Church or the laity, the perpetration was intended to please a certain knot of ignorant priests and their wretched toadies. *Olet!*

A Sovereign Remedy.

AMONG the contents of the *Medical Review and Invalids' Guide* is specified "Gold and its Compounds in the Treatment of Skin Diseases." Of all cutaneous affections about the most unpleasant that anybody but a billionaire could be afflicted with would be one requiring to be treated with gold. What with fees and what with physic, such a complaint would be awfully expensive. That is to say, unless, indeed, gold and its compounds, in the treatment of skin diseases, are efficacious as remedies altogether of the homœopathic kind, and require to be employed only in infinitesimal doses.

COMPLIMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

THE interests of sweetness, in connection with light, will be promoted by a discovery thus recorded by the *Medical Press and Circular*:—

"ANILINE.—M. LANGOIRROIS has found that putrefaction and decomposition of animal matters can be prevented, even when exposed to the air and at an elevated temperature, by the use of small quantities of aniline, or the colouring matter got from coal-tar."

Coal-tar, being a product of gas-manufacture, may be considered as allied to light, and, as aniline is capable of being employed as a disinfectant, sweetness may be supposed to be typified by that. Observe, dear old lady, that aniline is a substance obtained from indigo as well as from coal-tar, and that anil is one of the names of the indigo plant; so that sweetness and light are not necessarily, though they may sometimes be, M'm, associated with anility.

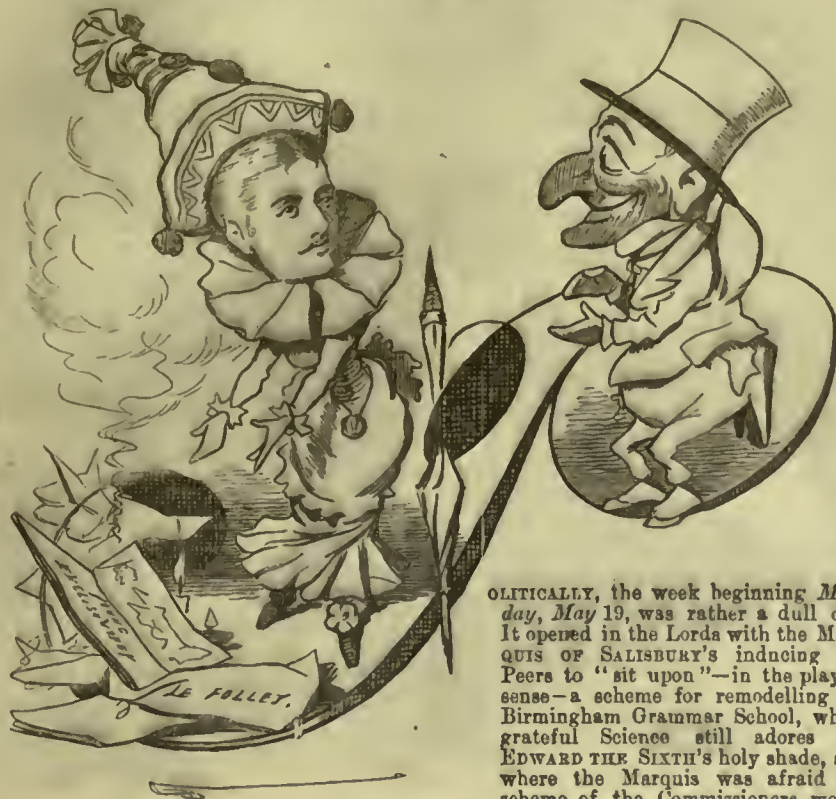
Single Virtue.

BRIGHT eyes are soon bedimmed, spoilt form and face.
Ailments, expenses, cares, vex married life.
Whate'er I've done amiss, in any case,
I never coveted my neighbour's wife.

Injurious Advertisement.

ALONG the tops of omnibuses, at railway stations, on blank walls, and every practicable surface, the eye of the wayfarer is encountered by the legend, in gigantic characters, of "ROBUR PUNCH." This is too likely to be misunderstood by persons of defective education and spelling. It is of no use for Mr. *Punch* to inform such people as those that he is no plagiarist, and has never robbed anybody.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OLITICALLY, the week beginning Monday, May 19, was rather a dull one. It opened in the Lords with the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY'S inducing the Peers to "sit upon"—in the playful sense—a scheme for remodelling the Birmingham Grammar School, where grateful Science still adores her EDWARD THE SIXTH'S holy shade, and where the Marquis was afraid the scheme of the Commissioners would prevent adoration of a less Pagan

kind. So the plan was demolished. There is a story to the effect that an excellent Dissenter, who was one of the managers of the School, preferred to go fishing one fine morning to attending to his dull duties, and that the Churchmen closed their ranks, and Dissent never got another innings. If true, we like that Waltonian Schismatic very much—always neglect business for pleasure, especially on a Derby Day.

The Commons voted money, and MR. GÖSCHEN promised that there should be no more ships of the *Devastation* type begun until we were quite sure that this vessel was all right. She seems to be, but it would make any fellow nervous about going aboard her, to read the unpleasant vaticinations of some of the sea-critics.

The Irish Peace Bill was read a Third Time, MR. PIM pointing out that most of the Irish Members had always opposed the measure, and always been in a minority. A noteworthy fact, but let us not flavour the great National Holiday with any essence of hostile politics. The Irish Members are all jolly good fellows, and so are all the English ones, and we don't know which we love most, the Scotch or the Welsh.

Tuesday.—MR. GLADSTONE proposed, as usual, that Committees should not sit until two next day, Ascension Day. MR. BOUVIER opposed this, thinking it unreasonable that because some gentlemen wanted to go to Church, they should keep others from attending to business. Last year a division was snapped, and Ascension Day was not regarded. But MR. GLADSTONE was too wide awake to be caught twice, and to-day he beat MR. BOUVIER by 180 to 81. But we hope MR. B. will be lucky at Epsom.

Then came a Railway Debate, but it was clear that a "Count" was coming, and MR. JULIAN GOLDSMITH delicately alluded to it as "a pending and well-known Parliamentary process." It missed fire the first time, but on the second attempt, MR. MONTAGU CHAMBERS being up, it succeeded. Still, we trust that he will enjoy his lunch on the Downs.

Wednesday.—MR. PUNCH has the best possible excuse for treating this day's proceedings briefly. A desperate attempt was made, in accordance with the dictates of the Sentimentalists, and of the strong-minded and disagreeable Women (whose pamphlets and placards on the subject remind us that LORD CAMPBELL carried a certain Act), to abolish a certain Sanitary Public Measure, which injures nobody, and works great good. MR. PUNCH does not feel inclined to go into the question, but he is happy to state that MR. BAUCE stood up for the Police Measure, and that the Sentimentalists of the "shrieking Sisterhood" (we thank the S. R. for the phrase) were defeated by 251 to 128. There is good sense in the majority of the House of Commons, and we hope that it will be as fortunate in shying at Aunt Sally as it was in shying at the folly of the other old women of both sexes this Wednesday.

Thursday.—The Lords, being partly Spiritual, of course paid due observance to the behests of the Church, and sat—elsewhere than in their House.

The Commons, meeting at Four, did penance. They had a debate on the Second Reading of the Government Rating Bill. It is enough to say that the Landed Interest rated the Administration, and that the Bill was read a Second Time, which the Debate certainly will not be. We trust the fresh air of Epsom will restore the liveliness of the orators.

Then we had some fun. To the Committee on the O'KEEFE affair it was proposed that the name of DR. LYON PLAYFAIR should be added. MR. GLADSTONE said that this would offend

four millions of Irishmen. The House did not seem to mind this, and inserted the learned Scotch Doctor's name, by 200 to 182, and then, in spite of further remonstrance, put on MR. CROSS, by 205 to 165. An Irish Member declared that he would move to put on MESSRS. NEWGATE and WHALLEY. But SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN took a much pleasanter mode of dealing with the matter, and said it would cause merriment in Ireland. This is what we all desire to do, Mr. PUNCH not only desiring it, but nobly contributing to that end. He hopes that SIR PATRICK will have a capital place for his Carriage, and win no end of Sweepstakes.

MR. BAUCE obtained leave to bring in a Bill for appointing a Public Prosecutor. At last! It was too late to explain the provisions, but we heartily welcome the attempt to do what ought, to have been done a century ago.

Friday.—Everything uninteresting, except that MR. WHALLEY again brought up the Tichborne case, and described the fat man, now being tried, as an unfortunate "Gentleman." Whoever he may be, he is not *that*, and the House shouted with laughter. "I must speak my conviction," said MR. WHALLEY.

A SUGGESTION.

ONE means taken by Counsel for invalidating a witness's evidence is to ask him "How much he is to be paid for his attendance in this case?" Surely the witness would be in his right were he to retort on the cross-examining barrister with—"And how much, Sir, are you to be paid for your attendance in this case?" An honest witness comes in the interests of Justice, and Justice herself takes the initiative of making him some sort of pecuniary compensation for his loss of time, for his trouble and personal discomfort. It is, however, a theory that Counsel's fees are paid by way of *honorarium*. Counsel, twitted in return by an ill-used witness, may point to the theory, but he wouldn't be able to support it by instancing his own practice. Aren't the Judges paid, aren't the Law Officers paid, aren't the Jury paid?

Horseflesh and Grass.

You bet on yonder favourite steed,
My brethren; yet, for all his backers,
As well as every screw or weed,
He'll one day go unto the knacker's.

STIGGINS.

Communists and Corda.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Geneva, relative to some Communist refugees lately expelled from that city:—

"MM. CYRILLE and CÉCILE DUBOIS were among the expelled refugees."

It often happens that proper names are peculiarly inappropriate. The name of CÉCILE DUBOIS would be as suitable to a partisan of Legitimate Monarchy as, in application to a Communist, it is ironical. CÉCILE DUBOIS sounds like a noble patronymic, whereas Communists are eads, who can only be associated with something like it by the consideration that they have sprung of ancestors who were accustomed to wear corduroys.

THREE COURSES.—The Course of Time, the Course of True Love, and the Course at Epsom.



OPERA SERIA.

The Wigginses were giving their First Garden Party, and Young Frisker, who had just taken the Studio next door, had one too, when suddenly a Ponderous Missile came hurtling through the Air (narrowly missing several of the Guests), and buried itself with a tremendous "Thudd" in the Turf of Wiggins's Lawn.

Tenor Voice ("Dolce" from the top of the Wall). "I BEG YOUR PARDON,—BUT HAVE YOU SEEN A QUOIT?"!!

Wiggins, Sen. (Solo Bass, of an oburgatory character). "HAVE I SEEN A QUOIT?"!! &c.

And Chorus ff. "HAVE WE, &c., &c.?"!! by the Whole Strength of the Company.

FINALE (Agitato).

OUR "ISTHMIAN GAMES."

(An Epinikian Dream, by the RIGHT HON. W. E. G.)

TELL me not of the turf—how fresh, how fair,
How potent o'er-fagged statesmen to repair!
For innocence of all things that to course,
Or ring, or race, or horse,
Trainer or jock, pertain,
Or odds or book-makers, their loss or gain,
The greenness of that turf might symbol be
Of W. E. G.
Few things there he whereof I nothing know;
Still fewer, whereof ignorance I show;
Or knowing not a touch,
Acknowledge to as much,
But this, the Turf—its Races and its Ring,
Is such a thing!

But once to Epsom I,
Stole on the sly,
And, ill at ease for time so misbestowed,
Studied the humours of the road,
As between dusty hedgerows ran.
Miles upon miles of vehicle and van;
There my own flesh and blood beheld,
By strange delusion of the day impelled,
On drag, barouche, oah, van, and 'bus,
In aught but *puris naturalibus*,
And wondered, 'mong the strange fish of those waves,
Were there more fools or knaves.

There, down the course, incog,
I saw the famous dog
Rush, tail between his legs, through ranks of scorn,
Like some poor Premier, borne,
By fate accurst,
Of the three courses, to essay the worst:
Who the line 'twixt antagonist extremes
In medio tutissimus misdeema,
But wakes to learn from foes and friends, all wroth,
He has pleased neither, but won howls from both.

There, 'neath the crowded stand,
Which, why I know not, they call "grand,"
I marked the roaring, cursing, olamouring ring,
And in the pauses of the race,
With blackened face,
Heard pseudo-Christy-minstrels sing,
And felt, not irresponsible, the hot thrill
Sweep over down and hill,
And saw the great black mass turn sudden grey,
With a square mile of faces turned one way,
As the faint buzz "They're off!" grew more and more,
Till it rose to a roar,
When round the corner, and the flat along,
Huge horses, gleaming riders, a great throng,
Bewildering ear and eye,
Swept, thundering, by,
And left me faint and white, as one that feels
Uncertain which is upmost, head or heels.
Then, for a moment's space, methought, I too,
Could feel the common frenzy that flashed through
Those thousand thousands of mixed multitude
—All my own flesh and blood—



TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

Dorothy. "I SHALL HAVE SUCH A BIG WEDDING-CAKE WHEN I'M MARRIED, MUMMY!"

Christopher. "YES—AND SET IT AFORE ME, WON'T YOU!"

And knew, awhile, why Politics and Gain,
Thus, spite of sense, are fain
To waive their claims, and once a year give place
To the brief madness of the Derby race.

That night a dream I dreamed,
Wherein I seemed
To be translated, not, as in the play,
Poor Bottom lay,
By Oberon so translated as to pass
From blockhead into ass.
No, mine was such translation as *should* be,
Of W. E. G.
An elegant translation into Greek
More Attic than e'er Bottom wont to speak
Or any of those "rude mechanicals"
Who "toiled for bread upon Athenian stalls."

Methought with woollen tunic for sole wear,
I drove a classic chariot and pair,
Backed for a Derby, that in more than name,
Was a right Isthmian Game,
Run by Poseidon's Sicyonian shrine;
Its prize a simple garland of the pine.

In the two steeds that my proud chariot drew
Progress and Peace, a well-matched pair, I knew:
And Progress, fairest of my team to sight,
Was but "Gang Forward," this year's favourite,
Under more classic name,
But breed and blood the same:

Methought that for the race
We took our place,—
"Off!" and away we dart . . .
Back again!—a false start!
And well it was that a false start 'twas given,
Or, all too-eager driven,

My chariot had sustained a fatal shock
Against the old Hibernian stumbling-block.

Now, we are off again—
With loose hair and tense rein,
We thunder, in a ruck, across the plain:
Still mine the foremost place
In that hot headlong race!
Past me the race-course spins and spins,
My fevered ear
The shout "Our WILLIAM wins!"
Can hardly hear;
But what's this beat of hoofs that, from behind,
Comes borne upon the wind?
With sidelong glance thrown back
I note one on my track;
I know him now, mine enemy of old,
D'ISRAELIUS the bold,
Who from his gaudy car, with Sphinx-like stare,
His counsel still confined to his own breast,
Without or haste or rest,
Urges a piebald pair—
Ballot and Bung their name,—
(Of Bunkum and of Beer-barrel they came;)
But, cocktails though they be,
And base of pedigree,
Driv'n by a driver that their paces knows,
And no allegiance owes
To aught beyond the purpose of the hour,
From steeds far nobler born than they,
The prize they well may bear away,
And sweep their dextrous charioteer to power.

Nearer and nearer still they came,—
I knew their wily driver's game,—
Sly creeping up and up, on my off-wheel.
Even now I seemed to feel



EMULATION.

Maud. "I'VE HAD WHOOPING-COUGH!"

Ethel. "OH! THAT'S NOTHING—WHY, I'VE HAD MEASLES!!"

Maud. "WELL—I'VE HAD BRONCHITIS!!!"

Ethel (after a pause). "I LEARN FRENCH!!!!!"

[Collapse of Maud.]

The hot breath of his horses past my cheek;
In vain I gasped in Greek
Cheer to my steeds, whose wind came short and thick,
As quicker and more quick
The artful D'ISRAELIUS forced the pace;
Till, from a waiting to a winning race,
Now, close upon my flank
I hear his chariot clank,
And hoof-beat answering hoof-beat, team to team;—
Now, neck and neck we steam,
Wrapped each in the other's smoke;—
And then I woke,
And found to my delight
'Twas but a dream o' the night!

Another Event on the Derby Day.

"ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The Eighty-Fourth Anniversary Dinner of the Corporation will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, May 23, The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., in the Chair. Dinner at half-past 6 for 7 precisely, at which hour the Chair will be taken."

Great disappointment will be felt if the Right Honourable Chairman does not arrive from the Course in time. The Winner of the Royal Literary Fund Sweep will be announced immediately after the cloth has been drawn.

FOR THE FRIDAY.

THE song says, "PHILLIS is my only joy." Old MARTIN MAREHAM, who has not missed the Oaks for forty years, never omits to quote this line, but, with some disregard of grammatical concord, makes it run thus—"Fillies is my only joy."

THE TURF AFFECTION.—'Ossification of the heart.

THE TEETOTAL "DRAG;"

OR, THE GOOD TEMPLAR'S TURN-OUT.

I NEVER have been to a play;
But once to a horse-race I went:
And never experienced a day
Than that one more usefully spent.

Though means are not hallowed by ends,
I felt that we should not do wrong
In going, a party of friends—
An example to offer the throng.

The Horse, noble creature, to see
Competing in speed with his kind,
Of itself must a spectacle be
To elevate all of right mind.

We thought as spectators we might
Show others the way to abstain
From liquors which double the sight,
And likewise from gambling refrain.

We therefore a vehicle hired.
At a Temperance hostel in Town
We got furnished with all we required;
And so we drove cheerily down.

From trees on each side of the road,
And hedges, a feeling serene
Of exquisite sympathy flowed;
They were so delightfully green.

There yet were horse-chestnuts in bloom,
Of which we made innocent fun;
Remarking 'twas fair to presume
That some chestnut horses would run.

Arrived in the thick of the "drags,"
Our Whip, with humanity due,
To water assisted his nags;
We bade him to help himself too.

We sat and awaited the race,
Mild bets on the quadrupeds laid.
No money changed hands in our case;
With beans all our wagers were paid.

And when the event of the day
Had now been decided at last,
We laid out a portable tray,
And partook of a welcome repast;

All hungry as lions that growl
O'er a carcase of kid or of lamb.
And I ate a portion of fowl,
And with it a morsel of ham.

Meanwhile we indulged in a drop;
We could take it without any fear.
O, you should have heard our corks pop,
Lemonade some, and some ginger-beer!!

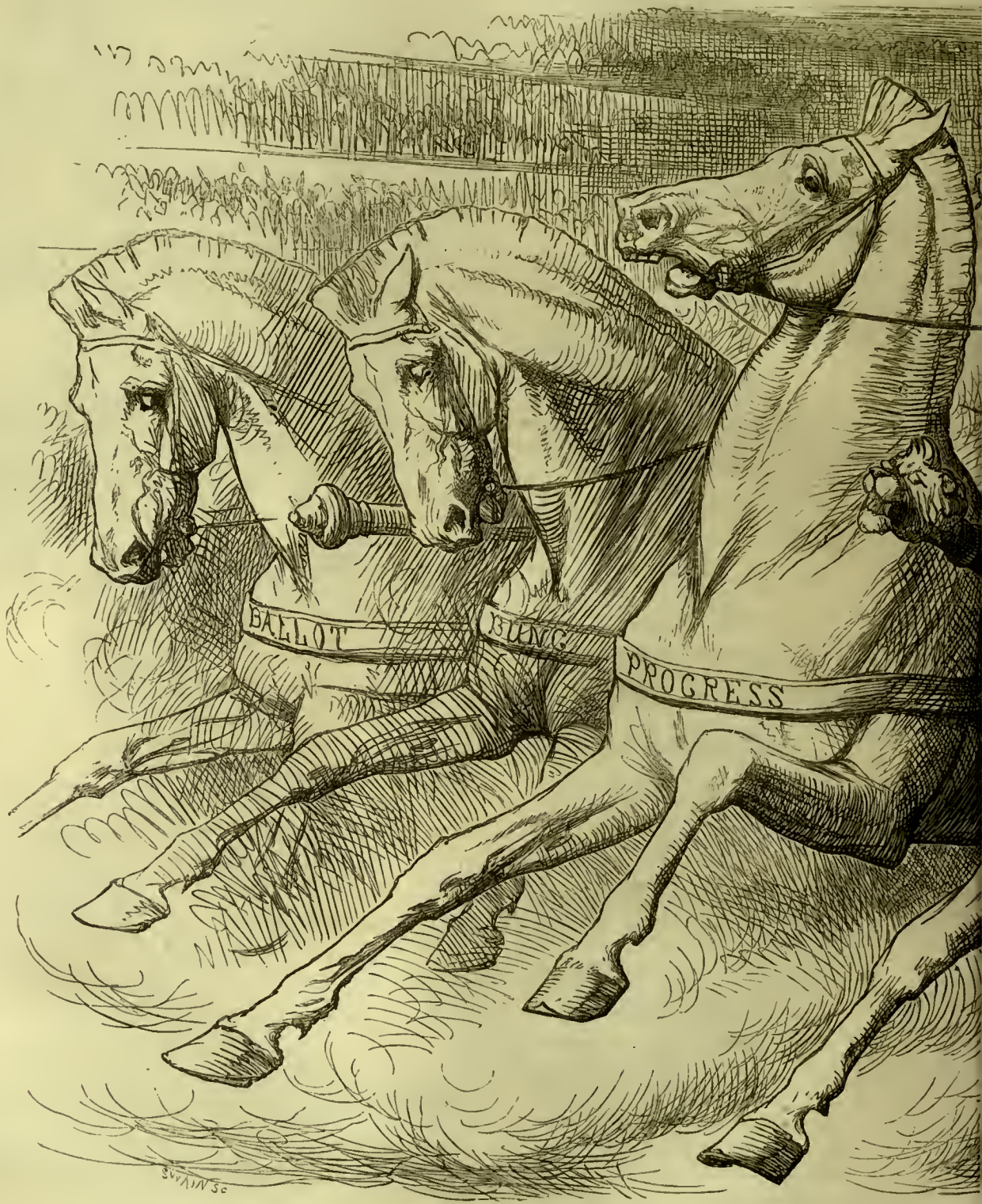
We finished our temperate meal;
Descended, and strolled about, each.
A sudden emotion of zeal
Impelled me to stand up, and preach.

Perhaps I feel some little doubt
The attempt was more zealous than wise.
My pockets were turned inside out,
My hat was knocked over my eyes.

And all my companions I found
Very much in a similar plight.
Distributing tracts on the ground,
They so got involved in a fight.

'Mong Ronghs having ventured to roam,
Coats torn down the back they had got.
Youth bantered us all the way home
As a drunk and disorderly lot.

Yet that night on our pillows clear heads
With sweet self-content we could lay;
And in health sprang at morn from our beds,
None the worse for the Derby, next day.



OUR "ISTHMIAN GAMES;" O



A GLADSTONIAN "DERBY."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENQUIRER asks the meaning of an inscription on the Great Northern Railway. "King's Cross, Seven Sisters Road." King has a right to be cross if his seven sisters rode and he had to walk.

F. P.—Peckham Wry was so named from the extremely crooked ways of the ancient colonists there. We are unaware whether any amendment has taken place.

PASTIDIOUS JAMES.—It is not strictly etiquette, when a gentleman declines to dine with you, on the ground of being engaged, to write in reply that you believe that's all humbug, and that he hopes for a pleasant invitation, but your answer would often be truthful.

EJA, ITA, QUA, who write on the same subject. It is most ungenerous to your friend to accept his invitation, if going will bore you. Give him credit for desiring that you should do what will make you happiest, and stay away.

MISS SAPHO.—If you think that you can sing better than Madame Patti, there is not the least objection to your getting over from the stalls into the orchestra, and thence to the stage (the Big Drum is politeness itself, and he will leave you up), and trying. But courtesy demands that you should wait the fall of the Act-drop, and perhaps you had better obtain a written permission from Mr. Gye.

VOLPIUS.—Nonsense about "no end." Everything has an end except eternity, and Wimpole Street, W.

A. HOGG.—You say that, like Bacon, you take all knowledge to be your province. All your knowledge appears to us to be provincial.

FIDELIS.—Never betray a secret. But there is no law against your making a memorandum of a secret, for your own use; and, if you happen to write with a thick pen, and promptly to use the blotting-pad, to which the head Club Gossip is sure to resort, it will be the fault of the paper-makers, not yours, if he reads, and tells. We knew an objectionable marriage prevented by such an accident.

E. L. F.—You must not send ecclesiastical jokes to us. Your statement that you went to Church on the 18th, and, having to sit in the aisle, you thought that day was de-Rogation Sunday, betokens anything but proper feeling. "All equal are within the Church's gate," says George Herbert.

ANTI-FIDDLER.—Ha! ha! "Music bath charms to soothe the savage breast, 'sod to irritate every other," is not bad, for you. But cotton-wool is cheap enough, and staying at home is cheaper.

IMPATIENT MISTRESS.—When *Hamlet* said "Those that are married already, all but one, shall live," it is certain that he meant, when King of Denmark, to provide means of living for such couples as had wedded on insufficient incomes. But don't you and "Dear Tom" marry on the idea that anything of the sort will be done for you. Wait, and hope to get tired of one another.

QOI'S EXCUSE.—Letters intended to be delivered never miscarry. Misdirect carefully, if for any reason you desire your epistle to go astray, and be returned to you, that you may show it when the mischief you wish it thought you tried to prevent is done. If you ought to write to Leicester Square, omit "Square," and your letter will make a pleasant tour into the Midlands.

VIATRIX.—No such word, Miss, and you shouldn't ask us questions you can answer from your *Mangnall*. However, *par nobile fratrum* means, "Pa's brother is a nobleman;" *currente calamo* is a nursery hint, "calomel in currant jelly;" *nemine dissentiente* means "No man should be a Dissenter;" and *tempora mutantur* (give me) "the Times and my change."

WOPPERS.—Now, do you think we shall go to the Derby for pleasure? Do not misjudge us. We go, firstly, because we wish to encourage the breed of English horses (we may back a foreigner, but that's detail); secondly, because it costs us nothing; thirdly, because we accompany a young friend, whom we wish to keep out of temptation; fourthly, because, we particularly wish to speak to a man, on business; fifthly, because workmen happen to be doing something in our study; sixthly, because we want a little fresh air; and, seventhly, because we do not wish to discourage our fellow creatures too much by showing ourselves superior to all their enjoyments. But, pleasure!

AMPHIBIOUS.—Never change your opinion about anything. But, as the object of talking is to annoy somebody, express whatever opinion is likely to be most distasteful to your hearers. If anybody calls you incontinent, punch his head.

AMOR VIRTUTIS.—Make all cheques payable to "order." Many persons will overlook this, and many others may not know that it demands an endorsement. So your balance will remain handsomer a little longer.

A RIOUTFUL HEIR.—With pleasure. Send us all your papers, and we will read them carefully, and, if necessary, obtain our Solicitor's opinion for you. "Else, wherefore breathe we in a Christian World?" or, rather, what else is the duty of an Editor?

SCOTUS.—The lines are in Burns' works, but they are only an amplification of Dr. Watts's terse and elegant couplet:

*"If I could see what others see,
A better cow I think I'd be."*

YOUNG POLITICIAN.—You know that a married man may sit in Parliament, but you want to know whether a single man can marry while he is in the House of Commons! Certainly not. It would interrupt public business, and Mr. Braid would not be pleased to have a swarm of gauzy bridesmaids flirting with the representatives of the nation.

NUMA.—You win your bet. Every Member of the Athenaeum Club is a contributor to the *Athenaeum* journal. Before election he must produce six articles which have been published. Four grammatical errors black-bald him. Hence the Members of the A. speak and write purer English than those of any other Club.

DR. CULLEN.—The next Pope will be Cardinal Fanebianca. He is a member of the house of Whitbread, and his grandfather left England in a rage at Canning's famous squib about the apotheosis of the then head of the family. "And the Angels all cried, 'Here's old Whitbread coming!'"

F. S. A.—Stocks Market was the old Stock Exchange. The original stocks, from which it took name, may be seen at the present Exchange any day from 11 to 4, unless a broker happens to be in them. The Committee man who shows them expects a trifling *douceur*.

R. C.—An anchovy, nicely rolled up, and inserted into an olive, vice the stone, is to be praised, and so is the person who gives it you. But, for more reasons than one, we should like to see the white fingers of our hostess herself preparing this relish.

A YOUNG PUBLISHER.—Morocco leather is made of goat skin, but that is no reason for putting costly binding on books for kids. In answer to your second question, the bands of marriage are the only thing published without puff, and they are no exception if the list is long and the parson is wheezy.

APUD.—Your Shaksperian suggestion has its value. We incline to the old reading, "All the region-kites," but you think *Hamlet* said,

*"I should have fatted all the Region's Park
With this slave. Awful!"*

That *Hamlet* died about eight hundred years ago, while the Park did not receive its name till 1812, we do not think much of an objection, knowing how little Shakespeare minded an anachronism when he could make a point. But we see more difficulty in the fact that the poet himself died before the name was given. It is a curious thing, however, that there are no fat persons in the Regent's Park.

J. LOMAX.—Not quite accurate. The lines, as Isaac Watts, D.D., wrote them, run thus:—

*"Why? Were our garments made to hide?
For shame, let's put them on with pride,
Nor reckon dress among the sins:
Whence came dear Eve's first robes of skins?"*

TECHNICAL.—In 1862 Mr. Snewing's *Caractacus*. But you should be too correct a cousin to think that was the year it was enewing during the race.

SCRUPULOUS.—There is no objection to shooting a street organist, but do not fire out of window when any body else is about, lest you injure a fellow-creature.

SIR WILFRID L.—In Sumatra it is with the greatest difficulty that a native can be got to pronounce his own name. There is not this etiquette in England, but towards the evening of the Derby Day a good many persons appear to be Sumatrans, to the extent in question.

ALFONSO.—We have carefully gone through the "Lives," and we do not find a single instance in which a person who rode in a public horse-race ultimately became Archbishop of York. This is the more remarkable, as Yorkshire is pre-eminently a sporting county.

L. J. M.—You did not send the stamps, which was a bore, because at the moment we happened to want some, but your poem would equally have gone into the waste-paper basket. Where is your right to give us the slightest trouble?

A DEJECTED WIFE.—We can give no advice about marking-ink. Besides, respectable washerwomen now decline to work for persons who are mean enough to mark their linen, and thus not only show a want of confidence, but give the trouble of sorting the things.

F. F. S.—What do you send such "talented young friends" to us for? You said he was an educated man. He mentioned the Laureate's poem, St. Simon, and showed Stylites as if it rhymed to skylights. We threw coals at him, and the Commissioner shoved him into the street. Do be more considerate.

AN ARTIST.—Your sketch of "Nature making her first effort" is pretty, but we don't believe that izards originated in that way.

THESPIA.—Yes, true. A late great Actor was rehearsing the play of *William Tell*, and he said, in so very colloquial a manner, to the man who brings him the little apple, "Do you shoot?" that the artist quite forgot where he was, and answered, "A little, Sir; but, strange to say, I never had a go with one of them rum cross-bows."

CRETAN.—We know one solution of your "mystery," but we are never rude on a Derby Day. We leave that sort of thing to the *seaside* on the road. Still, if you can think of a good rhyme to pie, eye, and shy, it is at your service.

GELES.—If any friends with lunch in their carriage offer you gooseberry tart, having previously given you Derby champagne, you can say, "false heraldry," if you like. They won't understand, but if you wink they will think you mean something clever.

E. A. PVAUS.—Verses distinctly declined. Ascot does not rhyme to white waistcoat.

LE COMTE D'A.—"The dual function of the brain" is, we imagine, to keep a man with brains out of a dual.

A YOUNG M.P.—The Chiltern Hundreds are not included in the estimates, but are paid by the Speaker out of his Salary. The payment means a reward to a Member of Parliament for making room for a better man. The form of offering it is defined in the Standing Orders. The Speaker calls to the member, and says, in a friendly way, "The House is very hot, let you and I go and take a chill turn or two along the Terrace." It is high treason to refuse.

LADY ETHEL.—We have seen beautiful models of the Koh-i-Noor in Regent Street, but we do not advise you to wear one as an ornament when you are presented to Her Majesty. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, but the highest personage in the realm has no toleration for flattery. You can hire plenty of diamonds, if you are so miserable as not to have a lot, and if that is the case, you are not the sort of person who ought to have ventured on writing to us.

STUDENT.—The question whether Mary Queen of Scots was sincere, or only politic, in refusing the hand of Louis XIV., has often been discussed. We are not inclined to give a positive opinion, where Lingard doubts and Finckh generalises, but we have reason to think she would have married him, but for the strange conduct of Talleyrand, who instigated the Sicilian Vespers in order to divert the attention of Europe from Mary's affair with Caesar Borgia.

MARIA.—You ask who "Glossary the Poet" was. You have seen his works indicated on the back of the Volume containing Chaucer, Gower, and Skelton. Quite right to ask. He is a very nice poet, and has this advantage, that he explains every word he uses, which several moderns do not do.

SCIENTIFIC.—We never had the slightest idea as to what is meant by pressure on the barometer, and we have lived a good many years, very comfortably, without knowing. We believe, however, that if you press it too hard, it will break, and the quicksilver will tumble all over the floor, and this produces a pretty effect.

B. L. M.—No real gentleman composes a telegram in any surter or terser form than he would adopt in a note. The telegram was intended to facilitate communication, not to develop meanness. The Americans are better behaved in this matter than most Englishmen, and simply write a letter with the wire instead of the pen.

STENTOR complains that he was "turned out of St. Paul's Cathedral merely for shouting, to try the echoes of the dome while service was going on." What could you expect from tyrannical priests and their dastardly vassals? Ask Mr. Peter Taylor to bring your case before Parliament.

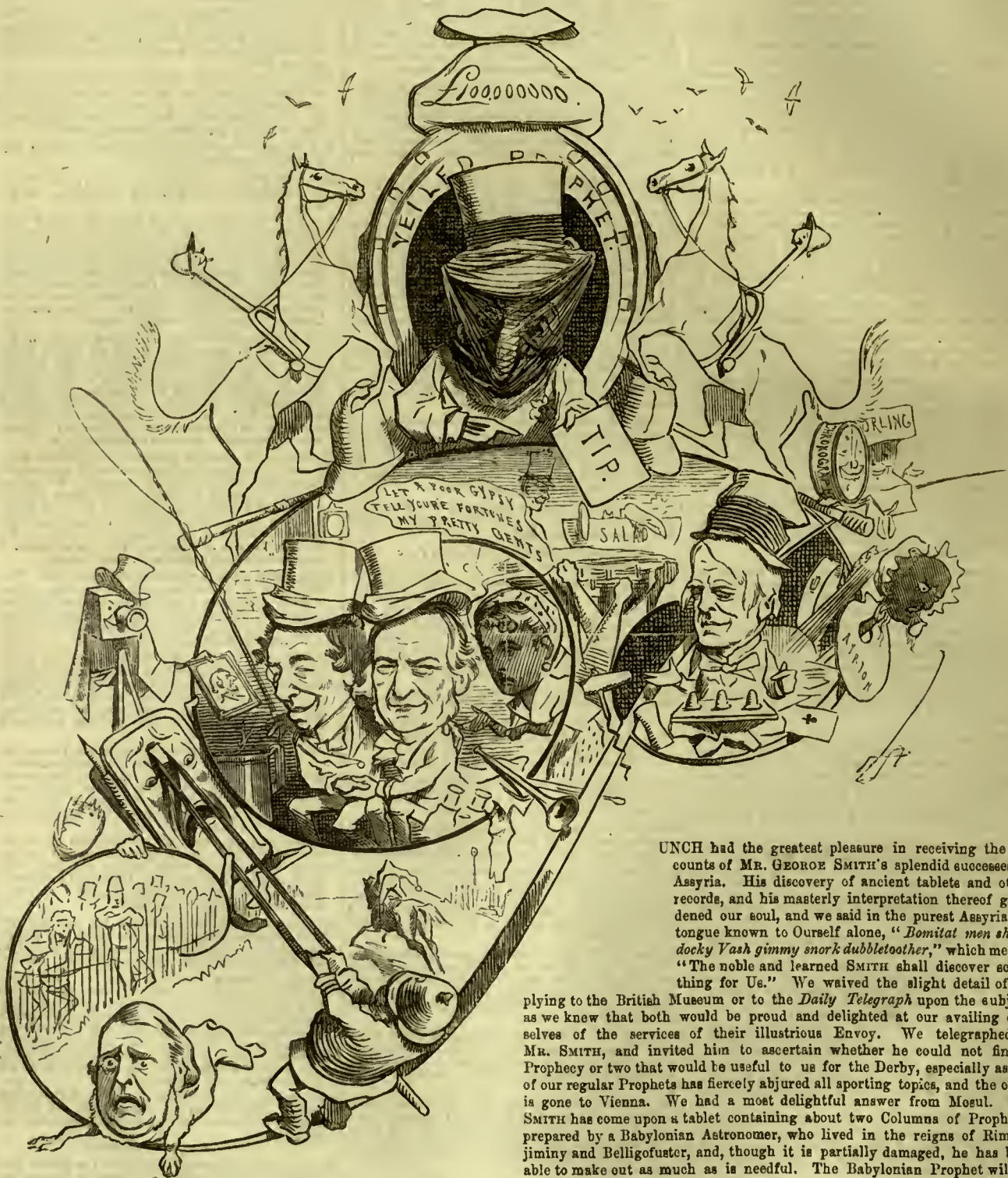
RUSTICUS JUNIOR.—Sunday is not the Sabbath, but that is no reason why you should select that day for taking the nests of unfortunate little birds, and we are very glad that the keeper horsewhipped you.

EDWARD J.—From the "specimen of your handwriting" we should say that you were an idiot, but that a person needs some brains to spell with such ingenious atrocity. Your sentiments are beneath contempt, and the way you fold your note is vulgar in the extreme. We think that you are "calculated to shine," but our present shoe-black is a faithful lad, and we shall not part with him while his merits are so much superior to your own.

OXFORD DON.—We agree with you. The Romans used wafers. They had no "w," but spelt as well as they could, poor Pagans. Horace expressly mentions the article:—
"Nec, si vaser unus et alter."

OTHER COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—**VETUS** (old enough to know better).—**PEMMICAN** (is not the same as pelican, but you are the same as goose).—**X. X.** (you may be only twenty, but your joke's one hundred, at least).—**A BECKINER** (leave off).—**P. S.** (Sir, *Noli bene*, we do not stand impertinence).—**A BRISTOLIAN** (go to Bath).—**ALQUIS** (you think you're "somebody;" may difference of opinion never alter friendship).—**CURIO** (hypercritical; an artist draws well enough who can draw a good cheque).—**F. T. W.** (neat, only *anchora* is not Latin for an anchovy. Try again).

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



PUNCH had the greatest pleasure in receiving the accounts of MR. GEORGE SMITH's splendid successes in Assyria. His discovery of ancient tablets and other records, and his masterly interpretation thereof gladdened our soul, and we said in the purest Assyrian, a tongue known to Ourselves alone, "*Bomitat men shad-docky Vash gimmy snork dubbletoother*," which means, "The noble and learned SMITH shall discover something for Us." We waived the slight detail of applying to the British Museum or to the *Daily Telegraph* upon the subject, as we knew that both would be proud and delighted at our availing ourselves of the services of their illustrious Envoy. We telegraphed to MR. SMITH, and invited him to ascertain whether he could not find a Prophecy or two that would be useful to us for the Derby, especially as one of our regular Prophets has fiercely abjured all sporting topics, and the other is gone to Vienna. We had a most delightful answer from Mogul. MR. SMITH has come upon a tablet containing about two Columns of Prophecy, prepared by a Babylonian Astronomer, who lived in the reigns of Rimini-jiminy and Belligofuster, and, though it is partially damaged, he has been able to make out as much as is needful. The Babylonian Prophet will be found quite as safe a guide as any of the Guessers at home, who give you a

version. This is the translation:—

ha'porth of prophecy in a sack full of circumbendibus and slang. We translated the inscriptions ourselves, in order to save MR. SMITH as much trouble as possible, but we need hardly say that the British Museum and the *Daily Telegraph* are heartily welcome to make whatever use they please of our version. This is the translation:—

In the reign of a good Queen,
Revered, beloved,
By the Sea-island made of Chalk,
Shall the horses be brought forth;

And her son, even her eldest son, shall
look on,
As the fiery beasts strive for the prize.
The great cry shall go up,

And men's hearts shall be in a blaze.
All shall run, but one only shall receive the prize.
It shall be called the Silken Ribbon,

And its hue shall be that of the heavens
As they rarely show in the Sea-isle of Chalk.



BELLIGERENTS.

Grandpa' (goaded to Madness, as the Ball bounded from the Back of his Head). "GET OUT OF THE ROOM, YOU LITTLE — ! I'VE TOLD YOU HALF-A-DOZEN TIMES, SIR, TO GO AND PLAY IN THE HALL. MY DEAR, I WISH YOU'D RING FOR MARY, TO TAKE THE CHILD UPSTAIRS."

Grandson. "IF YOU DO, I'LL GET INTO MISCHIEF, AND TURN ON ALL THE TAPS!!"

The riders shall wear coats of many colours,
And urge on their steeds furiously,
Calling on such Gods as they worship,
Mammon, and Mercury, and Moloch,
And inviting woes upon the ocular organs of each other.
And smiting with cord, and pricking with steel.
While the roar goeth up as of the Sea,
And thieves do not the work negligently.
And the names of the horses shall be shouted,
But not as the winner shall be hailed.
Him, the savage beast of spots,
Him, the savage whom nuns can whiten,
Him named from the hot fiend,
Him named from the cold vegetable,
Him from the home of the wondrous Dog,
Him who is as one that measurcth,
Him who tumbleth head over heels,
Him who recalls a King of Orient.
Let such as please put forth their might,
Not theirs is the Ribbon of Silk
Of the hue seldom seen in the Chalk-
isle sky.
Verily, he who hath taken his fine gold,
And said, it shall be wager on one of those,

Let him, if that he may,
Leap into the leafy fence of the road,
As did the Wise Man of Islington.
But of the more potent strivers,
Among whom the Stars point out
Him urged to speed by a Sawney voice,
Him named from the King of Occident,
Him of the haughty step,
Him of the place where asses move about,
Him whose name rhymeth,
In the tongue of the Chalk-islanders,
To graud oes,
Let him who would garner his gold
Select one, on whom the Stars look down,
And let him take his fine gold,
And wager it on that animal, saying,
In a loud voice and a bold,
As one who feareth the face of none,
And, having an opinion, sticketh unto it,
As the wax clingeth to the Cobbler's thread,
As the Limpet clingeth to the rock,
As the Woman clingeth to folly and fluery,
Let him upraise his cry,
And put his fine gold

(Two illegible lines.)

So shall his Wife rejoice when he returns,

And smile though he stagger,
And take the farthing Idols from his hat,
And with her own hand kindle the sacrifice,
Even the burnt offering for his lips,
And he shall win and shall not lose,
And his household shall rejoice with joy.

This prophecy made I,
Bollifocus, the Son of Longsnout,
In the reign of my Lord
King Belligofuster the Uncompro-
mising.
And it shall be for a sign and a token
Until the days of the good Queen
That sitteth in the Chalk Isle of the Sea.

BLEST BEYOND DOUBT.

LET us drink the health of His Holiness the POPE, and many happy returns to him of his eighty-first birthday, the 13th inst. The venerable Pontiff is, indeed, better; seemed so, at least, when, the other day, he received the Dean and Chapter of the Basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere. He was, however, still not strong, and, says a contemporary, "he excused himself on this account towards the canons for not rising from his chair when he imparted to them his apostolic benediction." No doubt the reverend gentlemen would have rejoiced to see the Holy Father on his legs again; at the same time they could not have received his blessing with the less confidence in its efficacy for that it was delivered *ex cathedra*.

Respect for the Day.

SHAKESPEARE, by the mouth of *Ophelia*, speaking of rue, tells us that "you may call it herb of grace on Sundays." He makes the *Clown* in *Twelfth Night* swear by St. Anne that "ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too." In case that comedy were ever performed on the Derby Day, it would only be decorous of the actor who ordinarily makes the remark last quoted to vary the reading, and, instead of "ginger," to say "horse-radish."



A DERBY OF THE FUTURE.
(Likely to be the Fastest on Record.)



"REASON IN WOMAN."

Young Wife. "GEORGE, DEAR, I'VE HAD A TALK WITH THE SERVANTS THIS MORNING, AND I'VE AGREED TO RAISE THEIR WAGES. THEY SAID EVERYTHING WAS SO DEAR NOW—MEAT WAS SO HIGH, AND COALS HAD RISEN TO SUCH A PRICE, AND EVERYTHING—I THOUGHT THIS WAS REASONABLE, BECAUSE I'VE SO OFTEN HEARD YOU COMPLAIN OF THE SAME THING."

PRIVATE VIEWS.

PRIVATE Views of Academies, International Exhibitions, Water-Colour Societies, Performing Spiders, &c., are all very delightful, and highly conducive to a better acquaintance with the principles and practice of Art; but there are some other Private Views for which we should like to be favoured with a card, such as the following:—

A Private View of MR. AYRTON in the act of inspecting the progress of the new Law Courts.

A Private View of CARDINAL CULLEN perusing LORD CHIEF JUSTICE WHITESIDE'S charge to the jury in the O'Keefe trial.

A Private View of the countenance of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER when he receives a large remittance for Conscience Money (Income-tax).

A Private View of the REV. ABRAHAM ADAMSON when his eye falls on an advertisement of the sale of the next presentation to the living of which he is the present incumbent, giving full particulars of his age, health, and growing infirmities.

A Private View of the faces of the leading electors of Peterborough, when they read of some fresh eccentricity on the part of their Member, MR. WHALLEY.

A Private View of SEBASTIAN SMEARY, R.A., studying the not over-complimentary opinions of the critics on his pictures in the Royal Academy.

A Private View of the wondering expression on the face of the SHAH OF PERSIA, when he is informed that the Corporation of London are going to give him a gold box of the value of one hundred guineas. (His Majesty's wonder will be redoubled should he be solicited to become a "Fishmonger" or a "Coachmaker.")

A Private View of the average British farmer, poring over his weekly paper, and conscientiously endeavouring to understand the present aspect of French politics.

A Private View of the three Judges in the TICHBORNE case, when they are talking it over among themselves.

RETROSPECTIVE RACING.

THE Derby Day was over;
The Derby had been won;
And many a thousand pounds beside;
But I had betted none.
And I said, "The Race which *Doncaster*,
The outsider, ran so fast,
Is gone away, like *Herr Breitmann's* beer,
Into the eternal past.

"My Christian friends, what matter?
That need not bar our game,
For the Derby we can have our Sweep,
Though 'tis over, all the same.
Pay down your stakes, O brethren dear,
And your horses draw by lot;
We can bet on the race that hath been run,
As well as though it had not."

We wrote the horses' names down,
And the papers folded up.
A dead were good as a living steed
To win a plate or cup.
Wild Dayrell would the purpose serve,
Or *Eclipse* himself e'en so;
High-mettled Racer to the hounds
Gone e'er so long ago.

The lots from urn of gossamer
Were drawn, when mine revealed
Not *Doncaster*, I grieve to say—
Alas! I drew the Field!
Now, all you fools, the Derby Day
Whosoever have failed to keep,
Behold your money how you may lose
By an *ex post facto* Sweep!

Fair Play for Ever!

CASTRO, otherwise ORTON, has addressed an appeal for subscriptions, in aid of his defence, to the newspapers, and some of them have published it. Fair play is sometimes said to be a jewel, but there would be more propriety in calling it a horse—is it not always Fair play, under an *alias*, that wins the Derby? For endurance there is no horse to equal Fair play; but is it impossible to ride Fair play to death?

A Private View of the Leader of the Opposition, when he receives the news of another Conservative victory.

A Private View of BLANCHE HATHERTON, reading a letter from her bosom friend, ISABEL GATEFORD, in which she announces her engagement to SIR LAWRENCE GOLDIE, with whom they were both staying in the same country house during the Christmas holidays.

A Private View of the lucky man who backed *Doncaster* for the Derby, several times over, when he stood at 40 to 1.

A COOL FISH.

It will be within the recollection of many persons that, a few years ago, in this Town, a certain Showman professed to exhibit a Talking Fish. The Showman was not BARNUM; nor was the Talking Fish an importation from the United States. But now we have to admire a Writing Fish in the person of MR. FISH, the American Minister. This Fish has addressed his colleague, MR. BANCROFT, in a State paper containing a hint that SIR A. COCKBURN'S objection to the retrospective rule, under which England was cast at Geneva in *Alabama* damages, might become "available in a possible future to the United States." But is it meant to be made so? If the *Alabama* damages are paid before this question has been answered, English diplomacy, in relation to American, will so far answer to DR. JOHNSON'S definition of angling, that it will be something which has had a Fish at one end and a Fool at the other.

Poetic Reflection.

THE aid that Art to Nature pays
Quite to forbid we ne'er can hope:
For who e'en Venus' self could praise,
If Venns were unhelpt by soap?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

RACIOUS Message was brought down, *Monday, May 26*, by the Lord Steward. The QUEEN was pleased to say that, in compliance with the request of her Faithful Lords, she would not assent to the Birmingham School scheme. When that excellent Dissenter, of whom we spoke last week, went a fishing instead of attending to the School, how little he thought that his Waltonian propensity would, in the time to come, cause such magnificent results,—a grand reform scheme, a lordly debate, a ministerial defeat, and a Message from the QUEEN. The “gods and little fishes” were never more curiously connected. We hope he had good sport.

On the Rock of Cashel, which is about 300 feet high, are some very interesting ruins, of ecclesiastical character. The Rock was fortified by BRIAN BOROMHE, the ancestor of every Irish family that goes in for pedigree. There was a Cathedral that was burned by the EARL OF KILDARE in 1495, but his Lordship apologised to the King in the handsomest way, saying that he would certainly not have fired the place; but that he had thought the Archbishop was inside. The King was so pleased at this highbred frankness that he immediately made KILDARE Lord Lieutenant. The various ruins are among the best things in Ireland. Therefore, of course, it is proposed to spoil them, and LORD STANLEY of Alderley moved the Second Reading of a Bill for enabling restorations to be made. There was rather a good debate. LORD BRODRICK opposed the measure. A sum of £7000 has been set apart, under the Irish Church Act, for the maintenance of the monuments, and LORD GRANVILLE and a large majority of the Peers thought that the new arrangements ought not to be disturbed. The Bill was thrown out by 112 to 23.

Some more Tramway Legislation took place. Those huge machines are a dreadful nuisance, and it is a mercy that, on the Derby Day, they did not kill a considerable instalment of the population. They are all very well in a small place like Vienna, and we believe that they much conduce to the comfort of visitors to that Exhibition. But they make travelling on the London roads a matter of exceeding peril. We hope that their extinction is only a question of time; at present, speculators are tramway mad, and we only wonder that nobody has proposed to make one of these ways from one end of St. Paul's to another, to save visitors the trouble of walking across.

It was mentioned that the *Devastation* is to be accompanied by the *Carron*, afterwards by the *Valorous*, lest she should come to any grief on her trial trip. She has gone out expressly to put herself in the way of the Atlantic Swell. Who he is, we are not informed.

Some clever Tea-sellers have christened their article “Post-Office Tea,” and caused it to be sold by postmasters, so that the B. P. may suppose—just what the B. P. likes. MR. MONSELL has prevented a medallion, in imitation of the postage-stamp, from being affixed to the packets, but that is all he can do. We really do not see why he should do anything. If the tea is bad or adulterated, there is law; if not, in these days of competitive advertising, there is no case for complaint. Suppose anybody announced “Gladstone Gingerbread,” “Ayrton Acidulated Drops,” or “Salisbury Sugar-candy,” where would be the harm?

We took the Navy Estimates, and had a great row over a vote for Stores—a trifle of £900,000 or so. But everything asked was granted. Then a debate on the *Alabama* Arbitration was raised by MR. G.

BENTINCK. SIR S. NORTHCOTE defended the Commissioners, and MR. GLADSTONE dwelt on the advantage of the peace and amity we are supposed to have secured. MR. C. BENTINCK told the PRIME MINISTER that he and his colleagues had been overpowered by the exploded arguments of the late MR. COBDEN, to which neither the PRIME MINISTER, nor any of his colleagues, nor anybody else thought it worth while to say a word in reply.

Tuesday. (Eve of S. Derby.)—The first LORD BLACHFORD, of Wisdome, in Devonshire—by the way, his Lordship's seat is at Ivy Bridge, a lovely place, and there is an inn there where they sell, or sold, the most beneficial ale, and in the parlour to the right is a marvellous picture representing some local celebrity of the last generation tumbling, with his horse, into some terrific abyss—if we recollect, neither was hurt, and both were all the better for it—but the picture gives you a mild nightmare. LORD BLACHFORD promoted a Colonial Church Bill, and then the House rose until the 9th of June.

Dear TOM HUGHES, we do like and admire you so, but what's the good of setting yourself against national feeling, and talking about the House being spared the humiliation of a special adjournment in compliment to the Derby? You believe that horse-racing does much mischief to the morals of the people. So do we. But the Derby Day does least mischief of all racing days. It is a great jolly holiday, and not one person in fifty who go, knows or cares anything about the horses, except as part of the excitement of the day. There is a vast quantity of nearly harmless pleasure obtained at Epsom by thousands on thousands; and as for the betting rascals and the drunkards, they really make a very small portion of that English crowd. It's a poor heart that never rejoices, dear T. H.; and though the motive for rejoicing on a Derby Day may be beneath a philosopher's contempt, we can't all be philosophers, or we should make sharp end and speedy of a good many tomfooleries less harmless than a wasted day at Epsom.

MR. GLADSTONE stated that Government would do all in their power to pay honour to the SHAH OF PERSIA on his visit to this



country. He was to be the QUEEN's guest, and to be received at Buckingham House. *Punch* expects every official to do all he knows in carrying out the QUEEN's wishes.

"Woe to the negligent beggar who shirks his
Duty to hail the successor of XENXRS."

Appeal was made to MR. AXTON about the stoppage of traffic in the streets about Hyde Park, owing to the throng of fashionable folk, during the season. He gently replied that if proper application were made to him by the parochial authorities, he would see what was to be done. "The stoppages occurred from the happy condition of the inhabitants of the wealthy parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, who at certain periods of the day enjoyed themselves, and afforded great delight to the beholders of their magnificence." This may be so, but Mr. *Punch* had no great delight therein on the Derby Day. He came up in his carriage, and did not encounter one single block until he reached Grosvenor Place. There he was exposed for at least half an hour to the gaze of the bright eyes of the beautiful ladies in the balconies, and he became so softened and bewildered that he could not remember any strong language to hurl at the bloated aristocracy that was keeping him from his dinner.

The House made a sham of resuming at nine, when there were four Members present! So we adjourned, and the House of Commons went away in one cab. Our holidays, thus begun, were to end the 9th of June.

EPISCOPAL ENGLISH.



OW much it is to be wished that they who have taken in hand to revise the Authorised Version will so mend as not to botch and cobble it. Pity it will be if that pure well of English undefiled have its chaste waters polluted with slipshod such as that wherein, mostly, our modern

Prelates are wont to compose occasional prayers. In an epistle lately addressed by three right reverend Bishops to the London Clergy, recommending certain special missions within their several parishes for the conversion of the ungodly, you will find these words:—

"We do not think it necessary to lay down special rules for the conduct of the mission. There must be much elasticity in such an attempt to make it suit the different characters and needs of various parishes."

Now, Sirs, this word "elasticity," in the sense of suitableness, is novel. No doubt it was engendered of the very greatly increased abundance of India-rubber which has come, within these last few years, into use. It is a word much affected by Ministers and Parliament-men, and also by political leading-article writers. In the Vestry it were a word especially in place, but as particularly out of place in the pulpit. It is altogether a secular, mechanical, and material-scientific word, fit only to be employed in regard to the management of material and worldly affairs. No poet would use it in serious verse; neither should a Clergyman in a sermon, charge, pastoral, or any other communication touching spiritual things, the rather that it has a significance more or less suggestive of humbug. An upstart expression foisted into the Text would be like a patch of new cloth, and that shoddy, sewn into an old garment of honest English make. That web is of a woof too precious to be pieced in with stuff of no more worth than a penny-a-line.

A BIRD IN THE HAND.

A Ballad illustrating an episode in the life of Master Sammy Simple, related by himself.

UPON a doubtful April day, I walked along the Strand;
Under my arm a book, and an umbrella in my hand.
And sometimes I these two would change—variety hath charm,
My book I'd hold, and carry my umbrella 'neath my arm.

Thus meditatively I trudged, of mildness an exemplar,
I sought my Temple chambers. Why? Because I am a Templar.
And turning, thus, down Essex Street,—its name I'm free to
mention,—
A sight that touched my tender heart attracted my attention.

A girl who wore the air of one that serves for honest wages
Was being bullied by two roughs, both bearing empty cages,
Betwixt her trembling palms she pressed a 'kerchief, and within it
Lay a poor timid warbler, a canary or a linnet.

One rough exclaimed, "For that there bird to give a bob I'm
willing."
"Go on with you!" the girl replied. "What! sell it for a
shilling!"
"Come! here's the bob—"
"Get out!—"
"You won't get such another dealer."
"Bill, take the bird!—"
"Leave go, young man, or else I'll call a peeler!"

My manly bosom swelled to see the maiden's situation,
My heaving-vest attested my additional pulsation.
And as the Tar, 'longside the foe, his cutlass grasps and boards 'em,
So I my trusty gingham grasped, and—gently walked towards 'em.

Quitting the frightened servant maid, whom they would both have
cheated,
"That bird's worth thirty bob!" they twice, in passing me,
repeated.
"I ain't got sixpence, BILL," says one, "'acoss I've not been busy.
We might ha' made two suv'rins, BILL, if we'd a hextrar tizzy."

"Poor weeping maid!" said I to her (she stopped her boo-hoo-
hooing)
"Confide in me, my friendless girl. What were those rude men
doing?"
"They hofferd me," said she, "a bob for this—a pet, Sir, this is—
A bootiful canary, which its singing worrits Missis."

"Does it indeed!"
"Indeed it do. My Missis, Sir, is hailing,
And finds the Doctor's stuff to cure 'er 'ead-ake hunawailing
Has long as this here bird is hin hits cage, tho' hin the hairy,
Where it do sing hanjelikal, hall day, do this canary."

"So Missis says, says she, 'I don't arf like to sell the beauty;
But sell it, JANE,—that's me,—'you must;' and so I does my duty.
And, seein' men with cages there, which looks like birds a buying,
I hofferd it to them—the cheats!—and then you found me crying."

"She'll be so hangry, Missis will"—(her eyes again were filling)—
"Cos h'I'm so long away."

"I'll buy the bird. How much?"
"Three shilling."
I'd heard 'twas worth full thirty, so, that conscience might acquit
me,
I said, "Nay, nay, not three, my child; I'll give you five—
permit me."

And then I bought a cage from those two rogues, still near us
hoverin',
I got it for five shillings more, and that made half a soverin';
And then I took it to my rooma, just over a Queen's Counsel,
I gave it water, bought some seed, some chickweed, and some
groun'sel.

For days and days it hopped about, in a perpetual flutter,
But not a single songster's note did that Canary utter;
And—most remarkable—it grew less yellow, daily duller,
Till, after many baths, it turned to quite another colour!

To think chicanery like this should thrive! it chills my marrow!
I washed it carefully with soap,—it was a painted Sparrow!

To think that honest-looking Maids should thus combine to sell you!
But—if I'm taken in again, I'm—sure to write and tell you.



NOTHING IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN A DEFINITION.

Teacher. "BUT DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MARY JONES, WHAT 'DUTY' IS?"

Mary Jones. "YES, MISS! P'LEACEMAN WITH A WHITE BAND ROUND HIS ARM, AS TAKES YER ORF TO PRIS'N!"

A WELCOME TO THE "ALEXANDRA."

MAY 24, 1873.

(Somewhat anticipated by a Poem of the Poet Laureate's.)

PALACE ON Muswell-Hill that we see,
"Alexandra"!

All sorts of exhibitions have we,
But still we've a hearty good welcome for thee,
"Alexandra"!

Welcome of London and London's *élite*!
Welcome of City, and suburb, and street!
Welcome of faces pleasant and sweet,
Clapping of hands and stamping of feet!
Bright the long Nave with verdure and flowers,
The Venus, the Graces, the Greek Slave of POWERS!
All that is youthful, and winsome, and fair,
Jocund and gay in their holiday hours!

Thunder, grand organ, and trumpets, blare!
Flags, wave and float upon great dome and towers!
Visitors, fill each possible chair!
Mingle your dialects, county and shire!
Laugh, ye belles, in the fresh-blowing air!
Wait for the brilliant devices of fire,
The serpents, the rockets, that high go, and higher,
To die in those stars which the children desire!
Viol and voice, cheer and rejoice!
Roll out your music, Chorus and Band,
Anthem and song by the best in the land!
And BERTRAM and ROBERTS, of you we require
The lowest of prices, the nicest of fare,
For hungry folk crowding terrace and stair,
Horse-shows, and dog-shows, and cat-shows to see—
O Palace for all, from the hut to the throne,
Namesake of one who is dear as our own,

Cricketers, Archers, or Foresters we,
Tory or Whig, or whatever we be,
We are all of us happy to welcome thee,
"Alexandra"!

A HINT TO MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his excellent speech at the Literary Fund dinner the other day, was eloquent both on the admirable distribution made by the Committee of the Society of the means for the relief of literary need with which it is entrusted, and on the discreditable narrowness of those means. We venture to suggest to him a plan, which, without increasing the national burdens, will enable him, at once, to increase those means, and to transfer a task both burdensome to himself, and so ill-performed that every attempt at performance raises a storm of angry dissatisfaction, to an agency which, by his own admission, not only can do, but does the work to perfection. For this purpose he has only to hand over to the Literary Fund that part of the £1200 a-year Pension-fund which is assigned to literary persons, and ask the Committee of the L. F. to distribute it, as, by his own acknowledgment, the best public almoners in cases of literary distress.

Such a transfer will be twice blessed, as all mercy should be, according to SHAKESPEARE; it will bless him that gives no less than him, or her, who takes, and it will cost nothing to the Treasury—a low consideration, perhaps, but one, for that reason, all the more likely to be favourably viewed by the present Treasury authorities.

Tribute to Tom Brown.

In great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fail. 'Tis not in mortals to command success. But we'll do more, *Sempronius*, we'll deserve it. Let due credit be given to TOM BROWN, for the Betting Bills which he has unsuccessfully introduced. MR. HUGHES aims at the abolition of betting altogether. You cannot wash a Blackamoor white, although, as regards betting, you may make a clean Sweep of it.



“CORIOLANUS.”

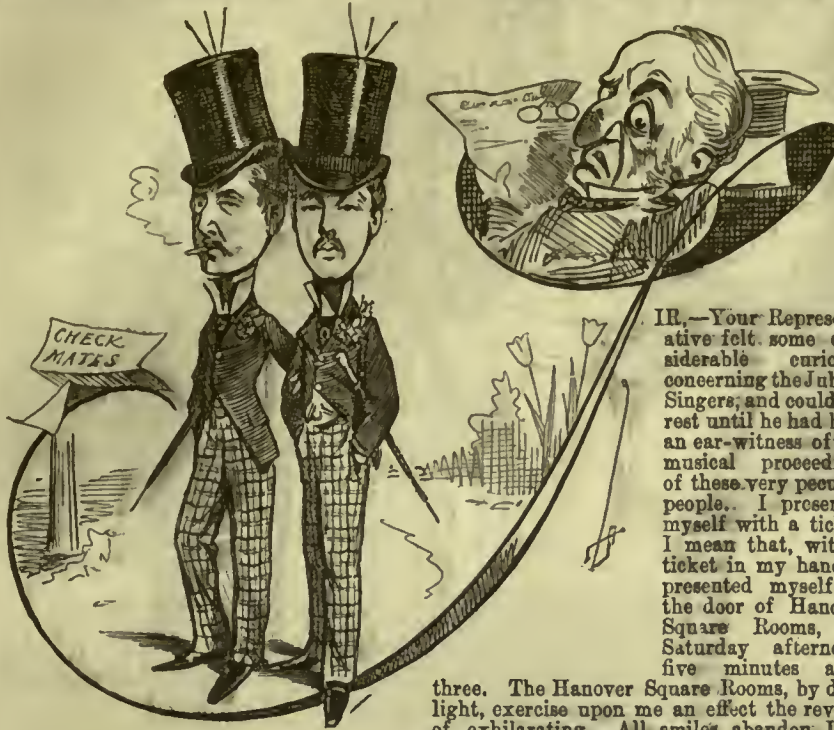
(AS ADAPTED TO THE MODERN FRENCH STAGE.)

Coriolane. “O MOST UNWISE PATRICIANS!
I BANISH YOU!
LET EVERY FEEBLE RUMOUR SHAKE YOUR HEARTS!

YOUR ENEMIES, WITH NODDING OF THEIR PLUMES,
FAN YOU INTO DESPAIR! HAVE THE POWER STILL
TO BANISH YOUR DEFENDER.”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

After a Visit to the Jubilee Singers and *La Fille de Madame Angot*, he reports to the Editor.



three. The Hanover Square Rooms, by daylight, exercise upon me an effect the reverse of exhilarating. All smiles abandon I on entering therein.

So when I heard that the Jubilees were going to sing at the Hanover Square Rooms, I trembled for their prospects. I am delighted to say I was, for once, quite wrong. The Jubilees are just the people to delight an afternoon audience in the Hanover Square Rooms, which were crowded in every part, before the Jubilee Singers, behind the Jubilee Singers (where some of the elderly ladies who sighed a good deal and breathed hard on the backs of the Jubilees, were evidently rather disturbing to the Christian temper of the Singers), round about the Jubilee Singers, above them, and below them. In fact, had you wanted to stick a pin in anywhere, and I should have liked to have done it to some selfish crowding persons, you would have had plenty of soft material at hand, but very little space for the vicious play of the elbow.

The entertainment given by these Jubilee Singers is a sort of revivalist chanting toned down to suit the aristocratic and respectable precincts of the Hanover Square Rooms. I recognised a few of their hymn tunes as what have been known, in this country, under the name of Popular Negro Melodies, only that the Jubes take them slowly and solemnly, with the alteration of some notes here and there, and have wedded them to their conventional conventicle hymn-words. The Jubes are Scripturally hard on "Ole Pharo," and "Ole Satan," and occasionally express their unqualified joy at beholding "Ole Dan'l sittin' up dar,"—which elevated position, judging by the context, seems to mean a distinguished seat in a "great camp-meeting," in Paradise. The Lawgiver of the Children of Israel is familiarly exhorted to "Come along, Moses!" and the Jubes are never tired of allusions to crossing "de riber Jordan," and landing safely on "de oder side," which being reached, they sing out in jubilation "O, wasn't dat a wide riber?"

Some of their most simple melodies, and most simple words, touch a true chord of human sympathy, and for some moments, the hearts of Octoroon, Quadroon, Thorough Black, and English White, vibrate in unison. The entertainment was pleasantly relieved by a lanky American Gentleman, the *Entrepreneur*, I suppose, to the Jubes, who stalked out in front of the platform suddenly, as if the action were entirely unpremeditated, and, holding a book aloft, addressed the audience with great earnestness. He said, with a strong American twang, "Ladies and Gentlemen, this book"—here he paused in order to get the entire attention of the audience concentrated on the article in question, in which attempt he at once succeeded, most persons present being, probably, under the impression that the proceedings were to be varied by a little extempore conjuring—"this book, that I hold in my hand"—he was very emphatic on this point, why I could not clearly make out, unless he was usually accustomed to stand on his head and hold books with his toes—"this book contains the life and history"—I won't answer for the words *verbatim*, but this was their purport—"of the Jubilee Singers, as narrated by themselves." It occurred to Your Representative how much he would like at any time to have such an opportunity for making the world acquainted with his own personal biography. "There are portraits of each of them," continued the lanky gentleman lowering his book and inspecting it himself as if for the first time in his life—"they're not very good ones," he added, so that no one should be induced to purchase by false pretence,— "but," he went on, holding up the book once more, so as to show a frontispiece representing some architectural design, "here is a picture of Fisk University, the Jubilee Hall, to the funds of which place the exertions of these Singers will contribute. The book is only one dollar," four shillings was its price—"and anyone buying it will know that they're helping a good work." The "good work" was not intended to describe the book, but the object of the Jubilee Singers.

IR.—Your Representative felt some considerable curiosity concerning the Jubilee Singers; and could not rest until he had been an ear-witness of the musical proceedings of these very peculiar people. I presented myself with a ticket, I mean that, with a ticket in my hand, I presented myself at the door of Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, five minutes after

So I came away from Hanover Square Rooms, pleased and edified by the Jubes, and when I had assumed the *toga white-tielis* of evening life, I invited myself to dine at VERRY'S. On the strike of eight I sang out with Tom Tug, in *The Water-man*—

"Then farewell my trim-built VERRY!"

and betook myself to hear *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the St. James's. "Gentlemen," some amusing singer used to say to his laughing audience in the ancient Cider Cellar days, "this is not a comic song." *La Fille de Madame Angot* is called an *Opéra Comique* in Three Acts, and 'tis written by three authors collaborating. Hence probably its length. The music, by CHARLES LECOCQ, is occasionally very taking; but the three authors have over-weighted the unfortunate composer, who comes out now and then with a really good thing, but not until you've been pretty well bored by the libretto. It should be compressed into two Acts, or the three should be considerably shortened.

MADAME DELORME, as *Amaranthe*, gave her song and its jovial *réfrain*, descriptive of the great *Madame Angot*, capitally. It was deservedly encoored, as was also the *Chœur des Conjurés* in the Second Act. Mlle. JEANNE DALBERT, as *Mlle. Lange*, brought out all the humour (the authors are to blame for not having made this situation twice as strong, and, by consequence, doubly as funny as it is at present) of the "Tournez Tournez" solo and choros, where—but this must be seen to be appreciated. It is well got up, the choros being admirable throughout, and the costumes are very effective.

Whether with Bouffes at the Gaiety, the Strand, and the Opéra Comique, and two Italian Operas, all going on simultaneously, the more the merrier will prove the rule, is what I am not called upon to determine as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. In answer to an advertisement that caught my foot and my eye on the pavement, I beg to say that I have not yet seen *Killjoy*, the sly Dog of the Adelphi, but I will. Also that I failed in an attempt to represent my chief at *About Town*, at the Court, where, however, I saw the *Happy Land* for the second time, and thought it capital up to the end of the first twenty-five minutes, when it ought to finish; and that my absence was conspicuous among those who went to see *The New Magdalen*. I shall wait till she is *The Old Magdalen*. Adieu. Adieu. I am weary, weary.

Y. R.

COMMON CRIES.

DURING the stormy debate in the French National Assembly, which resulted in causing the resignation of M. THIERS, of course, we were duly told by telegram that:—

"Immense agitation prevailed throughout the sitting, and an excited crowd has assembled in the Rue des Réservoirs."

With the sole difference of some other street than the Rue des Réservoirs, how often have you read all this before, and will again, if you live. Inevitably the crowd in waiting outside the Chamber raised shouts of "*Vive la République!*" What will be their next cry? "*Vive la Monarchie Constitutionnelle,*" or "*Vive l'Empire?*" or is it even possible that the next, or after the next not very distant utterance of their most sweet voices, will be "*Vive le Roi?*"



THE HORSE-SHOW.

Groom. "GOT TH' OLD MARE UP AGAIN! WHAT'S SHE BEEN A DOIN' ALL WINTER!"

Boy on Mare. "RUNNIN' IN OUR MILK-CART. NOW, SHE'S 'LADY SUSAN,' AMONG THE PARK 'ACKS AND PIE-ATON 'ORSES!"

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

THERE now! That comes of relying on somebody else, instead of doing one's work oneself. For years and years *Mr. Punch* has been his own Derby Prophet, and has, of course, never once been wrong. This year, just for a change, he sends to Assyria for a Prophecy, and obtains one. A beautiful one, no doubt, and one which he rendered into English undefiled, which he hopes will be studied by certain Revisers, in the Jerusalem Chamber. But, as he stated, two lines were entirely illegible. He telegraphed to MR. GEORGE SMITH, to send him a fresh copy, but the telegraph porter's uncle's aunt's cousin had been beheaded that morning, and the family had held such rejoicings that the inebriated messenger went to Moselle instead of Mosul. However, MR. SMITH got the message at last, and most kindly and promptly sent us the missing lines—too late, alas, for insertion in our Number, but we gave away copies to all persons who applied for them on the Wednesday, at 85, Fleet Street. We print them now merely to show that we lost no chance of completing the vaticination. There came, after the lines—

"Let him praise his cry,
And put his fine gold upon the horse
Whose name is from a northern city of races,
So shall he be as the owner is named."

We have frankly explained the accident, but as we were enabled to place all the best horses among "the more potent strivers," and to put *Gang Forward* and *Kaiser* together, and to bring *Doncaster* out as no other Prophet has done, and to signalise *Chandos*, who was fourth, as a "grand one," we gave about six times as much real information as any contemporary. But we have usually selected a Winner, and our nomination has always been right. We regret that it was not absolutely thus this time, but the astronomer of King Belligofuster the Uncompromising showed wonderful instinct. Another year, however, we read the Stars for ourselves.

CRY OF COLLIERS' UNIONS.—A fair day's work for a fair week's wages.

OUR CULINARY PROSPECTS.

If Cooking be not worthy to be ranked with the Fine Arts, it may certainly be classed among the elegant professions: at least we judge so by the tone adopted by its followers, when they proclaim themselves at liberty to accept a vacant place. Here is a recent specimen of the grandiloquence employed:—

"As a Professed Cook and Housekeeper, in a Nobleman's family. Salary £50."

Obviously, cooking must be viewed as a profession, since its practitioners assume the title of Professed Cooks; and surely nobody would dream of regarding them as servants, seeing that they now no longer work for vulgar wages, but politely claim a salary to reward them for their toil. Obviously, moreover, Cooks feel pride in their profession, or they would hardly stipulate that the family must be a noble one where they will condescend to take a situation.

To other professional persons such exclusiveness is denied: and we therefore should regard with due humility the social precedence of Cooks. A Lawyer hardly can expect to pick his clients from the Peerage, nor could a Doctor hope for large advantage to his practice by announcing that in future he intended to prescribe for noblemen alone. Perhaps we soon may hear of Cooks, on the day before a dinner-party, demanding information about the guests invited, and declining to serve *entrées* for those without a title, or handle to their names. Or we may live to read of Kitchenmaids becoming so particular about the social rank of the ladies who engage them, that they will commonly insist, as a postscript to advertisements, "N.B.—Nobody beneath a Duchess need apply."

Another Protector.

THE rallying cry of the new French President is "*Dieu et l'Armée*." Is it quite original? At least a similar sentiment was embodied in the exhortation addressed by the Chief of another Commonwealth to the troops, whom he advised to put their trust in providential assistance, and at the same time to take the necessary care of their powder.



MORBID SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Mistress. "HOW IS IT YOU CAME HOME FROM YOUR PARTY SO EARLY LAST NIGHT, SUSAN? DIDN'T YOU ENJOY YOURSELF?"

Susan. "YES, MA'AM. BUT THE YOUNG MAN AS TOOK ME HIN TO SUPPER INSULTED ME!"

Mistress. "INSULTED YOU, SUSAN! WHY, WHAT DID HE SAY?"

Susan. "YES, MA'AM. HE ASKED ME IF MY PROGRAM WAS FULL; AND I'M SURE I NEVER 'AD NOTHING BUT A SANDWICH AND A GLASS OF LEMONADE, SO I CAME AWAY HOME."

THE DAY FOR HAMPTON COURT.

If thou wouldst view Hampton Court aright,
Go visit it when the Spring is bright,
Choose, if thou canst, the Derby Day;
Then the accustomed crowd's away.
When thy Species aloof are out of sight,
And thy Kind afar, where they more delight,
When the Turf's all-attractive power
Draws them away from hall and bower,
When better and better, alternately,
Seem forms of folly and knavery,
When thimblery gulls the yokelry,
And befools the green in the bumpkin's eye;
When thy flesh and blood on the horsecourse rave,
And around thee the few are serene and grave,
Then go, and go in peace the while;
Then view fair Hampton's grounds and pile,
And, home returning, safely swear
That was the day for going there.

ROGERS'S NEW PLEASURE OF MEMORY.

THERE is nothing like a thankful spirit. So precious is it, that it is not wise, perhaps, to be too curious in analysing the sources of it, any more than it is likely to conduce to our comfort, sometimes, to analyse those of the water we drink. But of all the thankful men we have known, PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS, of Oxford, has shown the most ingenuity in discovering a reason for thankfulness, when at a meeting of the Oxford Council of Convocation, the other day, to decide for or against SIR GILBERT SCOTT'S designs for the new Schools, he said, "he was thankful he understood nothing of Art."

We had thought MR. AYRTON the only man who had discovered that particular motive for thankfulness. But if PROFESSOR ROGERS be equally thankful for all he understands nothing of, what a great deal he must have to be thankful for!

Mr. Punch has heard of "graces" offered to the Senate of Cambridge, if not to the Convocation of Oxford. He would respectfully suggest to the former learned body that PROFESSOR ROGERS should be admitted, *per saltum*, to an *ad eundem* Mastership of Arts at the sister University, in order that he may offer to the Senate this, which we will take leave to call the new Rogers' Grace—"a grace" indeed "beyond the reach of Art"—"For what we have not received, may we be truly thankful."

A "SWELL" ORGAN.—*The Morning Post.*

IN THE NAME OF PEACE AND ITS PROFIT.

M. DE LESSEPS publishes the communications which have passed between himself and GENERAL IGNATIEFF, representative of the Russian Government at Constantinople, on the subject of his grand proposal for a railway line to connect the barbarous regions of Central Asia (which Russia is now engaged in civilising) with Russia on the one side and British India on the other—an iron highway, in short—as Russian highways ought to be—between St. Petersburg and Peshawar. M. DE LESSEPS and GENERAL IGNATIEFF both express their hope and trust that England will see the enormous interest she has in promoting this magnificent undertaking, in the interests at once of commerce and civilisation—not, as a shallow view might lead one to believe, of Russian conquest in Central Asia, and as a Russian short-cut to British India.

When this noble, if costly, enterprise is carried out, England will have only to cede Gibraltar to the rising Republic of Spain, Aden to the SULTAN OF MUSCAT, Singapore to the EMPEROR OF CHINA or any Malay potentate who may like to take it, and make a few other acts of becoming, though tardy, restitution, and then to take shares, extensively, in M. DE LESSEPS' crowning project—still in his portfolio—for converting the "silver streak" of the Channel into dry land, as he has already transformed the sand of the Egyptian desert into sea, to feel that she has done an instalment, at least, of what she is bound to do for the promotion of international fraternity, and the advancement of commerce and civilisation, all over the world, with the same noble disregard to her own narrow and selfish interests as an empire, which has been shown on all occasions by her Continental neighbours, and, above all, by Russia, whose representative at the Ottoman Porte so disinterestedly welcomes, and

promises to recommend to his Government, this last great and benevolent project of M. DE LESSEPS.

Let Mr. Punch earnestly hope—if he cannot quite so confidently anticipate—that Great Britain will seem to see it; that all this will sooner or later be effected; and that Great Britain will live happy ever after, crippled here and there, it may be, but with the consoling consciousness that she has substituted for the unsociable barriers of severing seas and mountains, barbarous Khanates and inhospitable deserts, the grander defences of cosmopolitan goodwill and philanthropic fraternity! Heaven speed the time! May the shadow of Russia, the moving spirit of this mighty change, never be less! And may LESSEPS be handed up to Prosperity, and down to Posterity, as the realiser of this grand scheme of Peace, and its Prophet—with the "fi" as well as the "phe" thereunto belonging.

TEETOTAL TATTLE.

"Don't be a fool!" was the reply of a Professor of Finance to a person who asked him whether prosperity of the liquor trade was not always accompanied by tightness in the money-market.

The announcement of the fact that no less than £28,000,000 of the national income is derived from the duty on "intoxicating liquors," has suggested a new synonym for the state which results from the abuse of those generous beverages. As the Member for a Northern Constituency and a representative of rational people were conversing in a street contiguous to the House of Commons, a working-man approached them, walking zigzag, and inquired the way to Westminster Bridge. "Straight as you can go," answered the more practical Member, and, turning to his companion, added, "That fellow, you see, SIR WILFRID, has been contributing to the Revenue."



A POSER!

Mivvins (he doesn't "take" well) thought there was a chance for him, having heard that Partouche & Co. "retain a Staff of Artists who are exclusively engaged in studying to impart an unconstrained grace of 'pose' and characteristic expression in the attitudes of their numerous Sitters"!

Artist (fixing M.'s hand, so as to show his diamond ring). "THERE, SIR! 'ENERY, BRING THE 'EAD-REST!—(M. winces).—Now, SIR, FIX THE HEYES, AND IMAGINE YOU'RE WELCOMIN' A FRIEND!"

[No! It was a failure!—Mivvins does not "take" well.]

POPE AND NO PRETENDER.

LONG live His Holiness to sit in PETER's chair,
So-called, that is, at Rome, if PETER ne'er was there.
But, if he be a link, indeed, of PETER's chain,
To rule as PETER ruled still on may PIUS reign.

Because there is no doubt at least of this one thing;
Whate'er St. PETER was, he was no temporal King.
And, PIUS from the load of temporal kingship free,
PIUS to PETER is therein as P. to P.

PIUS has, first of Popes, the years of PETER seen;
Reduced to PETER's realm his own domain has been.
And Italy will be of nations all the fool
If ever Pope again bear more than PETER's rule.

PIUS was made a King, and for a King was owned;
A kingdom still can claim, although by force dethroned.
But Cardinals have since to subjects been cut down.
The law that made him King can no successor crown.

When into Conclave next their Eminences go,
Thus much must Italy not fail to let them know:—
The Vatican remains the Pope's allotted home;
But held beneath her King, thenceforth sole King in Rome.

The Latest Invention.

THE arrival of Summer cannot be much longer delayed. We shall then probably have some sultry days, and be glad to go wherever we can get a breeze, and a blow. When that time comes, no better place can be found than the Alexandra Palace, for there "the wind is supplied by two steam engines."

A CARD.

MESSES. ODGER, FINLAN, MOONEY, SPOONEY, and the other representative men composing the Committee of the Birmingham Republican Convention, beg to convey to *Mr. Punch* their united assurance of deep disgust at CHARLEY BRADLAUGH's impudence in passing himself off at Madrid, and no doubt, if we knew it, elsewhere, as the representative man of the Representative men aforesaid—and so getting public receptions, private interviews, serenades, dinners, paragraphs in the newspapers, and they don't know what beside, of which MR. BRADLAUGH is not so ready to render an account as of his honours, from the heads—and tails—of the Spanish Republic.

They do not see why, if this sort of thing was to come off, they should not all have had their whack as well as BRADLAUGH, whom they consider a noisy, frothy, empty upstart, with lots of tongue, but nothing else, to entitle him to represent the rising Republic of Great Britain.

They trust that *Mr. Punch* will give the assistance of his publicity in making known these their sentiments on the subject of the said BRADLAUGH. And so say all of us,—which nobody can deny.

N.B. We have just heard that C. B. has been bagged by the Carlists, on his way from Madrid. All we can say is, serves him jolly well right.

A CERTAIN PROPHECY.

To back any other horse than the Winner of the Derby for the other great three-year old race of the year, would be a sheer waste of money, for all Yorkshire, all England, knows that *Doncaster* and the *St. Leger* are inseparable.

A WELL-TIMED VISIT.—Calling for the Queen's Taxes on the Queen's Birthday.



CLERICAL PRESUMPTION.

Coal-Mine Overlooker (to Curate). "I CAN ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT THESE 'ERE COLLIERIES, NOW THEY'RE IN FULL WORK, CAN MAKE THEIR TEN AN' TWELVE SHILLIN' A DAY!"

Curate. "DEAR ME! AH! IT'S ACTUALLY MORE THAN I GET!"

Overlooker. "MORE THAN YOU GET! WHY, IT'S MORE THAN I GET!"

THE NEXT "DEMONSTRATION."

THE Isthmian Games were of a character distinctly Pagan. There are some who account the great annual horse-race at Epsom, called after them by our late genial and jolly Premier, little better. But what would those good people say of the French Derby, run on a Sunday?

We, however, are not as other nations are, nor even as that France. We do not desecrate the Sunday with horse-racing. No; amongst us that day is happily devoted to far other contests—by the Ministers of all denominations.

A competition, indeed, between our various Preachers is to come off this very next Sunday. But this will not be one of a distinctly controversial character, in which the Preachers will expressly contend for proselytes. On Sunday next, June 15, our different Divines will all agree in devoting their eloquence to the advocacy of charity, as represented by our public Hospitals. Instead of discourses chiefly consisting in the assertion of opinions as facts, the extremest of dogmatists even will address themselves in the main to the inculcation of duties which nobody can deny.

Of course, all who enjoy the unspeakable blessing of a sure and certain income, more than sufficient for all their wants, are prepared to contribute largely out of their superabundance to the Offerory-bag, plate, or poor-box. But unless they rent pews, wherein seats will be reserved for them, they will have to go to Church or Chapel early next Sunday. Or else they will be crowded out; for every Church and every Chapel is sure to be crammed with the working classes. They, of all sorts and conditions of men, and women, are those whom Hospitals principally concern. They are the people who, as a body, enjoy the chief benefit, such enjoyment as it is, of those institutions. The cause of the Hospitals is simply their own. They have lately signalised their capacity for self-help by mutual association in Trades' Unions, and combination in strikes for higher wages, and in menacing demonstration against the Law,

GILES ON A GATE.

(Sings.)

THEM fields wi' buttercups so bright,
This fur uff to behold,
Be what I calls a temptun' zight;
They looks all over gold.

So close together, glitterun, grows
Them flowers o' yaller dye.
Zome calls um kingeups; I suppose
Their shape and colour's why.

Cups made o' suv'runs like as 'twere
Tom Tiddler's ground did yield:
I wish I'd sitch a crop out there
Agrow'n in yonder field.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE expressed the difficulty he felt in understanding how a female character could possibly be turned into a male one in such pieces as were produced at Stonyhurst. SIR ALEXANDER is, probably, well acquainted with the "Triumviretta" entitled *Cox and Box*, for which MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN composed some of his very best music of the lighter sort. In *Box and Cox*, the original farce, the third character was the immortal Mrs. Bouncer; but in *Cox and Box*, the *opéra bouffe*, Mrs. Bouncer, for reasons best known to the librettist, becomes *Sergeant Bouncer*, and the mutation was most satisfactory, as no doubt the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who is a judge of music, can testify. If his Lordship cannot, but requires further explanation, it is at hand from

A SKILLED WITNESS.

Survival in Spain.

THE Carlists have not yet triumphed over Spanish liberty. But one day last week a telegram from Madrid, relative to a Cabinet Council and the Cortes, announced that:—

"The latter body will be opened on Sunday."

It may reassure the minds of some readers to inform them that the Representative Government in Spain is not yet defunct.

which in some degree regulates strikes. By the high wages which they have thus obtained through co-operation, they have been enabled to rejoice in the consumption of good things so greatly as to have very much raised the price of nearly all of them. Almost untouched by any other than voluntary taxation, they contribute, of their own accord, the greater part of £28,000,000 yearly to the revenue by their spontaneous liberality in solacing themselves with "intoxicating," but exciseable, fluids. None can better afford than they to support institutions that operate to their own especial advantage, all the rather that, if they will live up to their incomes while their work lasts, there is no place for them but the Hospital, except the Workhouse, when both wages and health fail. To bestow charity not only on their fellow-man, but their fellow-workmen, and very likely also on their own individual selves, the generous, yet prudent working-men, will, of course, contribute not their mites, but their sovereigns, and bank-notes. On Sunday next, Hospital Sunday, the working classes may be expected to rush in their thousands to their various places of worship, prepared to devote as much as they can possibly spare from necessary expenses to the Hospital funds. They might, however, do better than rushing along the streets pell-mell and higgledy-piggledy. Let them march in marshalled and orderly processions to their several temples, under the guidances of leaders on horseback, and beneath flying banners announcing appropriate sentiments, and especially the determination to be independent of Capital in respect of self-assistance. Thus they will unite in a demonstration which we should all admire, one entirely suitable to the day of the week, and particularly appropriate to Hospital Sunday.

CYNICAL THOUGHT.

A MAN is never so Old in the outside world as he is made to feel when in the bosom of his family.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



REAT Lilliput's affairs again summoned its Senators on Thursday, June 5.—The Hurgoes did not meet, taking prolonged Whitsuntide holiday. But the Clinabs re-assembled at the call of their WINGUL, and there was a goodly array on both the Tramecsan and Slamecsan benches.

How, Madam? Are you disposed to think of preparing to

stare? You cannot be so rude. Doth it occur to you that your Punch hath partaken too freely of the wine-cup? Far be that thought from you. Or are you inclined to quote our dear old friend and contributor G. A. A'BECKETT, and say—

"You surely do forget yourself, my son,
And of your 'mother' come to make vile fun?"

Dismiss the idea. We would instruct you, but in so delightful a fashion that you shall rather like being instructed than not. Know that in the last century, when the Reporters' Gallery was not, Parliamentary speeches were furtively given to the reader, but the names of the orators had to be disguised. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*—volumes for 1739, '40, and '41 lie before us—you shall read, if you will, the senatorial talk of the time, but you must think of your *Gulliver*, and you must be apt at anagram, if you would detect the Speakers' names, and the places or things spoken of. *Punch* will give you a specimen of such reporting, (borrowing the old nomenclature when it will serve,) and if it bores you, no matter. In talking to a Lady 'tis better to create any sensation in her mind than none at all, as those who have loved know well. [Ah, BELINDA! (Sighs deeply). That was a Bellowser, as our friend, WILKIE COLLINS, says.] But let us to business, even as went the faithful Clinabs to-day.

The Urgol Sadnud took his seat for Michrond, in the room of the present Hurgol Dalmes.

In reply to the Hurgolen Gatehey, who asked about the Ierne Census, the Glum-glum Tominghart said that a good deal was done, and all would be ready in 1874.

In reply to the Urgol Skul, the Urgol Cursetfoe said that the Deck-loading question was to be considered by the Royal Commission.

The Senate then went into Committee on the Juries Bill. The Urg. Dyrah wished to exempt Masters of Public Schools, Professors, and College Tutors, from service on juries.

The First Snipal Adviser of the Government opposed this, but was beaten by 70 to 55, so a Master need not dismiss his class to football, that he may throw away his *Horace* and go and sit to decide whether SNOOKS cheated BUTTONS more than an honest tradesman has a right to do.

The Urg. Lempam moved to exempt Officers of the Houses of Hurgoes and Clinabs, and this was agreed to, the exemption being only, however, during the Session.

The Urg. Stew. would exempt Town Councillors, Justices of the Peace, and others.

The First Snipal Adviser admitted that the gentlemen referred to were, as a rule, fully occupied, but if they were to exempt all who were fully occupied they would have to fall back on those whom he from his soul abominated—"professional" jurors, men of loose and inaccurate minds, hangers on to Society, and in every way the least qualified for serving on juries. The proposal was rejected by 126 to 42. Hurgolet Juan's language will bitterly offend a lot of fussy and officious prigs, who love to see themselves in a jury-box, and hear themselves buttered up by the barristers.

Loc. Tollbarlet wished to exempt Veterinary Surgeons, and, after some debate, this was agreed to. *Punch* congratulates the Vets, some of whom are the best fellows he knows, Madam, men who combine a genuine and genial love of the horse with knowledge of his wants and ways. *Punch* rejoices that they are not to be put into a "tight" box.

The Urg. Wyllidin would exempt Railway Managers. This was refused, Mr. *Punch* cannot tell why. A Manager had better be at his post, providing against accidents, than sitting in a box to reduce damages asked by an injured passenger.

The Urg. Fowderor would exempt the Governor and Deputy Governor of the Nabk.

The Urg. Norven Truhocar (Odfrox) made a humorous suggestion. He would vote for the exemption, but it should not apply to the days which were Nabk holidays. This riled the Urg. Fowderor, who said the jest was beneath the speaker. The Senate laughed, however; and the Senator for Mildendo should not be cross, especially as his Motion was agreed to.

Other proposals were made and negatived, and then the Ealdarman Rancewel proposed to exempt all the Ealdermen of Mildendo.

To this responded the acute and able Hinrec Jacomo (we follow the G. M., but could have made a much better anagram about the Senator for Notaint), who said, "and wisely was it said," that

"There were good aldermen and bad aldermen. (Laughter.) The good aldermen got into the House of Clinabs, and were exempt, and as for the bad aldermen, it would be a great advantage that they should sit on juries, and thus acquire a little knowledge of jurisprudence. (Laughter.) The six aldermen who were in the House of Clinabs might very well take the duties of such of their colleagues as were compelled to serve on juries."

This did convince, and the Amendment was rejected by 81 to 17.

The Urg. O. Rangom would exclude all persons who could not speak Lilliputian. This suggestion he meant chiefly for the benefit of Sawel, but a Senator named Winguls declared that great numbers of Shewel, who could not speak that language, were capital jurymen, and the First Snipal Adviser said that such an exemption would be to abolish trial by jury altogether in Sawel. So the idea was given up.

The Urg. R. Lowfer would exempt all gentlemen of 60, instead of beginning exemption at 70. But it appears that any one who has good reason to claim it at 65 may do so, and this proposal was negatived. We think that if a gentleman even of 70 is able and willing to serve, he might well do so. For

"The Soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that Time hath made."

Pretty lines, Madam. Know whose they are? Our own? Hookey-Walker. They are dear EDMUND WALLER's, Madam, SACHARISSA's lover.

More proposals of exemption (for it is delightful to see how eager the true Lilliputian is to escape being made part of the Palladium of Lilliput's Liberty), but they were disposed of, and we came to the clause which interferes for the improvement of Mildendo Juries. The City fought hard against such profanity, but the Urg. Jacomo told the Senators that the commercial juries got worse and worse every year, and that the lists were selected from the 'worst citizens. The City made more row, but the clause was retained by 97 to 19.

On the clause for providing for the payment of expenses out of the Poor Rates, resistance was made by the Urg. Naigmac, and a somewhat earnest debate ensued, which brought up the great orator,

The Urg. Wingul Stanglod, who treated the motion as one of censure on the Government for not taking a certain view of local

taxation. He protested vigorously against a course which would cripple a most valuable Bill.

The *Urg. Reviebow* warned the Senate against a snap division. In effect, Madam, things were looking a little ominous, and Government has had some awkward facers lately.

The *Urg. Retrob Wool* had no objection to fight the matter, but a fair notice ought to be given.

Finally, progress was reported, that is, matters came to a dead stop.

An *Ierne* Registration Bill was passed.

No foreign questions were raised. No one had anything to say of the new Chief of the State of *Blafuseu*, of the Exhibition at *Vinena*, of the progress of the *Pshaw* in *Parushy*, or of the Carlist war in *Iberia*. Nor had the *Urg. Yellauch* anything to observe against *Missalam*, or in favour of *Phat Tonor*.

There! dear Madam. Will that do? Out of such reports as that your respected great-grandmother had to pick her political knowledge. Be thankful that you live in days when not only is Parliamentary talk given with the utmost freedom, but when you, dear, have a *Punch* by your side to supply you with its Essence only.

Friday.—MR. BRUCE, referring to the case of the sixteen viragos of Chipping-Norton, who were sent to gaol by two Parsons for intimidating a brace of valiant labourers, declared that the punishment was excessive, and that the LORD CHANCELLOR meant to call on the Magistrates for explanation. MR. GLADSTONE afterwards intimated, darkly, yet plainly enough, that he thought the fewer Clergymen put on the bench the better.

The SHAH was to be received, said Mr. GÖSCHEN, by a considerable gathering of Iron-Clads, but there was to be no naval review. Very well, but let 'em all roar their very loudest—don't spare powder on that day.

Debate on Cavalry Horses. We have 7481, and MR. CARDWELL says that nothing can be finer than our men and their steeds.

The rest of the night was given to debate on the Law of Masters and Servants, Mr. V. HARCOURT attacking it, and MR. BRUCE defending. For the present the House upholds the old Scotch doctrine—

"If he have na gold to fine,
He has ahins to pine."

"VOLUNTEER CONTRIBUTION."

It is not often that *Mr. Punch* favours the world with the contributions of volunteers like the writer of the following letter. But in these days all classes claim to be represented, and Woman claims her rights. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to introduce a correspondent who is not a professional scribe, but who gives various reasons why she should be heard:—

Kensington.

SIR,—I trust that you will Pardon the Liberty I have taken in Troubling you But the writer of this a Female who has been in Good Circumstances and has in youth Been Complimented on her wit had a occasion to Go to Brompton on Business on Tuesday Evening and on her return Passed the Horticultural Gardens where they was a Evening Fete and as it often happens in those Places the most Comic Fun is outside was herself the Principal in the Following Laughable Scene which she thought up to the Standard of your Columns

Time—5 minutes to 12 o'clock P.m.

The rank half mile Long Gentry in rain trying to Get to there Carriages the Police Pushing Every one being no respecter of Persons Old Gent coming up the Avenue Impatiently

Orcharda Servants any one Seen Orchards Servants Sergeant in the Bs I Haint seen him this Hour Sir the Female voice from the Crowd Orchard Sir wrong way for the Orchard the way to the Orchard is at the Back

as I have often Been told that Persons no matter who they are do send these things to you should you think it will do, and any Little Remuneration you would Give me should Be thankful as Being rediced to a Needlewoman with a Daughter to Keep find it very Hard to make Both Ends meet

yourn most respectfully

Wednesday Afternoon

SARAH —

PS—Sir my Daughter is Finishing some Shirts and the Following Riddle is Just Come in to her mind

Why is the Prince Imperial like a Childs Ball

Because it is waiting to be Thrown (to be Throned)

SARAH —.

A CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS.—A Policeman at a crowded crossing.

BANK HOLIDAYS FOR BABES.



ow, on Whit Monday, it being a Bank Holiday, and the weather permitting excursions, the omnibuses, railways, and steamboats were very crowded, and so were all the

usual places of popular resort, wherein, apart from the demonstrators in Hyde Park, the People assembled in their thousands. The day was dry, but so, the United Kingdom Allies must grieve to think, were not the People. That, on the other hand, the People in

general, or any considerable per-centage of them, were wet, in the sense in which that epithet is wont to be applied to an unworthy member of the Society of Friends, it would be libellous to say. Comparatively few appeared to be what is vulgarly, though euphemistically, called "tight" and "screwed." Still they had, as many of them as were not Teetotallers, their whack, as the Mobility say, or, at least, were in a position to have it if they chose. There's the respect which must sadden the United Kingdom Allies; 'tis enough to make them all, as our youth phrase it, blub, with SIR WILFRID LAWSON at the head of them, chief mourner. They have no doubt wept rivers to think how the People's enjoyment of a holiday on Whit-Monday must have been impaired by the circumstance that the inns, taverns, and restaurants remained open all day, even between the hours of three and six in the afternoon; the very time within which the majority of persons out for the day want to dine!

Abandoned to their own self-guidance with regard to their dinner-hour, and not only that, but being also at liberty to accompany their meals with indulgence in intoxicating fluids, the People were, of course, deprived of the pleasure, which on Sundays and other ecclesiastical holidays they are now obliged to experience, of exercising the virtue of patience, which is its own reward, in contentedly submitting to the sweet yoke of the paternal Licensing Act. Perhaps it will be suggested that they had probably had enough of it the day before; but total abstinence is not, like beer, one of those good things (if beer can be called a good thing) of which you can have too much. To render the Bank Holiday equally enjoyable with the Sunday, it is obviously necessary that all the taverns and refreshment-rooms should, on every such day of recreation, as well as the weekly one, be shut up at least during the whole of the afternoon, so that, if the People wish to dine betwixt the third hour and the sixth, they may be able to do so if they stay at home, and not otherwise. Then the pure pleasure of sight-seeing and visiting remarkable places will no longer be alloyed with any exhilaration derived from the fermented and stimulant beverages at the command of all travellers and others who are permitted to take their ease in their inn. And, when all other holidays shall, in regard to restrictions of personal liberty, have been put on the same footing as Sunday, let those who like call the Licensing Act a paternal enactment; they will, at any rate, be unable any longer to denounce it as a piece of Sabbatarian legislation.

Widdle.

Q. If His Majesty of Persia took to wearing Scotch trousers, what delicious liqueur would they resemble?

A. Shah-trewa.



DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

Mamma. "WHAT A DIN YOU'RE MAKING, CHICKS! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT!"

Trizy. "O, MAMMA; WE'RE PLAYING AT RAILWAY TRAINS. I'M THE ENGINE, AND GUY'S A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE, AND SYLVIA'S A SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE, AND MAY'S A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE, AND GERALD, HE'S A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE, TOO—THAT IS, HE'S REALLY ONLY A TRUCK, YOU KNOW, ONLY YOU MUSTN'T TELL HIM SO, AS IT WOULD OFFEND HIM!"

The Sorrow of Darmstadt.

ONCE more Grief's hard but not unkindly hand,
Closer knits England and her ruling race:
'Tis no feigned sympathy that, through the land,
Throws this dark shadow on BRITANNIA'S face.

As she was widow with her widowed QUEEN,
And watching wife by her sick Prince's bed,
So now her mother's tears, of truest teen,
With this bereaved young mother will be shed.

England lives with her that dire moment's space,
That fall from height of joy to depth of ill;
Yearns with her o'er the death-pale little face,
But now so full of life, and now so still!

Sad Princess, if 'tis comfort in thy woe,
That every English mother shares therein,
To hold thee up, under this crushing blow,
Such strength thou from a nation's love may'st win.

Let Faction's jaundiced eyes and poisoned lips
See and say what they will, this still is true,
Here rules a Royal Race, whose grief's eclipse
Darkens our joy, whose joy claims ours as due.

Nor slavish is this sense of common life
Shared by the nation and its Royal Line:
No artificial fruit of civil strife,
In whose hot blasts such growths but peak and pine:

But the free fruitage of that seed of trust
In law-ruled Prince by law-ruled People sown:
Whose roots allow no space for lever-thrust
Of Demagogio wedge 'twixt folk and Throne.

What race, whose children are so proud to speak
Their mother-country's name, as this of ours?
Where Faction, free as air, is yet so weak:
Where silent Sense loud Folly so o'erpowers.

And if this land, while still of all the lands
The closest to its Throne in griefs and joys,
To ordered liberty still staunchest stands,
And most renews, because it least destroys,

Of slowly ripened seeds all this is fruit,
And while those seeds live, fair their fruit will be:
Then let our loyal love, of comfort root,
On thy child's grave bloom in pale flowers for thee.

A BOON AND A BLOW.

It is too true, as the old song says, that:—

"Every white will have its blacke,
And every sweete its aowre."

Witness, for example, the subjoined extract from a contemporary;
date Whit Tuesday:—

"SETTLING DAY AND THE BANK HOLIDAY.—Amongst the many inconveniences arising from the Bank Holiday yesterday not the least was the impossibility of a settlement after the Epsom week at Tattersall's in consequence of the losers not being able to obtain bank-notes."

What a pity that a day of needful recreation cannot be afforded to overworked bank-clerks except at the cost of impeding business in that useful department of industry the Turf, impairing the interests of an institution so beneficial as a Betting-House, and hindering the transactions of those valuable members of Society, the horsey gamblers!



“MISSIS’S ORDERS.”

FIRST CHARWOMAN (A-RT-N). “WHAT ’AVE I GOT HERE? WELL, IT’S A WORK O’ HART, MY DEAR, WHICH I GOT IT FOR NOTHINK AT THE GROCER’S. THE R-Y-L GENT COMES FROM THE HEAST, YOU KNOW, AND I THOUGHT AS IT MIGHT AMUSE ’IM!”

SECOND CHARWOMAN (L-WE). “GOT IT FOR NOTHINK, DID YOU? AH, WELL, THAT’S SOMETHINK; BUT I WILL SAY AS WE COULD HA’ DONE ’IM CHEAPER AT THE HOTEL—ONLY MISSIS *WOULD* ’AVE ’IM AT THE PALLIDGE!!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He visits the School of Cookery, at the International; is edited, and reports. He also adds a P.S. about the Opéra Comique.



HONOUR'D SIR, — Music, the Drama, Art, Aesthetica generally, may be treated lightly, nay, flippantly. But Cookery is a serious and solemn thing. I avoid levity, and state at once that I visited the School of Cookery at Kensington.

Circumstances over which, etc., made me rather late. I rushed into the International, sought out the Cookery Room, found it, was told there was only standing room, was admitted, seated myself on a rail, like the little water-wagtail in the old nursery rhyme, and, taking off my hat, was at once all ears. (Of course I write as Your Representative.)

The Lecture is given in the trimmest-looking kitchen you ever saw out of a toy-shop. And, Sir, the trimmest-looking maids, to suit the place, in the

neatest possible uniform; the best looking one being (like those selected for the first line of the ballet) in front. Your Representative was delighted; he was seeing "how it's done." There were the stewpans, and the saucepans, and all the other pans, and the fires, and the cooks. There were the meats, and the vegetables and the breadcrumbs, and high up in a rostrum was the intelligent Lecturer, looking uncommonly like an American skipper (I have never, to my recollection, seen an American skipper, but can imagine as well as any one), with kitchen-knives, skewers, and other weapons of his peaceful campaigns hanging up on the wall behind him.

The Cooks cooked while the Lecturer lectured. They seemed to me to be (at first) entirely independent of the Lecturer, but this I attribute to my having been so late, and having, as it were, missed the first piece of beef.

The Lecturer exhibited a pea-sausage, which he said had "been through the War," and he further informed us that when the German soldier could do nothing else, he fell back on his pea-sausage. It was a dull audience, and didn't take any of the Lecturer's jokes; but he evidently was able to gauge his audience, for finding his humorous touches unappreciated, he changed the whole tone of the discourse, which, when I entered, was inclining towards fun, into a serious essay on our duty towards our neighbour, and the marvellous designs of Providence as exemplified in onions and vegetable soups. All this was what they call in magazines "padding," and was uncommonly like the "patter" with which a skilful conjuror engages the attention of the audience while some mechanical change is taking place in an orange-tree, or his assistant is struggling out of a drawer in a table. It is unfair to entice us in to hear a lecture on cooking, and then to make us listen to a very commonplace sermon. If this is to be the plan, let the Lecturer and the ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY take turn and turn about in the rostrum: one down t'other come on—but let each stick to his text.

The Lecturer drew a comparison between the wasteful cooking of an English artisan's wife and that of a German soldier: very much, of course, and most justly in favour of the latter. I think he also mentioned a French peasant's cookery: a Breton peasant thrives, where a Devonshire clodhopper would starve.

The crowd (and the room *was* crowded) consisted mainly of ladies.

The Lecturer made all his points tell with admirable effect. When he found his padding getting a trifle wearisome, even to such an audience, he suddenly brightened up and said, "Now the Onion!" Whereupon the excitement was as great as when the horses come round Tattenham Corner. Your Representative was no proof against the one touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin, and he, like the rest, scrooged and elbowed and leant forward to see the Onion in the cook's hand. I believe the pervading idea was that nothing was real, that there was some deception somewhere, and that now, or never, we should detect it. No, there was no doubt about it (at least I think not), it was a real Onion; at all events not a bit like what you'd see, under similar conditions, in a Pantomime,

for the School of Cookery would afford admirable scope to the talented PAYNE family or to the Vokes's. It was a genuine onion, and the cook put it (I think) into the soup. At all events, when I looked again, it had vanished, leaving not even a perfume behind. The Lecturer gave one hint which struck me most forcibly. He said, "If you want to make vermicelli soup, introduce vermicelli." There was more true morality in this than in all his sermonising, and it was a bit of genuine humour. Were I to draw out a lecture I should certainly proceed on this plan. I should say (with safety), "If you want shrimp sauce, make your sauce, and introduce shrimps. If you want apple tart, make your tart, and introduce apples," and so on. Your Representative is to be hired for a series of Culinary Lectures on his own terms.

I now discovered that the cooks had been making croquettes, for the Lecturer, as a sort of marry-and-live-happily-ever-afterwards sort of finish, said, "The three first rows of the audience will taste the croquettes." Immense excitement. Envy of the privileged three first rows, and an inclination to depreciate the croquettes, were prevalent among the occupants of the back seats.

There was just a little stirring incident ("stirring" is the word, as a cook, a spoon, and a saucepan were in it), which demonstrated the difference between theory and practice. I will give it dramatically:—

Lecturer (stopping in his discourse, and addressing a Cook). That saucepan is too hot.

[Audience in admiration of the Lecturer, and rather annoyed with the Cook.]

Cook (speaking up for herself). No, it ain't not any too hot.

[Audience astonished at Cook, and expecting a row.]

Lecturer (controlling himself, but ominously). Well,—you'll see.

Your Representative was for applauding this scene. It was capitally done. By the way, the Cook was right; at least we didn't "see," and so I suppose the saucepan was "not any too hot."

Advice gratis.—The Lecture should be given in a larger room, where three times the number could be accommodated, and where, depend upon it, three times the number would attend. It is an excellent notion, but let the motto be "Cookery! no preaching!" and if the Lecturer must fill up the time, or feels that there is a necessity for throwing a little life into the thing, let him have a pianist seated below, let him change his dress several times, with imitations of French, German, Russian, Italian *chefs*, with a good comic song to wind up with, and he will thus merit the entire approbation of a grateful public, and above all of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. I have seen *The Wonderful Duck* at the Opéra Comique. The Duck has been carved, I mean cut, since the first representation. The idea of the piece is very funny; the music very pretty; in some respects more graceful than is either demanded or expected in *opéra bouffe*. Miss ROSE BELL, notwithstanding the drawback of French accent, is capital, and Miss LAVERNE sings charmingly.

SIGHTS WHICH WE SHOULD SHOW THE SHAH.

WHEN the SHAH OF PERSIA comes we are to show him Temple Bar, and the Beefeaters at the Tower, and the fireworks at the Crystal Palace, and the fleet reviewed at Portsmouth, and the Waxwork Show in Baker Street, and the Freedom of the City at a feast in the Guildhall. But His Majesty will get but a very poor idea of the grandeur of our country from such paltry Shows as these. The following must be ranked among the truly British sights, which we may well feel proud of showing any visitor who comes to us:—

Our London four-wheel cabs—their horses, and their drivers.

Our Mammoth Iron Duke, and other noble public monuments.

Our splendid National Gallery,—i.e., not the pictures, but the palace which contains them.

Our Haymarket, and other vastly decorous West End thoroughfares at Midnight.

Our ingenious devices for sluicing the streets, and sprinkling the passers-by upon the pavements.

Our Divorce Court; and, hard by, our blatant fellow-countrymen in waiting to applaud the daily egress of our Claimant.

Our Hyde Park Sunday meetings.

Our Income-tax returns for the last score of years or so, and the pledges of our Statesmen for its speedy abolition.

Our thieves' kitchens and night cellars.

Our penny gaffs and music-halls, and other intellectual places of amusement which are sanctioned by the Legislature.

Our site for our new Law Courts, and the sight of money lost in interest since we purchased it.

Our Museums shut on Sundays, and our gin-shops all left open.

Our street Arabs and organ-boys, and the gruesome slums they sleep in.

Our unrivalled Leicester Square, with its horse in *status quo*.



NEGLECTED GENIUS.

Mistress. "NO OPPORTUNITY OF IMPROVING YOURSELF HERE, PARKER! WHY NOT!"

Maid. "WELL, MA'AM, I'VE ARRANGED THIS HAIR DIFFERENTLY EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK; BUT AS YOU HAVE NEVER PUT IT ON, AND HAVE TAKEN TO WEARING YOUR OWN, I FEEL AS MY FEELIN'S IS HURT, AND MY EDUCATION IS WASTED."

PERSIANA.

On the eighteenth of this month, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, but too late for the contest at Ascot, the supreme Sovereign of a country which has no National Debt, but is badly off for roads, is expected to land at Dover, where he will, for the first time in his life, make the acquaintance of a Mayor and Corporation, and receive the usual English welcome of a congratulatory address executed in ornamental penmanship.

From the hour that the SHAH OF PERSIA left his own dominions, we have been watching his progress from country to country, from Court to Court, with the benevolent purpose of treasuring up any incidents of his journey likely to be useful as precedents to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the LORD MAYOR, the Diplomatic Body, the Managers of the two Opera Houses, the City Chamberlain, the Court Newsmen, Mayors, Sheriffs, Port Admirals, Superintendents of Fire Brigades, High Constables, and others in an exalted position who may be brought into personal intercourse with His Majesty.

As Dover will be the first place in this country on which the SHAH will set his Royal Slipper, we warn the Authorities of that port and sea-side resort that if they desire to give His Majesty a complete welcome, and one which will remind him of his own dear home far away, they must have in readiness a trustworthy and efficient butcher, with an animal from one of the Royal farms, in case the SHAH should desire to repose, after the fatigue of his sea voyage, at the Lord Warden Hotel.

The following account of what occurred when the SHAH reached Astrakhan will sufficiently explain why the presence of a butcher at Dover may be as indispensable as the attendance of the Mayor, Recorder, and Town Clerk, and the Artists of the Illustrated newspapers:—

"When he slighted at the Government Buildings prepared for his reception, he was surprised to find a butcher waiting at the door, knife in hand, with a snow-white ram ready for slaughter. More Persico the blood of the animal was sprinkled on the threshold, to purify the house before the Sovereign entered.

It is to be hoped that Persian etiquette is satisfied with the slaughter of one snow-white ram in each fresh country the Monarch visits, and that it is not imperative for the butcher and his victim to be in waiting at the front door, whenever the SHAH deigns to cross a strange threshold. If so, very strict police regulations will be required to keep in order the crowds which are sure to assemble to see Buckingham Palace, the Guildhall, the Albert Hall, Marlborough House, and other edifices public and private, purified by the Royal Purveyor for the SHAH's entrance. (It would not surprise us if the London butchers were to make the demand for sacrificial animals a pretext for raising the price of meat.)

Is Guildhall carpeted? If not, there is still time to cover its floors with the costliest products of Persian looms before the evening of the 20th. Judge, after reading of the SHAH's courtesy at Moscow, whether it would not be a graceful compliment on the part of the LORD MAYOR and Corporation to receive their Royal guest on the manufactures of his own country:—

"On the second evening he has promised to attend a ball at the Governor-General's, having kindly consented to strain a point, and enter an uncarpeted room, contrary to all rules of Persian etiquette."

Any Duke, millionaire, or other distinguished personage, hoping to be honoured with the SHAH's presence at a grand ball, will act wisely not to take up the carpets, as His Majesty cannot be expected on all occasions to waive the scruples and prejudices of his country.

There are two things which all Kings, Princes, and Potentates, Christian or otherwise, never neglect doing in any strange Capital they may chance to visit. They receive the Corps Diplomatique, as a duty, and they go to see a grand Ballet, generally on the first night of their arrival, as a pleasure. The Persian Monarch does not seem to be behind his Western Brothers in either of these respects; and at St. Petersburg he "received the Diplomatic Body, having previously been present at a review of the Fire Brigade." CAPTAIN SHAW has, no doubt, taken note of this indication of the SHAH's tastes, and will be ready with his gallant men to give His Majesty a warm reception, should he favour Watling Street with a visit.



"O, come into my parlour,"
Said the Spider to the Fly."

Benedick. "YES, BUT FOUR GUINEAS, HANG IT! WHY, THE BONNETS IN THE WINDOW ARE TICKETED EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS!"

Madame Amaranthe (née Robinson). "YES, MY DEAR GENTLEMAN; BUT, CANDIDLY, WOULD A CHEAP ARTICLE BE SUITABLE TO SUCH A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL PERSON AS YOUR DEAR LADY?"

[MORAL.—Husbands, don't accompany your Wives on such Expeditions as this.]

Perhaps this is the most suitable place to hint that the week which has yet to elapse before the arrival of NASSER-ED-DIN cannot be better spent than in studying the geography, history, and language of the country over which he rules. Most of us know something of Persia, its cats, carpets, silkworms, roses, and bulbuls; but as questions are likely to be asked by Society about the position of Persia on the map, the leading events in its annals, and the exploits of such great shades as DARIUS, CYRUS, and ARTAXERXES—why does not some enterprising theatre revive DR. ARNE'S opera?—the perusal of one or two standard works will save us all, particularly our young men, from making incoherent answers at the garden-party, at the dinner-table, in the ball-room and the Row, and by the side of the gay and festive Drive. The books recommended by the Civil Service Commissioners are *Herodotus*, MALCOLM'S *History of Persia*, MORIER'S *Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, the Persian Letters of M. DE MONTESQUIEU, the works of FERDUSI, HAFIZ, SADI, and ZOROASTER, and above all, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

A Little Misapprehension.

MRS. MALAPROP has been greatly distressed at hearing that some opposition was made in Parliament to money being allowed for the "Queen's Plates." The loyal old soul is happier now in her mind, since she has been told that there never was any intention to refuse to replenish the Royal dinner and tea services.

THE LAUNDRESS'S PARADISE.—Starch Green.

A CHRISTIAN BABY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

LOOK at this, from the *Liverpool Courier*:—

WET NURSE.—Wanted immediately, a respectable Young Woman to take charge of a Christian Baby. Good wages. Apply at * * * Birkenhead. Simyjes.

(What's "Simyjes"—baby's name? An ugly one, but rhymes to images. But) *Mr. Punch*, I feel inclined to say, with BRET HARTE'S *Truthful James*—

"Do I sleep; do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?"

Is the "Christian baby" supposed to imbibe principles and doctrines with its earliest food, and is it a caution to the "respectable Young Woman," that unless she be eminently respectable that "Christian baby" will find her out? Or is it a gentle hint that though "good wages" are given, no douceurs are to be expected, as the Christening has already taken place? Also, I feel sad at the dangers to which this "Christian baby" may be exposed in its first troubled months of life. Suppose the incantations hand of some disciple of JENNER should introduce into the "Christian baby's" system vaccine from a degenerate cow, or even lymph from an unChristian infant! I most earnestly beg the "Christian baby's" relatives not to risk the dangers of a wet-nurse, but bring up the infant by bottle, on Mrs. MALAPROP'S "Consecrated Milk," which certainly forms the most suitable diet for a "Christian baby."

Yours ever, *Mr. Punch*,

Babbicombe Bay. A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Inconceivable Enormity.

If the throne of Persia were now filled by an Irishman, who, having left it behind him, was about to visit this country, who would possibly commit the offence of declaring our illustrious visitor to be at once the Shah and the Sultan? Breathes there the buffoon who would venture to call his Persian Majesty the Padisha?

SLANDER.—An old Cavalier poet speaks of "Fishes that tipple in the deep." Do the researches of modern ichthyologists confirm this imputation on the moral character of animals, which are generally supposed to be of necessity habitual water-drinkers?

WHAT THE SHAH WILL DO.

(Contributed by an enthusiastic Gentleman, with the Shah on the Brain.)

FIRST and foremost, the SHAH will be immediately presented by *Mr. Punch* with a copy of the London *Shah-ivari*.

The SHAH will drive about in a *Shah-à-bano*.

After dinner, when hilarious, he will sing "Champagne *Shah-ley* is my name."

He will receive from Windermere "potted Shah" for breakfast.

After several evening parties, he will be what the Americans call "danced down to Shahs," and glad to rest.

He will call on the French Ambassador, and playfully hide behind the window-curtains, where he will cleverly imitate the "miaou" of a cat. His Excellency will detect him, when His Imperial Majesty will slip out, and say, "Voici le Chat!" a *jeu de mot* which he has been preparing for months past.

His Majesty will go and see all the Conjurors in town, and everybody at all like a *Char-latan*.

Depend upon the above information. (Contributors, be warned.)

"GOING THE, ETC."

Those who have studied the law of Sequences will feel no surprise at finding (in one of the new Magazines) *Franklin Bacon's Republic* followed immediately by *The Sons of Ham*.



A LUSUS NATURÆ.

Mamma (to her eldest Son, who had come down late, and was evidently out of temper.) "Now, GEORGE, EAT YOUR BREAKFAST, AND, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, LET'S HAVE NO GRUMBLING! WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?"

Master George (eyeing with suspicion the last egg). "V'y well. CAN'T I HAVE ONE OF OUR OWN HEN'S—'R ELSE 'DON'T SEE THE USE O' KEEPING FOWLS. I CAN SEE WHAT THIS IS—'TS A BUTTERMAN'S EGG!!!"

WRONGS OF THE OUTPORTERS.

To the RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MY DEAR LOWE,

I HATE fuss and solemnity, and I like the jolly old PALMERSTON way of getting things done; that is, when they ought to be done. Half-a-dozen words, and a thumb-poke under the fifth rib (between Gentlemen), and a matter is settled. Let Philistines exchange long letters, and make speechification. All good things are arranged in five minutes. Now, you are a Brick—rather hard-baked, perhaps, but so the best bricks are. You'd be the better for a little glazing; but let that pass.

I say, BOBUS, or, as you call yourself, ROBERTUS HUMILIS, about those Outport Clerks?

They are being treated in the shabbiest manner. The Tories intended to do what was right, and when turned out left orders, which the Liberals suspended, in the case of the London men for two years, and for four in the case of the Outporters. At last, the Londoners were paid up, in full, what was due under the Improved Scale, but hitherto nothing has been done for the men at the ports. They tell me, BOBUS, my son, that you admit their claim in the frankest manner, but that with equally pleasing jolliness you tell 'em that you 'll pay up when the House of Commons orders you to do it, and deuce a twenty minutes before.

Come, BOBUS, that's not the way to go on with men who earn money loyally, and want it badly. Play whatever you like, and also Tommy, with the big whales, but feed the little fishes. Keeping men out of £60, £90, and £120, as justly due to them as your own well-earned salary, ain't the thing, BOBO mio. Don't wait for a vote, ask for one; or pay up first, and then get the House's sanction to an act which would have been one of honesty if you had done it four years ago, but which now will hardly amount to reparation. Pay up the Outport Clerks, BOBOLINO of the Bicycle, and may your wheel never be less.

I like your version of the Epitaph on you—this—

"Continentur hac in fossa,
Humilis Roberti ossa.
Si ad cœlum evolat,
Pax in cœlo non restabit;
Sin in inferis jacebit,
Diabolum ejus penitebit."

But I hope the sculptor won't want it for many and many a year. I say, you might evade the difficulty by turning Papist. Why don't you? However, that's a trifle, but see to the Clerks, will you?

Ever yours,

PUNCH.

A Happy Release.

FROM Italy we learn that "a Bill for the abolition of Italian organ boys has finally come on for discussion in the House of Deputies." This is glorious news (for the Bill seems sure to pass), and we shall double our donations on Hospital Sunday. Albeit abolition is a strong measure, and we have never wished any bodily harm to the boys, and should have been glad if the organ nuisance could have been stopped without the annihilation of the unfortunate musicians. But we have suffered too much and too long to think of interfering with what no doubt is superior wisdom on the part of the Italian Deputies—so the law must take its course.

Reade v. Association of the Licensed Victuallers.

"SIR JOHN COLERIDGE stated that at the trial he was willing to accept a nominal verdict—but the libel being persisted in, he sought to maintain the verdict for £200, and the Court so ruled."

It is never "Too Late" for a critic "To Mend"

His statements unfounded and rash;

But libel persisted in quite to the end,

Must be paid for in very "Hard Cash!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BNORMALLY dull,
O dear Madam,
were all the pro-
ceedings in the

Houses of *Hurgoes* and *Clinabs*
during the past week. There, do
not be alarmed. *Punch* is not
going to give you the Gulliver
nomenclature over again. One
lesson, like that of Canterbury
Cathedral, is not enough to teach
people not to let British workmen,

unwatched, use fire on the roofs of buildings; but we are quite sure that one lesson in any-
thing *Mr. Punch* wishes to teach you is quite sufficient.

In the Lords on Monday, June 9 (the day the Alexandra Palace was burned) EARL RUSSELL came to the front. The veteran politician is about eighty-three, but he is as ready for work as in the days when *Mr. Punch* portrayed him as the Boy who wrote "No Popery" on CARDINAL WISMAN's door. He had to-night to introduce a plan for the better Government of Ireland. His speech was fitly preluded by LORD GRANVILLE's statement that he had received a telegram descriptive of the last freak of "an affectionate people." There was a fire in Dublin. Of this the populace availed itself to break into a neighbouring spirit-store, to get drunk, to beat the police, to wound the head of the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, to atone a Judge, and to try to prevent the firemen from extinguishing the flames. The military had to be called in to remonstrate with the affectionate people, and seem to have given it them a little hot, but not half hot enough, considering the atrocious outrages which they were then committing, and upon which they improved, later, by breaking into poor persons' houses, and robbing women of the articles they were trying to remove, in fear of further conflagration. It is right to state that none of the Home Rule papers defend the rioters, or abuse the military, this time.

EARL RUSSELL's proposal is to abolish the Lord-Lieutenant, and to create a Secretary of State for Ireland. He would make six jurors enough for a conviction, except in capital cases. He would give the English Committee of Council authority over schools, taking away all power assumed by the Pope. He protested against giving CARDINAL CULLEN complete control over the education of Ireland.

LORD KIMBERLEY made a moderate and respectful reply, but said that until the Cabinet could consider the plan, he could give no opinion on it. But no one desired that Ireland should be dominated by a Catholic majority, *vice* the deposed Protestant minority.

The Bill of the Earl was read a First Time. (The *Gentleman's Magazine* would have called him an *Earl*.)

MR. BRUCE, in the *Clinabs*, said that horses formed part of the last demonstration in the Park, but this was contrary to rule, and should not be allowed to occur again. (Laughter.)

Asked questions about the Shah-in-Shah, MR. GLADSTONE said that some discretion must be allowed to the distinguished visitor himself, and that we must not map out all his movements for him as if he were to be drilled. We mention, dear Madam, that you shall have the fullest particulars of his Majesty's reception at *Punch's* office.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL (surely you were not bothered by our calling SIR JOHN the *First Snipal Adviser*) moved the Second Reading of the Judicature Bill. This important measure has been passed by the *Hurgoes*, in whose House there is so much legal knowledge that the *Clinabs* might reasonably accept such a measure without much debate. But sundry thought otherwise, and it was proposed to send the Bill to a Select Committee; and had this been done, it could not have passed this year. If you care to know what the measure is to do, a few words from SIR JOHN COLERIDGE's speech will enlighten you:—

"The main principle of the Bill would be the formation of one Queen's Court in England—one supreme Court of Judicature—in the various branches and divisions of which law and equity, in their perfection, would be together administered. All the existing Courts—those at Westminster and at Lincoln's Inn, together with certain quasi inferior Courts—would be merged into, and form parts of, this one supreme Court. The Court itself would be divided into two parts, one of which would be called the High Court of Justice, and the other the Court of Appeal. The present Courts of Appeal would form parts of the High Court of Justice, and the Court of Appeal would, as it name indicated, be an appeal from the various divisions of the High Court of Justice. In all the branch Courts law and equity would be administered concurrently. Every Court will be competent to hear everything (except when the abominable bells of the neighbouring Churches strike up), and the old historical names of the Courts are to be retained."

That, Madam, is as much as you can want to know about the measure. We hope that neither you, nor any of your amiable descendants, will ever need law; but, should the case be otherwise, and the proposed Act come into operation, its excellence will be revealed to the parties concerned. It is convenient—that is, it will save trouble—to add that the debate was adjourned, and resumed on another night, and the Bill was read a Second Time, and was to be Committed in the regular way.

Then we had a debate on the postal arrangements between Zanzibar and Aden. That does not sound interesting, but when we say that our revered Ministers, and specially MR. ROBERT LOWE, proposed to spend £26,000 on what they could get done for £15,000, and were ignorant of the existence of a document illustrating their wisdom, and therefore asked to adjourn the debate that they might get up the facts, you may think that the topic deserved some attention. MR. DISRAELI's virtuous mind was so moved by the "extraordinary" conduct of the Government, that he took a division against adjournment, and, though Ministers triumphed on this by 205 to 151, the victory was one of the kind which the late lamented Sovereign, KING PYRRHUS, did by no means admire.

Tuesday.—The *Hurgoes* read a Second Time a Bill for preventing little children from being used as agricultural labourers until they attain the mature age of eight years. LORD SALISBURY approved of the principle of the Bill, but feared it would "intensify the dislike of the Farmers to Educational measures." His Lordship knows the bucolic mind.

The *Clinabs* sat on the Rating Bill, on which much wise talk was expended, and then (two counts being attempted) they had discussion on Naval Promotion, but refused SIR JOHN HAY a Committee thereon.

Wednesday.—A Scottish Roads and Bridges Bill was read a Second Time, and we are glad of this, as we are beginning to think of travel, and some of us will use roads and bridges in Scotland. It is a pity that the Bill does not contain a clause for visiting with condign punishment the Highland drivers who spoil the effect of the glorious northern scenery by their brutal cruelty to the poor horses. It is of no use complaining of this in Scotland—you are sure to be told, in any individual case, that doubtless it is an error to depart from humanity, but that MR. MACFLAY-HORSE is a very decent body and a regular communicant.

MR. MUNDELLA tried to promote a Bill for lightening Female Labour in Factories. This sounds excellently, but MR. FAWCETT has something to say on the other side about the jealousy of Male Labourers, and their wish to prevent women from earning as much as they can. However, the clock limited the hours of Parliamentary labour.

Thursday.—LORD POWERSCOURT moved the Second Reading of a Bill for altering the days on which Shooting (at birds, not landlords) begins in Ireland. Grouse and moor game he proposes to kill on the 12th of August, and partridges, landrails, and quails on the 10th of September.

LORD CAIRNS asked LORD HALIFAX when we were to have the final accounts of the Banda and Kirwee Booty.

LORD HALIFAX replied that he did not know. "Good boy, always speak the truth."

MR. PETER TAYLOR again demanded the recognition of the Spanish Republic. He

BALL OR BALLET?

IN a programme of the entertainment to be given by the civic authorities to our Illustrious Visitor, it is announced that:—

"Upon the arrival of the SHAH, the PRINCE OF WALES, and the LORD MAYOR in the Guildhall, dancing will begin; the library also will be used for dancing."

No better reception could have been devised for the entertainment of an Oriental potentate than the arrangement of dancing to begin the moment that he arrives; but who are to dance? The SHAH, probably, would care little to see dancing dervishes. The dancers to suit him should, one would think, be a company of *artistes* selected from the *corps de ballet* of the principal theatres. Theirs is the sort of dancing which an Asiatic monarch would prefer to any other admitting of less decorative costume, and, being promiscuous; Aldermen and Common Councilmen and other men dancing before his Oriental Majesty along with their wives and daughters, and the numerous fair guests voluntarily assisting as *odalisques* and *bayadères*. Surely the civic dignitaries do not expect the SHAH to dance too?

"The Moon is Hot."

THE Philosophers, who never know anything, are making a great fuss over the above Discovery, as they are pleased—very much pleased—to call it. Dear readers of *Punch*, who are therefore also readers of the other great poets, how you must smile at the Philosophers! How wise you are never to take any notice of your so-called instructors, and to stick to the Poets, who, as MR. CARLYLE says, are the real Doers. The Moon is hot! That is a discovery for you, who have your SHELLEY by heart:—

"That orb'd maiden, with White Fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon."

A SLIP OF SHAMROCK.

SPEAKING of a middle-aged Gentleman who had married a very young Lady, "That man," said MR. MURPHY, "is old enough to be her father." "Not quite," replied MR. O'ROURKE. "There's only seventeen years difference between them. But he's quite old enough to be her mother."



IRISH IDEAL OF THEMIS.

Biddy (to Pat in charge about a difficulty). "NEVER FEAR, PAT! SHURE Y'AVE GOT AN UPRIGHT JUDGE TO THRY YE!"

Pat. "AH, BIDDY DARLIN', THE DIVEL AN UPRIGHT JUDGE I WANT! 'TIS WONE THAT 'LL LANE A LITTLE!"

took a more than usually appropriate time for this demand, for at the hour he spoke the evening papers were in everybody's hand, with the account of the Ministry being kicked out, an officer's being murdered, the ex-Premier's having fled, and Madrid in horrid fear of an insurrection of the rabble, whom the last Government but six or eight had the idiocy to allow to arm.

MR. FORSTER introduced his Improved Education Bill, and it is a very good. He goes somewhat further with compulsion, and is resolved that all pauper children shall be taught. He makes most considerate provision for the payment of the school-fees of other children, whose parents are unable to pay. Do you know, Madam, that One Farthing a day pays for a child's tuition, and may make him a respectable member of society? That the Bill is a good one may be inferred from the fact that fanatics express "bitter disappointment" with it.

Friday.—LORD SALISBURY is aptly described by the *Daily News* as "a man of letters who respects his Pen." No wonder that he was moved to protest, to-night, against the slovenly style in which Acts of Parliament are drawn. A Bill which the *Hurges* were asked to read a Second Time proposed to provide for those whom SIR FRANCIS HEAD's young lady called Hilly Jittimites, but so contrived that it abolished the whole law of Court Martial in India!

We had, in the *Clinabs*, another Rating Debate, in which SIR GEORGE JENKINSON brought up the question of rating personal property. He raised a prolonged discussion, which MR. DISRAELI said had been very useful, but it came to nothing.

Then we got on the Fiji Islands, which MR. M'ARTHUR wants us to annex. MR. GLADSTONE delivered an elegant and elaborate speech on the subject, which MR. *Punch* ventures to condense

"Annex Fiji?
O dear, not I."

MR. WHALLEY finished the week by moving for copies of papers connected with the Tichborne case, and was politely informed by the SPEAKER that he was entirely out of order. MR. *Punch* had left

the House, but has no doubt that MR. WHALLEY smiled at a fuss being made over such a ridiculous detail.

THE CAT, THE BEAR, AND THE LION.

A FABLE.

(Freely adapted from the *Punch-a-bant'r'a*, the Sanskrit original of the Fables of PILPAY or BIDPAI, first translated into Pehlvi by order of KHOSROU-NOURSHIWAN, the great Persian King of the Sassanian dynasty.)

A PERSIAN Cat, whose name was NASR-ED-DIN, Thick-furred of tail, and velvet-soft of skin, Whose eyes, in changing lustre, shot and shone With diamond's, ruby's, emerald's light, in one, Thus spit from out his beard, on his divan, Amidst the crumbling splendours of Tehrân, "Too long have I, soft pillowed, softly furred, Here on the carpet of contentment purred, While round my cushions, bigger beasts of prey, With mutual growl, have tugged, each his own way— Till by my passive purring bolder grown, The rug I lie on soon they'll call their own. But how can a poor Cat, though Persian, dare Beard British Lion, or brave Russian Bear? To the wise Jackal for advice I'll go, Which of the two were best made friend, or foe." So said, so done: the Jackal's cave he seeks, And sage solution of his doubt bespeaks. Sly Jackal winked his eye, and twitched his tail: "Who would read, now-a-days, must run by rail: Lion and Bear at home 'twere best to know, If you would gauge their use as friend or foe."



A FIX.

Hospitable Lady (with interesting Daughters). "Ah! How do you do, Captain Lovell! What an age since we met! Are you engaged this evening?"

Soft-Hearted Captain (who likes all interesting Daughters). "Er—No!"

Hospitable Lady. "Then come and dine with us!"

Soft-Hearted Captain. "You're very kind! Most happy! At what o'clock?"

Hospitable Lady. "A quarter to eight. *Au revoir!*"

Soft-Hearted Captain (suddenly recollecting that he has completely forgotten who the Hospitable Lady is, and not liking to say so). "O—Er—hum! Ah!—By the bye—Er—where are you staying now?"

Hospitable Lady. "O, the same old place—No. 16. *Au revoir!*"

[Exit Hospitable Lady.]

I know you felines better love the ease
Of cushioned sleep than toil o'er lands and seas,
But now no sleeper, though he wear a crown,
Except a railway-sleeper, will go down.
Then visit Europe: knock up the Great Bear;
Drop in upon the Lion in his lair:
With ears on the *qui vive*, eyes opened wide,
Say little, see all, and on every side.
Judge not by what they say, but what you see,
And let your judgment guide your policy."

NASR-ED-DIN groaned, but bowed his head to fate,
Donned diamond sigrette and coat of state;
Took leave of all his wives, and, with a sigh,
A Shah of Diamonds flashed on Europe's eye!
The earliest of his calls was on the Bear:
Warm was his greeting, his professions fair:
But all for which he claimed the Cat's applause,
Was variations, still, on teeth and claws.
Now in friend, bed-fellow, or hand at play,
Teeth and claws, thought the Cat, are best away:
One cat were scarce a dinner *à la Russe*:
What may be game to Bear were death to Puss.
So under a brisk fire of mutual bows,
And interchange of kisses and kotows,
NASR-ED-DIN, glad to 'scape with a whole skin,
From the Bear, on the Lion next dropped in.
Here, too, strong jaws, and claws full-grown he found,
But muzzled these, and those to bluntness ground.
The British Lion, once a beast of prey,
From meals carnivorous had turned away.

His economic taste a joint offends,
Which but cheese-parings craves and candle-ends.
From feline moods reclaimed, he sets his heart
On money-making, and industrial art,
And the deep throat, heard winds and waves above,
Now roars as gently as a sucking-dove.
The wary Cat spent some observant days,
Watching the British Lion's walks and ways,
Saw how the teeth, by Russia used to tear,
The British Lion takes his cheese to pare:
How claws wherewith the Bear rends limb from limb,
The Lion serve his candle-ends to trim.
"A Lion *this?*" quoth he. "*Negatur* flat,
This is no Lion—only a big Cat!—
And as Cat should to Cat—my wavering ends:
Do your worst, Bear! Lion and I are friends!"

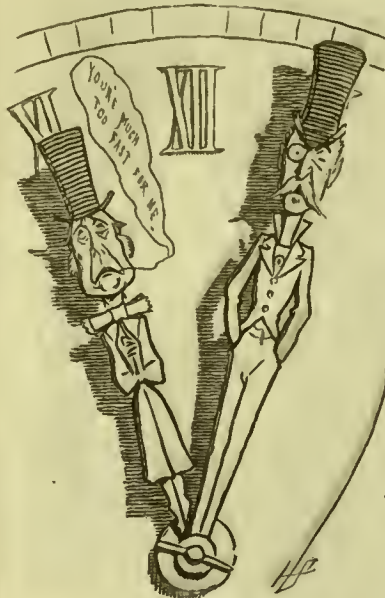
BAD JOB FOR BETSY.

THE *Post* announces:—

"A WOMAN FINED FOR BETTING.—On Wednesday, at the Birmingham Police-court, Mrs. COOPER, wife of a well-known book-maker, was fined £25 for illegally assisting in betting transactions. Police officers in disguise visited a harber's shop in Bell Street, where Mrs. COOPER was booking bets on various races. The premises belonged to her husband."

If so, women seem to be getting their rights with a vengeance. However, Mr. and Mrs. COOPER being partners in book-making as well as in matrimony, the former will have to bear at least his part of the fine which has been inflicted upon his better half.

PROGRAMME FOR THE WEEK.



ATICINATORY.

Wednesday, June 18.—

Gunpowder Day. Arrival of the SHAH. Sleepless night on the part of the Mayor and Corporation of Dover. Scene in the Straits and Streets. All the officials, up to the very last moment, studying *Persius* and other standard works on Persia. Excitement at the Lord Warden Hotel; several waiters lose their heads, and obtain no compensation. The SHAH receives his first (but by no means his last) address on vellum. Presentation by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to His Majesty of the new number of *Punch*; the services of SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, SIR ARNOLD KEMBALL, &c., not required to interpret the meaning of the Cartoon. General inspection of the South Eastern Railway. The SHAH's introduction to an

English Palace. Distant roar of the great City; proximate serenade of organ-grinders. The SHAH retires to his State Bed—his first impressions. Increase of traffic on the Metropolitan Railway; St. James's Park Station brought into use.

Thursday, June 19.—The SHAH and his suite greatly pleased at the thoughtful care bestowed on their accommodation: Persian carpets and Persian ware in all the rooms; Persian cats rubbing themselves against their legs; Persian sherbet to drink; Persian pipes to smoke; illustrated copies of the *Arabian Nights*, freshly gathered roses, and otto of roses on every table. Begging letters; tradesmen's cards and circulars; invitations to visit all the principal towns and cities in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to lay first stones and to assist at inaugurations, and to be present at fêtes, balls, banquets, soirées, conversazioni, garden parties, charitable anniversaries, receptions, reviews, sham fights, and afternoon drums. The SHAH expresses a desire to inspect the Treasury; his disappointment at finding no treasures; the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is introduced to him, but he is not satisfied. Visits the Bank of England, the Tower (where he is much struck with the Beefeaters), and some of our principal jewellers, and is better contented. Ascends the Monument, and is taken to see one of our great markets—Billingsgate. Is shown over St. Paul's; special arrangement between the Dean and Chapter and the Government as to the remission of the usual fees.

Friday, June 20.—Round of Sights. Site of the New Law Courts, site of the New Natural History Museum, finest site in Europe; the Duke of Wellington on Constitution Hill, and all the other public statues and frights (the SHAH and his party depressed in spirits); the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and SIR JOHN SOANE'S Museum; the Royal Academy, the Royal Observatory, and the Royal Mews. In the evening the SHAH attends the grand Reception at the Guildhall, and is presented with the freedom of the City, which, it is explained to His Majesty, will enable him to get through the block on Ludgate Hill and other crowded thoroughfares. Particularly pleased with the Oriental magnificence of the LORD MAYOR'S footmen, and interested in the biographical account of Gog and Magog. Discovers in the course of conversation that the jurisdiction of the Corporation of London is not so extensive as he had imagined, and mentally determines that the Local Government of the Metropolis is not one of our institutions to be copied and introduced into Persia.

Saturday, June 21.—The SHAH writes home. Afterwards receives the Corps Diplomatique and Deputations. Visits Madame Tussaud's. Explores the principal bazaars, the Soho, Crystal Palace, &c., and compares them with the same establishments in his own country. The Persians being excellent horsemen, the SHAH and his suite ride in Rotten Row, and then take part in a match at Polo. Unluckily, their love of the chase cannot be gratified at this season of the year, and, as it is understood that they have come to England to see the evidences of our advanced civilisation, nothing is said to them about pigeon-shooting. At night, State visit to the Opera. Disappointment at not hearing the opera of *Artaxerxes*. The Ballet not equal to expectation.

Sunday, June 22.—The Great Lion of the Season goes to the Zoological Gardens. The beasts behave better than the company.

Monday, June 23.—Little excursion to Portsmouth and Spithead. Another gunpowder day. Blue jackets, blue dresses, blue sky, blue sea, blue bonnets, and blue Peters. Not a Naval Review "in the strict sense of the word," but something so very like it that Persia not being a great naval power, the SHAH and his suite will probably return to the Caspian without having detected the difference. The newest things out in iron-clads and armour plates, very ugly and very expensive, and warranted to be obsolete and only fit to be broken up and sold as old metal after another ten years of experiments and improvements. Fête at night at the International Exhibition and Albert Hall; pipes and pictures, songs and sherbet, machinery in motion and people in motion to catch a glimpse of the SHAH and his jewels. School of Cookery unfortunately closed for the day.

Tuesday, June 24.—Midsummer Day. If the weather is not like the middle of summer, or any other time in summer, apologies and explanations to the SHAH. Yesterday, Navy and blue jackets, to-day, Army and scarlet tunics. Review, "in the strict sense of the word," of troops in Windsor Great Park. Quantity small, quality good. Compliments to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and MR. CARDWELL. The latter, having for some weeks past been taking lessons of a Persian Moonshee, replies in a few graceful words in the language of HAFIZ and ZOROASTER.

BARS FOR BOB-MAJORS.

HANG the poker on to a string, strike it with the tongs, and you will immediately twig the value of a suggestion put forward in the *Choir* by DR. FERDINAND RAHLES. "Go, bid thy Mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell." Had there been no bell at hand, *Lady Macbeth* might have banged the tongs against the poker, if there had been a poker and tongs in *Macbeth's* Castle. They would have fully answered her guilty purpose. But there is an opposite kind of purpose that similar means may be made to answer. DR. RAHLES proposes the substitution of steel bars for Church bells.

Steel bars are more musical and sonorous, more precisely tuneable, more easily made to discourse their notes and harmonies, lighter, more compact, and very much cheaper than bells. They are not liable to be cracked like Big Ben—that should have been transferred to Hanwell, or Colney Hatch. Their manufacture is comparatively simple; they can be made of any size, from a magnitude equivalent to that of said Big Ben to that of a bell suitable to the dimensions of Little Bethel. They are rung with greater safety than bells, and hung with greater facility; no more trouble than hanging takes MR. CALGRAFT.

According to DR. RAHLES, steel bars in place of bells have been introduced in Germany and in the United States with great success. Anything that tends to promote harmony among our kinsmen of the great Teutonic and Angle-Saxon races must gratify every true Englishman, and in regard to bells, it is an agreeable disappointment to learn that steel bars have been selected as substitutes for them in the United States, because it was to be expected, if any modern invention had been adopted in their stead, that Yankee church bells would be superseded by the steam whistle.

As steel bars are susceptible of permanent magnetism, it remains to be seen to what extent, if used for bells, they would have the advantage, not adverted to by DR. RAHLES, of attracting people of iron constitution to Church.

EYES RIGHT!

"Little seems to be known of the persons composing the new Spanish Cabinet, but the Finance Minister, SENOR CARVAJAL, is stated to be a Madrid oculist."

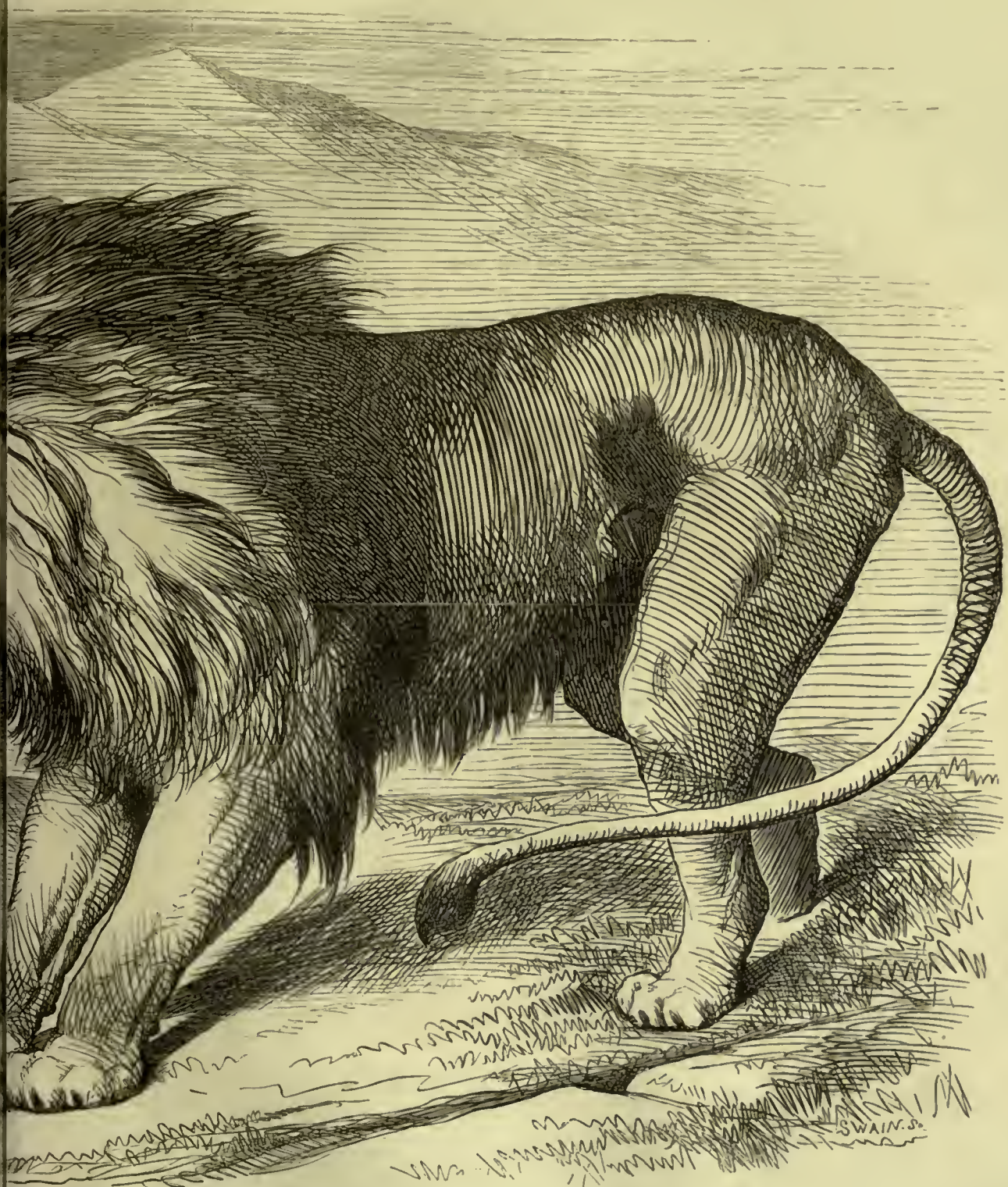
THEY make and remake Cabinets with great expedition in Spain, so perhaps by this time an aurist or a dentist may be Chancellor of the Exchequer in that country. But if SENOR CARVAJAL is still Finance Minister, any one may see at a glance his peculiar fitness for the office. With the experience he must have had, he will have an eye to the main chance, and be able to keep a sharp look out upon his subordinates. The Spaniards are far too stately and ceremonious a people to bandy slang, or one could fancy the Senator's political opponents condensing their opinion of his appointment into few but expressive words, and describing it as "all my eye."

APEMAN'S OWN EPITAPH.

Mors Janua Vitæ? Yes, indeed; no doubt.
The gate of life through which we shall go out.



FELINE FRIENDS; OR, THE BRITISH



LION AND THE PERSIAN "CHAT!"



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He rides in a Cab or two, and faithfully reports thereon to the Editor.



WHILE You ride in your coach and four, loll in your Victoria and pair by the banks of the blue Serpentine, or wave your hand indolently from your cushioned barouche on your road to Richmond, I, Sir, have to represent You in vehicles licensed to carry twenty-six people at once, or, at best, to take only two inside.

Hence it is that Your Representative is one of the greatest employers of London Cabs. He is a fortune to the drivers and proprietors, as, being of a timid and retiring disposition (wherever there's a chance of a row), and, never having acquired proficiency in the art of self-defence, he invariably gives at least sixpence over the regular fare, so as to avoid all discussion and interchange of compliments, whereat, not having crushing repartees ready at hand, Your Representative generally gets worsted, after having been held up to the execration of a dirty crowd as a penurious aristocrat grinding down the honest working man, or having been chaffed out of his life by the unscrupulous driver in front of the open windows of his (Your Representative's) Club.

The Cabman has an advantage, in badinage, over his respectable fare, similar to that possessed by the French over the English Dramatists in writing for the stage, that is, they have such a field, and such scope; they can say anything and everything, while the virtuous fare is gagged by his respectability as tightly as is a criminal on his trial by the English law. Brilliancy is lost on a cabman; he winks at your sky-rocket of wit, which goes far above his head, and is down upon you with his bomb-shell.

Therefore, Sir, I pay, as the stage Yankee speaks, through the nose. But what do I get in return for this? Thanks? Rarely. What have I previously got for it? Nothing; except twenty minutes' worth of worry, nervousness, danger, jolting, anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Were all Cabs good in every respect, the lives of vehicle-patronising Londoners would be lengthened by many years. Sir, emphatically, our London Cabs, taking them all round (Heaven forbid I should have to do so!), are what *Hamlet* said the player's "faces" were, in Act iii., Sc. 2, where *Mr. Lucianus* enters to go through his part, and is most rudely interrupted by his highly educated audience. (SHAKESPEARE evidently meant this as a satire on some of the swells of his day who would talk aloud during the performance. But this by the way.)

You don't, perhaps, expect much from a Four-wheeler, but, hang it, you do from a Hansom. Hansoms now-a-days are a snare and a delusion. They are calculated to ruin your hat, and your temper. There is none good, no, scarcely one. Like the gods of the Heathen, they are all become abominable. I had not intended writing this, but the edifice of injuries was crowned on my way to the International Exhibition, when I was going, last week, to represent you, Sir, at the Cockery Lecture, and I can no longer control my just indignation. 'Tis the last bluebottle that rouses the sleeping Lion (I am getting up such Eastern proverbs for the SHAN), and the Hansom that took me to South Kensington caused me to shed tears of vexation.

I selected him from many others with such care and discrimination as I should have used at Tattersall's in buying a horse. I eyed his points—cab-horses have heaps of points, all more or less prominent—and I took him after dismissing three others who sought my favours. Let me tell you of one Hansom refused by me earlier in the day. It came out of a stable-yard: the horse was being led by an ostler; the driver (dressed in a Jammy-Jessamy sporting style, with a wisp of dark blue ribbon round his whip, probably left there under the impression that the University boat-race was still going on, as he'd been all this time getting to it) was urging him by jerking the loose reins, and making noises which were all more or less variations on such original themes as "Tehk! get along, Ky'up!" and so forth, while, the animal itself was limping and halting as though he were trying his legs, one after the other, for the first time in his life, and was doubtful of their capabilities. The wretched machine (including the horse in this term) stumbled along, and the man had the impudence, the coolness, the unspeakable effrontery, to hail me, and say, "Hansom, Sir?" But then and there I had my revenge. I replied, with biting sarcasm,

but ineffable politeness, "No thank you, I'm in a hurry." After this I shot on, like the advertising picture of Mr. WALKINGFAST, the bootmaker (capital name!), and left the poor crazy wreck to flounder about as best or worst it might. I just heard him anathematising me, the cab, and the horse, as I turned the corner. Excuse me if I am proud of the exploit: it may be weak, but seeing that it is scoring the bull's eye after a quarter of a century of misses, I do think the exultation pardonable. I make a present of my repartee to the public. It will always tell: it will never grow old: it will improve by use: it will be better for keeping—in short, like every other effort of genius, it is not for an age, but for all time.

I will not here dwell on the dangers and difficulties of entry common to all Hansoms, as to what you're to lay hold of, what you're not to lay hold of, what you're to cling to, when you're to eling to it, how you've got to keep your eye on the hind-quarters of the horse, how you're to back in, still holding on to something, and how you're to stoop cautiously, for fear of the loosely strapped-up window catching your neatly-brushed hat—on these troubles I will not now dilate: another time. Sir, I was in a hurry, as I often am; And when in a hurry, there is nothing in nature so irritating as a slow Hansom. This cab was not only slow, it was doddling; that's the word, doddling. Also, it was wagging; going from one side to the other, like one of those jointed toy-serpents that you hold by the tail, and making very little more progress. To whichever side it swerved it got into danger; in avoiding a cart on the left, it threatened an omnibus on the right; in giving a wide berth to a waggon approaching, it narrowly escaped the hind wheel of a barouche passing us. Life was *pro tem*. not worth having on such terms. It was sudden extinction or premature greyness. It was Westminster Abbey, or Mrs. Somebody's Hair-restorer. O Pilot! 'twas an awful night—I mean a fearful drive! The horse was the most perfect *muttum in parvo* I had ever seen. I mean he was too small for the cab every way, and he had nearly every fault that you could imagine in so small a compass. He had a kink in his moral and physical being, and couldn't go straight; he stumbled a little, he jibbed a little, he kicked a little, he chucked himself up, quite frolicsomenly, a little, he trotted a little, he cantered a little, he walked a little—in fact, he did everything a little and nothing well, or for long. The trick which was the most unsatisfactory and perplexing to the person inside was a dejected way he had, after the failure of any such great effort as breaking into a canter, of hanging his head so low as to be completely out of sight. For minutes, while going down Piccadilly hill, there was nothing before me but the headless trunk of a horse, slowly and unevenly trotting. It was ghostly—it was Gustave-Doré-ish. I had a mind to push up the little peep-show trap above, and have a look at the driver, to see that he'd got his head on all right. I became nervous: I began to think that all this was some horrid dream, and that I was in the hands of a goblin cabman driving a nightmare.

We passed nothing; we followed everything. I envied people in four-wheelers and 'busses. I growled to myself; I implored him through the trap, I urged him onward by drawing his attention to the fact that a 'bus which had stopped three times on the same route had always caught us up and passed us. The driver replied, "All right!" to me, and said "Tehk!" to the headless horse, which responded to the very gentle touch of the whip (which the man used as if it had been a fishing-rod, and he were dropping a hook with ground-bait very quietly into a stream) by jibbing, tossing its head, cantering, and then relapsing into the old despondent trot.

Sir, I said that man one sixpence, at least, over and above his fare. I made no remark. I was speechless with gratitude for my safety. Had the authorities been inclined to permit it, I would have gone into the Albert Hall, and celebrated my safe arrival with a piece of sacred music (my own composition) on the organ, which should have been afterwards known, like the "Gottingen *Te Deum*," as the Got-back-again *Te Deum*.

However, were I always to insist upon performing this on the Albert Hall instrument whenever I had survived a drive in a cab, I should be the most voluminous composer of this or any other time, and the organ would soon be worn out.

Another day I selected a brilliant-looking affair. Black turned up with blue and blue turned up with black, silver-plated harness, a horse of a peculiar colour, not unlike that of the variegated granite rocks on the Jersey coast—an excellent notion, by the way, for material for the animal in an equestrian statue—and reminding me forcibly of the sand in one of those glass mementos, bell-shaped, of the Isle of Wight called a "Trifle from Shanklin," and meant, if used properly, for a paper-weight. Would you gather from this that it was a sort of roan? I believe it was. Somebody to whom I described this said, "Oh! that was a Strawberry Dun." It might have been, but it seemed to me what a strawberry might look like under a sharp attack of measles. He was stepping along as proud as a peacock when I hired him.

From the moment I got in, bumping my hat as usual, the Strawberry Dun showed what a trained humbug of a steed he was. His airy manners forsook him completely; he jogged along at a slow



A THING TO BE DONE BY INSTALMENTS.

Aunt Emily. "YOU'RE SURELY NOT GOING TO SHOOT ME, MALCOLM?"

Malcolm. "WELL, NO! ANYHOW, NOT ALL AT ONCE, YOU KNOW, 'COS YOU'RE TOO BIG!"

pace, until I began to think that "I really *would* speak to the driver"—when all of a sudden he plucked up as we were crossing a thoroughfare, and in glorious style charged another Hansom which was driving out of a street at right angles to us. How a collision, in which the horse would have been the principal sufferer, was avoided, I don't know, but avoided it was, and he went on in his old butter-and-egg fashion, until a nasty corner offered him a chance of displaying his original genius. He was going round this as though he were practically discovering some new force in nature, when his knees failed him, and, after recovering from such a stumble as would have ruined less gifted creatures for life, he resumed his former ruminative trot. The Cabman's knowledge of short cuts would have been most praiseworthy, if in every case the short cuts had not been blocked up by coal-carts, carts without coal, carts with sacks, and trucks; also cabs, meeting us where there was only room for one at a time, which disputed the ground inch by inch, and before which we had to retire. The Strawberry Dun performed this graceful act to perfection. It only wanted music to have made it worthy of a circus.

I paid this Cabman his exact fare, and he asked me, "How's one to live if one only has his 'xact fare?" I did not stop to answer the conundrum.

Another horse was what I believe is called "a weed." He was long, bony, lanky, rat-tailed, and long-legged. He looked like pace. When I was seated in the cab, however, he went either as if he was of an inquiring disposition, and wanted to see what sort of fare he was taking, or as if he had a stiff neck, and was obliged to keep his head always turned quite round to the right. Perhaps this was his merit, and he saw what to avoid in front and at the back. If so, he went cautiously, and walked round the corners.

In fact we walked the greater part of the time. When I remonstrated, the man said, "He'd ha' gone faster if he'd known as I

was in a hurry;" but they always have some answer, and it is surprising if it isn't of the sort to which repartee is impossible in the mouth of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

"Persicos odi, Puer, Apparatus."

(Freely adapted by MR. PUNCH from HORACE'S "Ad Puerum," Carminum, lib. 1. 38.)

TO MY OFFICE-BOY.

I HATE the row folks round this Persian raise,
These penny-paper crowns of puffy praise.
Bring me no flowers of speech, in far-fetched phrase,
Twined for this Shah.

No such poor tinsel-wreaths to my plain screen
Of laurel pinned shall be in Fleet Street seen.
'Neath my own vine, I'll sip my cup, serene,
And murmur, "Pahaw!"

Bless the Bank!

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has obtained leave to bring in a Bill authorising the Bank of England, in certain events, to issue an extraordinary amount of notes in exchange for securities. How much the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street will resemble PATTI and TITIENS, and CHRISTINE NILSSON! Bless her old heart. More power to her larynx. May her ability to utter notes abide for ever; may her voice never crack; may no length of years impair her utterance so as to transmute the bank-note from a *soprano* to a *fussetto*.

HAWFINCH'S HOAX.

As I was a gather'n hop-tops
O' the hedge, one bright June day,
A Cockney chap come watchun me.
And he ass'd me, "Wot be they?"

"What, dostn't thee know, thee Mozus,"
I answers, "what hop-tops be?
Didst never see hops a grow'n afore;
The hops as they brews beer wi'?"

"Wot, be 'um physic?" says Cockney.
Says I, "Bist thee an ass?
Woot'st goo to a chemist and druggistes shop
For a bilun o' sparrer-grass?"

"They be good to ate as spinnidge;
Fit to set afore the QUEEN.
Look here, how like they be thyself,
So tender, soft, and green."

In that same lane, soon arter,
Where our dialogue fust took place,
Agen I meets my Cockney friend,
Like a miller all mealy-feace.

And "Yah!" a yowls out at me,
Wi' a yell o' horror and woe;
"No more o' yer hop-tops. A bastely shame
To gammon a young man so!"

"Why, what's the matter?" I says to 'n.
"The matter!" a made reply.
"I ate a dish o' they hop-tops there;
And they pizon'd me purty nigh."

"Them hop-tops? Them thee pints to?"
"Them. Ees. Them there," says he.
"Loramassy!" I roars; "Loramassy ho!
Thee'st ben and ate Bryony."

"They grows both zummut like, sure,
And climbs wi' twirl and twist.
But what but a fool could mistake the two?
And a purty fool thee bist."

"I thought 'twas the cobbler's marvels,
Sitch a collect," a said, "I got."
Says I, "Thee medst think thyself well off
O' the death as was in thy pot."

When I practizes botany
Hereafter, whoso comes by,
Wi' "Could you inform me what them things be?"
I shall tell 'un to ax my eye.



A NOTE AND QUERY.

Farmer Drennidge (meeting his Rector at the Royal Academy Exhibition). "HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTUR', SIR, NO. 988, BY MR. WEE PRINSEP, O' THE EVIL SPIRITS THAT ENTERED THE HERD O' SWINE, AND THEY RUSHED WIOLENTLY DOWN THE PRECIPICE, AND PERISHED IN THE SEA! THA'S THE PICTUR' I'D LIKE TO HEV, SIR. BUT THERE'S ONE P'INT ABOUT THAT 'STRORDINARY EWENT, SIR, AS HAS ALLUS WEIGHED ON MY MIND, AND I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT O' ASTIN' O' YOU—"

Rector. "O, I SHALL BE MOST HAPPY, MR. DRENNIDOE, AT ANY TIME TO EXPLAIN—"

Farmer Drennidge. "WELL, IT'S THIS 'ERE, SIR." (In a serious whisper.) "WHEN PAID FOR THEY DROWNED PIGS, SIR!!!!"

Racy Wine.

ACCORDING to a paragraph in a contemporary, headed "The Race Week," and being a panegyric upon an intoxicating fluid,— "There is nothing more refreshing than sparkling Rhinegan Champagne." Very likely; but was it quite a happy thought to announce that information under heading of "The Race Week"? Rhinegan Champagne should be a German Wine, but "The Race Week" is a period to which "Rhinegan" may be considered very much less germane than Goosegau.

THE SHAH AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

SOME "Spinsters" write to the *Times* a nice little letter, stating certain "Income-tax Exactions" to which they have been subjected, and would continue to be if they did not annually take a great deal of trouble. Their artless tale would perhaps enlist the sympathy of the SHAH. The sole income of the "Spinsters" is £100 a year, a pension bought for them by their late father during his life. They were for many years overtaxed for it at the rate of 30s. a year, not knowing that their pittance was exempt from confiscation. Having, however, found that out, and applied for restitution of the overcharge to Somerset House, they were informed by the authorities there, that only three years' excess could be recovered. The recovery of that little cost these poor ladies a heavy expense "for postage, cab-hire, and the like." Thus it appears that Government, having pillaged individuals by mistake, refuses, on being convinced of that fact, to make any but a very limited restitution of plunder, and also throws every possible obstacle in the way of obtaining even that. These things are, probably, managed otherwise in Persia, now at least under her present Sovereign, howsoever they may have been in some former reigns.

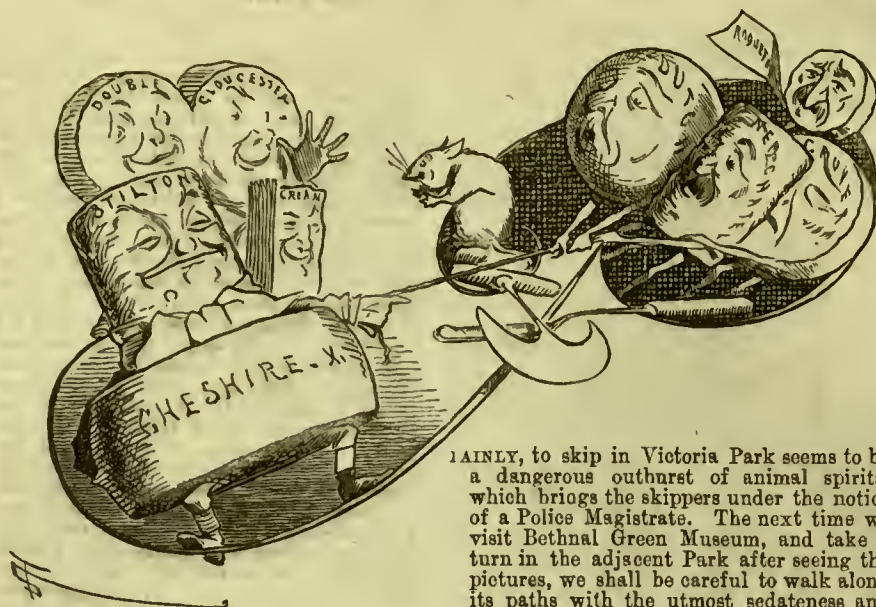
It may amuse an enlightened and righteous Monarch to observe, further, that not only does our Government resist with all its might a demand for the redress of demonstrated and acknowledged injustice, but continues, in the face of demonstration and acknowledgment, to repeat the wrong it has done, so as to re-impose on the overtaxed the trouble of seeking redress on every occasion of being repeatedly robbed. The "Spinsters" say that:—

"The strangest part of the matter, however, is that the overcharge still continues, and has to be recovered by the following process:—Printed forms have to be obtained from Somerset House, and certificates from our agents that the overcharge is correct. These papers are sent to the District Surveyor, where other papers, specifying whether our parents are dead, whether the income is for maintenance or education, vested interest or contingent, are received; and all these sets have to be returned to Somerset House, whence, after considerable delay, the overcharge is returned."

When our illustrious visitor the SHAH is conducted over Somerset House, care will of course be taken to show his Persian Majesty the machinery at that establishment designed for the obstruction of attempts to get surcharges of Income-tax refunded. It is one of those specialities of the British system of taxation which those who work it will naturally think likely to interest the SHAH. He, indeed, might profit considerably by studying it, if his views on the subject of extortion were similar to those of Oriental potentates in general. But no. The SHAH is a just ruler, and wise as well as just. Such a policy on the part of his Government as that which the "Spinsters" were fleeced by must, he would see, necessarily tend to provoke corresponding tactics on the part of the tax-payers. That is, it would justify them, in their own minds, in doing their utmost to evade taxation and defraud the revenue.

But there! Perhaps we shall shortly see in the *Times* an acknowledgment, by the "Spinsters," of the receipt of £10 or £12 "Conscience Money," for Income-tax overcharged, from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THE PERILS OF THE PARKS.



MAINLY, to skip in Victoria Park seems to be a dangerous outburst of animal spirits, which brings the skippers under the notice of a Police Magistrate. The next time we visit Bethnal Green Museum, and take a turn in the adjacent Park after seeing the pictures, we shall be careful to walk along its paths with the utmost sedateness and deliberation.

If such an innocent act as skipping may be followed by fine and, possibly, imprisonment, we must all mind what we are doing, and when the warm summer weather comes and tempts us into the Parks, be on our guard not to show our delight at the phenomenon by so much as a single hop, skip, or jump.

One hardly likes to think of the tremendous consequences of even a momentary forgetfulness of the etiquette all are expected to observe who ramble in the Parks. A Member of Parliament, MR. AYRTON for instance, going down to Westminster on a sultry afternoon in July, and finding there was No House, might stroll into St. James's Park,

and in the exuberance of his delight at having escaped several hours of Local Taxation or Courts of Judicature, be betrayed into an acceleration of pace, an impetuosity of movement, which might easily be mistaken by some vigilant guardian of public propriety and decorum for a skip. Would the offender have to appear at the Westminster Police Court? Would he be allowed to remain at large on bail until the next morning?

Perhaps other actions, which we have hitherto looked upon as perfectly harmless and unobjectionable, are daily exposing us to all those pains and penalties which an infringement of Park rules and regulations sets in motion. Perhaps it is a misdemeanour to run after a friend in Kensington Gardens, and endeavour to attract his attention by calling out his name in a loud tone of voice? Perhaps it is petty larceny to pick up a stone and throw it into the Round Pond for *Oscar's* delight and recreation? Perhaps it is downright felony to allow the same moist and intelligent animal to carry in his mouth, beyond the Park boundaries, the fragment of stick we have thoughtlessly abstracted from the grass? Are the daisies Crown property? Are the other wild flowers counted every morning and evening by the Park Keepers?

The Parks at the present time are delightful resorts, and we shall forfeit many agreeable hours by shunning their shady walks and emerald paths, but, until satisfactory replies are returned to our questions, we cannot, we dare not, venture within such dangerous precincts. Fortunately, the Mays, and lilacs, and laburnums are past their prime.

BISMARCK AND BIGOTRY.

AN article in the *Saturday Review* on "The Jesuits," referring to the antagonism heretofore existing between that Order and the Bishops of their communion, contains the following passage:—

"PRINCE BISMARCK has done his best to promote a closer alliance between them in Germany, just as the kindred though far feebler policy of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act helped to rally all Roman Catholic parties in England under the banners of Ultramontanism."

Exactly so. Only the Ecclesiastical Titles Act did no more than help to narrow all Roman Catholic parties in England to Ultramontanism. Its work remained to be completed by the Vatican Council in declaring Papal Infallibility. That finished it. The Ecclesiastical Titles Act has been wisely repealed. Who would like to give gratuitous offence to his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects?

Here and everywhere else in Christendom people are now comfortably divided into Protestants and Papists. Roman Catholics should accept and not resent that denomination. Ultramontanism is Popery in a simply definitive sense. Protestantism and Popery are now marked off from each other, by a line which no believer on one side can pass, and very few thinking men on the other will. How many such are likely to commit themselves to all that Popery comprehends? High Anglican parsons appear to have nearly ceased "going over to Rome," in whose eyes they occupy the same ecclesiastical level with MR. SPURGEON. Is not all this just what PRINCE BISMARCK would rejoice over if he were in MR. GLADSTONE's place? He would probably not regret the feebleness of the policy which has helped to obtain such results. The stronger policy which he now pursues is perhaps necessitated by the excess of holy zeal which sometimes renders Popish ecclesiastics a little troublesome. When the Ultramontane Bishops are quiet, PRINCE BISMARCK will doubtless know how to deal with them in a spirit of enlightened toleration. Perhaps he will be happy to concede almost as much to Ultramontanism as British Statesmen have yielded—as soon as he can afford it.

NOVEL SUPPER ROOM.

WE can imagine few people indifferent to an invitation to the Entertainment to be given at the Guildhall to the SHAH, but it is open to a doubt how far guests may like to be included amongst the ninety who are to sup in "the Court of Sewers."

THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Now Spring hath fled; but yet, is Winter past?

With frosty breath he has returned in June
Of, when from east and north a biting blast
Nipped the young flowers, and hushed the song-bird's tune.

And in my grate at times have I been fain
To light a costly fire of precious coals,
Which at one-pound-sixteen a ton remain;
So we burn money—bless the colliers' souls!

The berry coupled with the name of "goose,"
Whereto old English cookery added "fool,"
Hath yielded pies and puddings to our use
At Whitsuntide, as due by antique rule.

But Whitsuntide was late, nor can we call
Potatoes early that were premature,
And watery, more than waxy, almost all;
Such lack of sun our gardens did endure.

Deferred, too, was the customary boon
Of young green peas, and men said, "Where are they?"
On old KING GEORGE's birthday, Fourth of June.
They were not yet when it had passed away.

But see who hither, clad in Orient state,
Comes as the Rising Sun from o'er the seas!
May glorious Summer on his chariot wait,
And bring on our potatoes and our peas.

Competition and Cleverness.

It appears that the Government has found it necessary to issue a warning to Civil Servants, threatening dismissal as the penalty of betraying official secrets to the Press. The system of Competitive Examination was designed to provide the Civil Service with clever young men. It has provided it with young men so clever that they are able to obtain appointments on the Press, and then turn their official knowledge to account in journalism. Thus the Competitive Examination System has more than succeeded in providing the Civil Service with young men who are clever. Those young men are too clever by half. The Government finds that in producing the Competition Wallah it has driven its pigs to a pretty market.



"ONE FOR HIS NOB."

Yankee Passenger. "WHY ON AIRTH DO YOU PUT BLINKERS ON THE HORSES IN THIS BENIGHTED OLD COUNTRY! WE'VE LONG GIVEN 'EM UP IN AMERICA, I RECKON!"

British 'Bus-Driver. "WELL, I'LL TELL YER WOT IT IS. IF THEM 'ERE 'OSSES WAS ONLY JUST TO CATCH A SIGHT OF YOU A SITTING' BEIND 'EM, THEY'D BE THAT FRIGHTENED THEY'D JUST SMASH THE 'OLE BLESSED 'BUS ALL TO PIECES!"

COMMANDING FIGURE.

A GOOD man struggling with the storms of fate is, we all know, a very admirable sight, and also a most agreeable one to those who are themselves in tranquil circumstances. Such a man, so holding his own, we admire, although his own may be contrary to ours. The good old POPE is such a man, and holds his own so; his own claims that is to say: fortunately not the powers he lays claim to. He has the courage of his opinions; and you may esteem that, although you deny them. According to a Roman telegram, in a speech addressed the other day to the Cardinals, His Holiness expressed himself as much grieved to hear that SIGNOR RATTAZZI had received Christian burial. His perfectly consistent grief was occasioned by the fact that SIGNOR RATTAZZI was a person "who died without the consolation of religion, in obedience to the wishes of his friends." The Holy Father added:—

"SIGNOR RATTAZZI always fought against the peace of Italy and the Holy See; still the judgment of God is unknown to us, nor must we seek to guess it. But I experienced a very painful impression on learning from the newspapers that the clergy of Alessandria were present at the funeral obsequies. Those priests showed themselves greater courtiers than ministers of God. I hope, however, that the news given by the papers is false."

A subsequent telegram says that the *Italie* mentions a rumour that MGR. SALVAI, Archbishop of Alessandria, where SIGNOR RATTAZZI was buried, has been summoned to Rome by the Vatican, "*ad verbum audiendum*." Very likely. He may expect that he will hear a word, and to what effect we can conjecture, though unable to tell what precise word it will be. The *verbum*, whether verb or noun, substantive or adjective, will no doubt be a part of speech such as may be called strong language, if it be not *anathema* itself, as a menace if not a judgment; or perhaps some more colloquial

MORAL SONG ON MONEY.

MONEY is not happiness;
Wealth may co-exist with gout;
Buys the physic, ne'ertheless,
Which you can't be cured without.

Money is not mutton; no,
Money is not beer or wine;
But to lack it is to owe
Grievous bills, or not to dine.

Money occupies the purse;
Happiness is in the mind.
Else its state is the reverse;
Woe with indigence combined.

Happiness you purchase through
Money that you wisely spend.
Money is the means unto
Happiness, and that's the end.

Who can keep a conscience clear,
Who can have a mind at rest,
That of ruin lives with fear
Ever gnawing at his breast?

Others' happiness your own
Would you render if you could?
'Tis by money's aid alone
You can do your Species good.

Happiness he may, below.
Find, with money who abounds;
None else can until they go
To the Happy Hunting-grounds.

Money when a man decries,
Ten to one his bond is due,
And that presently he tries
Out of cash to swindle you.

Really Thoughtful.

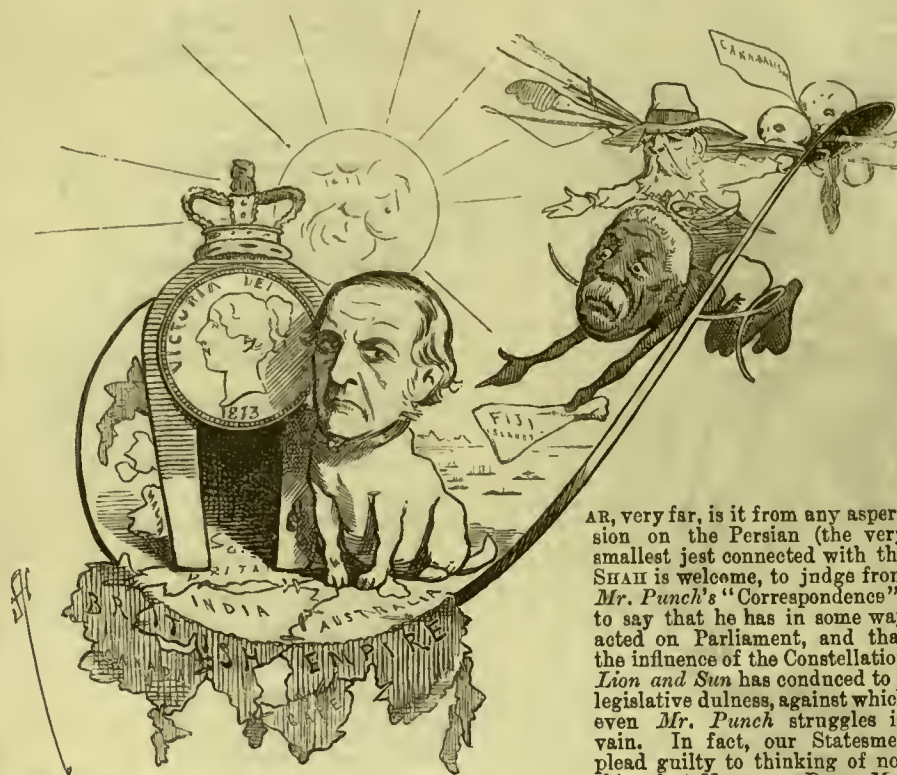
THE arrangement for throwing the full glare of the electric light from St. Stephen's on to the SHAH's bedroom windows at Buckingham Palace, was admirable. How soothing when he came in, tired, from the Ball, and wanted to go to sleep! Why did not LORD SYDNEY insist on fireworks all night in the SHAH's bedroom, crackers in the cupboard, Roman candles on the toilet-table, and catherine-wheels as castors to his arm-chairs?

expression equivalent to *anathema*. *Ad audiendum verbum* may only mean "to receive a wiggling;" but that is the least that the offending Archbishop can look for. He will learn what the POPE thinks of countenancing the obsequies of an excommunicated Statesman. Let us admire the thoroughness and consistency of the POPE in having let him know so much as he has already; and this we can do all the more serenely for that His Holiness is able to pronounce only spiritual censures, and has no power any longer to enforce them by the secular arm. But, in fulminating words, though mere words, boldly in the face of Europe and the World, he stands in a far grander position than that of Ajax merely defying the lightning. He commands the same respect as that which one accords to his predecessor, BENEDICT THE THIRTEENTH, who, whether he was lawful Pope or no, believed himself to be, and, having been deposed by a Council which he did not recognise, used to excommunicate everybody regularly twice a day. Perhaps Pius the NINTH will finally do likewise.

What's in a Name?

MR. FITZGERALD, R.A.—no, we mean MR. R. A. FITZGERALD, which is an *autre* pair of *choss*—has written an entertaining account of the doings of the twelve English Cricketing Champions in America. The title of the book is deceptive to the Cockney mind, being called alliteratively *Wickets in the West*. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the Secretary of Lord's ever played cricket in his "West," but he must not be surprised, if, at Kennington Oval, he should hear BILL SOMERSON, the eminent professional, criticise the name thus—"Wickets in the West! Well, I'd ha' as soon thought o' Cricket in a Coat!" There is something, you see, in a name.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AR, very far, is it from any aspersion on the Persian (the very smallest jest connected with the SHAH is welcome, to judge from Mr. Punch's "Correspondence") to say that he has in some way acted on Parliament, and that the influence of the Constellation *Lion and Sun* has conduced to a legislative dulness, against which even Mr. Punch struggles in vain. In fact, our Statesmen plead guilty to thinking of nothing but NASSR-ED-DIN. MR.

GLADSTONE allowed the Commons to rise early on the Friday, that they might get into the City, and Mr. PELL wanted them to rise earlier still, declaring that he should otherwise never get his carriage, with MRS. PELL, to the Guildhall in time; and besides, he had had no lunch, and wished to have some dinner. You see, Madam, we are all in a state like that of your own excellent household on the day before the night of your charming ball, when you are shoring up your drawing floors from below, and tastefully festooning the chintz-covered props with lovely flowers from your villa near the Thames.

Monday, June 16.—To-day Ministers were helped out of the Zanzibar business (the postal contract to spend £26,000 when £15,000 would do) by accepting MR. BOUVIERIE's proposal for a Select Committee on the subject. He was not over polite, however, for he objected to let any of the Cabinet sit in judgment on MR. LOWE, declaring that this would be like calling on a St. Giles' jury to try a member of the Swell Mob.

We sat till two o'clock on the Rating Bill, and, if Mr. Punch could be severe at such a time, he would say that folks whom it is proposed to Rate show quite sufficient energy in resisting an imposition which is supposed to be fair. But, to do each "interest" justice, it is very ready to assent to the taxation of every other.

MR. BRUCE was asked whether he knew how many people had lately been killed in the streets of London. He said he was very sorry (and we do not doubt it) to have to state that the numbers had not decreased. In 1872 the drivers destroyed 118 persons. The police force had been increased, and everything was done that could be done. This latter statement, of course, is too absurd to be dealt with seriously. Nothing will have been done until heavy traffic shall be excluded from the great thoroughfares during the hours passengers want them. As regards furions driving, the Magistrates are much too punctilious in requiring the most positive evidence, MR. BRUCE thinks. If there is a doubt, it should go in favour of a wounded pedestrian. Yet some pedestrians, especially ladies, are wilfully careless, and choose to think that a horse at average speed can be brought to a dead standstill in a second.

In the Commons MR. WHALLEY obtruded some more Tichborne queries, and MR. LOWE said, one evening, that those who had the advantage of hearing the sort of questions MR. WHALLEY asked, would "not be surprised" at his (MR. LOWE's) begging him to reduce his inquiries to writing. We rather like MR. WHALLEY (apart from his absurdities), and therefore decline to quote a wish of *Dogberry's*.

Tuesday.—Can you, Madam, wish to know anything about the system of Patronage in the Kirk of Scotland? Of course not. It is enough for you to know that the system of Church Government in Scotland, doubtless, has its merits, but that the theory which makes the taught judges of the teacher perpetually produces the most ludicrous results. When any half-dozen old women may complain to the authorities that a Pastor does not speak loud enough, or speaks coldly, sneezes too often, or looks about him too much, or combs his hair in a non-Calvinistic fashion, it is not wonderful that Clergymen are much exercised in the North.

Wednesday.—We debated MR. FAWCETT's Bill for relieving Parliamentary candidates from election expenses, and throwing them on the localities. It was decided by 205 to 91 that things should remain as they are.

This was the day of the SHAH's arrival. The topic is so far Parliamentary that at night the bright clock-tower light, which should have been extinguished, the House having

risen, was turned upon Buckingham Palace, and if NASSR-ED-DIN's shutters were not what MRS. MALAPROP calls "arithmetically" closed, His Majesty must have emitted some choice Persian execrations at having his slumbers hindered by the AYRTON Comet.

Thursday.—MR. AYRTON said that the iron floors of the new National Gallery must be covered with wood, because a large number of the persons who would go there to study æsthetics and the Old Masters wear iron nails in their shoes. So we must run the risk of using an inflammable material.

One night this week—it does not matter which night—an Honourable Member, in alluding to the Irish, called them "aliens and enemies." He remembered LORD LYNCHURST and the "aliens in blood, religion, and language." MR. GLADSTONE gently deprecated such phrases. But the Home-Rulers accept them as the highest compliment an Englishman could pay. By the way, the "affectionate people" are committing murders by the dozen just now, and we suppose that a return on the subject will soon be asked.

Friday.—LORD VIVIAN mentioned that "extremely rough diamonds" now seek to insert themselves into the Army by means of competition—including two that had been expelled from Woolwich. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE said that he did what he could to prevent the admission of other than gentlemen, but the fact was that marvellous testimonials were always sent in, and that the two expelled persons were described to him as most perfect characters. The MARQUIS OF HERTFORD's "blood boiled at seeing MR. CARDWELL's name at the head of the *Army List*, instead of the venerated name of the Illustrious Duke."

The Commons (after more Rating) adjourned soon after six, that everybody might go to Guildhall, to the ball in honour of the SHAH. And truly it was worth while to go and see the opening Quadrille. Listen, dear Madam.

The Lord Mayor.	The Cesarevina.
Prince of Wales.	Miss Waterlow.
Princess of Wales.	Cesarewitch.
Princess Mary.	Princess Christian.
Princess Christian.	Duke of Cambridge.
Duchess of Manchester.	Prince Arthur.
Duke of Edinburgh.	Miss Waterlow.
Duke of Teck.	Lady Spencer.

MR. PUNCH having gazed on that scene, kissed his hand to NASSR-ED-DIN, and retired to his own seclusion and tobacco.

An Appeal to Spain.

SPANIARDS, noble Latin Race,
Generous, fine, impulsive nation,
Should not wrath at last give place,
Now, to reconciliation?

Turn death-grapple to salute;
Every man embrace his brother.
Time it is you ceased to shoot,
And began to kiss each other.

Trumps.

ON the occasion of the Royal meeting between the Sovereigns of Persia and England, when the latter received the former in state at Windsor Castle, it was remarked by people addicted to whist and cribbage that the illustrious guest and hostess represented two Court Cards—HER MAJESTY the Queen of Hearts, and the SHAH the King of Diamonds.

"MOST PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."

"THE SHAH keeps a Journal, in which he notes up with great care whatever strikes him. He is also attended by an historiographer, in the person of KHAN MAHOMMED HASSAN-EL-SANEE-ED-DOWLAH, Editor of the Official Gazette of Tehrân."—*Court Newsmen.*

[How we became possessed of the very curious and interesting extracts which we here print we are not at liberty to reveal. We have our own little birds, but, if they have any other name than Legion, it is as private and confidential as the news they carry.—ED.]

EXTRACT

From the most private Journal of KHAN MAHOMMED HASSAN-EL-SANEE-ED-DOWLAH.

IN the train of fire, at Dover. Thanks be to Allah, we are off the sea. The Feringhees said it was calm during our passage. And the SHAH-IN-SHAH—may his name be crowned with honour!—kept his head erect and his countenance cheerful before these Kaffirs, and was not cast down, neither was his face blackened in crossing the sea of the English. This power was not given to us, his servants. How should it be? May the illustrious not ask to see the journal of this crossing kept by his servant EL SANEE. All I know is that I lay in a narrow box, and felt rollings and great throbings, and smelt grievous smells, and heard thunderings far and near, and many trappings and clashing of chains over my head, till my entrails were loosed with a great fear. I gave myself up altogether to misery, as one in the realm of the Djinn, or as he that passeth over the hair bridge of El Sirat, in the Valley of Judgment. They that sat erect tell me we saw many war-ships of iron and brass, some like birds with wings, and others like houses sailing without sails, and bearing cannon that fired without hands, and manned by monkeys or demons. How these things may be, truly I know not. We are in the land of enchantments and wonders, praise be to the name of the Prophet, and protection to his servants.

We fly through this land in the cushioned carriages of the railway. This thing we have seen elsewhere, but nowhere so swift as here. All here is by steam—more even than in the land of the Russki and the Prusski, and the face of all things—excepting only the heavens—shines. There is a dark grey shadow always over the sky; I cannot speak with the astrologer of the SHAH-IN-SHAH, for he is in another carriage. But I fear the signs of the heavens are inauspicious, and that we did ill to come hither in this conjunction of planets. The English people gather in crowds to do honour to the SHAH-IN-SHAH, and wave their hats and shout. Who are we that we should shine in the brightness of his face?

The women here go unveiled, as in other lands of the Feringhees. They are more moon-faced than the women of the Russki, and the Prusski. My friend, a great Moonshie of the household of the Eloheo RAWLINSON, may his name be honoured, tells me that the women of the English have lately risen up in revolt, and come out of their anderoons, and are now striving with men in all things, and often beating and buffeting them. A wise man would have foreseen this. Why did the English let their females come abroad out of the apartments of the women, and lay aside their veils? A fire is good, but only while it is kept in the fire-pan. Let the woman that can rule a man rule in the chamber, not in the street; so strength hath its right, and weakness is not encouraged to its undoing. In this land we see many more people of peace than soldiers, and all the soil is as a garden: even the beasts in the fields are clean and well cared for. Herein this land is different from the land of the Russki and the Prusski. Nor do the Khans and Elohees and other servants of the Great QUEEN go so softly, or bow to the ground so often or so low as the servants of the CZAR and the EMPEROR in those lands. Nor do they wear coats buttoned up so tight, nor so many stars and badges of honour on their breasts. The Russki and Prusski said we should find all men in this country loving money and not caring for honour. This I do not know. We shall learn. Only I know, unworthy as I am to know anything of the Lion and Sun of the Universe—that the SHAH-IN-SHAH had blackness of face by reason of the grievous bowing down and the constant ordering of all things in those lands, whereby we could not move, but in a line first drawn out for all. At last did they not order even the SHAH-IN-SHAH! Then their faces were blackened before him; and we had a hard time, and much stick. Here I hope all will be well. Allah grant so much to his servant.

(At the Palace of the Great Queen, in the first hour of the evening.)

My head aches sorely. We have all drunk much rain-water, and our robes of honour are damp and defiled. Here the Great QUEEN may be mistress of the earth and the sea, but Shaitan is master of the heavens.

It is now what these English call Midsummer, but the cold is as that of our second month of the winter solstice, and the rains are as the latter rains of sowing time.

It is, in this land, as if for money and steam they had given sunshine. Our hearts are black in spite of the whiteness of the face of the SHAH-IN-SHAH before this people.

(Two Hours later.)

I have eaten a dinner of the English. Allah korim! it was good. I have drunk of their sherbet that goes off by steam, and, as with the bursting of guns, like other things in this country. It was very good, and made my heart merry within me, so that I sang this verse:—

"I also am going by steam, like all things in this land of wonders. My head is as a wheel, that turneth and grindeth wondrously, and my heart is full of still brightness, like the shining of the sea under the moon, and the sherbet of the stranger is as the screw of the fire-ship that carries my soul swiftly through the waters."

Even while I sing, I am summoned to the presence of the SHAH-IN-SHAH—may he be strengthened!

(At the fourth hour of the night.)

The SHAH-IN-SHAH sent for me to attend him to the magical instrument which these wonderful English have brought to his chamber, whereby he can send his orders to Tehrân, and receive words thence, as lord talketh to slave in a chamber of audience.

The magician who works the spell was also at hand.

The SHAH-IN-SHAH spoke. "Call me up the Prince Governor of Tehrân."

"He is called."

"What says he?"

"That this must be Shaitan, and not the SHAH-IN-SHAH, that talks to him so many thousand miles away, and therefore he will not listen."

"Let him have stick, that he may know it is the SHAH-IN-SHAH."

Then came the message that stick was being given to the Governor.

The SHAH-IN-SHAH wished to hear the cries of his slave under the ferasches. But the magician said this was beyond his power.

Then the SHAH-IN-SHAH was pleased to talk with his servant of this wonderful land, and the sea-journey, and the ships, and all the marvels he had seen; and bade his servant show him the journal thereof.

Then I said, "Lo! O SHAH, how can I show thee that which is not? Was not my journal swallowed up in the jaws of the Sea as we landed at Dover? And who is thy servant, that he should recover back its prey from the ocean?"

Then the SHAH-IN-SHAH was gracious, and went again to the magical instrument, and spoke again with those at Tehrân.

And, lo! he made his wives to arise even at the fifth hour of the night—for this also was by magic, that here it was the first hour of the night, when at Tehrân it was the fifth—and dress themselves in their best robes, and come down to talk with their lord and master; and woe be to any that shall grumble, now they know for a truth that the ear of the great SHAH is upon them, even from the ends of the earth!

Much wonder was uttered among the moonshees and khans, and aghas and meerzas of the Great QUEEN, as we sat at meat, that the SHAH-IN-SHAH had been pleased to grant such honours to REUTER KHAN, and to concede unto him the power to make channels wherein the wealth of the English should flow into Persia. But they do not understand how he is to get that wealth into those channels. Then I said to them: "The English have steam; have not we Persians stick—that does as great wonders for us as steam for you?" And I went on to explain to them the power of stick; how, if the SHAH-IN-SHAH once had the KHAN REUTER tight in Tehrân, with the Royal ferasches standing over him, REUTER KHAN would have no chance but to bleed either blood or toman; and that in our country wise men would rather give up their coin than their entele. Now, REUTER KHAN was no doubt a wise man, or the SHAH-IN-SHAH would not have chosen him for this great favour. Besides, cannot the English make money, by help of steam and the Djinn together? and has not this REUTER lived among the English till he has learnt all their secrets? And did not SOLOMON, the wise king, compel the demons to give up their treasures? and shall not the SHAH-IN-SHAH know how to compel even REUTER KHAN?

Doubly Destitute.

VAGABONDS are generally credited with cleverness; if that is the only credit they get. But street-beggars exhibit want of originality at least as lamentable as their physical destitution. They continue to importune you for a "copper," although copper coin has long been superseded by bronze; and no mendicant asking alms ever thinks of saying, by way of novelty, "If you please, Sir, would you have the kindness to assist a poor man with a postage-stamp?"



MODEST ASSURANCE.

Lady of the House. "WELL, MILLICENT, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW HORSE, 'ROLAND'?"

Millicent. "O, IMMENSELY! BUT HE WANTS A FIRM HAND, YOU KNOW. HE'D VERY SOON RUN AWAY WITH ME, IF I GAVE HIM A CHANCE; WOULDN'T HE, ROBERT?"

Robert (first Cousin to Millicent). "RUN AWAY WITH YOU, IF YOU GAVE HIM A CHANCE? BY GEORGE, IF I CAN JUDGE OF 'ROLAND'S' FEELINGS BY MY OWN, I SHOULD JUST THINK HE WOULD!"

PASSENGER AND PEOPLE.

THE People in their thousands
So close assembled were
That they obstructed Charing Cross,
And crammed Trafalgar Square.
The glorious British Public,
What went they forth to see,
And there did stand till after six,
Where they had come ere three?

With eyes intently gazing,
They stood at Charing Cross;
Yet not as round a prostrate steed,
Surveying "that 'ere 'oss."
Their aspects were erected,
And they looked right forth; for ah!
They fronted the Charing Cross Hotel,
And were waiting for the SHAH.

As, bound upon a journey,
I rushed to catch the train,
The British Public blocked my way,
And did my course restrain.
I blessed the British Public,
With the accents of a man;
And I also blessed and praised the SHAH,
And wished him at Teheran.

The British Public's welcome
Was pure good-will's display.
They were not as supernumeraries
Engaged to shout for pay;

And the SHAH was more to gaze at,
As a Monarch of renown
Than the scene of a horrid murder is,
A dead horse, or a house burnt down.

RESPECT OF COURT.

IN the course of the Monster Trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, which is exemplifying the expedition, efficiency, economy, and common-sense of English Law to an admiring world, VISCOUNT SR. LAWRENCE, M.P., was examined one day last week. In cross-examination, his Lordship stated that, in an interview with the defendant, he had asked him questions suggesting certain inaccuracies relative to places, distances, and events, for the purpose of testing his suspected veracity. Subjoined is an extract from the *Times'* report of the evidence of LORD SR. LAWRENCE, cross-examined by DR. KENEALY:—

"Did ROGER ever walk that walk with you?—Never.

It was altogether untrue, then?—It was.

Was it the 'trap'?—Yes.

Was it not the *suggestio falsi*, the suggestion of a falsehood?—No, it was not.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—You may call it a 'trap,' but I see nothing wrong in it at all. If you have a suspicion that a man is guilty of fraud and falsehood, there is no harm in putting a question which tends to show it.

DR. KENEALY.—Oh, my Lord, I think in any case it is wrong to suggest a lie.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—It is not a lie, and that is a very offensive and unwarrantable imputation to make upon the witness."

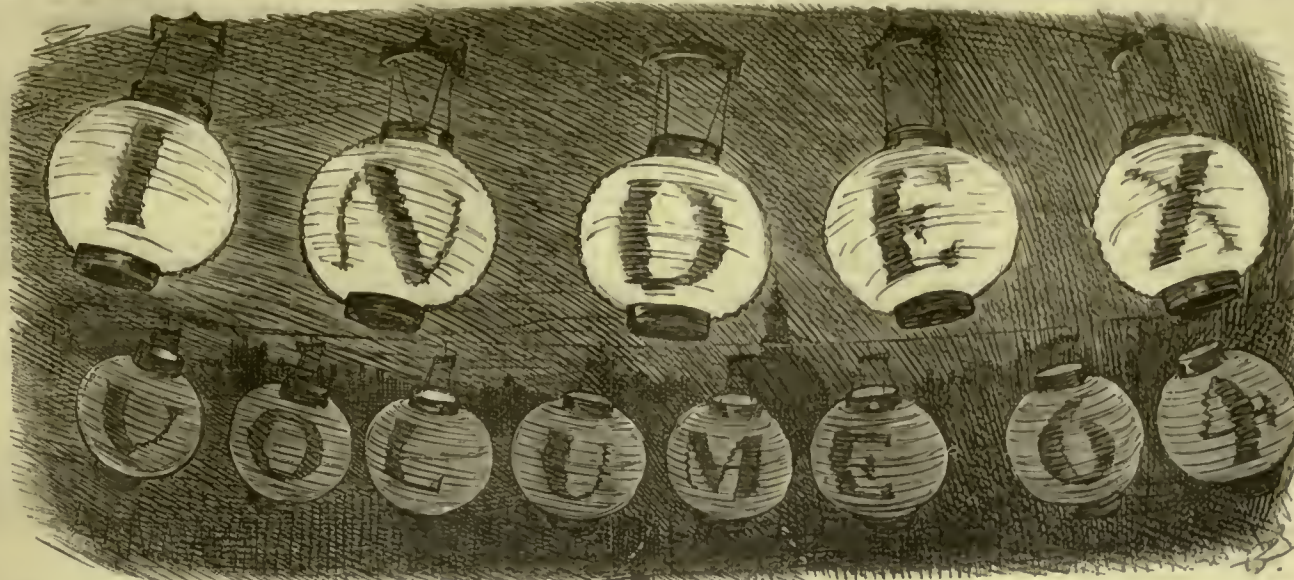
It is surely no contempt of Court, but quite the reverse, to say that LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN is a gentleman.

A REWARD WHICH ROGUES REAP.—The County Crop.



“MORE CRY THAN WOOL.”

MR. PUNCH. “WELL, WELL, DEAR MADAM! NO DOUBT YOU’LL DO MORE NEXT TIME. AND—ER—VISITORS ARE EXPENSIVE; ONLY, THERE ARE CERTAIN FOLKS—AS THE IMMORTAL BARD OBSERVES—WHO ‘WILL NOT GIVE A DOIT TO RELIEVE A LAME BEGGAR, WHEN THEY WILL LAY OUT TEN TO SEE A LIVE PERSIAN!’”



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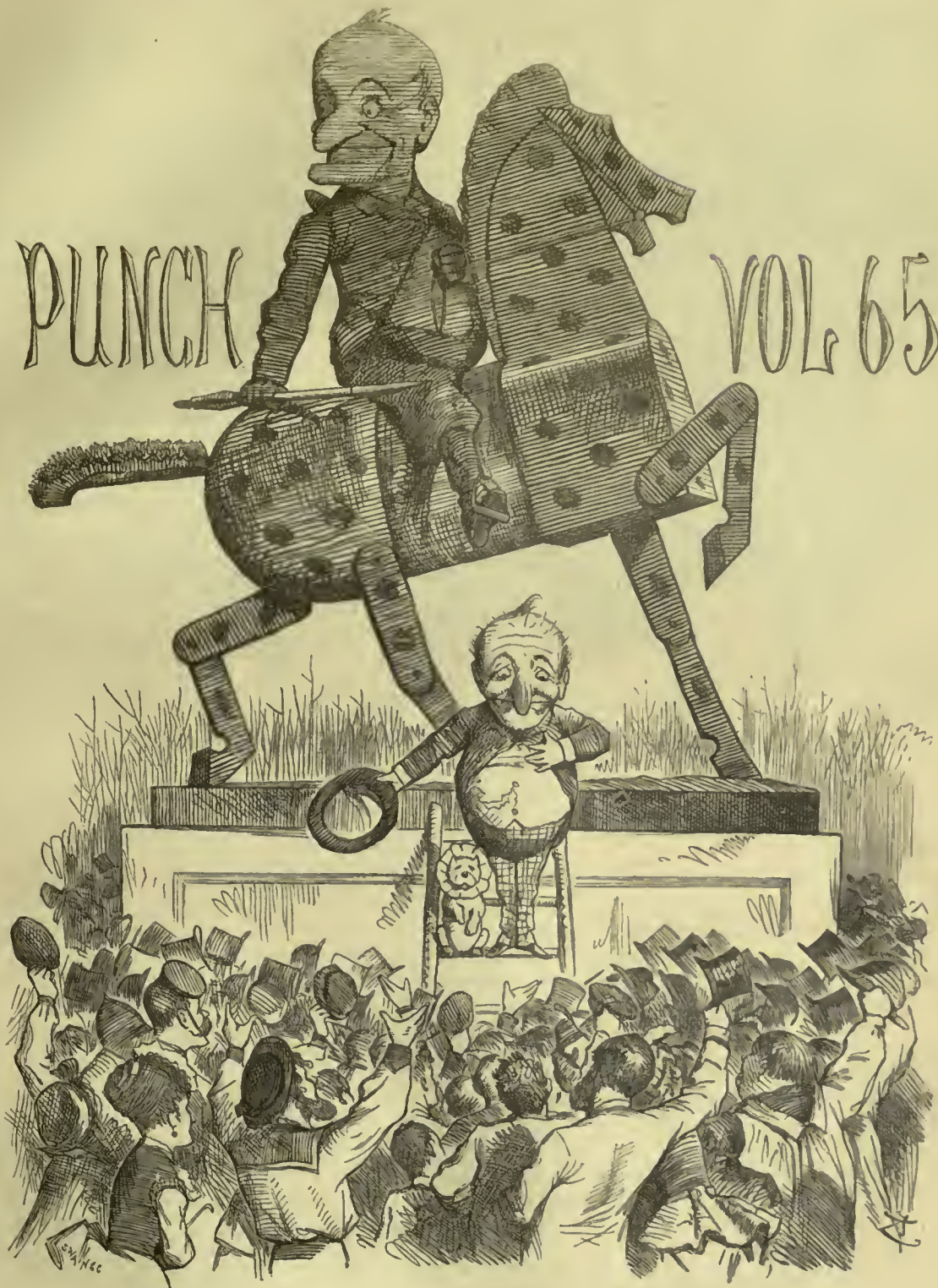
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PUNCH

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1873.



(Of a Christmas Pantomime character, and composed with some assistance from HENRY FIELDING, Esq., Author of "Tom Thumb.")

ACT I.

SCENE—Near Cape Coast Castle.

Enter NOODLE and DOODLE. They salute.

Doodle. Sure, such a day as this was never seen.

Noodle. This day, O MR. DOODLE, is a day!

The mighty MR. PUNCH in thunder comes

To aid the brave SIR GARNET.

Doodle. PUNCH? PUNCH! PUNCH!!

Noodle. Though small his body be, exceeding small,

Yet is his soul like any mountain big.

Enter many Native Kings, our Allies, followed by their troops.

First King. Let nothing but a face of joy appear:

The black who frowns to-day shall lose his head,

That he may have no face to frown withal.

[A cannon goes off. All the Kings and their armies run away.]

Enter SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, meeting GENERAL PUNCH.

Sir Garnet. Right welcome. Thank you much for coming out.

General Punch. When I'm not thanked at all I'm thanked enough.

I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

My modesty's a candle to my merit,

It shines itself and shows my merit too.

Sir Garnet. All right. Come to my tent.

General Punch.

Lead on. I come.

Ereunt.

ACT II.

In the Bush.

— Enter KING COFFEE, with an army.

King. Thus far our arms with victory are crowned;

For, though we have not fought, yet we have found

No enemy to fight withal.

General Punch (rushing at him with an enormous sword). One's here!

[Rapid flight of the King and his army.]

ACT III.

*Near Coomassie.**Enter SIR GARNET and GENERAL PUNCH.**General Punch.* At length the enemy advances nigh:

I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.

Sir Garnet (quietly). Less noise, brave friend. I like thy sportive mirth,
But there are times and seasons.*General Punch.* Not for me.I'm like that chartered libertine the wind,
That bloweth where it listeth. Do not think
I'd jest at aught that——*Sir Garnet.*

Will you hold your row?

*[Waves his hand, and a terrific cannonade, and fire of rockets and rifles, begins. The Blacks are seen flying in all directions. GENERAL PUNCH pursues them like a raging lion. View obscured by the "thunder clouds, which, when rent," disclose the King, a prisoner to SIR GARNET and GENERAL PUNCH.]**General Punch.* Now, nigger! Now, you nigger! Nigger, now!

Hoff with is ed. Let me cut off his head.

Sir Garnet. Well, I see no objections.*King.*

Him see seberal!

Sir Garnet. Have thou thy way, mad wag.*General Punch (looking after him).*

By the great oath!

I'm proud of him, and I don't care who knows it.

And now for you. It seems, King, very meet

That I unseam you from the nape to the chaps,

And place your head upon you battlements.

How does the thing present itself to you?

I'm open to fair argument.

King.

Lobgolly!

General Punch. Lobgolly! I'm convinced. Your life is spared!*Enter the Genius of Punch.**Genius.* Although 'tis Christmas, when all jests are free,

'Tis fit you show you are not false to me.

Fighting is not a jest, and there's a land

Where, facing angry myriads, brave men stand.

Punch. When I am false to thee, my work is done.

Let one warm word be mingled with our fun.

In not a home where Christmas, all aglow,

Bids the pulse quicken, and the wine-cup flow,

Let England's sons at home forget the feast

To England's brave ones on that savage coast.

Soon may we learn their glorious toils are o'er;

Soon hail the Victors on their native shore.





For the Tabard.

THE land-marks of our SHAKESPEARE's birth and death,
A goal of pilgrimage we hold bequeathed,
For all that now breathe English-speaking breath,
And all by whom such breath shall yet be breathed.

What would these pilgrims think of us, or say—
The natural guardians of that double shrine,
If we let tomb be wronged or house decay?—
"How shall the worldly honour the divine?"

And if we cherish SHAKESPEARE's house and grave,
For pilgrimage of all of English tongue,
DAN CHAUCER's Tabard were't not well to save
From the destroying hammer o'er it hung?

There still, from Southwark's ever-flowing tide
Drawn back in its deep yard, the hostel grey
Rears its quaint galleries, and chambers wide,
And stately stables of the ancient day.

Here stood the stair where HARRY BAILLY, stout,
Received to harbour gentle Knight and Squire,
And dainty Prioress, and—rougher rout—
Hot Reeve, sly Frere, and Miller fierce as fire.

Where liquorish Monk fair Wife of Bath first saw,
And pimpled Sompnour elbowed Shipman brown;
And jolly Franklin, and grave Man of Law,
Shouldered the Craftsman in his livery gown.

Here all the motley-clad, full-breathing, life
Of the third Edward's day to being came
Forth from that brain with moving pictures rife,
And ranged itself in the grey Tabard's frame.

And they that would live o'er that life again,—
English of far-off lands, and times to be,—
Will gather still to Southwark High-Street, fain
The Tabard's gallery-girdled yard to see.

And shall they hear, that, in this year of grace,
We valued such old memories not a pin,
Or CHAUCER's countrymen were in no case
To save from downfall CHAUCER's haunted Inn?

Too poor to buy and consecrate its walls
To him who gave them tenants for all time,
That future pilgrims, seeking these grey halls,
May still hear Mary-Overies' mellow chime,

For bed-ward Canterbury pilgrims rung,
Or rung to reuse those pilgrims for the way;
As in that April morn, by CHAUCER sung,
"At Southwark, in the Tabard, where they lay"?

ENLIGHTENED PROTEST.

SIR,—In reference to MR. FORSTER's remarks about the National Anthem being sung in schools, I protest against the practice, and I refuse to send my children to any school where that fulsome, unphilanthropic, uncosmopolitan, fawning hymn is used.

I object to it, first, because it recognises an Influence about which I know nothing: secondly, because it implies that human beings have some communication with that Influence: thirdly, because it adulates a monarch, and I am a republican: fourthly, because it encourages a bellicose spirit, and I am for peace at any price: fifthly, because it expresses a wish that this country should be more prosperous than any other; and, sixthly, because it asks what is not in the interest of trade, which is promoted (though I despise the means) by frequent transmissions of the so-called Crown.

I desire to see the National Anthem abolished, and

I am (to use the conventional phrase),

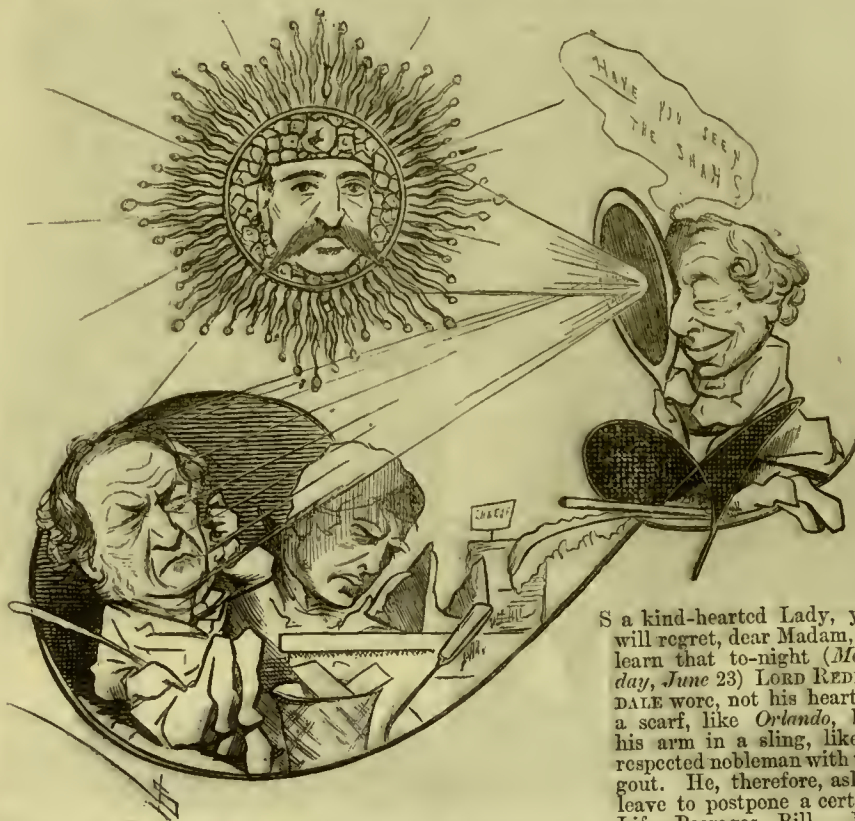
Your obedient Servant,

"AN ADVANCED THINKER."

FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

SAID ROBINSON to JONES, at a recent exhibition, "Our friend BROWN's sketches, I see, are most of them in Sepia." "Why, yes, of course," said JONES, "it is the fittest medium for insepient attempts."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



S a kind-hearted Lady, you will regret, dear Madam, to learn that to-night (*Monday, June 23*) LORD REDESDALE wore, not his heart in a scarf, like *Orlando*, but his arm in a sling, like a respected nobleman with the gout. He, therefore, asked leave to postpone a certain Life-Peerages Bill. His

Lordship has seen too much of this *Wale of Tears* to care greatly for "the Slings and Harrows of outrageous torture" (amended quotation), but we hope he will soon be all right again. "Gout," says HORACE WALPOLE, wisely, "is not a disease but a remedy, and therefore 'tis absurd to try to cure it." Besides, it clears the mental faculties, and prompts a fine flow of that comminative language which every Englishman, proud of his native tongue, should know how to employ.

LORD DELAWARR had a Bill for preventing Children under twelve from being employed as Acrobats and the like. Not well drawn, 'twas withdrawn. We are told, Madam, that the days of treating performing children cruelly have gone by, and we will hope that this is true. Mr. *Sluary*, in *Hard Times*, when offering to retain *Sissy Jupe* in the equestrian company, observes, "I don't pretend to be of the angel breed myself, and I don't thay but what, when you mith'd your tip, you'd find me cut up rough, and thwear an oath or two at you. But what I thay, Thquire, ith, that good tempered or bad tempered, I never did a horthie an injury yet, no more than thwearing at him went, and that I don't expect I shall begin otherwithe at my time of life, with a Rider. I never was much of a Cackler, Thquire, and I have thud my thay." May all our teachers of little Acrobats and equestrians be like Mr. *Sluary*.

Do you remember the *Murillo*, and the *Northfleet's* terrible fate? Better forget them, for the Spaniards have served us just as—we deserve to be served. The *Murillo* and her crew have been released, and pronounced free of condemnation, but the Master's certificate has been suspended for twelve months, because he did not pay sufficient attention to the fact that he had run into some vessel. We will not, by further comment, insult the relatives of those who were killed on that night. "Oh, for one hour of PALMERSTON!"

On the Army Estimates, CAPTAIN ARCHDALE described the Sandhurst examination as "cruel and inhuman." We should like first to see the papers which have so exasperated the gallant Captain, and next, we should like to ask any high-class boy at Rugby or Harrow whether they could frighten him. The other grievance complained of, namely, that the Sandhurst students "are not allowed brandy and soda at breakfast," we own we do consider horrible, especially if they have had too many B's and S's with their pipes over-night.

Tuesday.—To procure the assent of the Canadians to the Washington Treaty, we, England, undertook to guarantee a large loan to enable the Dominion to make a certain Railway. But as this way of putting it sounds a little coarsely, in fact the shocking word "bribe" was used in the debate, the Government says that it offers the guarantee in order to compensate Canada for the Fenian Raids, in respect of which the Americans utterly refused to pay a cent. The Canadians are such capital people, and the Canadian ladies are so charming, that we do not care in what way we oblige them, provided they are obliged.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT was Counted Out while making a speech about the Chipping Norton heroines, who came to grief for terrifying the valiant he-labourers. "Something too much of this," thought the House, which is intensely philanthropic, but hates to be bored.

Wednesday.—Do you know what Hypothec in Scotland is, dear Madam? No, and you don't want to know. Fie, Madam; in these days ladies are expected to understand everything. You suppose it is Scotch for Hypocrisy, of which there is plenty in the

North, and quite enough in the South. A fair shot, Madam, but a miss. Hypothec is from the Latin *hypotheca*. An apothecary? Dear lady, do not be frivolous, or we must stop. To hypothecate is to pledge a thing as security without parting with it. In Scotland the word Hypothec implies the landlord's right to take sudden possession, without notice, of a tenant's crops, in order to pay the rent due. It is much more stringent than our law of distress. Some say it is a good thing, and that tenants would not get farms unless the power existed. The LORD-ADVOCATE thinks otherwise. After debate the House decided, by 147 to 83, not to alter the present law. Now, then, Madam, where are your elegant manners? Thank us for the explanation, and let off your new wisdom into the ear of the next Scotch gentleman who takes you down to dinner. Very likely he'll say you're just a superior kind of middle-aged woman.

Proposal for a law to protect Minors against the consequences of their own folly in money matters brought out from Mr. LOPES (who avowed his hate for money-lenders and bill-discounters), the suggestion that next year the promoter, in his zeal for young men, would bring in a Bill to protect them against scheming Mammals, who entrap them into matrimony with daughters—arrangements which he described as improvident, reckless, and onerous contracts. Wasn't it rude?

Thursday.—Now, your Graces of Canterbury and York. Will you be pleased to recal the appeal that was made to you by thousands of Churchmen to discourage Ritualistic antics? Will you recal the Cartoon in which Mr. *Punch* described your position, and made you emitting a perfectly harmless execration, and saying that you would be d—istablished if you knew what to do? (He has had piles of letters from the Clergy, thanking him for this, and begging him to "go at" you again and again.) Thirdly, you have full recollection of the helpless reply you made the other day to the appeal, virtually saying that you did not know what to do. Very well, your Graces. To-night a Bill is promoted for giving the heads of the Church more power, and LORD SHAFESBURY opposes it, and the Lords throw it out by 68 to 52. *Punch* does not wish to be rude, but if that vote was not a vote of want of confidence in the Episcopacy, the moon is cold.

In the Commons MR. HUNT asked whether a Government Inspector of Schools had refused to allow the National Anthem to be sung by some children. MR. FORSTER admitted that it was so, but said that the Inspector was very loyal, and had made a mistake.

Shall we tell you a story? We lighted upon it the other day in a book you are not likely to have read, dear Madam, which was a collection of SIR G. CORNEWALL LEWIS's articles on English Administrations. JACK WILKES joined in the National Anthem, in a room where the then PRINCE OF WALES was. H. R. H. came up to WILKES, and laughingly asked him how long he had been in the habit of singing "God Save the King." "Ever since I have had the honour of being acquainted with your Royal Highness."

We did more Rating, and then we nominated the Zanzibar Committee. Now, MR. BOUVERIE, you had been reading MR. GOSFORD's evidence in the ORTON case, and he quoted GAY, and, the lines having been brought to your mind, you thought you'd

quote them to-night. But, Sir, if you are rightly reported, you cited wrongly. The lines are not,

"None but Lawyers at their ease
Twist words and numbers as they please."

(as given in the *Standard*), but

"I know you Lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please."

We make excuses for some persons, who have no books of reference, but you have, doubtless, a good library, and MR. JOHN GAY'S works are not absent from it. Do not let us have to mention such a thing again.

We went into Supply, and MR. FORSTER asked and received £1,299,603 for Educational purposes. He stated that our advance in this matter had been considerable, and sound, and sure.

MR. FORSTER can speak becomingly of a valuable official, whatever one of his colleagues may do. In referring to MR. HENRY COLE'S resignation of his office at South Kensington, MR. FORSTER said that the gentleman in question was a most devoted, efficient, and painstaking public servant, with remarkable capacity as an administrator. Mr. Punch has said the same thing in verse.

Friday.—LORD STANHOPE never says anything that does not deserve attention. But his good-nature carries him too far when it prompts him to ask that an Order of Merit be created in England. Dear LORD STANHOPE, men of real merit do not want orders, and you do not want to decorate the pushing, puffed, self-asserting third-rate men who would certainly manage to obtain the distinction. EARL GRANVILLE'S opposition to the proposal was that of a thorough man of the world, and it is just such a man who can best decide upon a

question of the kind. He knows "influences," and he knows humbugs.

A debate took place on a very serious and painful subject—the fearful slaughter yearly made by the wild beasts in India. The terrible fate of a gallant young officer, LIEUTENANT GILES, who lately lost his life in tiger-slaying, has brought the topic vividly to the notice of households whose loved ones are in the East. The wild animals kill some ten thousand human beings every year. The revival of a Hunting Caste is suggested, or, as the DUKE OF ARGYLL said, of Tiger-Thugs. Surely England, a nation of sportsmen, should be able to devise means for extirpating the savages of the jungle.

LORD SALISBURY declared that if MR. CARDWELL should be turned out of the War Office, his successor should be asked to reverse the Druidical decision that Oxford should be a military centre. Some sharp words, "odiousness," "motives," and "innagination"—you can fill up the blanks—were exchanged between the Marquis and EARL GRANVILLE.

Mr. Punch apologises to the nation for depriving all political proceedings of novelty, by the fatal and True-Thomas-like accuracy of his prognostications. He has "the tongue that cannot lie," and he is very sorry for it. In his Cartoon of the "Palladium," and the verses appended, he so exactly prefigured the course of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the Jury Bill, and so precisely indicated that the Sacred Image was to be only burnished, not spoiled, that he merely records that, to-night, SIR JOHN gracefully gave up all the objectionable parts of his Bill, and rendered it a piece of safe and valuable Law Reform.

Then a Caledonian got Counted. 'Twas a case of "Scot and Lot." Scot wanted to talk. Lot wanted to go away.

OUR REVIEW.

Poem on the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, Destroyed by Fire, June 9, 1873. Composed by JOSEPH GWYER, Potato Salesman, Penge. Half the Profits will be given in aid of Sufferers.



E consider this poem no small potatoes. It has its merits, it has its faults, but so has the *Iliad*, and so has *Proverbial Philosophy*. But, as the ancient classic poet, HORACE, remarks:—

"Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis Offendar maculis."

or, to make the sentiment clearer to the inhabitants of Penge,

"Where a thousand potatoes are mealy and white,
To rage that a dozen are rotten, were spite."

We remark, *obiter*, that DRYDEN could not have turned that translation better. MR. GWYER is what may be called a free-hand poet. He has all an Englishman's and potato salesman's scorn and contempt for tyranny, and he



refuses to be bound in the rhythmical fetters which, as MR. COBBETT has told us in *Rejected Addresses*, were invented by the monks to enslave the people. But with a free hand he has a full heart, and we have no doubt that he gives in his business as overflowing measure as he offers in his song. His poetry is much better than most which we have lately been called on to review. If he has not the vigour and subtlety of BROWNING, at all events MR. GWYER never exercises the soul of his reader by compelling him to give a second thought to the meaning of a line. If he lacks something of the tender grace of TENNYSON, MR. GWYER successfully resists any temptation which may be presented to him to over-refine his melodies. If he wants the passionate fervour of SWINBURNE, it is the more creditable to him, for SHAKESPEARE has told that the vegetable in which MR. GWYER deals has a tendency to soften the heart.

And if he is without a good many other things which a good many other people are with, he is himself, an I, an Ego, and a poet. We shall therefore gratify ourselves and our readers by an extract or two from a poem which is sold at four times the price of the original edition of *Orion*:—

"On Muswell Hill there lately stood,
The Alexandra Palace great and good,
Both to our own and foreign land,
It claimed from each a prestige grand.

"With works of art it did abound,
Which were wont the ignorant to astound,
The sightly dome for miles was seen,
Surrounded by the pastures green.

"Full many a goodly air upon the opening day,
Sported with his 'fair one' the time away,
And seem'd to like the stimulating meeting,
For interchange of kindly word and greeting.

"But on the 9th of June the palace caught on fire,
Each moment seemed to send the flames much higher,
Flinging around with consternation spell,
Such sad results as no mortal could foretell.

"The shouts of alarm at this dread afray,
Many were stricken and did prostrate lay,
As if they'd been wounded by some deadly foe,
So painful was the unexpected great blow.

"While some were witnessing this awful view,
Others were anxious as to what they should do,
Some it was seen appeared quite romantic,
While the poor stall girls seemed nearly frantic."

We have then a graceful compliment to the prompt generosity of SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, the Lord Mayor, and to the ready charity of the Directors of the Crystal Palace, who may be said to have heaped coals of fire on the heads of their unfortunate rivals by giving a benefit for the relief of the distressed Alexandrians. Then the Bard of Penge boldly reverts to the Catastrophe.

"In two short hours it was a blaze,
Which took some years to build and raise,
Grand Alexandra's noble dome,
Alas! all vanished the Ninth of June.

"I hope when you peruse these lines,
The author's object you'll have in mind,
For ever will his stand point be,
That one great act of charity."

If we hint that we perhaps could, by taking our coats off and thinking our hardest, invent a better—or, at least, a more conventional rhyme for "lines" than "mind,"—we say this to show that not even our admiration for a great bard and potato salesman drives us into the unqualified eulogy in which so many of our contemporaries delight. But, as aforesaid, *non paucis maculis*, and there are as few spots upon MR. GWYER'S verses as upon the very best potatoes which he supplies to the fortunate residents at Penge.



PHRENOLOGICAL VIEW OF SOCIAL RANK.

"WHO IS THAT VENERABLE PARTY THE TWO MISS BOTTIBOIS ARE TALKING TO?"

"I BELIEVE HIS NAME IS SIR RIGBY DIGBY."

"ER—BARONET, OF COURSE; NOT KNIGHT?"

"BARONET, I THINK. BUT WHY 'OF COURSE'?"

"WELL—ER—THE SHAPE OF HIS CRANIUM INDUCES ME TO BELIEVE—ER—THAT THE DISTINCTION IS MORE LIKELY TO HAVE BEEN INHERITED THAN ACQUIRED!"

PUNCH WARNS HIS SHAH.

O, SHAH, "may your shadow never be less!"

Though of that but small prospect I see:

Another such week of sight-seeing *duresse*,
Such riding and railing, such fuss and full-dress,
Such hustling and bustling, parading and press,
Deputations by dozens, and dinners *sans cesse*,
And reduced from a substance with shadow, I guess,
To nought but a shadow you'll be!

That "the commonest cat may look at a king,"

In England's an ancient saw:
And you, when the light of your diamonds you fling,
And with grave eyes opened as round as a ring,
Within your spectacles' focus bring
Our streets, ships, guns, docks—everything,—
Will observe, in this land of sight-seeing,
That the Commons may look at a *chat*.

A nine-days' wonder you've been to JOHN BULL,

And he to you in his turn—
His strength more of beef than breeding full:
His civilisation (more cry than wool):
His heads that *ought* his hands to rule:
His hands of his heads that *should* be tool:
You've sat in his money-making school,
And your lesson therein may learn.

There's REUTER—let's hope 'twill be REUTER *Khan*,

Instead of REUTER *Cannot*—
Has set himself, calmly, the gulf to scan,
Which in Persia, since Kadjar rule began,

Hath yawned with wider and wider span,
'Twixt dried-up Nature and dwindled man,
Where the gold-stream—for NADIR-SHAH that ran—
Again to Nadir has got.

Will REUTER, be REUTER never so deep
In performing on "the wire,"
Contrive a balance to make, and keep,
Of all the concessions which you heap
On his favoured head, when you bid him reap
An unsown harvest, and shear your sheep,
And take their wool—if any—dirt-cheap?—
Into that let investors inquire.

But let this Doctor "BULL's blood" transfuse
Through Persia's parched-up veins—
Let railways bring their rain of dues—
Let REUTER Pactolus water use
To clothe your sands in harvest hues;—
Suppose prosperity ensues
For mills and mines—and Russia views
And covets your smiling plains?

Will JOHN BULL's Government help you guard
That for which he has helped you pay?
When RUSSKI comes with his hand so hard,
Will he find the way to your strong-box barred,
By the "Infants" you saw in Woolwich yard?
On our arms we bear the Lion and Pard,
But "moral support" is the safest card,—
That's British Lion's play!

THE PINK OF PERFECTION.—The tail of the SHAH's Arab.



“ PERSIA WON ! ”

NASSR-ED-DIN. “ ENJOYED MY VISIT, DEAR MADAM ?—ENCHANTED !—CHARMED ! AND—BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET—YOU MAY REST ASSURED I WILL ALLOW NO TRESPASSERS TO CROSS *MY GROUNDS* INTO YOUR CHILD INDIANA’S GARDEN ! BISMILLAH ! ”

[Exit.]

DROUGHT FOR DOGS.



LAIN statistics have been quoted to show that, in the Dog Days, fewer dogs go mad than at any other time of the year. This discovery, of course, is not to be accounted for by the supposition that, during the Dog Days, the owners of dogs are generally accustomed, by attention to the cleanliness, exercise, and diet of their dogs, to take special care that the dogs shall not go mad. It can only prove that the so-called wisdom of our ancestors, in imagining a connection between hydrophobia and hot weather, and therefore calling a certain period of usual heat the Dog Days, was folly.

We now know not only that the hottest time of the year is the least conducive to hydrophobia; but, further, that dirt and drought are conditions which tend by no means to generate, but, on the contrary, to avert that disease. At the gates of Richmond Park is posted a Table of Regulations—

those most newly drawn up for the guidance of its frequenters. The following is one of these liberal and enlightened mandates:—

"No Dog is allowed to go into the water."

There are, in the ponds of Richmond Park, very few water-fowl which a dog going into the water would chance to frighten; and there is never any course in which he could shake himself and sprinkle people about the ponds on coming out. Of all the Parks, Richmond Park is that one in which all possible objection to dogs going into the water is the very least. But another of the ordinances above quoted is this:—

"Any Dog brought into the Park which may reasonably be supposed to be in a rabid state will be destroyed."

Dread of hydrophobia was evidently before the eyes of the Statesman and Sage who framed the Richmond Park Rules. This it evidently was which prompted him to decree that dogs should not go into the water there. But, if not there, by how much the rather not in the other Parks, where water-fowl abound, and the water-sides are crowded with the British Public? Inasmuch as, if dogs must not go into water in the Parks, and those, for dogs whose owners live near the Parks, are the only places where water is handy, the dogs belonging to such persons can seldom, if ever, go into water at all. It is evident that the Park Rule which prohibits them from being allowed to be conceived by official science and sagacity, in the idea that free access to water, instead of being preventive, is provocative of canine madness.

Pius the Pious.

WELL, we have fought for our dear old POPE as long as we could, but really we shall now have to give him up. He has just been directly recommending Bigamy, Trigamy, Polygamy. His Holiness has solemnly impressed on the faithful "the duty of frequently partaking the sacraments." And even MR. WHALLEY knows that Matrimony is a sacrament of the Roman Catholic Church.

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER II.—How they settled Terms and went to catch a Chub.

THE SECOND DAY.

Venator. My friend, you have kept time with my thoughts.

Piscator. I am right glad to see you so fairly risen. I heard our hostess herself bringing the soda-water to the chamber where you lay. You do not eat of this lovely trout.

Venator. I cannot. But I will beg a courtesy of you, that you will give me another cup of your hottest.

Piscator. 'Tis said by Travellers that the boughs of the trees in China are all laden with Tea-leaves, overhanging the hot water streams into which they fall, while the cows and the cocoa-nuts afford a sufficient quantity of milk, and the stones of the sugar-plums serve for lump.

Venator. I could listen to your discourse for hours together. But, Sir, let us be stirring. You shall bear my charges for this past night, and I will bear yours to-morrow.

Piscator. Nay, we will settle the score between us, first, for last night's diversion. This paper is in your hand, is it not?

Venator. Marry, Sir, I must acknowledge my own subscription.

Piscator. Why then, Sir, you stand indebted to me in three pounds and six shillings, that you lost to me at our Anglers' Game of Blind Hookey, which I learnt from an ingenious gentleman in Cardiganshire.

Venator. A Welshman, Sir?

Piscator. A Welsher. I thank you; that is the amount exact to a penny piece. Now, do you discharge our hostess, and let us forth. I long to be doing.

Venator. O, me! It is fortunate I brought my cheque-book with me. But, before we proceed farther, let me beg a courtesy of you: but it must not be denied me.

Piscator. What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest, so accomplished, so gentle, and so simple, that I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

Venator. Ay, Sir, but after?

Piscator. Well, Sir, by that time I shall be able to judge of the request itself, when perhaps my licence might be revoked on the merits. But what is it?

Venator. Why, Sir, it is that, henceforth, you would allow me to call you Master, and that I may be your Scholar.

Piscator. Give me your hand. I will be the Master, because I have the rod.

Venator. And shall I have it too?

Piscator. You shall. I will teach you as much of this art as I am able. Nay, more; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for. I am sure I both can, and will, tell you more than any common Angler, being, as you will find me, a good fellow-traveller, full of witty conceits, tuneful songs, and honest mirth; such a companion, indeed, as must have his charges borne by his friend and scholar. But come, let us go and catch a Chub.

Venator. Master, where will you commence to fish?

Piscator. In the river. Now I will give you some rules how to catch a Chub.

Venator. Is not a Chub to be caught—

Piscator. In a lock? I thought you would say that. It is an old conceit, as are all the known jokes about soles, plaice, John Dory, Jack, Pike, and minnow others,—I mean many others,—with which, I doubt not, you are well acquainted. To repeat any of these should be punishable by the rod.

Venator. Master, I will not offend again.

Piscator. Let there be a seasonable time for our jests, when, after the labour of the day, we meet at Tittlebait Tower, where I hope to bring you in the evening. As to the Chub which we are now to catch, note that, as you catch a Chub to dress him afterwards, so you must first dress yourself to catch a Chub. You must, then, be attired in a sad-coloured suit, with a hat, shoes, and veil of the same hue, for a Chub is the fearfulest of fishes.

Venator. O Master, I begin to be afraid he will bite.

Piscator. Marry, I hope he will. But take heart, for he will bite the grasshopper that you shall presently put on your hook, and so be taken.

Venator. O Master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I am to be daunted by no Chub that swims, nor grasshopper neither, for that matter.

Piscator. Go your way, and put a grasshopper on your hook.

Venator. O Master! O! O! O! The grasshopper has stung me, and the hook has pierced my forefinger.

Piscator. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a to-



IDENTITY.

Mrs. Mangles. "BLESS YER, MRS. DONVUN, MY DEAR, I SEE SHAHW, THE LIEGUARDSMAN, HOVER AND HOVER AGAIN AT ASHLEY'S VEN I WAS A GAL, AN' THIS ONE AIN'T A BIT LIKE 'IM!!!"

wardly scholar of you. I now see, that, with advice and practice, you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it; and I'll warrant you.

Venator. But, Master, if I cannot rid my finger of the hook?

Piscator. Then, I may tell you, that my pocket-knife will soon rid the hook of your finger. Take heed lest you bend, blunt, or damage the hook, which I could not replace for twenty pounds.

Venator. Nay, Master, I am free now, but the grasshopper has escaped me.

Piscator. Then take a beetle, or a bob—

Venator. I have one in my purse with a hole in it.

Piscator. Rest you merry, Scholar; a "bob" is a youthful beetle. Take him, and make in him certain cunning slits, through which you may, with ease, pass the hook, whereon he will wriggle and twist in lively and right merry sort.

Venator. See, Master, 'tis as you say. But doth this not cause the beetle some pain?

Piscator. Nay, Scholar, few pleasures are so perfect as to be entirely free of inconvenience, yet these contortions are probably the honest creature's best mode of expressing his extreme gratification and supreme enjoyment of the dignity thus thrust upon him above his fellows, as having been selected to share with Man the gentle science of Angling.

Venator. I thank you, good Master, for this observation. And though I be so far furnished for the sport, yet do I lack that dressing without which 'twere vain to attempt the capture of a Chub, and whereof you spake a while ago.

Piscator. You shall lack nothing. Take my rod: put another grasshopper or beetle on your hook: and for your disguise, I will provide you, from my own bag, with a long grey robe, green spectacles, with a fine false nose and moustache all in one, and such a wig as shall insure you against detection, even by the most wary and experienced Chub in this river. My charge for these is but a crown for the first hour, and three shillings for the second.

Venator. Trust me, Master—

SPANISH SERENADE.

(As sung under the Window of EX-QUEEN ISABELLA during her late Residence at Rome.)

WAKE, Lady, wake from thy dream benighted;
Thy sad position see.
Thou hast to Rome come uninvited;
The POPE no'er sent for thee.
All thy devotion will requited
By him, alas! not be;
ISABEL, ISABEL, ISABEL!
Cold comfort he'll give in thy sorrow;
He will tell, he will tell, he will tell
Thee "With patience, child, wait till to-morrow;
Fare thee well!"

"What though I sent thee once a token;
The hallowed Golden Rose,
With words of benediction spoken?
Poor Lady, O what of those?
That link that bound us then is broken,
Like the bridge of a bruiser's nose.
ISABEL, ISABEL, ISABEL!
Thou wast then on Spain's throne; but thy nation
Did expel, did expel, did expel,
My dear daughter from that situation;
Fare thee well!"

"Ah, 'tis the Carlists' insurrection,
Not thy cause, I must bless!
I from their King expect protection
In case of their success.
So with thy side have cut connection,
Confiteor, I confess.
ISABEL, ISABEL, ISABEL!
Aid from thee since I never can borrow,
Shot and shell, shot and shell, shot and shell,
Be blest for son CARLOS to-morrow:
Fare thee well!"

Unaccountable Omission.

A GREAT deal that is neither very entertaining nor instructive has of late been said and written about Local Rating. In the course of it all no allusion whatsoever has been made to the celebrity for Rating once peculiar in locality to Billingsgate.

Piscator. Nay, that will I not, Master Scholar. So—these are two good half-crowns.

Venator. See, Master, I have got on my Chub-dressing.

Piscator. Then go your way. Perch yourself, secretly, on a bough, above the same hole in which I caught my Chub.

Venator. I'll go, my loving Master, and observe your directions. . . . O me! O! O! O! the branch is snapping asunder, and I am just over the hole! . . . O, Master! I am in the ho O! O!

Election Amenities.

WOULD-BE M.P.'s have been known before now to throw dust in the eyes of their supporters, but at Bath the order of things has been reversed. There some ruffians at a public meeting threw pepper into the eyes of one of the candidates for the representation of the city in Parliament. This seems carrying the license usually allowed at elections rather too far, and it is to be hoped that the offenders will be discovered, and, punishment being inflicted on homoeopathic principles, made to smart for their atrocious conduct. In France they would probably be sent to Cayenne.

No Connection.

AMONGST the recent additions to the Zoological Gardens are "two young Persian lions." This looks like a curious coincidence, but we have ascertained that these accessions to the collection in the Regent's Park, are altogether different from the Persian "lions" that have lately had the run of London Society.

REALLY USEFUL SPIRIT-RAPPING AT LAST.

A SPIRIT that will beat you at Music at any time. The Metro-Gnome!



READY ANSWER.

Uncle. "Now, how did the Mother of Moses hide him?"

Niece. "With a Stick, Uncle."

A SANE IDEA OF SUNDAY.

In the subjoined extract from a report of an address delivered on Wednesday last week, by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, to a meeting held at the National Club, Whitehall, in aid of the Sunday Rest Association, there will perhaps be discerned by many persons, at first sight, nothing more than thoroughly orthodox good sense:—

"The Archbishop said that the report, if the statistics were accurate, showed that good work had been done during the year, for, by persuasion, 600 shops had been wholly or partially closed, and the Sunday marketing habits of 40,000 inhabitants of the Metropolis had been changed. The attempts at legislation on the Sunday question had always failed, and he was sure that persuasion on this subject would do more than legislation, for the English people were more easily led than driven; and if there was one thing more difficult than another to drive them upon it was this Sunday question."

On a moment's consideration, however, any one who is capable of duly weighing these remarks will perceive that they express not only sound doctrine and practical wisdom, but also a very extraordinary amount of mental power evinced in a most rare exercise of self-control. The creed of nearly all men, whatever it is, consists of fixed ideas, which have been so imprinted on their minds as to be, whether true or false, indelible; like the celebrated Somebody's So-and-So Marking-Ink. It is as impossible for any man but one much above the average of thinking men to reconsider the sectarian doctrines which he has once been imbued with, as it is for a cat to change its colours, or for a woman to refuse, in any one particular of dress or ornament, how ugly, uncleanly, unhealthy, or grotesque soever, to follow the fashion. If this is true of Britons in general as well as of Continentals and still more of savage or semi-barbarous races, it is, above all the other British, true of those who inhabit the north of this island. And if there is one fixed idea of doctrine in their minds generally more ineradicable than another, it is that which confounds the Sunday of Christendom with the Sabbath of Jewry. This is an idea so fixed as to constitute what we take leave to call the Scottish Craze. It is so inveterate that one cannot help thinking that it must arise from something specific in the Scottish blood or the Scottish nervous system. Now, although ARCHIBALD, by Divine permission ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and Primate of

TIGER-MUSIC.

(After WILLIAM BLAKE.)

"The SHAH is warned against the Siren Song of the English Tiger."—*St. Petersburg Paper.*

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night!
Should this Russian meet thine eye,
Thou'dst mend his Natural History.

"Scratch a Russian," men declare,
"And you'll find a Tartar there,"
Tiger, we should hugely joy
To see thee scratch this scribbling boy.

Tell a tiger that he sings,
Tell a lion that he stings,
Tell a Turk he goes to mass,
Tell this Russ he's not an ass.

What the fume of coarse champagne,
In what muddle was the brain,
When that Serf, so extra free,
Set tiger singing, SHAH, to thee?

Amende Honorable.

"Down came the Templars (like Cedron in flood)" with a noble subscription on Hospital Sunday. Their previous hesitation on the subject had been due only to lawyers' reverence for precedent. The Templars were not sure that they had a right to interfere with the Hospitaliers.

Light and Darkness.

As from the Commons' Clocktower, late,
Flashed forth the Electric Light,
And signified prolix debate
One weary, wasted night;
"Together," to myself I said,
"How light and darkness go!
What brilliancy above is shed;
What bosh is talked below!"

all England, is the ecclesiastical head of the English Established Church; nevertheless, that Most Reverend ARCHIBALD is a Scotchman. And yet DR. TAIT speaks the language of common sense and Christianity on the subject of Sunday!

COMBINED CHARGES.

Of course Her Majesty's Ministers usually read the *Morning Post*. There are some of them who probably shook their heads and sighed over certain passages of a leading article in that journal relative to the Review in Windsor Park then about to be held before the SHAH.

"O 'tis a glorious sight to see
The charge of the British Cavalry!"

—was, be it said by leave of MR. PLANCHÉ, the substance of observations calculated to sadden Ministerial minds. Though charging is nowadays a less important function of the Cavalry than it has been, yet, urged the *Post*, it is at times indispensable:

"And if charging has to be done, where is the Cavalry that could excel that which the SHAH will see to-day in Windsor Park?"

It was not, however, the charging which the SHAH would see in Windsor Park that an economical Government must have grieved to contemplate. No; it was the pecuniary charge of the British Cavalry. Doubtless the idea of that charge, suggested by remarks on the other, affected Right Honourable Gentlemen visibly. Who cannot picture to himself, for instance, the effect of this suggestion on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, so as to imagine MR. LOWE making faces which, if they had only been photographed, would be a study, and like a thing otherwise of quite a contrary description, "a joy for ever"? For of course the charge of which the figures arose before his mind's eye was not only that of the Cavalry, but that of the Infantry too.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—CROMWELL had his Ironsides—We have our Iron-clads.



POSITIVE PROOF.

Laurence. "NOT CARE FOR YOU NOW, EMILY! WHY, DIDN'T I SIT FOURTEEN TIMES FOR MY PHOTOGRAPH LAST WEEK, ON PURPOSE TO PLEASE YOU?"

A "THING OF SPAIN."

SPAIN boasts—generally—but specially boasts of imitating France. In one matter Spain does not seem so faithful a member of the *servum pecus* as could have been expected. France, just now, is rather particular about religious services at funerals, and a splendid point was made last week in the Assembly, by a military man, who asked, in trumpet voice, "If you deprive a soldier of his belief in a future state, what right have you to ask him to throw away his present life?" The pious conundrum brought down the house. But what do we read in the same paper, about Spain? "The Cortes has voted the abolition of Military Chaplains." This would be wise, economically, if the Spanish Government ever paid anybody. But considering that religion is the strong point of the Carlist assassins who murder their prisoners, it is hard upon the poor ignorant fellows sent against KING CHARLES THE SEVENTH to deny them such consolation as they could obtain from the tender services of the particularly dirty clergymen thus discharged. Moreover, though it may not be much to the credit of the Spaniards, they always fight best when their priests halloo them on. However, there is only one blunder more. Soon comes King Blunder-buss.

The Sex of the Sun.

SINCE his departure and during his absence from "the land of the East" and "the clime of the Sun," the SHAH has instituted a new Order bearing the name of that luminary. The Order of the Sun is for ladies only. The institution of this Order is a remarkable step on the part of an Eastern potentate. It is a symbolical assertion of the Rights of Woman, and something more. Hitherto the Sun and Moon, respectively, have been considered the celestial representatives of the two sexes—the Moon corresponding to the softer sex. In creating the Order of the Sun for that Sex exclusively, the SHAH has, to the extent of his authority, put it in the place of the other. When he gets back will he put it in the other's habiliments? Will he promote the inmates of the *anderoon* to knickerbockers?

DOVES IN A FLUTTER.

IN the course of a reply to an address lately presented to him, the POPE, adverting to the subject of matrimony, "strongly censured civil marriages." A telegram to the foregoing effect adds:—

"He also repeated his declaration that there could be no alliance between light and darkness."

Among the Protestant ladies of England visiting Rome, with whom it is the fashion to go to the Vatican, and throw themselves on their knees before the POPE to receive his blessing, the declaration above quoted from the lips of His Holiness has probably created some anxious sensation. Many of them, doubtless, are apprehensive that he intended to denounce mixed marriages as such not only in respect of creeds but also of complexions. This apprehension must have rendered many of our fair countrywomen, *blondes*, in Italy very unhappy, and may have made some of them cry.

Justice.

PERHAPS we are doing certain artisans wrong in saying that they are greedy, and demand too high wages. If brickmakers can be purchased at *this* price, houses ought to be cheaper. We cut from a Leamington paper:—

WANTED, a GANG of BRICKMAKERS, at 5s. 6d. per thousand.—Apply to MR. THACKWELL, Cheltenham Potteries.

Atrabilious.

(To the President of the Royal Academy.)

You keep a Chemical Professor. Will
You give an unknown friend, Sir, leave to state his
Opinion that, on entrance, a blue pill
To all Art-critics should be offered gratis?

ONE WHO HAS BEEN CUT UP.



ACADEMY PENCILLINGS.

Affable Stranger. "THERE, SIR, MY WORK 'UNG ON THE LINE AGAIN! SIR FRANCIS CAN APPRECIATE A GOOD THING, SIR."

Astonished Stranger. "EH? WHAT? I THOUGHT MILLAIS PAINTED THIS——"

Affable Stranger (contemptuously). "POOH! 'E MAY HAVE PAINTED IT, BUT I MADE THE FRAME!"

THE SHAH'S IMPRESSIONS.

YES! SHAH-IN-SHAH in truth I must be—
Or why this fuss of the Feringhee?
Why all these hosts my steps that crowd,
With bows so low, and cheers so loud?
If the Ingles Queen, so great among princes,
All this respect for me evinces;
If the CZAROVITCH, when I appear,
Falls flat, as the flattest of bitter beer;
If all these Wuzcers, and Aghas, and Khans,
For me spend their time and their tomanis;
Their parks and palaces lay at my feet,
Muster for me their army and fleet,
And their miles upon miles of merchant ships;
If without the ferashes and their whips,
Manchester gathers, and Liverpool runs,
With voices of men and thunder of guns,
To the light of the face of the SHAH-IN-SHAH,
As unto the amber is drawn the straw;
All this is proof in more than words,
I am King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

They told me that leaving Teheran,
Danger of eating dirt I ran,—
That out of the realms of the SHAH-IN-SHAH
I should find rulers, called Light and Law.
May the graves of their mothers be defiled
That fain with such bosh had their SHAH beguiled!
For the more of these Feringhee Kaffirs I've known,
The whiter to me my face has grown.
I've seen the land calls the Russki lord,
And there the rulers are Stick and Sword:

SAMUEL BAKER.

AIR—"Betsy Ditto."

WHEN from his country, far away,
Brave work his time employing,
Bad news of him, the other day,
Came, hope well-nigh destroying.
That he had been, or would be, slain
Said some ill rumours' maker;
But now is flashed across the main,
"All right's SIR SAMUEL BAKER."

We get good tidings from Khartoum,
About his expedition—
The vulture's maw is not his tomb.
He has achieved his mission;
Whereof, the slave-trade to suppress,
He was the undertaker.
There's no succeeding like success,
Which crowns SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

If he has pushed unto the Lino
The realm of modern Pharaoh,
As is averred, his name will shine
Most brightly at Grand Cairo.
The KHEDIVE'll right well repay
The gain of many an aere.
Sing, fellahs, hey for BAKER BEY!
Long live SIR SAMUEL BAKER!

NEWDEGATE CONSOLED.

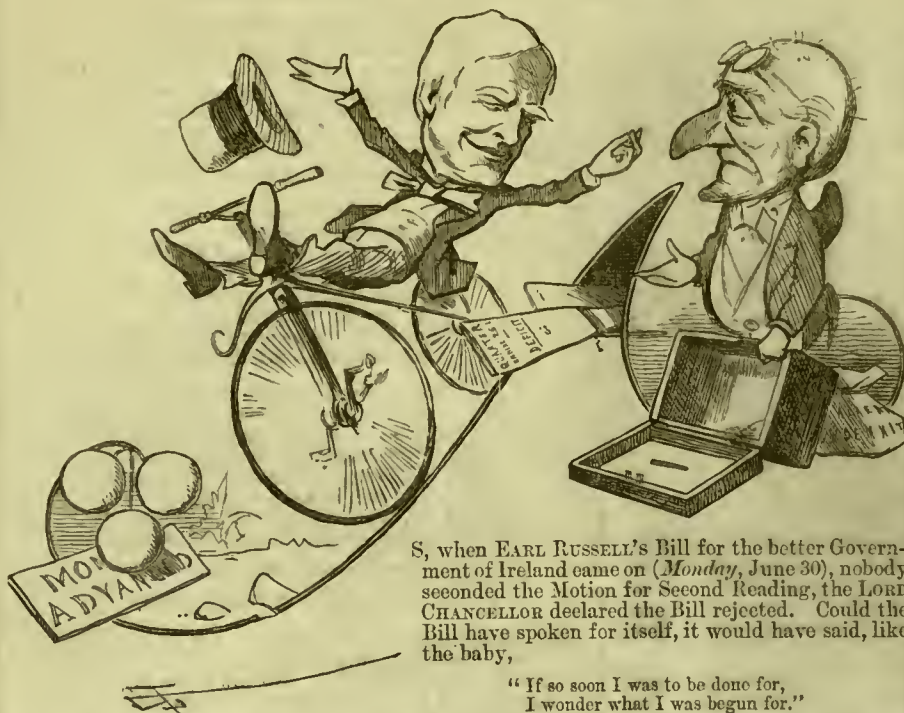
THE cause of civil and religious liberty has triumphed in the rejection of MR. NEWDEGATE'S Monastic and Conventual Institutions Bill. No law could provide for the inspection of Monasteries and Convents without compelling inquiry into the affairs of the Agapemene. And, whilst we know that, in the abodes of piety which the object of the Bill proposed by the Member for North Warwickshire was to explore, the human passions which elsewhere, unchecked, often render authority cruel, are, as well as all others, subdued beneath reason and the higher sentiments, we also know that the suspicions respecting the treatment Monks and Nuns are liable to, existing in the popular mind, must necessarily impress all who harbour them with a horror of the idea of leading a monastic life, which would be dissipated if Conventual and Monastic Institutions were subject to inspection.

In St. Petersburg, as at Ispahan,
To CZAR, as to SHAH, what is a man?
To the land of the Prusski when I came,
The tongue was changed, but the rule the same:
The stars on the coats may be sown more thick,
But the Prusski's Shah-in-Shah is Stick!
And here in the land of the Ingles
They live and move but the SHAH to please.
If my diamonds are as the sun in the skies,
What is the brightness of my eyes?
As in this land there is no sun,
They make a daylight instead of one:
The QUEEN from her palace for me retires,
To Teheran binding it with wires:
Here's SUTHERLAND BEG makes his palace mine,
And all but bids skies for me to shine:
At the Crystal Palace, EFFENDI GROVE
With the rain itself for my pleasure strove:
And out of the water brought the fire
To compass the SHAH-IN-SHAH's desire.
In a wonderful land of wax I've been,
And *houris* fairer than Heaven have seen:
To the Ingles' Bank a visit I've paid
Where REUTER's gold for me is laid:
And all that have seen me, and all I have seen,
As dust in the path of the SHAH hath been:
And, instead of eating dirt, I see
But Kaffirs eating dirt to me.

REPORT ON 'CHANGE.

"I FEEL myself at home in the City," said His Majesty the SHAH.
"Here, at least, we all worship the Profit."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



S, when EARL RUSSELL'S Bill for the better Government of Ireland came on (*Monday, June 30*), nobody seconded the Motion for Second Reading, the LORD CHANCELLOR declared the Bill rejected. Could the Bill have spoken for itself, it would have said, like the baby,

"If so soon I was to be done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

But the Lords, being also Gentlemen, were not disposed to act abruptly with a veteran Statesman, and though his measure was, technically, disposed of, he was invited to state its merits. This the Earl did, mentioning that he desired to abolish the LORD-LIEUTENANT (whom he might, had he pleased, have called the PADDY-SHAH), and to introduce certain alterations in the jury-system, in order to make it possible sometimes to convict an Irish criminal. He said that the present Government was conducted entirely according to the orders and inspiration of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore he proposed to declare that neither the POPE nor any other potentate had any jurisdiction in the United Kingdom. He spoke quite like *King John* :—

"Tell this the POPE, and, from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more : That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme Head,
So under Him, that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand."

Then he contrasted Ireland with Scotland, and urged that we ought to spend money on improving the former.

After some discussion as to whether there ought to be any answer, courtesy again prevailed, and

LORD KIMBERLEY was allowed to deny that Government was a vassal of the Roman Catholic Church, and generally to object to EARL RUSSELL'S plan.

EARL GREY suggested that the PADDY-SHAH should not be a politician, and should be the Heir-Apparent.

LORD O'HAGAN declared that Ireland was improving in wealth and prosperity, and was as loyal as any other part of the QUEEN'S dominions.

Ultimately the measure was put to death in a formal way. Whether the proposals were well-timed, or were all desirable, may be questioned, but there is no question about the fact that EARL RUSSELL, a friend of Ireland in the morning of his life, continues to try to serve her in its evening, and we congratulate him on the abuse which is being heaped on him by the Irish newspapers. *Damnari damnatis.*

EARL GRANVILLE read the gratifying despatch announcing that SIR SAMUEL BAKER is not only safe but victorious.

In the Commons LORD SANDON adverted to the petition of 480 Church of England priests in favour of Confession, and gave notice of a question whether Government would introduce a Bill in restraint of Ritualist antics. We respectfully refer the real friends of the Church to *Mr. Punch's* admirable Cartoon, showing who compose the real society most potent to "liberate" the Church from connection with the State.

SIR T. BATESON was unhappy because the Geneva Arbitrators have not yet received England's present of plate. On MR. GLADSTONE'S telling him that it had been ordered, he was unhappy because a Minister had laid out money without the leave of Parliament.

Said GLADSTONE unto THOMAS BATESON,
"The umpires, Bart., shall have their plate soon ;"
Then unto GLADSTONE answered THOMAS,
"Spend money without orders from us ?"
Said *Punch* to both, in savage pet,
Buy, pay, give, butter, and—forget.

We discussed the Judicature Bill till the minor hours.

Autumn Manœuvres this year on Dartmoor, Channock Chase, and the Curragh—ten thousand men at each.

Tuesday.—Nothing particular in the Lords, and *Mr. Punch* wishes that the Commons had been more particular. The SHAH OF PERSIA visited both Houses. The Peers behaved with their accustomed dignity, and sat sternly, like the Roman Senate when the barbarians rushed in. But the Commons actually performed a division, which *Mr. Punch*, with the most earnest reverence for Parliament, believes would not have taken place, had not NASSER-ED-DIN been present. Was not this rather too much condescension on the part of the inheritors of the most splendid traditions in the world?

Wednesday.—MR. NEWDEGATE moved the Second Reading of the Bill for inquiry into Monastic and Conventual Institutions.

There was, of course, a good deal of angry talk, but the great offence was given by

MR. GREENE, who described the body of Irish Members as men who could not be considered independent, being returned through the influence of their priests.

The SPEAKER ruled that MR. GREENE was out of order, and therefore he withdrew the words.

MR. WHALLEY spoke for the Bill, yet the Second Reading was rejected by 131 to 96, and the Liberals cheered hugely.

Thursday.—In asking a question why a couple of atrocious scoundrels had been reprieved in New South Wales (the answer was tolerably good, and we are happy to say that the wretches have penal servitude for life, and the first three years in irons) LORD BELMORE stated that the practice of skull-hunting still prevails among the blacks of the Solomon islands. It also prevails among the whites of the Victorian islands, and *Mr. Punch* is one of the Nimrods, and regrets to add that he marks down very few skulls with anything of the SOLOMON inside them.

We had, in the Commons, an unexpected pleasure. MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE put forth their splendid debating powers on a matter on which they could both afford to exhibit the glories of their art, as there was going to be no real fight.

MR. DISRAELI, in his best style, pulled the Judicature Bill to pieces, and, paying the Government delightful compliments on their courageous endeavours to make it a good measure, sweetly advised them, as they had not been successful, to withdraw the Bill for the present Session.

MR. GLADSTONE observed that MR. DISRAELI had done what was most proper, their relative positions considered, and quite appreciated the bland and complimentary manner in which the recommendation was made. But he showed, with agreeable banter, that the suggestion had by no means a sufficient basis, and he intimated that he had no intention of sacrificing a measure which had received the unanimous approbation of the House, the Press, and the People.

We then debated the Bill in Committee, and got to the 17th Clause, when there was a struggle for full stop; so, having carried that Clause, we reported progress.

Friday.—The poet SCOTT has said in *Rokeby*—

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent."

(He omits to say in what part of the world

"flints are rent"—only, we take it, in Ireland, where a landlurd, demanding his due, has flints shied at him). And *Mr. Punch* was so utterly overcome at the thought of parting with his friend the SHAH, who was to leave next day, that the former was unable to attend the House to-night, but passed it in giving his Persian Majesty the best advice, and drinking his health with *Mr. Punch's* best energy. He has made matters all right, and the SHAH au-

thorises the statement that, though he does not know anything about the Medes, it shall henceforth be a Medo-Persic law that anybody in his dominions who is not as loyal to the QUEEN as to the SHAH, shall be ground exceeding small in a mill at Teheran. "Medes and Persians." Who thought they had "exhausted all conceivable allusions?" Who can fathom the mighty memory of *Mr. Punch*? Yah! To which he respectfully adds, "Roo-i-too-i!"

ETIQUETTE MADE EASY.



B

Y long experience we have been accustomed to see, appended to some of the announcements under the head of "Marriages" in the *Times*, the excusatory notice, meant to appease punctilious persons, "No Cards." In the Obituary, offence on the part of the same class of people is usually deprecated by the request that "Friends will please to accept this intimation."

One day last week, however, "No Cards" appeared as an addition to an entry in the last-named catalogue. It is quite conceivable that, in many instances, these formulas might be interchanged between the hymeneal roll and the other with great propriety. If there seems something melancholy in "Friends will please to accept this intimation," does not marriage too often prove to have been a truly melancholy occurrence? Surely

a wedding is always such an occurrence unless the parties to it are destined to enjoy a very large and a certain income. And is not the marriage of an opulent aunt, for instance, or uncle, never expected to wed, an occurrence in general very melancholy indeed to their nephews, nieces, and other relatives?

On the other hand, when wealthy kinsfolk die unmarried, or, if widowers or widows, die childless, is not the intelligence of their decease, if the idea of festivity be associated with cards, conveyed by the adjunct of "No Cards" in a most decorous manner?

The inventors of "No Cards" and "Friends will please accept this intimation" deserve the gratitude of their species for the relief afforded by those substitutes for awful bores. Even "Cards," involving no composition, necessitate the use of postage stamps; and there is one person at least who remembers that, in the days of foolish etiquette, on the occasion of his marriage, such a number of them had to be used, in sending cards to people who expected them, that, by wetting the stamps in the ordinary manner, he and his wife, on the day after their wedding, at last contracted such a nasty taste in their mouths that, for some considerable time, it spoiled their honeymoon.

There is a certain superaddition to "No Cards," whose establishment in the column of departures would be a great boon to poor but "respectable" humanity. It could well be started by a consistent Member of the Society of Friends—who would thereby prove himself a true friend to his kind. "No Mourning." Thus would be initiated an improvement in our manners and customs which would constitute the repeal of a heavy social tax, and be a benefit so saving as to preclude all the distress which, in the case of all but affluent survivors, artificial mourning adds, by reason of its expense, to genuine sorrow.

Vox Populi.

"I DON'T pretend," said SMELFUNGUS, "to be destitute of the love of praise; on the contrary, believe myself much more largely endowed with it than most other people are; but mine is a love of praise which values the approbation of a very limited number; and is gratified by the ridicule and censure of all the rest of mankind."

Civil and Religious War.

THE Ultramontanes in France, it is said, seek, by way of displaying their hostility to Freethinkers, to have civil funerals, not only in Avignon and Lyons, but elsewhere, performed in obscurity at daybreak. This movement against civil funerals amounts to a sort of civil war—civil war with the dead.



AN EXTINGUISHER.

Forward and Loquacious Youth. "BY JOVE, YOU KNOW, UPON MY WORD, NOW—IF I WERE TO SEE A GHOST, YOU KNOW, I SHOULD BE A CHATTERING IDIOT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!"

Ingenious Maiden (dreamily). "HAVE YOU SEEN A GHOST?"

PUNCH'S CONFESSIONAL.

YES! Hey for confession! But I've an impression
That as betwixt styles of confessing,
You, my Anglican brother, have one, I've another
Idea our noddles possessing.

My confession, at least, can dispense with a priest,
And carries its own absolution:

So 'tis easier to swallow, besides beats yours hollow,
That it doesn't entail revolution.

No leave of the Bishop, or licence I'll fish up,

Nor with Jesuits, or casuists bore you;

So with this "*profiteor*," say your "*confiteor*,"

As *Punch* here shall say it before you:

"I confess, I confess, I've attempted—no less—

Via media, 'twixt two stools to settle;

Cathedra of PETER, and *scamnum*, whose feet are
Of neither the same make or metal:

And if 'twixt Church of Rome and of England I've come

To the fate that attends two-stool-arians,

I confess (though it hurts) I've got just my deserts,

For setting my brethren at variance.

I confess I'm an ass for e'er hoping a pass

To discover from England to Rome,

Without paying toll (*à la Faust*) of my soul

To the priest that sits under the Dome.

"I confess 'tis as clear as the nose doth appear

Which I would I had had sense to follow,

No priest, howe'er clever, will get JOHN BULL ever

Down *his* holy water to swallow.

I confess me a donkey to fancy there's one key

To Heaven, and that kept by St. Peter;

That the priest who breeds strife betwixt husband and wife,

Is aught but a rogue and a cheater.

I confess that I trench on respect for the Bench,—

Unlit lights on the Anglian Altar!—

When I utter my hope they'll allow me more rope,

And my vestments employ as a halter!"

THE SHAH'S OWN SHOW.

ON Wednesday last week, the SHAH visited Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. It appears to have pleased his Persian Majesty more than anything he ever saw. The *Post* says:—

"We are informed that, as the SHAH was leaving Madame Tussaud's, he made use of the following expression,—*Je ne me suis jamais tant amusé.*"

Perhaps it may be considered complimentary to the SHAH to suppose that he admired the works of art in the Baker Street collection considerably more than the great majority of our specimens of British sculpture. By the account above quoted, the attention of his Majesty was chiefly attracted by the waxworks which interested him by their real excellence as portraits of illustrious persons; and:—

"The Chamber of Horrors had not that fascination for the SHAH which it has for many visitors."

That, however, was only what, knowing no more of the SHAH than that he is an absolute Oriental Sovereign, one would have expected. The illustrations of capital and corporal punishment, which are the gems of the Chamber of Horrors, in the eyes of a SHAH taken to see them, can be easily understood to be as coals carried to Newcastle.

NICE EMPLOYMENT.

IF "the recent Sugar Conference at Paris" was attended by gentlemen engaged in the public service, they must now know some thing by agreeable experience of the Sweets of Office.



THE “LIBERATION” SOCIETY.

THE TWO ARCHBISHOPS. To them Mr. MIALL, M.P. “DELIGHTED, YOUR GRACES, TO FIND YOU SO EARNESTLY CO-OPERATING WITH ME FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STATE CHURCH!!”

COMPETITIVE CABBIES.



OUTLESS, when we have improved our Cabs, we may begin to take some steps for the improvement of their drivers. Competitive examinations have been used with some advantage in the Civil Service, and perhaps we should select our Cabmen in this way, though the service which they render us is not always a civil one. Here are a few questions which might tend to test the fitness of a driver for renewal of his licence:—

Do you ever say "Vot's this?" when tendered legal payment?

When an opera-glass, or an umbrella, or other article of value has been left in your Cab, do you take it, as a rule, to the police, or to the pawnbroker's?

Supposing that the SHAH of PERSIA were to hire you for an hour or so, how much would you charge him? And what language would you use to make your claim intelligible?

Do you ever condescend to carry in the luggage, and how much, on the average, do you expect to pocket by your condescension?

Mention any case in which you will allow a baby to ride inside your Cab, without trial being made to rank it as an extra person.

What is your favourite light literature while waiting for employment? Or do you prefer to gossip with your by-standing associates?

Do you keep a betting-book?

State when you think it safe to drive by a route extremely roundabout, and allege, for your excuse, that "the streets is all took up," or "the steam-roller is a-going it."

Do you ever smoke inside your cab while waiting for a lady?

Mention any circumstance which will induce you to present your card without its being asked for.

Are you fond of skittles?

Have you sufficient self-restraint to accept your proper fare without a grumble, or a growl, or expressive form of pantomime?

How often, on an average, does your horse fall in a week? and are you considered lucky in escaping injury?

State by what streets you would drive, and what would be your fare from London Bridge to Leicester Square, if you were hired by (1) an old lady with a lap-dog and expression of benevolence, (2) an unprotected foreigner, and (3) a Londoner whom you suspect to be a lawyer.

Mention some of your most common pleas for extra payment, and say which, in your experience, you find most efficacious.

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER III.—How the Master, without any cruelty, invented a new kind of Bait.

THE SAME DAY.

Piscator. So, Scholar, you are out of the water once more, and on the dry bank. You must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler.

Venator. O Master, I am wet to the skin!

Piscator. No further than that? Go your way pleasantly, and sit in the sunny meadow, and, while you dry what is moist, I will moisten what is dry.

Venator. On my word, Master, that is a gallant flask.

Piscator. It is; and contains choice entertainment. And you are to note that it would be to your advantage were you to provide yourself with one more capacious than you see me carry. And you are to note that there are several kinds of flasks of which certain hold sufficient for the refreshment of two or three anglers. Furnish yourself with such a flask as I have described, for this carries cheer but for one alone.

Venator. Truly, my loving Master, I will observe your directions. If I could take some comfort from your flask now, I think it would save me a chill.

Piscator. Nay, Master Scholar; do you disport yourself over the meadow, and when you are tired I will use my rod so dexterously, that you shall run no risk from the want of a quick circulation.

Venator. O, Master! O! Marry, I am warm throughout.

Piscator. I warrant you. But look how it begins to rain. We will leave our lines in the river, our rods on the bank, and sit close under this sycamore tree, where I design to eat the chicken sand-

wiches I have brought in my basket. Does not it do your heart good to see me enjoying this meat? And are not the place and time well chosen to eat it?

Venator. All excellent good, and my appetite excellent good too. So, Master, let me fall to. You do not deny me?

Piscator. Nay, indeed, I do not deny you, but it is a Christian principle that you should deny yourself. And note, that it is my own forethought and prudence that have armed me with this sandwich, for no angler should come out unprovided.

Venator. That will I not again. But now—

Piscator. It is a beautiful sandwich, made from what epicures term the oysters of the plumpest fowls. You will find it mentioned in the reckoning which you discharged with mine Hostess ere we left this morning. So, it is finished. Now, while I smoke my pipe of tobacco, I will proceed to my promised directions as to baiting and angling. First, then, as to baiting a hook—

Venator. Master, is that another thing from baiting a bull?

Piscator. It is as different from it as would be baiting with a worm, and, what a Hibernian gentleman would term, baiting with a stout oaken cudgel—as you shall soon perceive.

Venator. Nay, good Master, bear with me, and I will undertake your charges at the next Inn we come to; and, indeed, I would that this rain were finished so that we might be there now.

Piscator. Now I will tell you somewhat about angling. And, first, as to the Perch. The length of the Perch is five and a half yards, as you may see by your tables. The best time for fishing for Perch is by moonlight. Ere I proceed further, I must tell you that for my discourse on Perch fishing my charge is ten shillings, whether it last ten minutes, or as many hours.

Venator. I fear me I lost my purse in the water.

Piscator. No; I have it here in my pocket, where I bestowed it



A RUSTIC MORALIST.

Rector (going his Rounds). "AN UNCOMMONLY FINE PIG, MR. DIBBLES, I DECLARE!"

Contemplative Villager. "AH, YES, SIR, IF WE WAS ONLY, ALL OF US, AS FIT TO DIE AS HIM, SIR!!"

for safety when you were disguising yourself in order to catch the Chub. I will take, therefore, the sum due on each discourse as I proceed. Now for the manner of dealing with live bait. Catch me that choice beetle.

Venator. That black one with large claws, red feelers like those of a shrimp, and a sharp-pointed tail in which there is, I am told, a sting! O, Master, I am afraid. O, he is biting me! O!

Piscator. You probably imagine a pain which, I confess, I myself do not feel. Now nip his head partly off, and pull off one of his legs: now take your sharp knife, and betwixt the neck and the first joint of his tail make an incision, or such a scar as you may put the wire of your hook into it.

Venator. O, Master, the knife has entered my finger! O! O!

Piscator. There are few pleasures without some alloy. But you cannot possibly feel any hurt, as the learned SIR THOMAS DE BEDLAM has shown that the sensation produced by running a knife into a finger, cannot cause any pain to the person who so uses the knife.

Venator. But, good Master, it is my own finger.

Piscator. That is a detail which the learned Bethlehemite has not thought it worth his while to consider. Now draw the wire through the insect's body, and bring it up again through the third joint of his tail.

Venator. He is stinging my hand with his tail! See—O—Master—see how my wrist is swollen.

Piscator. This beetle has no sting in his tail. Now pass this fine needle and silk through the upper part of his hind leg, and sew it to the arming wire of the hook; and in so doing use him as though you loved him—that is, harm him as little as possible, that he may live the longer, and afford you the more sport.

Venator. O Master, I have sewn the beetle to my finger, and I cannot rid me of him.

Piscator. I can do so with my sharp knife. Yet as I would not perform such an operation hastily, and as an honest angler, however experienced, should be always ready to learn something new, do you go down to the river, and hold your hand, thus baited, in the water. Then we shall see if one of the more voracious sort bite at the mersel. Should he fulfil my expectation, you will at once be able to secure

him without rod, line, or landing-net. Come, we will make the experiment. To the river.

A QUERY FOR COMMENTATORS.

IN an admirable review of a meritorious poem, *Mr. Punch*, you refer to the virtue ascribed by SHAKESPEARE to potatoes. When he made *Falstaff* say "Let the sky rain potatoes," think you he meant the tubers of the *Solanum tuberosum*? The divine WILLIAMS most probably never ate a potato; probably knew of potatoes and their properties only from hearsay. The potatoes which we eat are simply esculent. Do not the Irish rejoice in potatoes? Ireland is no Paphos; the maids of Ireland, equally with the men, are potato-fed, and they are celebrated for the peculiar attribute of Diana.

But the haums of the potato, and the fruit, *Mr. Punch*, have other qualities than those of the tubers. These qualities apparently resemble some possessed by others of the *Solanaceæ*. One member of that medicinal family, the tomato (*Solanum lycopersicum*), goes by the *alias* of love-apple. Why? Perhaps by reason of a supposition like that which caused SHAKESPEARE to put the words above-quoted into the mouth of *Falstaff*, when the fat Knight invoked the tender passion,—as the Bard of all time supposed it to be understood by QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Having weighed these considerations, most excellent *Mr. Punch*, do you think it possible that the potatoes which *Falstaff* wished the sky to rain were intended to be taken as potato apples? Say, if you like, that is a question which might be expected to occur to a

PUMPKIN.

P.S.—Maybe that SHAKESPEARE, by potatoes, meant earth-nuts, or earth-chestnuts, the roots of the *Bunium flexuosum*. Is not reason for that surmise afforded by old CULPEPER in his *English Physician Enlarged*?

AMENDED SAYING.—"When France is tranquil, the World is satisfied."



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Flippant Lady. "YOU SEEM DEPRESSED, MR. BEAUCLERC! NO BAD NEWS, I HOPE!"

Romantic Gentleman. "AH! IF ONE COULD ONLY FORGET!"

Flippant Lady. "DEAR ME! HADN'T YOU BETTER TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT? AND I'LL FORGET IT FOR YOU!"

CONFESSORS AND COXCOMBS.

THE REVEREND ALOYSIUS REREDOS, representing a deputation of four hundred Clergymen of the Church of England, waited yesterday on the BISHOP OF FLEET STREET at his Official Palace, 85, to solicit his Lordship to use his immenso influence to induce Convocation to request the Legislature to pass an Act of Parliament empowering the Bishops to license Confessors in order to supply the demand for them occasioned by the gratifying increase of the practice of Auricular Confession in the Church of England.

The BISHOP OF FLEET STREET said that every Clergyman was officially a licensed Confessor already. Everybody also was free to confess—if he chose. What REREDOS and his party seemed to want was that the existing licence of all the Clergy should be restricted to the licence of a select number.

The REV. MR. REREDOS did not see the matter in that light.

The Bishop supposed the only light REREDOS could see by was wax candle-light. The Church of England did not recommend the liberty of Confession to be exercised except in exceptional cases. He supposed REREDOS wanted to make the exception the rule, and establish Auricular Confession as it prevails in Popery. He that exception took for rule, would in the mirror see a fool. Whence was Auricular Confession derived?

MR. REREDOS said from Catholic antiquity.

The BISHOP OF FLEET STREET said that doctors differed about Catholic antiquity; and who should decide if not the POPE? REREDOS had much better go to Rome. What did the word "Auricular" come from?

The REV. MR. REREDOS knew that. From *Auricula*, a little ear.

PRECAUTION FOR THE POCKET.

BEHIND my time, I took a fly;
The fare was to be eighteen-pence.
At leisure, and in weather dry,
I never dream of such expense.

And when the driver set me down—
Ill-luck has ever been my curse—
I found that, bating half-a-crown,
There were but shillings in my purse.

Of course no change the flyman had,
So I two bob was forced to pay,
Which, like old PEPYS, did make me mad;
For "bang went sixpence" thrown away.

Two sixpences in valne range
Above a shilling, careful friend;
So when thou canst a shilling change,
O, ne'er do thou a sixpence spend.

PARTIAL JUSTICE.

A BILL before the House of Commons, the Harbour Dues (Isle of Man) Bill, affords a fresh illustration of the political injustice justly resented by the strong-minded of the weaker sex. While the Rights of Man are cared for by Parliament, even in a matter of such comparatively small importance as Harbour Dues, the Legislature still refuses to recognise the Rights of Woman.

In connection with this subject it may be noted that, whereas the British Dominions include an Isle of Man, there is no Isle of Woman in the whole of the United Kingdom. There is, to be sure, an Isle of Wight, but, though Wight means Person, it is at most of common gender. The French, marry, are more gallant; they have their Belleisle.

Reflection at Lord's.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON did or did not say that the Battle of Waterloo had been won in the Eton cricket-field. That was in the old time; but if the cricket of those days was a pastime equivalent to military training in skill, courage, coolness, and endurance, how much more so is it now in this improved age of swift and over-hand bowling, which really amounts to a cannonade?

[Our Correspondent says he was proceeding into some further improving meditations, when a ball flew at him viciously and laid him on the turf.]

The BISHOP.—Why a little ear? Why little?

REREDOS.—My Lord, I don't know.

The BISHOP.—You are an ignoramus; and I have a great mind to pluck you by the ear. *Auricula*, as regards the Confessional, is a little ear by comparison. The ears of the Priest are short compared with those of the Penitent. Popery takes care that the former shall be no donkey. That, at least, is the Protestant view. As for you, however, who want to play at Popery without the POPE, and whose Confessional, according to the POPE, is good-for-nothing, there is no disparity of ears in the Confessional on either side.

MR. REREDOS said his Lordship was disposed to be pleasant.

The Bishop replied that he wasn't, and told REREDOS not to use words in a non-natural sense. Did he (REREDOS) believe in Development?

The REV. MR. REREDOS.—DR. NEWMAN'S?

The BISHOP.—No. MR. DARWIN'S. Because (continued his Lordship) the simiousness of Anglican mock-Papists made him blush for their common origin, as to which he feared DARWIN must be right. Protestant monks, anyhow, might well be thought to have descended from monkeys. *A propos* of monks, there was one Romish rite which he thought might be advantageously practised in the Established Church. The tonsure would be a capital thing for hot-headed Clergymen—especially in the Dog-days. He (the Bishop) would willingly undertake to confer that distinction on would-be Father Confessors. If he (REREDOS) pleased, he (the Bishop) would send instantly to HONEY AND SKELTON'S for a duly qualified assistant by whom the tonsure would be administered on the spot.

The REV. MR. REREDOS would not accept the offer at present, but thanked his Lordship as much as if he did, and withdrew.



OBVIOUS INITIATIVE.

(A lively Native of the Deep Sea seizes hold of a Shepherd's Dog by the Tail, who makes off as fast as he can.)
 Fishmonger (in a rage). "WHUSTLE ON YER DOG, MUN!"
 Highlander (coolly). "WHUSTLE ON M' DOG? NA, NA, FRIEND! WHUSTLE YOU ON YOUR PARTAN!"

PUN FOR PUNDITS.

On the part of the Parsee residents in London, and the Parsees of India, memorials have been presented to the SHAH, beseeching his Majesty to redress the grievances to which their co-religionists are subject in Persia, where their religion, like another in another country, was once that of the State. The creed of Parsees is commonly spoken of as the religion of ZOROASTER, its founder; and many a Briton, who pronounces ZOROASTER in a British manner, will discern a curious coincidence between ZOROASTER's name and his religion in the circumstance that the distinctive feature of that religion is, if not exactly the worship, at least the high veneration of fire. It does not appear, however, that the disciples of ZOROASTER were what, compounding a hybrid word, we may call Zoo-roasters. Theirs was not the religion which signalled itself by roasting heretics alive.

Good for Trade.

Go and marry, my boy; mind you that's a safe plan
 To employ tailor, shoemaker, butcher, and baker,
 Grocer, draper, and milliner, medical man;
 And, but let us hope not, now and then, undertaker.

Chignons in Horsehair.

LADIES have proved themselves capable of practising Medicine; would they not be likewise equal to the practice of Law, if they were eligible,—and why should they not be? Nobody would be obliged to retain female counsel who did not choose; and, if ladies of the long robe remained briefless it would be their own affair. The Bar, were it open to ladies, would possibly attract many, if not by the expectation of being made "dashing" black "serjeants," at least by the hope of obtaining a silk gown.

A WORD IN SEASON AND A WORD IN REASON.

(To MESSRS. DIXON AND CO.)

HEAR JOHN BRIGHT, you Nonconformist zealots,
 Hear Plain JOHN's sense;
 Calling all who profit by the Parsons "Church-Helots,"
 You talk nonsense.
 The fight's 'twixt School and No School; not 'twixt Church and Chapel,
 PACE friend DIXON:
 And the worst-named League is that which Discord's apple
 The School-Board kicks on.
 For Liberal Members, to vote the Liberal Lobby in,
 Of duties the first is:
 And of all the fields to ride a kicking hobby in,
 The "School-field" the worst is.

Sympathy with Spaniards.

SPAIN has sought a Saviour of Society in the person of PI Y MARGALL, invested with the "Extraordinary Powers" of a Dictator by vote of the Federal Cortes. The old, old story of Republicanism! But what does that signify to Patriots and Tribunes of the People? If a Monarchy is overthrown, during the succeeding provisional anarchy there is usually more or less of pillage and murder, in which Demagogues can participate and slake their avarice and malice. Finally one of them, superior to the rest in the qualities applauded by the ruffianry, comes to be promoted, for a season at least, during which he can feather his nest, to the Presidency of Pandemonium.

PROVERB FOR THE HOUR.—The Course of True Love never is kept clear.



THE SERVANTS.

Mistress. "JANE, REMEMBER YOU MUST GO FOR THE CHILDREN AT NINE O'CLOCK, AS THE PARTY BREAKS UP AT THAT HOUR."

Under Nurse. "PLEASE, 'M, I DON'T THINK I CAN GET THERE TILL MY BOTANY CLASS IS OVER, AND THAT'S SELDOM BEFORE HALF-PAST NINE!!!"

[*The Mistress of course "knew her place," and said no more!*

HYDROPHOBIA INSURANCE.

WHAT a pity it is that the Government have given a merely local application to their grand discovery that hydrophobia is preventable by preventing dogs from going into the water! To be sure the Dog-days continue to be so named because we now know that dogs go mad in them less frequently than anywhen else; but still a few cases of canine rabies may occur for want of, whereas they might have been assuredly precluded by, sufficient precaution. At present the only sure precaution taken against that horrid disease is limited to the Parks. There, indeed, it is rigidly enforced by the Police, who are empowered to restrict the liberty of dogs and their masters with a high hand, if they are instructed to let demagogues, supported by mobs, spout sedition unmolested. But no steps whatsoever have been taken to prevent persons from sending their dogs into the Thames, and there dogs go in and swim away without restraint, how hot soever the weather is. Even the Thames, though, is only a partial tract of water, whence the exclusion of dogs could only hinder the generation of hydrophobia to a corresponding extent. Totally and entirely to accomplish that important purpose, it is necessary that official notices should be posted all over the United Kingdom warning all owners of dogs never to wash them, and not to let them go into the water ever at all; and, moreover, to make these measures the more certainly efficacious in keeping dogs from going mad, it might be as well to append to them a recommendation to let no dog have any water to drink. At present, to be sure, any admonition to the foregoing effect would be merely hortatory; but, before the end of the Session, in thin Houses, when none but Ministerial Members attend, and they attend to nothing but Ministerial designs, it would be easy to push a short Bill through each House of Parliament to deprive dogs of access to water; imposing penalties for disobedience to its provisions, for the observance of which to issue an edict instantly would doubtless be to MR. AYRTON, if authorised, a labour of love.

CLASSIC EPITHET FOR A USEFUL CLASS.—The London Carmen—"Miserabile Carmen."

FAUSTUS SECUNDUS.

No, thank you, Mephistopheles; no;
Not were it *gratis*, and although
Yourself Saint Michael, would I drain
That cup and live life o'er again.
I played my best; should I rehearse
The game, perchance might play it worse.

Nor would I, at an angel's hand,
The gift, could I obtain, demand
Of youth restored in this new day,
On its fresh course to make my way.
Could I have wealth, too, then, in truth,
I'd choose the wealth without the youth.

For I have lived, and lived to see
Out much of all life's good for me.
And each succeeding day destroys
Some remnant of my former joys—
Wilds are enclosed, and towns increase,
With thralldom under the Police.

I envy not the boys I know.
They trespass now where I could go,
In better days, with rod or gun,
Best days of life now nearly done!
Then Frigs' and Pedants' petty rule
Restricted no one out of school.

Poor struggling lad, condemned to cram
For, as the clipped word goes, "exam,"
Not to pursue his mind's own bent,
But plod in grooves for dullards meant,
Then in the crowded fold to strive,
Or scramble in the swarming hive!

Of making money there's no end
Now the rule is to grasp and spend.
I would not have my lease of life
Renewed, that I a house and wife,
With ceaseless wear of heart and brain,
In ostentation might maintain.

Yon vision tempts not me; doth scare
With high-heeled hoofs and storied hair.
I need no angels to defend
And save me from the "Grecian bend."
Besides, would not again be taught
How fast all beauty falls to naught.

When you the draught of youth could sell,
A brave world 'twas wherein to dwell.
Its traces, left within my day,
Have faded well-nigh all away.
No, Bogy; not for this old man
Youth's potion; though 'twere Chamberlain!

FINAL CAUSE OF A FIRE.

HERE is a cutting from a newspaper:—

"ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The *Gardeners' Magazine* proposes that the ruins of the Palace on Muswell Hill should be preserved, and that another site within the grounds should be selected for the new building it is intended to erect. Our horticultural contemporary appears to regard the ruins as providentially provided for a display of ivies and other climbing plants proper to ruins and historical sites."

Assent to the idea of a special providence, as proposed by *Hamlet*, is consistent with scepticism as to that of a particular instance of providential design, imagined by some one else. Ivies and climbing plants, by pre-arrangements of creation, spring upon ruins; but that certain ruins have been "providentially provided" by a calamitous fire to accommodate future creepers is open to doubt. If they are allowed to stand for that purpose, assurance should first have been obtained, from a careful survey, that they may be trusted for standing. Or else, one of these days, when the People are wandering, or picnicking, or dancing among the ivy-clad ruins on the historical site of the Alexandra Palace, the ivy-clad ruins will perhaps tumble down upon the People's heads, and somebody will then take occasion to say that "for this among the rest were they ordained."

contractors, £t 15s. Do not! these contractors want something unpleasant done to them—blowing away from guns, or some such gentle hint about profits?

On the Judicature Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE very elaborately defended the course which he had taken in regard to the Irish and Scotch Appeals question. But he thought it respectful to the Lords, who had behaved so well about the rest of the Bill, to make things easy for them, and he proposed to retain the words which completed the jurisdiction of the new Court, but not those which extinguished the Lords' jurisdiction. Then the Lords would find a Court ready made for the three kingdoms, but nothing to impair their own privileges. The device seems neat, and if the purpose be effected, what matter how circumbendibusly it is done. We regret to say that Mr. DISRAELI begged for time to digest the "queer propositions" of the Government. We went into Committee on other parts of the Bill. In the course of the debate Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK said that he was not to be put down, to which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL replied that nobody supposed he was, "especially after dinner." Laughter. But we should have preferred to hear Weeping, considering what was implied in SIR JOHN COLERIDGE'S "suckasm."

Friday.—LORD HALIFAX stated that Government intended to repair our defensive works at Alderney. At present they have cost only a Million and a Half, Madam. They will be useful, it seems, for "watching Cherbourg," when we go to war with France.

In the Commons there was a Scene. You know, Madam, that if any Member calls the SPEAKER'S attention to the fact that there are Strangers in the House, he must turn them out. MR. MITCHELL HENRY did this, and the Reporters were excluded. Half-a-dozen pencils, of course, were instantly ready to take notes for the newspapers, and just as satisfactory a report appeared in every journal as if MR. HENRY had abstained from his absurd act. His alleged reason was that the papers did not report the Irish speeches with the fulness the speakers desired.

MR. BOUVERIE warned MR. HENRY that such capricious exercise of power would lead to its being taken away, and MR. GLADSTONE had something of the same kind to hint.

Of course the "folly's crown of folly" was woven by MR. WHALLEY, who declared that he was very scantly reported because three-fourths of the gentlemen in the gallery were Roman Catholics. From anybody but MR. WHALLEY the imputation involved here would be an insult. Now, of course that is out of the question. But, if the gentlemen in the gallery were really his enemies, they would lose no opportunity of recording his utterances. He was rebuked by the SPEAKER for the line he took. Peterborough ought to be very proud.

After this the reporters were re-admitted. In the O'Keeffe case, MR. GLADSTONE virtually gave a victory to MR. BOUVERIE. We went through a good deal of business.

Lastly, WHALLEY again on TICHBORNE. He complained of the proceedings for contempt of court. MR. BRUCE had hoped that WHALLEY, having relieved his mind, would not again have troubled the House. MR. BRUCE is a sanguine person. He added that it was the offensive language used by the friends of the defendant that had got them into trouble.

WHALLEY up again, but up sprang another Member, and got him "Counted Out." Peterborough ought to be very proud.

ANGLO-SAXON DIGNITY.

THE Paris correspondent of a contemporary represents the SHAH as enjoying, for one thing in that capital, the advantage of not being mobbed. This expression implies a comparison which is odious to a Briton who sympathises with the masses of his fellow-countrymen. It is true that whenever they could get at the SHAH they pressed upon him in their thousands, and sought the gratification of a noble sentiment in trying to touch him bodily, inasmuch that they made His Majesty smile to witness the enthusiastic veneration excited by contiguity to a despot in the minds of the free. But this physical manifestation of delicate respect towards the SHAH should be called thronging, not mobbing him. Of course he has had no such polite attention paid him in Paris. And perhaps, how flattering soever it would have been to his higher nature, he did, in a sense, enjoy exemption from it in the hot weather.

We are also told that the SHAH, who has the newspapers read to him occasionally, expresses his surprise at the trivial details recorded about himself and his movements. The journals referred to in this statement are, of course, the British. There are none other in Europe the bulk of whose readers have humility enough not to despise such small matters. In the United States, however, the SHAH, if he went thither, would be surrounded, watched, and interviewed, and reported with a degree of minuteness evincing, even more than any similar manifestations have shown in England, how profoundly the majority of individuals constituting a great people are impressed with a sense of their own littleness.

CONJURORS AND NO CONJURORS.



men, how clever soever, is not a clever way to prove Spiritualism humbug. What is there to imitate?

PREACHEE PREACHEE.

It is too true that the affairs of nations, other than our own, are not regulated by amiable sentiments. There is more than enough reason to fear that, while human nature continues to be human nature, all other people than ourselves are likely to be swayed by their blind and brutal passions, uncontrolled, and ungovernable, by considerations of reason and justice. So long as they remain subject to the frailties which they share with the gorilla, the tiger, the hyæna, and other ferocious beasts, that is to say, so long as the world endures, it will be idle to invite them, as MR. RICHARD proposes, to settle their disputes by arbitration instead of war. It is sentimental folly to think that a merely verbal appeal to the better feelings of mankind, Her Majesty's subjects excepted, will ever succeed in elevating those feelings, or rather the rudiments of them, to any degree of predominance over the animal propensities. But, mind, except the exception, namely, Her Majesty's subjects. For if you announce, as a proposition universally true, that there is no use in preaching to reform and convert offenders, evilly disposed, the subscription-payer will, if he believes you, immediately cry, "No more missionaries!" and the Church-goer will likewise shout, "No more sermons!" Unless, indeed, the latter regards the utility of a sermon as consisting, not in any possible reformatory effect it is absurdly credited with, but in supplying a deficiency which, without it, might justly be objected to by adversaries to Protestant discipline. For, unless in the case, here and there, of an instructive and interesting discourse, something else than a string of cant and platitudes, do not sermons constitute the penance of the Protestant Church?

PROJECTILES AND POWDER.

SUPPOSE that, sixty or seventy years ago, some one gifted with clairvoyance had read in a newspaper of the present day, metaphysically expanded to his prophetic vision, that a question had been asked in the House of Lords about firing a salute in honour of the SHAH with pebble powder.

Not endowed with the faculty of interpretation as well as that of prevision, that clairvoyant may be conceived to have been puzzled by the statement which he may be imagined to have foreseen.

The presence of the SHAH in this country would probably have struck him as a fact not clearly intelligible. Viewing the future as the past, he would perhaps have conjectured that the SHAH had involved himself in a war with the East India Company, got captured by the British troops, and conveyed to England. But then what to make out of firing a salute in honour of the SHAH, must have perplexed him. Would a salute be fired in honour of a prisoner of war? And then how could a salute be fired with pebble powder? Pebbles might be made into gun-flints, but by what means could gunpowder be made out of them? Perhaps the clairvoyant would ultimately have taken refuge in the conclusion that the SHAH had been saluted by the populace with a volley of pebbles.



A SURREPTITIOUS WHIFF.

SALVATION FOR SHIPPING.

UNDER the heading of "Baptism of a Ship," the *Times*, one day last week, contained some account of "a singular mediæval ceremony," which "was revived by the christening of a newly launched vessel, in the neighbourhood of Greenwich." The vessel was the *Totten*, built by order of the Chilian Government; baptist the Rev. MR. O'HALLORAN, a Priest of St. Mary's, Greenwich: sponsors for the ship "a MR. AVES," and "a young lady of Chilian parentage":—

"Instead of breaking a bottle of wine against the bows of the vessel, as is the usual custom among us, MR. O'HALLORAN went round the upper and main decks, preceded by a body of acolytes and choristers, who sang the *Benedictus*, while the priest sprinkled the timbers of the good ship with holy water, in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity, and the 'baptism was complete.'"

The baptism of a ship is, we see, performed by aspersion. Immersion, of course, would not do; would do the reverse of the desired good. Indeed, the object of the aspersion is to avert the immersion.

It is to be wished that the custom of baptising ships were general in the case of vessels built for Roman Catholic owners, public or private. Instructive inferences might then be drawn from the comparative losses of baptised and unbaptised shipping. The baptism of a vessel would plainly appear to be of great use, or of little, or none. Accordingly, either faith would be vindicated and confirmed, or superstition exploded; and it is a wonder that confidence in the former of those two possible results has not long ago been evinced in a Papal Bull imposing the obligation to have all their vessels baptised on the faithful.

It is not, however, easy to see the necessity for godfathers and godmothers in the baptism of ships. What can they promise and vow? The ships have no evil works to renounce, and a MR. AVES and a young lady of Chilian parentage, for example, can obviously not answer for the behaviour of the *Totten* in a storm. Neither, unless at least one of the sponsors of a vessel is a principal owner, will her godfathers and godmothers be able to take care that she is not dangerously overloaded with cargo, or sent afloat in an unseaworthy condition and heavily insured, to the intent that the loss of

passengers and crew only, with clear gain to surviving proprietors, shall be the sole result of her going to the bottom. To be an efficient godfather to a ship her sponsor should combine the character of MR. PLIMSOLL with the position of the gentlemen who accuse him of libel.

SUPERLATIVE SAVEALL.

LOWE, low as may be cut Clerks' salaries down;
Whilst you hire slaves sufficient what care we,
Constrained by famine, if they serve the Crown,
Rather than steal, in hopeless drudgery?

Scrape LOWE, scratch low, pare, lower still and lower,
Your living cheeses; pare them to the quick.
To make the public income slightly more,
Grind individuals, screw them, pinch, and pick.

What, of small thrift shorn from the stinted few,
If no man feels the boon o'er millions spread?
And what if, while these owe no thanks to you,
All those invoke disaster on your head?

Do cynic Savealls win a Statesman friends?
So does your Chief appear to think, nor know,
Nor care, if popularity descends
From LOWE to lower, lowest, or most low.

A Costermonger's Question.

It has been announced that arrangements are in course of being made at Vienna for "International Horse Races," to come off there, on the Prater, in September. A question of some interest to a portion of the People arises in connection with this news. Are the quadrupeds which will compete in the International Horse Races to include Jerusalem Ponies?

A PROVERB REVISED.—Too many Cooks spoil the—Police.



“TIRED OUT!”

BRITANNIA. “O, YES, EWART, EVERYTHING HAS GONE OFF QUITE CHARMINGLY, AND I THINK OUR GUESTS WERE PLEASED. AND, BY THE BYE, EWART, AS SOON AS YOU’VE SETTLED *THOSE BILLS*, WE’LL SHUT UP THE HOUSE, AND BE OFF TO THE SEA-SIDE. YOU UNDERSTAND?”

CHIEF BUTLER. “YES, MY LADY.”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On an Advertisement—A Popular Play—Matters Theatrical—The SHAH—And an Interesting Incident.



SIR.—Your Representative, while driving about London in search of anything resembling a comfortable Hansom, with a fast horse and a civil Cabman, has been struck by the novelty of using a reference to a text of Scripture as the sensational advertisement of the Theatre where the *New Magdalen*,—a title to which even the not over fastidious playgoer may take exception,—is being performed. Bad taste, to say the least of it, though, according to the dictum of *Jeremy Bentham*, we have only a right to say, "It may not be to your taste, Sir, or my taste, but we cannot assert it to be bad taste." Suffice it for the moment that it is not to the taste of Your Representative.

We all know who it is that possesses the happy knack of quoting Scripture to his purpose, and it is odd that only quite recently

ALEXANDER DUMAS, *fils*, in

his preface to *La Femme de Claude*, made use of a similar reference in support of his doctrine of "*Tue-la!*" which is, of course, the very opposite of that which the author of the *New Magdalen* may be taken as wishing to inculcate.

Both play and novel are undoubtedly clever, especially the play: indeed, their cleverness is but an aggravation. And here, analogously, is the difference between the late *Eugene Aram*, which the tender-hearted management has prevailed on MR. IRVING not to play any longer, and this *New Magdalen*.

The former was, morally and dramatically, bad; the latter has the first-mentioned defect, but, excepting the finish, is throughout dramatically excellent.

But, at best, who and what are the hero and heroine? A priggish parson, who succumbs to the first impulse of an undignified passion, and an unprincipled adventuress, who only speaks truth when a lie will no longer serve her, and whose superficial penitence would cause Angels to weep rather than rejoice. And it is this woman who marries the parson, and whom the author has called the *New Magdalen*. A very new style of Magdalen indeed!

There's just one thing about *Mercy Merrick* and the Curate—they're uncommonly well matched. When the curtain falls on the union of this charming pair—"so justly formed to meet by nature"—one feels that, after a year or two, *Mercy Merrick*, the false penitent, will lead that Pecksniffian young clergyman such a life, as would move his neighbours to pity, were it not for Society's perfectly correct verdict of "Serve him right:" for he had literally courted his Fate, and now he must put up with her as best he can.

But, when you come to think of it, as Your Representative went and came to think of it, what a prig that ecclesiastie is. Let those who know the *New Magdalen* in novel, or play, mark this. That wonderful preacher, *Mr. Julian Gray*, had a very limited repertoire of discourses. My conviction is that he had only one, and preached it everywhere, and on every possible occasion. *Mercy Merrick* first heard this sermon—(I wonder whether it was his originally? I don't believe it was, myself, but no matter)—at the Refuge. When she meets him again, and when ceasing to eat *pâté de foie gras*, and talk chit-chat (always of a priggish and egotistic character), he suddenly deems it necessary to speak professionally,—what happens? Why, she recognises the *very words* she heard, years ago, in that sermon at the Refuge. He'd learnt it by heart, and preached extempore.

The author makes his pet parson give his own version of why he was *chased* from his country cures. *Julian* tells of his having sided with the poor, starved employed, against the bloated, grinding-down employers; and that, therefore, the parishes where he ministered had become too hot to hold him—though, as *Father O'Leary* told the Protestant Bishop, who denied the existence of Purgatory, "he might have gone farther and fared worse"—and he

had been compelled to leave. But do I, as representing Your Acentness, believe such a story as this? No, Sir, not for one second.

The true history of the *Rev. Julian Gray* (however he may have imposed himself on MR. WILKIE COLLINS) is that of a Clergyman with one sermon. He went into the country, and on the first Sunday the parishioners exclaimed, "Lovely!" *Mercy Merricks* were in tears all over the place, and there was no end to the dinner invitations. Next Sunday the congregation thought they'd heard what he was preaching to them before. The third Sunday they were certain of it, and complained to him. The fourth Sunday they complained of him to the Bishop; and the fifth Sunday, when, after cunningly beginning with a different text, he commenced precisely the same discourse as they had been hearing for more than a month of Sundays, my belief is that the infuriated congregation rose *en masse*, and chieved him across country out of that parish, the next, and the one after that. This happened wherever he went, and then he returned to town, took odd jobs (where the sermon came in capitally) on sharing terms of half after the first two-and-sixpence in the plate, and made a very tidy income.

However clever, however dramatic, however powerful a piece may be, however admirably played, I do not like—I cannot admire—either on artistic or higher and separate grounds, a play where our sympathies are intended to be enlisted on the wrong side throughout. The Parson *Julian Gray* is positively despicable at the last, when he embraces the *New Magdalen*; and if he has been *Julian* the Apostle up to that time, he finishes by being *Julian* the Apostate. Had *Mercy* been made to refuse this impulsive ecclesiastic, whose haste and warmth are most unseemly, and to devote herself to a life of penitential works of charity and mercy, the end would have been worthy of the beginning, where we saw her tending the wounded with the red cross on her arm. But that these two—the unctuous, spoony, undergraduate kind of Curate, with his one sermon on the brain, and the superficially penitent Refugee—should, at the fall of the curtain, be left hugging one another, and settling where good places are to be reserved for them in Heaven, is a damaging finish to one of the most cleverly dramatised stories that has for some time appeared on the London Stage.

By the way, I am not more fastidious than Your Representative should be, but I take leave to say that there is something worse than bad taste in the Olympic placards, which seek to attract attention to this play by giving a reference to a text from St. Luke. What is MR. DONNE about? And I wonder who could have told a theatrical advertisement-maker anything about St. Luke.

Charles the First is walking and talking for a few nights again, and a *Juliet* appeared at the Haymarket, twinkled brightly, and disappeared.

The SHAH played old gooseberry with all the Shows; and the London Managers ought to have presented him with an address of self-congratulation on his departure.

Before concluding, I will recount what I saw a week or so back, and what the SHAH didn't see. In the neighbourhood of Russell Square, I heard a band approaching. It was on a cart. There was a huge drum; also several brass instruments, all played energetically by men in a sort of whitey-brown-holland uniform, turned up with blue. Following this last, came seven or eight other carts, with more men in uniforms, and filled (the carts, not the men) with large milk-cans. On the carts were the words, "The Express Country Milk Company"—or some such title—implying that the Company guarantee to bring milk from the country express to London. The train that brought this quantity of milk may have been express; the carts weren't, for they were going at a processional walk, in order to allow the drumming and trumpeting to be done comfortably. But what a way to bring milk to town! I wonder if the Express Milk Company does this every day, or if this was only an exceptional occasion. What a poetic halo would be thrown around, and in some instances what grandeur would accompany, our provisions, were they all thus brought to our doors! Bakers' and butchers' processions in the morning with bassoons and ophicleides; grocers with violoncellos; and fishmongers with harps. The subject is endless, and so will my letter be if I do not at once finish, and sign myself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

MRS. MALAPROP rejoices in a nephew who has lately taken orders, as a Clergyman, observe, not as a Commercial Traveller. She says that the Bishop has promised to collocate him to a living when eviscerated by the present incubus.

CONTROVERSY AND CHEMISTRY.

WHY is absolute Dogma, your Reverences, like absolute Alcohol? So please you, because it is utterly above proof.



"SENSE AND SENSIBILITY."

He (imaginative). "I ALWAYS THINK IT A PITY TO BE IN LONDON WHEN THE COUNTRY AND GARDENS ARE SO LOVELY. YOUR FLOWERS MUST BE SPLENDID JUST NOW."

She (practical—taking Tea). "YES, MAMMA SAYS SOME OF US OUGHT TO GO DOWN FOR A DAY OR TWO, JUST TO PLEASE THE GARDENERS."

PUNCH'S WHISPERING GALLERY.

It is no secret that the brilliant success at croquet of one of the best known and most popular Prelates on the Bench, at many of the recent lawn parties, has been the theme of universal admiration.

Now that the season is drawing to a close, rumour is busy with the names of several members of the *haut ton* who are about to contract distinguished alliances. A list of these engagements in high life will shortly be published in the *London Gazette*. Autumn Manœuvres at watering-places, country houses, &c., will go on as usual.

There will be no match this year at Wimbledon between the Philosophers and Poets.

It cannot possibly be construed into a contempt of Court, or breach of privilege, to publish that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is sea-bathing, MR. JUSTICE MELLOR fishing, and MR. JUSTICE LUSH lying on his back on the grass, gazing at the blue sky, and doing nothing. The Jury, who are inseparable, have been enjoying some pic-nics. MR. HAWKINS is haymaking.

The fireworks at the approaching coronation of the KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, and the forthcoming celebration of the silver wedding of the GRAND LLAMA OF THIBET, will be of surpassing splendour, and supplied by English pyrotechnists of the highest celebrity.

Daily telegrams as to the health and condition of the Grouse are now received and posted at both Houses of Parliament.

Great preparations are already being made for the next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science (and prices). It is in contemplation to whitewash some of the principal ceilings both in shops and private dwelling-houses; and it is hoped that a sufficient quantity of philosopher's stone will be available to repave one or more of the principal thoroughfares.

There will be no Ministerial fish-dinner again this year, but the Cabinet will take some refreshment together at their last conference before the Recess. Only one toast will be proposed—"To our next merry meeting."

The project of a Penny Subscription for gilding the exterior of the dome of St. Paul's is warmly taken up by the leading Bankers, Merchants, and Traders of the City of London.

There is no foundation for the report that the Board of Trade have instructed the Town Clerks and Clerks of the Peace throughout the country to collect statistics as to the number of caged birds kept in England and Wales, with a view to future taxation.

It is understood that the attention of Convocation will shortly be drawn to the practice, now become almost universal, of the Clergy wearing a softer and more comfortable description of black hat than the Laity.

A Petition, signed by 94,615 single ladies, is about to be presented to the Archbishops and Bishops of both provinces, praying them, whatever other Romish practices they may suffer to pass unchecked in their dioceses, that they will sternly repress any attempt to revive celibacy amongst the Clergy.

There is a rumour of further retrenchments in the Civil Service. A Departmental Committee is likely to be appointed to inquire into the lavatory arrangements at present existing in our Public Offices. Fears are openly expressed, in quarters likely to be well informed, that the Treasury may put a check upon the supply of Towels, and a report is current that only the commonest and cheapest description of Soap will, in future, be issued.

Arrangements are in progress for holding International Exhibitions, between now and the end of the century, at Teheran (under the special patronage of the SHAH), Cairo, Pekin, Jerusalem, Rio Janeiro, Heligoland, Hong Kong, and the Cape of Good Hope.

Prudential Philosophy.

ASSUME all men to be honest whom you do not know; but never put it in anyone's power to cheat you in case he should be a rogue.

For instance, never take shares in a joint-stock speculation of which a prospectus, sent you from a Board of Directors, whose honesty, if you trust them, you must take for granted, contains more than you are certain of.



APPLIED SCIENCE.

Driver (to Conductor). "MY HEYES, BILL! SEE THAT OLD GENT! WHAT A 'RAVENLY WATERBUTT HE'D MAKE, IF HIS 'ED WAS TOOK OFF, AND HE WAS 'OLLERED OUT!"

PREDICTION FOR PRELATES.

PROPHECY is latent among old Nursery Rhymes. For example:—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Dame has lost her shoe.
Master has lost his fiddling-stick,
And doesn't know what to do."

These lines refer to the present state of discipline in the Established Church. The first of them expresses the triumph of a party therein. It is the crow of the Ritualists—in their view, that of the Church triumphant; themselves constituting the Church. They cry cock-a-doodle-doo over the baffled opponents of the practices by which they set the law at defiance. This exultation is occasioned by the circumstances stated in the three succeeding lines. Dame, meaning old woman, is the Church as represented to the Ritualists' mind by the Protestant majority. Her shoe, which she has lost, is her understanding, of course. Master stands for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and the fiddling-stick, which he has lost, for his crook, the symbol of his authority. In subordinate application it signifies the other Archbishop and the Bishops generally, all of whom have lost their fiddling-sticks; and don't know what to do. That fiddling-stick does certainly mean crosier is manifest from the contumely which the Ritualist fry, whilst they magnify the episcopal office in the abstract, display towards their concrete Bishops. Theoretically they regard the crosier with the highest veneration; in practice they account it a fiddle-stick.

Master doesn't know what to do, indeed; then let him learn. No doubt there are some monkeyisms for which Master, the Keeper of what ought to be an ecclesiastical Happy Family, would find it difficult to pull the Ritualist monkeys up. But, as though by a happy provision of Nature, the ecclesiastical endemic which simulates Popery resembles the original in symptoms most of which are concomitant. The worst of them—a mania for the confessional—seldom goes alone. It is almost always associated with ideas which vent themselves in practices concerning lights, or postures, or

THE DELIGHTS OF SUMMER.

FLIES.
Freckles.
Thirst.
Thunderstorms.
Tight Gloves.
Dog-days.
Dusty Roads.
Hot Nights.
Milk turned.
Meat spoiled.
Irritability of Temper.
Liquefaction of Butter.
Crying Children.
Crowded Balls (for Chaperones).
Public Dinners.
Black Hats.
Red Faces.

Donkeys and Duellists.

CASSAGNAC fought with RANC of the Commune;
But neither of them sated his *rancune*.
To honour's wound the scratch of skin succeeds,
RANC is disabled, and CASSAGNAC bleeds.
So now the combatants, who doubly smart,
Unsatisfied with "satisfaction," part.
With rankest hatred RANC remains possessed;
Still rancour rankles in CASSAGNAC's breast.

The Anti-Tobacco Line.

THE wisdom of the Legislature is signally displayed in the Act which exceptionally exempts the Metropolitan Railway Company from the obligation to furnish their trains with smoking carriages. A line in a tunnel which reeks with unpleasant effluvia, is the only one on which the passengers are disallowed the disinfectant and fragrant weed.

GAME FOR SUMMER.

AN old game has been lately revived, called "Lawn Billiards." Evidently to be played in Kew Gardens.

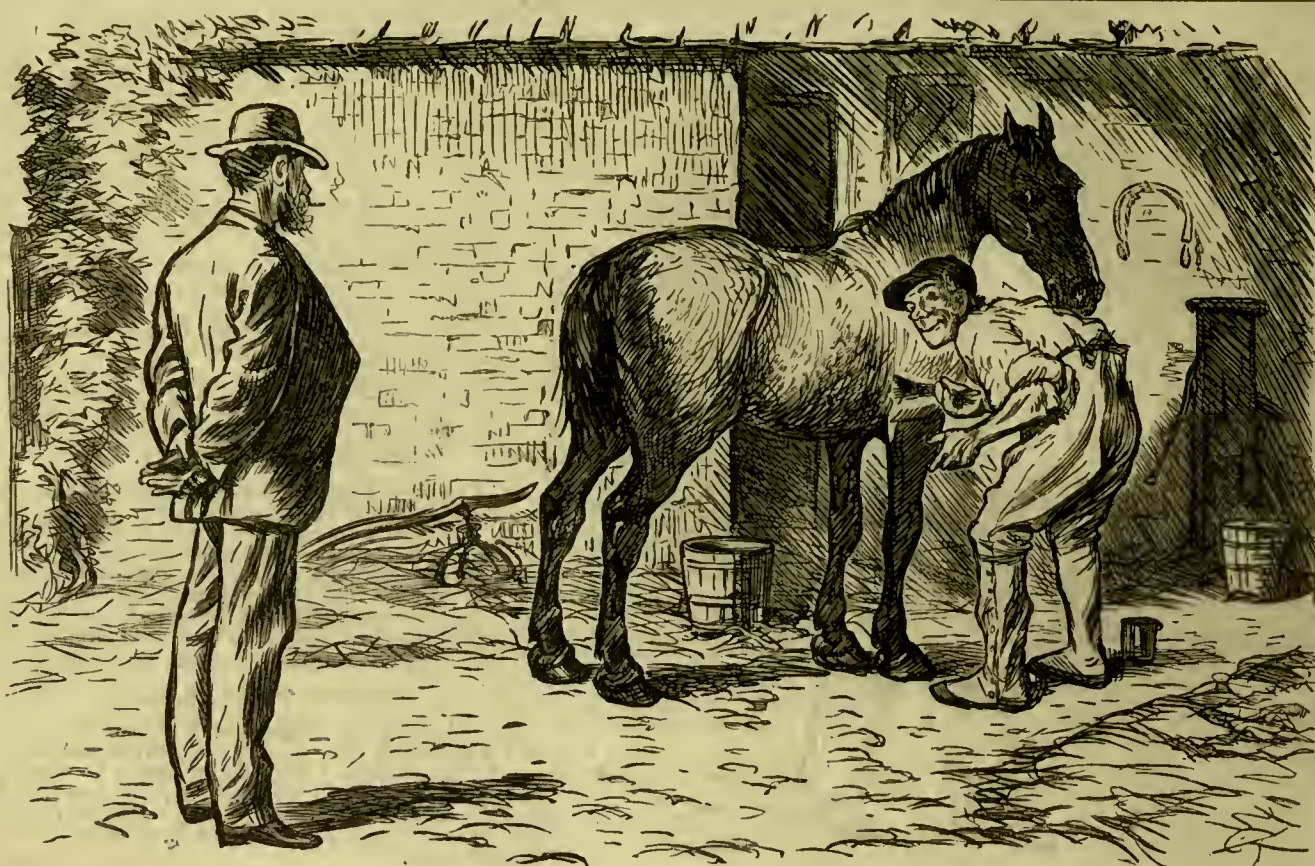
gestures, or in some other overt acts that bring the performers of them within the prohibitions of the Privy Council. By duly applying the repressive treatment to any one of the tangible symptoms of mock-Popery, it would be easy, in any case, effectually to counteract the whole disease.

CONSCIENCE AND COCKER.

WE have received information that Mr. DIXON will call the attention of the House to the shameless Denominationalism of the Arithmetic now taught in our Elementary Schools. He will point out that it is impossible to turn over three or four pages of the text-books employed without coming on the most offensive allusions to Higher and Lower Denominations—some Denominations being even stigmatised as Lowest. He will propose that an unsectarian Committee be appointed to revise such works, and that the said Committee be instructed to cut out altogether that form of Division where Divisor and Dividend are both Compound; the rule for this requiring that both numbers shall be reduced to the same Denomination—a proceeding plainly subversive of Religious Liberty, and inconsistent with the Rights of Conscience.

"Too Bad."

A POOR girl gets hurt amid a crowd gazing at the SHAH. Thereupon a MR. YOUNG sends a memorial to His Majesty of Persia, asking for money, and the good-natured SHAH (perhaps supposing that it is a law in England that a great person shall compensate anybody who is injured while staring at him) forwards a handsome sum of money. The girl's friends, of course, are not of the class that sees any objection to asking for anything; but MR. YOUNG appears to be an educated person, and he writes in a way that shows he is "as pleased as Punch" with himself. *Punch*, however, is not pleased at all, and has rarely noticed a more inhospitable bit of bad taste than this supplication to a visitor, and he hopes that somebody will translate this to the SHAH.



"GENERAL UTILITY."

SCENE—Hotel Stables, North of Ireland.

Captain. "HELLO, PAT! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOING TO THE OLD MARE?"

Pat. "WELL, YOU SEE, CAPT'IN, OUR OLD BLACK HEARSE HORSE WENT LAME YESTERDAY THAT WAS WANTED FOR SQUIRE DOHERTY'S FUNERAL, SO I'M PAINTIN' UP THE OULD GREY FOR THE SERVICE. YOU SEE HER BODY WON'T SHOW, BY RASON O' THE HOUSIN'S, AND I'LL HAVE TO WASH HER CLANE AG'IN FOR MISS MCGINNETY'S WEDDIN' ON THE MORROW!!"

MR. PUNCH AND A PRIMATE.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, speaking at the Cloth-workers' Hall last week, made graceful reference to *Mr. Punch's* recent Cartoon, in which the Primates are depicted as the allies of MR. MIALL. The Archbishop observed that he had seen an "effigy" of himself in company with an M.P., who did not at all like the toast—Church and State—which had just been proposed, and Dr. THOMSON suggested that this was probably the first time in history that an Archbishop of York had been portrayed as an enemy of the above Union. "But," he added, "whatever may be the effigy's sentiments, the living Archbishop earnestly urges you to preserve that Union." May Primate *Punch* respectfully submit to his most reverend brother that the latter could hardly have examined the Cartoon, with the accuracy habitual to his Grace. *Mr. Punch's* suggestion is that, by neglecting the representations of real Churchmen, and by tolerating the audacious antics of Ritualism, the hierarchy is playing into the hands of the Church's enemies. Doubtless Dr. THOMSON has since inspected the picture at the Athenæum Club, and has discovered that his reference to the satire did not really touch it. But *Mr. Punch* is full of hope that the Primates, warned by their faithful brother, will shortly carry out the spirit of DR. TAIT's memorable threat to the "Ritualist little Boys":—

"I'll flog you soundly if I see
You ever bring your Toys to Church."

A Bargain with Britannia.

FRIEND SHAH, henceforward we are sworn allies.

If Russia give you any molestation,
As sure as she's alive, I will advise
Her to submit your case to arbitration.

GENUINE "HAPPY THOUGHT."

The following advertisement lately appeared in the *Hampshire Advertiser*:—

AN INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN (an Artist), struck by a great grief, would much like to TRAVEL AT SEA for two or three years, in a YACHT, along the coasts of the Mediterranean: or to go and LIVE in the SOUTH OF ITALY. To accomplish this purpose he would be glad to MAKE the ACQUAINTANCE of a LADY having the same tastes, independent, and free, to whom he would be the humble and respectful COMPANION. Address, in French and Franco, to Monsieur —, Paris, France.

— Comment is unnecessary. Observe, however, how the man of business crops up in the last line. "*And Franco*,"—*Anglicé*, prepay your letters. That he may get what he wants must be the sincere wish of all who read the above ingenuous effusion.

Music and Medicine.

At a national singing match the other day, in the Crystal Palace, the Tonic Sol-Fa Association Choir contended with the South Wales Choral Union. The palm of excellence was awarded to the Cambrian vocalists, a result which will not astonish those who consider that, whereas simple Welsh music consists of sweet sounds, the notes of the Association called Tonic Sol-Fa may be conceived to be of an opposite quality, as tonics are mostly bitter.

Bos, an Ox.

By the capture of Khiva, it is said, Russia commands the Oxus. This looks ominous to the canine Latin scholar. Will not the command of the Oxus lead to that of the Bos-phorus?



SCRUPLES.

English Tourist (having arrived at Greenock on Sunday morning). "MY MAN, WHAT'S YOUR CHARGE FOR ROWING ME ACROSS THE FRITH?"

Boatman. "WEEL, SIR, I WAS JUST THINKIN' I CANNA BREAK THE SAWBATH-DAY FOR NO LESS THAN FIFTEEN SHILLIN'S!!"

A SWAIN ON ST. SWITHUN.

In thunder and rain come St. Swithun this year.
He christened the apples; withal turned the beer.
South-westerly winds purvailed most ways about;
And the showers must ha' been purty general, no doubt.

So now we shall see if the old sayun's true—
More or less rain to fall forty days and nights through;
Or, on the contrary, 'twill turn out a lie
By them days and nights, moor or less, beun' dry.

But this information's what I want to know;
How fur do St. Swithun's authority go?
Is 't all the world over, or, s'pozun 'tis not,
Whereabouts is the line draa'd to mark off the spot?

There was once some folks somewhere, as I've a heer'd say,
Tried to hedge in the euckoo; some wise men like they
Could p'raps, too, St. Swithun contrive to fence round,
The weather unless he commands without bound.

St. Swithun, all on un there is to regard,
Lies buried in Winchester Cathedral Churchyard.
The room he takes up there by no manes ben't wide;
But have 'a got broader dominions outside?

I doan't half believe they extends no gurt way;
Med be not so fur off as Botany Bay.
St. Swithun o' no Botany Bay didn't know;
Thought there was a wus place than that down below.

To think we should git tins o' cooked mate from there,
'Ood old Swithun and Dunstan, and them, ha' made stare!
From sad sooperstition how 'tis to be free,
Droo ziunee and zivulization, like we!

PHILOSOPHICAL BALL.

A GERMAN Professor has been giving a ball "to celebrate the 2302nd anniversary of the birth"—of Terpsichore? No—"of PLATO"! The connection between the famous Greek philosopher and quadrilles and galops is not strikingly apparent, and, so far as we are aware, no commentator or scholiast has started the theory that PLATO's Academy was a Dancing Academy. But a dance in his honour was better than a dinner with toasts and speeches, and we hope the Platonists of both sexes enjoyed the evening, and that no such dangerous thing as a Platonic attachment was originated in the room.

It is understood that the admirers of ARISTOTLE, determined not to be behindhand, have held a meeting to consider the most suitable way of commemorating the birthday of their great sage and master. It seems likely that an open-air *fête*, concluding with a grand display of fireworks in the evening, will be the programme of the Committee. Other commemorations are spoken of—EUCLID, PYTHAGORAS, SOLON, &c. Further particulars will be duly announced.

A Clerical Example.

A SERIES of charges against a clergyman in the Diocese of Chester having been investigated by the Bishop at Wigan, the defendant, convicted of "certain charges of drunkenness," was on Saturday last week suspended for three years and condemned in costs. Thus it appears that a Bishop of the Established Church is quite able to deal decidedly with Ritualists, if he pleases. Here is a Ritualist whose peculiar idolatry consists in celebrating the rites of Bacchus. This one is not allowed to continue at the same time his orgies and his ministrations. Why need any other be?

Specimens of Silex.

PERSONS who take pleasure in examining the minute results of mechanical dexterity applied in the process of reducing small salaries and little items of necessary expenditure, should go to the South Kensington Museum, and inspect the interesting assortment of skins of flints, which has been contributed to the economic department of that Institution by Government.

We want a few showers for to swell out the grain,
Or else yon 'll hear most o' we farmers complain.
St. Swithun, thee bring us that much, and no more;
If thee ca'st, make it rain, but doan't cause it to pour!

A NOBLE FAILURE.

EVERY true Liberal will commiserate a generous Government for the peculiarly bitter mortification it has experienced in the Guildford County Court. Before that tribunal, JAMES GREEN, twelve years a Warder at Woking Prison, of irreproachable moral character indeed, but guilty of serious illness, and, because thereby incapacitated, having been dismissed without a day's notice, or a day's pay, sued the Directors of Her Majesty's Prisons for wages due during his illness. With characteristic magnanimity this suit was resisted, not on its merits, but, by the help of the Law Officers of the Crown, with a series of ingenious quibbles. Alas, however, judgment was pronounced in favour of the plaintiff for one month and three days' pay, the costs of attorney and plaintiff two days, and the plaintiff's witnesses one whole day! All the costs and damages thus incurred will have to be paid out of the national Exchequer; and, therefore, Her Majesty's Government will not only not have succeeded in the endeavour to save the country some shillings, if not pounds, by the technical evasion of an ex-official's demand for his just wages, but they will have let in the nation for the additional expense of the costs incurred in that great attempt wherein they have had the glorious but sad misfortune to fail. Are they not, feelingly, deeply, to be pitied?

A STRIKE WITH SOME GOOD.

THE threatened strike in the Building Trade did not displease a hater of the spread of bricks-and-mortar about London. He says to the Builders, "A plague of all your houses!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OMEWHERE on the West Coast of Africa, Madam, your Sovereign has a long sea-board. Portions of this her predecessors acquired by various means—powder and ball included—and some of it was handed over to Herself, a short time ago, by the Dutch.

On the edge of the Ashantee country is Cape Coast Castle, on which the British flag flies. Seven miles off is, or rather was, Elmina, a town of some importance. Now the Ashantees of the interior hate us, because we have stopped the slave trade, and they are always showing hostility, by invading your Queen's dominions. Like Troy, *Elmina fuit*. (We could not help introducing this effective classicism; in point of fact, only a part of the town was destroyed, but what is exactitude compared to a quotation?) Land and sea force co-operated, and pitched in shells, and if the gunpowder did not run out at the heels of the Elminians' shoes, it exploded in so many houses that it was made clear that they were stores for the benefit of the Ashantees. These savages came down three thousand strong, upon our men, but though they were few, they had the Snider, and knew how to use it; and the Ashantees, fighting well, had to retreat with great slaughter. This narrative of English pluck was told to the Lords to-night, *Monday, July 14*, by LORD KIMBERLEY.

LORD ORANMORE and BROWNE demanded a Committee to consider what could be done to prevent Ritualists and other foolish persons from imperilling the Church. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY did not think that the Motion ought to be agreed to. But he did not deny that there was just cause for alarm, yet he considered that these who had signed the petition for Confession were fools. A similar petition from Oxford he thought more seriously of, and wondered what sort of people the University Professors of Theology were who had joined in this. Also, what sort of people had appointed such Professors. The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY thought that the matter might be left to the good sense of the people of England. Well, as LORD SALISBURY, a magistrate and a legislator, says that if Paterfamilias, finding a canting *Tartuffe* trying to wheedle the ladies of a family to confess to him, may

"Take him by his right leg,
Take him by his left leg,
Take him by his two legs;
And throw him down stairs,"

(a course Mr. Punch would applaud and defend), not much more need be said. The Motion was negatived.

LORD GRANVILLE explained in reference to the Persian concession to BARON REUTER, that the Government had not guaranteed that the capitalists should do their work in the best manner, or that the SHAH should be bound to the terms of the concession. And really,

Madam, we do not see how the nation could properly interfere in a business transaction with which we have no direct concern.

MR. PETER TAYLOR had a grievance about a Cock-fight at Weatherham. That a gentleman bearing his Christian name should take an interest in the animal in question, may be natural. But there was nothing in the grievance, the report on which MR. TAYLOR's question was founded being, of course, "incorrect in all essential particulars." MR. WHALLEY could not, at all events did not, speak on the subject, though it would have been out of order for him to do so. But we dare say he hates all Cocks, because of

"The Cock that crowed in the morn
And waked the Priest all shaven and shorn."

A bird that would act as servant to a miserable shaveling of Rome must be enough to make the whole *Gallus* race intolerable to the Member for Peterborough.

The artist of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's is again at work, and the monument may be completed in 1874. *A propos* of nothing, the Duke (who was born on the 29th of April, 1769, at 24, Upper Merriem Street, Dublin) died on the 14th September, 1852, at Walmer Castle. If we get the monument as promised; therefore, it will have been twenty-two years in hand.

MR. C. READ had a telegraph question, which as a legal friend had drawn it up for him, he said that he could not understand, so he would put it in his own way. Postal telegrams are delivered free within a radius of a mile. But beyond that the Post Office charges sixpence a mile, measuring not from the end of the free delivery, but from itself. The Post Master admitted that he did not think this was right, and that is something for a Minister to say.

Then we had Judicature. We explained, last week, Madam, how that LORD CAIRNS had raised the banner of Privilege. To-night MR. GLADSTONE promised to state, next day, how he intended to deal with the matter.

MR. DISRAELI made one of his smartest speeches thereon, and certainly pointed out some inaccuracies in the historical statement, by which MR. GLADSTONE, the week before, justified the course he had taken. He objected to MR. GLADSTONE's impoliteness in telling him that he had not "a rag of an argument." He was deeply interested in the privileges of the Commons, but he would never denounce an assertion of privilege by the Lords, and then yield to it.

Tuesday.—The BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, referring to a personal matter, did thus give to LORD ORANMORE and BROWNE.

"I hate and abhor the attempt to Romanise the Church of England; and I will never hear myself charged with it, without telling him who makes such a charge to his face that he is guilty of a gross misrepresentation, especially when that charge comes from one who has been endeavouring to his utmost to get the Prayer Book altered to make it suit his views on Ireland."

The declaration was manly and well-timed, but, dear Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself? Don't deny it, now—we see the words on the tip of your tongue—"brown"—"blue." Shut up, dear Madam.

MR. GLADSTONE announced, in regard to the Judicature Bill, that he would not recommit it. He adopted the language of a leading article in the *Times* of that morning, and said that "it was better to have a greater certainty of having an imperfect Bill than to run risks for the sake of a more

perfect Bill." A would-be contributor, of the Irish religion, once sent *Mr. Punch* a splendid war-song, beginning—

"Up with the Banner that never went down."

As LORD CAIRNS is an Irishman (one of whom Ireland should be proud), he may like to chant this noble tune in honour of his Banner of Privilege.

We talked about Rating and Rattling. This is not a foolish play on words, Madam; we despise and condemn such frivolity, but it is a record of fact. There was question of rating anything considered good for sport, and MR. GOLDSMID said that he knew a place where rat-killing was much admired. Would we tax Rats? Yes, and Ratteners. At least, we would make both nuisances into subjects for the Taxidermist. [Rather happy, that.]

MR. CHARLEY had a grievance about our Ecclesiastical Policy in the Windward Islands, and he was supported by LORD JOHN MANNERS and MR. NEWDEGATE. *Afflicti* MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN, *dissipati sunt*, the Windward Champions. Madam, that does not mean that they are "dissipated." A more virtuous nobleman, and two more virtuous gentlemen, exist not.

With considerable promptitude a Committee for considering what changes should be made in the Criminal Law Amendment Act was refused, by 39 to 35. We should not wonder if the artisans who "demand the repeal of all Criminal Law," make some little disturbance over this.

Wednesday.—Take comfort, Madam. The Metric System of Weights and Measures is not to be enacted this year. So you may continue to employ your dear old clumsy arrangements, and have your Troy and Avoirdupois weights, and your barleycorns, rods, poles, perches, furlongs, and all the rest of it.

Talking a Bill out of the House is not always a legitimate manoeuvre, but MR. THOMAS HUGHES employed it, with perfect

propriety, in order to get rid of a measure about Cumulative Voting. It is an important subject, and not one to be taken up when we are all yawning, and writing for houses by the Sea.

MR. BARCLAY brought in a Bill for dealing with Wild Animals in Scotland. The wildest we ever saw there were a group of rosy English children suddenly turned loose upon a Highland Moor, and a good sight it was, and we did not want an Act of Parliament to deal with them. But perhaps MR. BARCLAY wants to regulate fiery Scotch Calvinists. He had better let 'em burn themselves out.

Thursday.—MR. WHALLEY gave notice of a Tieborne question. But there are times for all things. He should have foreseen that there would be no interest for anything he could say about his friend the Defendant, when everybody was curious to know how DR. KENEALY intended to blow away the Cloud of Witnesses.

HER MAJESTY's answer to the Address obtained by the victorious MR. RICHARD touching Arbitration, was read by LORD OTHO FITZGERALD. It was the calmest intimation that the QUEEN was favourable to the principle of Arbitration, and would resort to it when likely to be attended with effect.

Education again. MR. FORSTER, supported by the Conservatives (who, as MR. HOPE said for them, sat there all night to protect the Government against their own party), carried the Second Reading of the Amended Education Act by 343 to 72—majority 271. But MR. FORSTER had modified his modifications, and he abandons the proposed payment for other poor children than those of parents taking out-door relief, and makes it a condition of such relief that the children shall be sent to school. This, at any rate, provides for teaching 200,000 children. The anti-denominationalists made fight, but victory went to the Children's Friend, and MR. *Punch*, pleased, went into the country, saying with *King Henry the Eighth*,

"These little ones shall make it holiday."

THE RIFLES AT WIMBLEDON.



WIMBLEDON; this year, has seen England win the International Challenge Trophy, signally defeating Ireland and Scotland. But England has lost the great Prize, the Queen's, which is carried off to Edinburgh. As JAMES HOGG sings,

"MENZIES is crowned with garlands gay,
And bears the envied prize away."

We would gladly give a portrait of the Winner, but have not seen him, and have found some difficulty in constructing a likeness out of our own consciousness, and these two descriptions,

from capital articles by two of our contemporaries. One says,

"MENZIES is a thick-set sandy Scotchman, half-way between thirty and forty."

Another must have seen the gallant Sergeant in another light—and the lights did shift a good deal that Tuesday.

"Presently above the medley is hoisted a good-looking dark-bearded young fellow, who, smiling all the while, appears to be chiefly concerning himself in the investigation whether he has not been torn limb from limb. It is SERGEANT MENZIES, of the 1st Edinburgh."

However, that is a detail. MR. *Punch* heartily congratulates him, and the 1st Edinburgh, and Auld Reekie, and Caledonia stern and wild, upon the victory. It was won by a sort of accident—that is to say, the splendid marksman, CORPORAL PULLMAN, of the 2nd Middlesex, with two shots to win, managed to miss both, to the astonishment of everybody, and we hope to the dismay, confusion, and utter discomfiture of the "pestilent busybody" who, as the *Daily News* says, came up to him at the last moment to make him nervous by telling him the exact state of the score. But *Punch* is too loyal and open-hearted a Party to think of trying to explain

away the Scotch victory. A miss is as good as a mile, and Middlesex was not

"Within a mile of Edinburgh town."

The Edinburgh Sergeant shot admirably, and deserves his good luck, if PULLMAN did not deserve his bad luck. Three cheers and a tiger for the North—we have not the least idea what a tiger is, but the Scottish Lion, that "ramps in gold," may know. The Lion's health in a dram—that's plain English, we hope.

Winchester "tunded" all the other Public Schools, and the Commons beat the Lords with the help of a Lord, which conduct LORD CAIRNS probably will construe into a breach of privilege. We were very happy to see the Canadians, and agree with COLONEL PETERS, one of them, who kindly acted as umpire at the International contest, that his folks ought not to be called our cousins, but our brothers—though *gratia fratrum rara est*—and some friends are stated, on the best authority, to stick closer than brothers. The Dragon Cup goes to Cambridge, thanks to CORPORAL HEMERY, who, when it gets dull, can rub it up with hemery powder. Not a bad fancy, that the money prize should be paid in Dragon sovereigns. If it had been shot for with "Joo" Mantons, we suppose it would have been paid in fourpenny pieces.

Justice to Ireland! We have always been her best friend, and the quantity of good advice we have given her is astounding. We will offer her a little more. Let her adopt, in all matters, the golden rule of patience and perseverance which has this year given her the Elcho Shield. She has beaten England and Scotland, and, in the name of both, *Punch* heartily congratulates her. To her health, in a glass of Paddy-Shah, which she knows better as L.L. Nay, if 'tis 't'other liquid, we scorn to be particular on such an occasion. Hooray for Hibernia!

One word more. Hearty congratulations to all who were in the great tent on Sunday, that they were out of it before the storm blew it down. But is there not something out of taste in this Wimbledon Church business? Does not the Service seem rather like part of the Pic-Nic? If it were only for the Volunteers it would be most proper, but how many of the 2000 in that tent were Volunteers? Then, as to the mode of celebration. Have our readers seen a French regiment at religious duties—drawn up in the open air, on three sides, with the modest altar on the fourth? That is, to our eye, more like what is fitting, than a holiday crowd in a tent.

Leaving this to the consideration of those concerned, we have nothing to add but congratulations to the Volunteers, and to their Lady and Mistress, on the capital muster and magnificent marksmanship of 1873, when

"All the gods and goddesses descended from their spheres,
Exulting in the shooting of the British Volunteers."

WHAT is the comparative of "sweet night?"—Evidently sweet nitre!



“DAWN OF GENIUS.”

“WHAT’S THE USE OF TALKING TO BABY, MAMMA?—HE CAN’T UNDERSTAND YOU!”
 “WHY CAN’T HE UNDERSTAND ME?” “WHY, HE’S GOT NO TEETH!”

CELTIC SELF-GOVERNMENT.

O, LET an affectionate People advance
 Their eyes to the glorious Assembly of France,
 And see how the noble surpasses the base,
 And a warm-hearted nation a cold-blooded race!

No craven respect for mean order is there.
 Debate’s free as fightin’ at Donnybrook Fair.
 And that shows the world how the freeman behaves,
 Hurlin’ scorn and defiance at traitors and slaves.

United in discord the Patriots engage,
 Mighty uproar drowns all but the taunts of wild rage.
 Away, crawling patience, and calm self-control,
 And don’t dam the tide of the illoquent soul!

The clenched fists are flourished, the glowin’ eyes glare,
 The whoop, and the howl, and the hiss, rend the air.
 The grin of fierce fury that speaks in a sneer
 Displays the teeth gnashing betwixt ear and ear.

The President shouts for tame silence in vain,
 For the soul of the French scorns the scourge and the chain;
 Their Parliamént trembles at no Speaker’s nod:
 They won’t cower, they won’t crouch whilst they kiss the black rod.

The Saxon oppressor may scoff at the free.
 But the Celt in his own way self-governed will be.
 Let Old Ireland but conquer Home Rule, and the scene
 Of Versailles shall be soon played in proud College Green.

A FEARFUL SAYING.

EDUCATION produces great results in the United States. It is said to make good children even out of the Sinsinnati boys.

THE EUROPEAN MELODRAMA.

How remarkably are the real Kings, Leaders, and Generals, of the so-called “Latin Races,” who figure on the political stage of Europe, like those accustomed to strut and fret their hour on that of a British minor theatre. A telegram from Bayonne, the other day, announced that DON CARLOS had re-entered Spain on the previous night, and issued the following proclamation to the Carlist volunteers:—

“Listening to the voice of suffering Spain, I come to fight for my country and for God. I will not remain idly looking on during this expiatory and heroic struggle. I deplore the blindness of the army which is forgetful of fifteen centuries of glory under the monarchical flag. . . . Spain seeks help from us. Volunteers, forward! Spain says she is dying! Volunteers, let us save her.”

As the utterer of this bombast, DON CARLOS, one fancies, must necessarily have been attired in a frogged green tunic, a slouched hat and feathers, long ringlets, and russet boots. One seems to have heard it all in one’s youth every time one went to the Surrey Theatre, but has read it still more frequently since reported in the newspapers amongst foreign intelligence, during the repeated revolutions and insurrections which have occurred on the Continent.

Another Great “Lion.”

THE SHAH OF PERSIA has departed (except from the Opéra Comique, where he is likely to remain for some time to come), and the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR has not yet arrived. Meanwhile sightseers are not left without proper provision for their wants. In a notice of the opening of the magnificent new Architectural Courts at the South Kensington Museum, this announcement above all delighted us—“The famous Buddhist, Sanchi Tope, is here in white plaster and full size.” The “white plaster” is rather puzzling. Perhaps it is some humane contrivance for protecting “the famous Buddhist” from the caprices of our changeable climate?



“THE OLD, OLD TUNE.”

“PRINCE ALFRED WOULD A WOONG GO!”

“THERE CAME A FIDDLER HERE TO PLAY,
AND O BUT HE WAS JIMP AND GAY,
HE STOLE THE LASSIE'S HEART AWAY,
AND MADE IT ALL HIS AIN, O.”—Song.

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER IV.



ow the Scholar caught
a Pike.

THE SAME DAY.

Piscator. So we are once more at the river. Now thrust your hand in, baited as it is with the hook and the red beetle, which you have so cunningly sewn to your finger; lie close, keep yourself out of sight, and, surely, one of us will have sport!

Venator. O! O! Master, O! I have disturbed a red ant-hill! O!

Piscator. Nay, no wonder, my loving Scholar, since your crying is enough to disturb whole villages. I fear me you have not yet a spirit suitable to

anglers. How sung the pious SIR THOMAS DE BEDLAM?

Though wasps may sting me through my hose,
Though ants and beetles bite my toes,
Though swarming bees hang from my nose,
Yet would I
Quiet lie
A Fishing.

Though snakes should bite, and leeches suck,
Though stags should jump at me and buck,
Though me in air fierce bulls should chuck,
Yet would I
Quiet lie
A Fishing.

Venator. I thank you, good Master, for the sweet verses of the good SIR THOMAS, and I do perceive that he did not introduce the "quiet lie" into his song without intention.

Piscator. True. But I pray you use this occasion, while you are silently awaiting a fish, to remember some catch, for to-night I will take you to the Fishers' Folly, where my Hostess expects my brother PETER, a good angler, and a cheerful companion, who will bring a friend with him. There we'll rejoice, tell tales, or sing ballads, and pass away a little time without offence.

Venator. A match, good Master; let's be going, for I am very hungry, my clothes are still wet, and the red ants are wandering about me, and I would fain move the bait and hook from my finger.

Piscator. Nay, stay a little, good Scholar, for I would make you an artist. We shall have a bite presently. So do you lie prone with your hand in the river, as I bid you, while I consult my book of conceits and ballads, so that I may be even with brother PETER and his companion to-night.

Venator. O, Sir, I see you have finished your study. I have lain here the while—these two hours—and not seen a fish stir. O me! O! O! Master! A fish! A fish! O! He has caught me! O! He is biting my hand! O!

Piscator. Ay, marry, Sir, you may well be proud of being taken by the hand by such a monarch of fishes as he is. He is an overgrown Pike, the biggest that ever I saw.

Venator. O, Master! O! Will he pull me into the water? O!

Piscator. If he have firm hold of you, and prove the stronger, 'tis more than probable he will. And I would have you to know that this fish is the mighty Luce or Pike, and is commonly called the Tyrant of the fresh water. So, do you keep a firm hold of the tree, and with dexterous jerk you may land this fresh-water wolf, as he is called by some writers.

Venator. O, Master, he is biting my arm! O! I feel as though he were becoming heavier every minute! O!

Piscator. He is only assisting at his own capture, as the more of your arm he contrives to lay hold of with his teeth, the firmer grasp will you have of him when the moment for drawing him forth from his native element arrives, and the surer will be his taking. Nay, Scholar, you cannot be in pain, for the beetle, as I have told you,

suffers not in the least, either when he conceitedly writhes on the hook, or when he is taken by the fish.

Venator. But O, Master, if he remain as he now is, will not this Pike that hath hold of me die? O!

Piscator. I will tell you, Scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live: and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and so it will gently wear away. And now, while he hath hold of you thus, I will sit down at ease, and tell something more about the Pike. The learned GOSLING observes, that a maid in Tartary was swallowed whole by a Pike, and was never heard of again. The poetic THOMAS BUNIVUS hath sung of him—

O'er dale and dyke,
O'er splint and spike,
Away! away!
To catch the pike!

The pike, the pike,
The fish I like,
Is worth a dozen cheven.
In sooth, I mean,
He's worth thirteen,
But that would be uneven.

If upon a bank he lies
For two hours, then he dies.
Mourn the birds, and weeps the shrike,
All the fishes go on strike
At the death of Old King Pike.

Also my friend, MR. WAGSTAFF, affirms that the gaiters of two Polonian gentlemen, who disappeared about the same time and place, were found near a pond on a high road, where formerly there used to be a well-known pike, which had been known to stop horses, cattle, carts, and everything that came its way. The venerable BISHOP STORTFORD relates how he used to catch these voracious monsters, after dark, by fastening himself to bladders and floating down the stream with a reading-lamp fixed to his girdle, and a spelling-book in his hand. Sometimes he carried bottles of hay, and the flags of the various countries, through which he floated. There are no pikes in Spain, and the roads are in a very bad state.

Venator. Would I were in Spain. Master! O!

Piscator. So! Take him in his leap!—You have him. I tell you, Scholar, fishing and catching are two separate arts.

Venator. O me! I am content. Shall we eat him, Master?

Piscator. Nay, that will we not. Honest brother PETER and his companion will bring a fine salmon trout with them, so we shall not want for fish. But see! there in the meadow are two simple milk-maids tending the sheep. We will speak them so fairly, that they shall be glad to give us a leg of young lamb in exchange for our Pike. So do you carry the fish, cans, nets, and tackle, while I hold the rod, and will presently address these maidens.

Venator. O, Master, the more buxom of the pair would be a fit helpmate for an angler!

Piscator. Why so?

Venator. She is so Chubby. O, Master! I will never again make so sorry a jest! O! O! O!

MARTIAL ORGANISATION.

LORD ELCHO is reported to have told the House of Commons that the *physique* and age of our soldiers enlisted of late years are lamentably below the standard held to be essential in Germany. If this is so, what wonder? Where military service is compulsory the State can pick and choose recruits, and chooses grenadiers accordingly. "Of all the gallant heroes," sings our anonymous *quasi* TYRTEUS, "there's none for to compare (with a ri-to!-do-riddle-iddle-lol) to the British Grenadier." But now it appears that, in a general way, the German Grenadier does, in stature at least, without the qualification in our TYRTEUS's lyric, excel the British. On the other hand, however, let it be considered that, in these days of rifle-shooting with precision, the soldier's stature is of less importance than it was; and that, if our recruits are short, they are voluntary, and bear great minds in little bodies—the latter, nevertheless, quite big enough to serve the former efficiently in drawing the "bead" and the trigger. But there is another greatness of mind often actuating a great body. Bodies and brains are not always commensurate, but great brains do in many cases go with great bodies, and generally great minds with generally great brains, and then greatness of mind is intellectual as well as impulsive. Thus a greatness of brains is apt to be accompanied by a great mind, amounting to a strong determination, to take every possible care never to put the brains in the way of being blown out. Hence, whilst little men with little brains enlist willingly in the army of their country, or any other, great men with great brains, too many of them, require coercion to make them soldiers.



ÆSTHETICS.

Jabberly. "WAS AWFULLY SNUBBED BY MRS. DULCIMER, LAST NIGHT, AT THE OPERA, FOR TALKING TO HER WHILE THEY WERE SINGING."

Maria. "I THINK SHE WANTS TASTE, THEN. A HEAVY, ROUGH VOICE CONTRASTS SO WELL WITH MUSIC, AND ADDS FLAVOUR TO IT, AS AN OLIVE DOES TO CLARET."

PEACE IN SALEM.

SALEM means "Peace." Jerusalem probably means the Foundation of Peace. After which proof of the fact that *Mr. Punch* possesses DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S invaluable *Dictionary of the Bible*, the former learned man proceeds to show how Peace is kept in Salem.

A person named DELOS HEFFEREN (we know not how he came to bear the name of the birthplace of Apollo and Diana—which is fastened to the bottom of the sea by chains, to which we invite the attention of the Admiralty, as they must be miracles of workmanship) had recently the misfortune to murder a person of the name of HALSTEAD, at Salem. Perhaps it is unfair to call him a murderer, as he was not tried, he may have been only a manslayer. However, he found Salem no City of Refuge.

About two in the morning of the 30th ult.,

"A body of masked men entered Salem, seized and held prisoners the town patrolmen, and, proceeding to the gaol, demanded the keys of DEPUTY-SHERIFF CRAYCROFT, who resides in the building. The Sheriff refused to give up the keys under any peril, when he was seized and confined, and a sledge-hammer procured, with which the mob proceeded to force its way into the cell of DELOS HEFFEREN."

The Sheriff appears to have behaved like a man, and much as the brave Governor of Newgate did during the Gordon Riots—see *Barnaby Rudge*. The mob (the word is not ours; we should not venture so to describe a body of free and enlightened Citizens) found that the cell was strongly protected. But two doors, one of iron, were broken open, and "the murderer stood face to face with the Vigilants." Yes, that is a more gracious name for them. DELOS'S vigil had not been a pleasant one, for

"HEFFEREN had watched the progress of the mob, which came thirsting for his blood, and had prepared himself as well as he could for desperate resistance. Knowing death awaited him if taken, he determined to fight to the last, with some pieces of the furniture of his cell. He stood like a tiger at bay, and guarded the door."

Or, rather, the doorway. It was not left for him to do as the vassal is ordered to do in one of JOANNA BAILLIE'S powerful dramas:—

"Rise,

And set thy brutal strength against the door,"

for it was already forced. Still, he was not yet vanquished.

"The mob, knowing the desperate character of the man, and that the first who entered would meet certain death, hesitated to attempt an entrance. They procured balls of twine, saturated them with coal oil and turpentine, and threw some of them into the cell, and threw others forward on the ends of long poles and set them a-blaze. Having thus lighted up the cell, bringing the victim into full view, the mob opened fire upon him."

If, like the classic hero, he prayed to "die in the light," his prayer seemed likely to be granted. There was considerable ingenuity on the part of the Vigilants in contriving this *chambre ardente*, in advance. Well, twenty shots were fired at him, and one broke his right arm, so that he could not use the only weapon he had—a chair. Then a "rock" was hurled at his head. This sounds Homeric, but we fear it was only a big stone; anyhow, it brought him down.

"Before he could recover, he was seized, tied, and dragged out of the cell and of the gaol. 'What are you going to do with me?' he asked. 'Hang you,' was the reply. 'I will go along with you,' he said. He was immediately taken to a covered railroad bridge, about thirty feet high, about two squares from the gaol, where he asked time to pray, but the lynchers replied *they could not wait*."

Dying in Salem is "parting in Peace," we suppose, so the Vigilants, who seem to be resolute theologians, held that no special religious preparation was necessary.

"The rope was put around his neck and thrown over a rafter of the bridge. HEFFEREN was then pushed off. As soon as he was dead the lynchers returned to the gaol, gathered up everything they had left that could afford a clue to their identity, released the Sheriff and guards, and scattered in every direction. None were recognised, and no person knows by what road they entered or left town. The body was hanging till 4 o'clock, when it was taken down and brought home."

The work was certainly not done negligently. The Vigilants had



MAKE YOUR MASTER'S INTERESTS YOUR OWN.

First Plunket. "GOING TO WAIT HERE LONG?"

Second Ditto. "NO—WE'RE OFF TO A GARDEN PARTY, ON BUSINESS."

First Ditto. "WHICH ONE IS IT?"

Second Ditto. "OH, THE ELDEST, AS USUAL"

First Ditto. "ANY GOOD THIS TIME, DO YOU THINK?"

Second Ditto. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. WE'RE A TRYING PRECIOUS 'ARD."

thought of everything. And as SHAKSPEARE says, "He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours," for the excellent good reason that "he shall see none to fear." The late DELOS has no cause to dread the colour in which his difficulty with HALSTEAD may be represented to his late fellow-citizens. Possibly, as he is stated to have had a "home," it may now be discovered that he was a martyr-soul, and that he died for having avenged some outrage on his Lares and Penates. However, that will not materially alter matters. We know nothing of the circumstances, and it is possible that the Vigilants may have simply destroyed a ruffian who might otherwise have escaped *moyennant* some of the merciful eccentricities of the criminal law of the country.

For this Salem is not the place of which MELCHIZEDEC was King, but is in Indiana, U.S., 40° N., 86° W.; Pop. 33,809: and is inhabited by people who speak the language of SHAKSPEARE (more or less), and who look down with Republican scorn upon the effete institutions of a rotten old Monarchical country. Jeru—Salem! Yes, Sir. Yet, on the whole, considering that the most vigilant Vigilants, being mortal, might confer immortality by mistake, we rather prefer the Sworn Box and the Black Flag.

THE MUSIC OF INNOCENCE.

THE life of MOSCHELES, lately published, contains an interesting story about MENDELSSOHN and QUEEN VICTORIA. The Composer had paid the QUEEN a visit, during which he played several pieces before HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE CONSORT. "You have given me," said our Sovereign Lady, "so much pleasure, now, what can I do to give you pleasure?" MENDELSSOHN, "himself the head of a household, felt mightily interested in the QUEEN's domestic arrangements; in short," ventured to ask "that he might see the Royal children in their Royal nurseries." Whereupon—

SLIPPING THROUGH SLIPPERS.

[Have you read MR. THOLLOPE'S "Three Clerks?" Then, read it again.]

Yes, well I know your words are true,
I promised this last dance to you,
The fact I can't deny:
Yet do not deem a maiden false,
Nor think she'd with another valse
While you are standing by.

Think not because my card I've lost
That something hath my temper erost,
Nor judge me a coquette:
Fain would I in the giddy whirl
With you my partner madly twirl,
And all my grief forget.

But ah! to-night my joys are o'er,
No more I tread the polished floor—
(I thought you never frowned?)
For (whisper) satin is not strong,
And, HENRY, having danced too long,
My toes are on the ground.

PEBBLE POWDER AND PEPPER.

At the late Naval Inspection at Spithead, the yacht *Lynx*, according to a letter in the newspapers from her owner, had the misfortune to get accidentally in the way, and close ahead of, a gunboat which was firing salutes in honour of the SHAH. The salutes were fired with pebble powder, and "the result may be more readily imagined than described. The vessel was riddled as with a charge of grape-shot, five persons severely wounded, and one burnt with the explosion." Of course. Not all the pebbles of pebble powder, when a charge is fired, explode; some, like some grains of common powder in like case, remain entire, and are discharged as projectiles. Consequently the gunboat astern of the *Lynx*, in saluting the SHAH with the report of pebble powder, also saluted the unlucky *Lynx* with a shower of pebbles, to the effect above mentioned. Moral for yachtsmen—Give the months of guns supposed to be firing blank cartridge a wide berth, lest they should possibly salute you with pebble powder, which is both powder and shot.

PROBLEM FOR FINANCIERS.—To convert a Floating Debt into a Sinking Fund.

"The QUEEN at once entered into the spirit of his appeal, and in her most winning way conducted him herself through the nurseries, all the while comparing notes with him on the homely subjects that had a special attraction for both."

The notes which the QUEEN compared with MENDELSSOHN on the subject of the nursery were worth preserving. It is known that HER MAJESTY is well enough skilled in music to be quite capable of comparing notes with a Master. Very likely MENDELSSOHN did jot her notes down, and they still exist among his papers. Had he lived, possibly he would have availed himself of them in the composition of a symphony on a theme which has never yet received musical treatment. That is, unless we may regard as savouring of harmonious effect the suggestive lines, which you know, boys:—

"Continuū auditū voces, vngitū et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo."

But, considering the place on whose threshold this concert was heard by the pious ÆNEAS, we may suppose that the mind's ear of the Poet imagined other sounds than those of the nursery as they would have been rendered by the Musician had he composed a Nursery Symphony. According to Phrenology, the German Composer's "Philogenitiveness" appears to have equalled his "Tune," but much less of the former organ than of the latter is evinced by the Latin Poet. A Nursery Symphony by MENDELSSOHN would have breathed the sweetness of "The Cradle Song." But perhaps VIRGIL's less pleasant conception of that sort of music is the more natural. We can fancy such music, as conceived by VIRGIL, just now attending the Massacre of the Innocents.

PAWNBROKERS' "DUPLICATES."—Their Twins.



WIMBLEDON, 1873.

Volunteer Mounted Officer (Midnight). "HULLO HERE! WHY DON'T YOU TURN OUT THE GUARD? I'M THE FIELD-OFFICER OF THE DAY?"

Volunteer Sentry. "THEN WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOIN' OUT THIS TIME O' NIGHT?"

A FALSE ALARM.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD is too keen-eyed to lose an opportunity of making a Catholic point. He has been referring to the Judicature Bill, and, after stating that a tribunal which is not ecclesiastical is to decide on ecclesiastical questions, he asks—

"What does this point to? It is the absorption by the State of the religious independence of the Church of England."

DR. VAUGHAN was speaking to a Catholic audience, and he was very properly cheered. The BISHOP OF FLEET STREET, addressing sundry millions who are not Catholic, will, with equal propriety, be cheered when he replies that there is no "absorption" of the kind. The new tribunal will make no law, but will simply declare the law. The new tribunal has nothing to do with the State, except that it will receive salaries provided by the arts of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Judges who have received a legal and logical education are much better qualified to expound law than are Bishops, who have been able schoolmasters, popular preachers, or devoted country parsons. English Protestants will be quite satisfied with such ecclesiastical judgments as may be given by men of the school of LORDS SELBORNE, CAIRNS, and HATHERLEY, and will not sigh for spiritual judges, even if we could get men like the gracious CULLEN himself. We do not add a mocking compliment to DR. VAUGHAN for being so kind as to interest himself in the welfare of the Church of England, because the BISHOP OF SALFORD is a gentleman, and not merely an able priest of Rome. *Distinguo*, says that awful Jesuit, *Father Punch*.

A NOMINAL SOLECISM.

THERE are really no Jesuits among our Parsons—be it said to the Jesuits' credit. They are all disciples of LOYOLA; these of the Anglican clergy imagined from appearances to belong to them are disloyal.

DANGER!

THIS is a serious matter. The attention of Parliament ought to be called to it. The various Conservative Associations throughout the country ought to meet and deliberate without a moment's delay. All who are sincerely attached to the British Constitution should lose no time in openly declaring their sentiments. The Press should speak out. The platform should not be silent. Petitions, public meetings—every legitimate means of arousing public attention, must be at once employed. The Third Estate of the Realm would seem to be menaced with imminent danger. So much so, that it has been found necessary to form a "Commons' Preservation Society." Members are shaking in their seats.

A Citadel at Command.

ALL Roman doctrine, Ritualists, you hold,
Except the Pope's dominion o'er the fold.
We have your word you that exception make;
And every gentleman your word must take.
Why not, since your subscription's a pretence,
Take your word, too, in its non-natural sense?—
Your Reverence writes yourself D.D., M.A.;
Why to those letters not adjoin S.J.?
No reason can forbid but one alone—
That's the Pope's honesty, and not your own.

Like for Like.

At the present season hay fever is prevalent in some districts. Homœopathy supplies the remedy for this complaint. The natural antidote to hay is straw. It is best taken in the form of strawberries, of which, as all the straw they contain has only a nominal existence, the patient need not limit himself to infinitesimal quantities, but can eat any amount.



"THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM."

Enthusiastic Pedestrian. "AM I ON THE RIGHT ROAD FOR STRATFORD,—SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN, YOU KNOW, MY MAN. YOU'VE OFTEN HEARD OF SHAKESPEARE?"

Rustic. "EES. BE YOU HE?"

NEW CODE OF HEALTH.

MR. PUNCH sees advertised "The Ten Laws of Health." He has not read the little work, and disclaims all intention of rivalry in putting forth his own views on the all-important subject of which it treats. But the interest he feels in every sanitary movement must be his excuse for making known to the world a few simple rules which he has never known to fail, when rigidly observed, and perseveringly attended to:—

1. Winter and summer, spring and autumn, always take your breakfast in bed.
2. In eating and drinking, deny yourself nothing which you fancy. Inclination is the only safe rule in these cases.
3. A light supper is your best safeguard against sleeplessness, indigestion, dreams of unpaid bills and poor relations, and other nocturnal disturbances. A lobster, or a buttered crab, or some pickled salmon, or a nice veal cutlet, or, if there is nothing else at hand, a hearty meal of toasted cheese, will have a wonderful effect upon you, and cause you to feel in the morning quite another man.
4. Thick soles to boots and shoes would be a laughable mistake, if they did not lead to such deplorable consequences. They make the wearer uncomfortable, and cause the feet to present an unsightly appearance. Besides, the noise they produce inflicts positive harm on persons of sensitive nerves.
5. Never get up later than twelve. Never go to bed after three. Nine hours' sleep is enough for anyone. Perhaps a simpler rule is never to get up or to go to bed until you feel disposed.
6. If you have the chance of riding, do not waste time, and tissue, and boot and shoe-leather by walking. Those old-fashioned notions which some people still entertain about the necessity of exercise only show how long a superstition will linger on.
7. It is only necessary to think of the incredible number of young and delicate females who go out to dinners, dances, and other evening entertainments, at the most inclement periods of the year, lightly

IMPERTINENT YOUTH.

(A Song of Sympathy.)

RETURNING home one eve, of late,
I mused on life's decreasing span.
There passed by me a living freight
Of parish children in a van.

How they did laugh, and cheer, and shout!
Had liquor loosed each infant's tongue?
I never laughed and roared without
Having had too much, old or young.

And, as I cast at them an eye,
They waved, as though to catch my sight,
Their hands and handkerchiefs on high,
In testimony of delight.

But on my mind there dawns a thought,
Whose truth may probable appear;
Perhaps those children had been taught,
And schooled, and drilled, to shout and cheer.

More joy than children can contain
I understand, if that can be,
That they might vent in acts insane;
But why make signs of it to me?

SMELFUNGUS.

WORSE THAN "A PLAIN COOK."

"Plain Woman wanted, to assist a Lady in Housework, for Two Rooms rent-free. References."

THE lady who publishes this Want must be of a highly sanguine temperament if she expects to receive a single answer to her advertisement. She cannot but be altogether ignorant of her own sex, to imagine for one moment that any member of it would ever acknowledge herself to be that "impossible she"—a "plain woman"! The "references" will not be required. It would be idle for us to give the address. It will never be wanted.

THE DONKEY'S QUESTION.

THE announcement of every new discovery of which the use cannot be at once foreseen is met with a Bray. The Latin for ee-haw is "*Cui bono?*"

and airily clad, to be convinced that it is sheer nonsense to take precautions against damp and the night air.

8. If business, or some other disagreeable necessity, compels you to breakfast early and dine late, on no account be induced to eat anything in the interval. Dinner is far too important an occurrence to be encountered with a demoralised appetite.

9. Always sleep after dinner, and, if you have the opportunity, after luncheon (which should be hot and heavy) as well.

10. If you must pay attention to your diet, restrict yourself to pork, veal, curries and other highly-seasoned dishes, broad beans, pickles, pine-apples, salmon and cucumber, ices, sweets, filberts, buttered toast, pastry in profusion, and all sorts of cool cups and summer beverages.

Platform Amalgamation.

It is proposed that the United Kingdom Alliance, the Temperance League, the Anti-Tobacco Society, and all the other confederacies for minding other peoples' business, shall amalgamate themselves together into one comprehensive band of busybodies, under the name of "The Pragmatic Association."

THE LOVED AND LOST.

THEY whom the gods love die young; so 'tis said,
Yet they are mostly mourned by friends bereft.
But very few lament old people dead,
Save some they leave behind with nought else left.

CURIOUS AND TRUE.

CONSIDERING the antipathy to swine which is the characteristic of the ancient Hebrew religion, it is at least strange that the place chosen by the Jews for their cemetery should be at West Ham.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERTAINLY there was nothing in either House on Friday, July 18, that made Mr. Punch regret his having taken holiday on that day. The single thing which perhaps he might have liked to hear was MR. GLADSTONE'S reply to MR. WHALLEY. The latter Statesman's mind had been exercised by an account of a visit of some Catholics to Canterbury Cathedral—the history of which was explained to them by a Jesuit gentleman.

This awful Popish outrage Mr. WHALLEY brought before the House, and MR. GLADSTONE, for the sake of fun, answered him in the most elaborate manner (an attention entirely thrown away on MR. WHALLEY), and assured him that if he, the great Protestant, desired also to lecture in the Cathedral, and would undertake to do so in a becoming way, there was no doubt that he might. Perhaps the satire was a trifle ponderous for so hot a night, and the House ought to have been the more grateful to MR. GLADSTONE for taking so much trouble.

Monday.—The DUKE OF RICHMOND and LENNOX, stating that 2245 Military Officers have, or think that they have, reason to complain of the way in which the Abolition of Purchase is being worked out, moved for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the subject. LORD LANSDOWNE, for Government, resisted the Motion, alleging that it was based, not on any real grievance, but on the old Army feeling of hostility to the Abolition. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF declined to interfere, having accepted the new system, but he thought that discontent in the Army was most detrimental to the interests of the Country. Government were beaten by 129 to 46, and might as well have conceded what was certain to be taken.

But the Comedy of the evening came next. We must go back to history a little. Our most religious and gracious King, CHARLES THE SECOND, showered the beams of his royal favour upon various charming persons, and among these were a lady known in France as LOUISE DE LA QUEROUAILLE (but in England, *vide* PEPYS, as MADAME CARROL), and a lady known to most persons as NELL GWYNN. The children of these respected ladies, as MR. SAVAGE says, "Lived to build, not boast, a generous race." His gracious Majesty conferred certain peerages, which, at the present time, are held by the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, and by the DUKE OF RICHMOND, leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the House of Lords. To-night these Dukes amused themselves and the world with a little family wrangle. The Falconer, recently talking at a banquet, referred to the fact that the QUEEN had been educated, politically, by LORD MELBOURNE, and he expressed satisfaction that HER MAJESTY had always been a Liberal.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND, as a Tory, objected to this, and to-night demanded of his remote relative what he meant by claiming the QUEEN as a political partisan, a course which his GRACE OF RICHMOND described as unconstitutional.

The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS replied with spirit, but introduced an anecdote which he might as well have omitted, as it was rather in the style of his distinguished ancestress than in that of a noble Peer. He had been able to make a precise answer, just as some witness had been able to do, when interrogated about a certain distance. "I measured it, in case any Fool might ask me the question." This might have been a repartee by "poor NELL."

The DUKE OF RICHMOND left it to their Lordships to decide whether he were a Fool or not. But no division was taken upon this question, and

The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS had not the least intention of being personal or offensive. He explained that LORD MELBOURNE's counsels to the QUEEN had borne the best fruit, HER MAJESTY having always rendered the most impartial and sincere support to any Ministry whose services she had required.

The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY thought that the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS had aggravated his original offence. He made a joke about MAUNDER ("maundering" being the moral), which induces us to say that if he will apply at 85, Fleet Street, he may hear something to his advantage. He added divers caustic criticisms on the banquet in question, and objected to its having been said that an irresistible majority in the Lords put up "inferior men" to debate. By some statistical process the Marquis seems to have convinced himself that there is about 2½ per cent. of folly among the Clergy and in both Houses of Parliament. But for fear of breach of privilege we should say that this was rather a low average.

This was the scene of the evening. The hot weather had, perhaps, something to do with it.

"O Sarcasm, how Whig and Tory lours,
When the rich blood of Peers is set on fire!"

Much time was taken up in the Commons in fighting over arrangements for finishing the business of the Session. Something was done, however, and then

MR. GLADSTONE explained a Bill for removing a legal doubt as to the power of the Crown to bequeath Landed Estates to the Heir-Apparent. Rather an interesting debate ensued, some constitutional theories being ventilated, and a few Members getting a little out of the ordinary Vestry tone. The Bill was read a Second Time by 167 to 35.

Tuesday.—In the House of Lords, tributes were paid to the memories of two eminent Members of that House. DR. WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Winchester, had been suddenly taken away, by a fatal accident, in the fulness of his energy and intellect. LORD WESTBURY, more aged, but not less able, had been stricken with paralysis. On the previous Saturday the Bishop, and on the Sunday, the ex-Chancellor, had died. Here, it is fitting to do no more than record these great national losses.

In the House of Commons, in the morning, there were long and fierce fights on the Education Question, and they were renewed in the evening. The enemies of the Government Bill were routed all along the line, and the Bill went through Committee.

We have the honour of congratulating the country on the fact that to-night the Commons passed the Judicature Bill. MR. GLADSTONE intimated that, important as the Bill was, it would be incomplete until its provisions were extended to the whole kingdom. Incidentally, MR. ANDERSON, a Scotch Member, endeavoured to remove the impression that the representatives of Scotland get all they want by attending to their own business. Their constituents abuse them for not making themselves as disagreeable to Government as the Irish do. Without wishing to be rude to anybody, Mr. Punch may remark that, for reasons, the Scottish gentlemen are disqualified for doing anything of the sort, and their constituents are unreasonable.

Wednesday.—We shall boil down today's proceedings like spinach, but they will expand like isinglass. MR. TREVELYAN had a Bill for giving votes to the Agricultural Labourers. The question was "an open one" for the Cabinet, but MR. FORSTER, expressing his own approval of the scheme, read a letter from MR. GLADSTONE (temporarily ill), who had asked him to inform the House that the PREMIER'S

opinion was that such extension of franchise was just and politic, and could not be long avoided. There was much sensation caused by this announcement that a new Reform Bill would soon be heard of, and there was some sarcasm about a "Message from the Minister." The feeling was that the matter was taken out of Mr. TREVELYAN'S hands, but the Bill was talked over until the fatal 5'45.

The Bill for letting persons be buried in the State-Church-yard with any rites which their friends may devise was withdrawn.

Thursday.—LORD CAIRNS complained of language used in the other House by two Ministers, who, he thought, had implied that he and the late LORD WESTBURY had accepted private business which interfered with their duties in the House of Lords. He satisfactorily explained that they had done nothing of the kind, and LORD SELBORNE assured him that no imputation had been intended. This was no doubt the case, but enough had been said to justify LORD CAIRNS in being very prompt in defence of himself and his lately departed friend.

The Lords received the Judicature Bill back. The Bishops complain that they have not been sufficiently consulted in regard to the change of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but they do not get much comfort from LORD SALISBURY, who seems to have more reverence for the pious than the brains of prelates. LORD REDESDALE tried to get rid of the Bill altogether, but was defeated by 61 to 34, and then, with an exception, the Commons' amendments were agreed to.

Something which the majority of folks will take more interest in came up in the Commons. You all know how useful and handy Postage Stamps are, as currency. You want to send a small sum in charity, or to buy a book, or, Madam, some little fancy-work pattern, or to tip a schoolboy, or to pay for an advertisement,—in fact, what has well been called the People's Paper-Money is really a universal convenience. Well, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL and his accomplices have issued an edict that if a letter contains stamps, and it is not registered, it shall be charged Eightpence, in addition to postage. The idea is too preposterous to be tolerated. MR. MACFIE and MR. MONK had both given notices on the subject, and at the very first warning MR. MONSELL (who appears to be in a very blissful state of unawareness as to the affairs of his office) promised that the new edict should not be enforced until the House had debated upon it. He had better withdraw it at once, before *Mr. Punch* advises the People to "go down into the Streets." It would be a pity that the handsome new building in St. Martin's-le-Grand should be given to the devouring element, and that MR. MONSELL should have to fly, disguised as a sub-sorter.

We have a new Treaty with France, and we are, once more, a Most Favoured Nation. Mersey, Moosoo, noo som tray oblijay, noo som soor, ay noo esperong cur voo voo portey behang. Vote santý dans un coop der bear. Icy est Luk!

Hot fighting over the Endowed Schools Bill, and a sort of fray between MR. HARDY and MR. GLADSTONE. We were glad that the latter was well enough to fight, and sorry that the former thought it worth while in such weather.

On the Education Bill LORD SANDON proposed that if anybody took into service an uneducated child under thirteen, that person was to be deemed its Parent, as regarded the duties of education. The proposal was withdrawn, but it was manifestly a right one, and MR. FORSTER said so.

Friday.—We have had to make a good many references to the Rating Bill. In a sense, all the trouble we and the Commons have had over it is thrown away, as to-night the Lords declined, by 59 to 43, to consider it at the fag-end of a Session.

MR. GLADSTONE firmly refused to extend mercy to a couple of Fenians who are in gaol for treason-felony. He desired no such popularity as was to be gained by pardoning crimes that might have led to bloodshed. He would hold out no hope of amnesty. Well said and well done.

The next event is too delightful to be described in mere prose. A lofty flight of Poesy can alone do justice to our feelings.

"To-night, to-night, to-night, at last
The Education Bill was passed."

The officers of the Indian Army have serious and undeniable grievances of a pecuniary kind, having been led into "miscalculation;" but Government are strong enough to refuse to enter into a question on which the House is apathetic.

Insane Rhyme.

As I was walking in the Place called Woburn,
I saw our noble LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN:
I fancy he was going towards Holborn.

"KISSI-KISSI."

Motto for the Lord Chamberlain's Office in all Matters of Dramatic Licensing—"What's Donne can't be un-Donne."

IN MEMORIAM.

Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester.

BORN SEPTEMBER 7, 1805. DIED JULY 19, 1873.

Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury.

BORN JUNE 30, 1800. DIED JULY 20, 1873.

THEY pass, together, from the bustling scene,
Where, opposites, they played such leading parts,
Banding with so bright and words so keen,
Masters of divers aims but equal arts.

Two great lights quenched, so sudden and so soon!
The one, in his full flush of genial life,
Even as he drank the wine of summer noon,
Sweet air, swift motion, scenes with beauty rife.

While the apt speech rang from his ready tongue,
And the glad light played in his eager eye,
A stumbling hoof—a careless rider flung—
And death had claimed what of that life could die!

Less startling—sudden came the other's call:
Yet 'tis but yesterday that, clear and hard,
That brain for which no task was great or small,
To dupe and trickster meted their award.

These two, for peace or war, no more shall meet.
The Bishop to a higher Synod goes;
The Judge to a more awful Judgment-seat—
Where He that judges judges as he knows.

Meanwhile our petty Court of Claims below
Is loud in verdict on these famous dead;
While they were with us it was noways slow
To deal harsh sentence upon either head.

The priest was sly and sleek; all things to all:
His unction served to smooth his upward way:
His earthly aims were large, his heavenly small:
His labour less to save souls than to sway.

The lawyer was incarnate sneer and scorn:
A bitter hater, and a doubtful friend;
His ermine showed a soil as soon as worn;
His mining seoff good cause and bad would blend.

So, through their mingled web of good and ill,
We traced, as is our wont, the darker wof:
Reading their chequered record backwards still;
Doubtful of good, of ill scarce asking proof.

But now the kindly hand of Death comes in
To turn away the black side of the shield:
For its bright face more kindly eyes to win;
To soften shadows and show lights revealed.

Now, first, we learn how hard this Bishop toiled;
How dove with serpent still in him was blent:
How, in the world, not of it, hands unsoiled
And heart unspotted to his work he bent.

To all his mitred brethren what a guide;
What a sustaining presence unto those
Who came beneath his overseeing wide;
To friends how genial, courteous to foes!

And of this scoffing judge and sneering wit,
We hear the gentler words and kindlier deeds;
How even he could praise as well as twit,
And service do that grateful memory breeds.

Life found them parts, and dresses, and stage-room,
And skill among their fellows chief to stand,
But Death was needed to correct the doom
Of hasty hiss or censure-pointing hand.

And so, Life's judgment set to right by Death's.
Lay busy Bishop and keen Judge to rest;
And, by their coffins, think, with 'bated breaths,
How good the worst of us, how bad the best.



TWO VANITIES.

(Amateur Vocalist and his Wife, alone together after an Evening Party.)

"DID I LOOK NICE TO-NIGHT, LOVE?" "O, NO END. H'M! WAS I IN GOOD VOICE?"

"FIRST-RATE, LOVE! TELL ME, DO YOU PREFER ME WITH A RIBBON IN MY HAIR, OR FLOWERS?"

"O, EITHER! LOOK HERE. WHICH STYLE SUITS ME BEST, DO YOU THINK?—THE FERVID PASSION OF SANTLEY, OR THE THRILLING TENDERNESS OF DE SORIA?"

"O, BOTH! DON'T YOU THINK A YELLOW RIBBON WITH BLACK LACE," &c., &c., &c.

THE CORONET AND THE COUNTER.

THE proverbial effect produced by certain communications on manners of an opposite character appears to have been illustrated by the following extract from a speech reported to have been made by the UNDER SECRETARY OF WAR, in answer to the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Motion for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into certain grievances complained of by Officers in the Army:—

"If the position of the officers was so unbearable as had been represented, an exodus from the Army might have been expected; but nothing of the kind had occurred, though those gentlemen would have been entitled to the full value of their commissions."

Had this language proceeded from the mouth of some occupant of the Treasury Benches in the House of Commons, it would not have been remarkable, that is, not more remarkable than a similar utterance of ideas relative to officers and gentlemen by a member of a parish vestry, or a poor-law guardian. Spoken in the House of Peers, it shows what sentiments a nobleman may unlearn, and what notions he may acquire, by accepting service which brings him in contact with employers who conduct their business as though it were that of a commercial firm, consisting of partners whose views are bounded by commerce.

That the foregoing specimen of parochial and mercantile eloquence is altogether unworthy of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE'S name cannot be affirmed, but that only because he bears, for one name, the name of PETTY. What the noble Marquis calls "an exodus from the Army" might indeed have been expected to occur if the Army were supposed to be officered by gentlemen incapable of any higher than pecuniary considerations. But in that case the term "exodus" would be objectionable. It would remotely imply an illiberal imputation of avarice and meanness to gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion.

DIABOLICAL DAINTIES.

AN advertisement, in the columns of a contemporary circulating chiefly among the higher orders, invites the attention of refined readers to a delicacy entitled:

PÂTE AU DIABLE, for making Devils of Biscuits, Legs of Poultry, Meats, &c.

The archæological reader will find, in the earlier numbers of *Punch*, reference to a notification once posted in the shop-window of a certain man, who, in the days long ere Holborn Valley Improvements were thought of, kept an eating-house on the slope of Holborn Hill, and the right hand as thou goest up. This legend offered the hungry and indigent or economical wayfarer:—

"A devilish Good Dinner for Three-pence."

It will, perhaps, be recalled to the memory of ancient friends by the advertisement above quoted. The dinner, however, of which the diabolical nature was suggested by its purveyor as a recommendation, consisted of a bason of soup and a hunch of bread. There is a broth mentioned in *Macbeth* which that dinner may be supposed to have resembled. No doubt, however, the *Pâte au Diable* is deservedly so called in the figure of speech whereby things are facetiously described as their opposites, signifying in plain English Paradise Paste. Accordingly, by the statement that it is meant for making devils of biscuits, legs of poultry, and other nice things, we are to understand it to be, in fact, a substance by whose means all those good creatures can be made better, and converted, so to speak, into the angels, cherubim, and seraphim of gastronomy.

NOTE BY A CHIROPODIST (in the Country for the first time).—
"Must be very painful—corn in the ear."



AN "AWFUL" SUGGESTION.

WORKING-MAN. "AIN'T SATISFIED, AIN'T YER, MY NOBLE CAPTINS? WHY DON'T YER 'STRIKE'? THAT'S 'OW WE 'WORK THE HORACLE'! YAH!!!"

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THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER V.



THE same Afternoon. PISCATOR and VENATOR walk across the Meadows towards their Inn, and fall in with two Milk-maids.

Venator. O, Master, tell me, as we walk along the meadows, is it true that, while one is fishing, the angler should never speak and scarcely even breathe?

Piscator. Marry, Scholar, he should indeed be silent, and breathe lightly. For, you must know, that a proficient can catch as good a fish as swims, with a fine line from one of the poets, if he be but careful to let it fall with 'bated breath.

Venator. What books should a fisherman read?

Piscator. I would recommend for your study *Bleak House*, *Dr. Newman's Lectures on Angle-can Difficulties*, *The History of the*

Rod, *Hook's Remains*, *Hook's Archbishops of Fishing Canterbury*, *The Gentle Life*, *Line upon Line*, and many others of a like nature.

Venator. Truly, my loving Master, I could listen to your learned discourse for ever. But resolve me this, which I have heard pronounced as a difficulty to fishermen. When does a Trout exhibit *ue*?

Piscator. Well, Scholar, I should reply when he sleeps.

Venator. Nay, Master, were you to make such an answer you could err, for the right solution of my question is to this effect, that a Trout shows his fatigue *when he stops to take a fly*. * * O, Master, it hurts!

Piscator. Such is my intention, and this use of the rod is to impress, on your memory, the remark of the venerable ALDERMAN GUTTLER, that "he who would play a fish must not play the fool."

Venator. I thank you, Master. These words are worthy to keep a room in every brain where, as the Lawyers say, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. But I think it is now milking time, and yonder they be at it.

Piscator. On my word, a handsome milk-maid that hath not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to know the distinction between a pike and the leg of a harmless lamb.

Venator. Ah, my kind Master, how beneficent is Nature who has made the lamb harmless and not legless. * * * O, Master, O! * * I will never offend again.

Piscator. Exchange is no theft: so, as we have no use for this pike, we will persuade her to give us flesh for the fish. She is indeed a blooming rose.

Venator. This rose is near an elder, Master; for, look, she is in company of an old maid.

Piscator. An old milk-maid, but, as I think, her grandmother. Yet, for all her age, I warrant her as open to fair speaking as is her comely daughter or grand-daughter. And for a little confirmation of what I have said, I shall repeat the lines of DE BARFACLES—

"Flattery's sweet to the youthful and youthless:
Flattery's toothsome to even the toothless."

Good morrow to you, Ladies. I have been a fishing, and am going to my supper at The Fisher's Folly. We have caught more fish than we need, and I will bestow this pike on you and your sister, for I use to sell none, if you will do me a courtesy.

Milk-woman. Marry! we, that is me and my grand-daughter, Sir, and no sister, will eat it cheerfully. We both love anglers; they be such honest, civil, quiet men. And, in the meantime, as we be a bit thirsty-like, what will your Honour give us to drink?

Piscator. What you will, if your grand-daughter will sing us a song.

Milk-woman. Come, MAUDLIN, sing to the gentlemen with a merry heart.

Maud. Nay, Orandmother, never call me "Maudlin" before these gentlemen.

Milk-woman. Marry! young CORIDON, the Shepherd, calls you so.

Maud. Nay. Your "Maudlin" has nothing to do with a Corri, or a Donne. You shall not call me "Maudlin."

Milk-woman. Well, if you will not be so called by CORIDON, you

harkened to your COLIN's voice, when he played on his pipe, and called you "Maudlin."

Maud. You are wrong, Grandmother. COLIN's called me *Magdalen*, not *Maudlin*, and brought me out at the Olympic. But for his playing on his pipe, I never yet saw him with a pipe.

Piscator. Save when he was puffing his Cavendish. But sing! my honest, innocent, pretty MAUDLIN, sing!

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

The milk-maid ne'er is in the dumps
While there is water in the pumps,
While she the briny breezes sniffs
Seeing the chalk of England's cliffs.

Merrily ho!

The milk-maids go,
Singing their roundelay,
Milk below!

The milk-maid has a smiling face,
She walks the town with matchless grace,
She carries cans, and those who pass,
If Sootchmen, cry "The canny Lass!"

Merrily ho!

The milk-maids go,
Singing their roundelay,
Milk below!

Of her pet cow she sings in praise
A song, "The light of Udder days,"
The milking-maids know, far and wide,
The tune whereof the old Cow died.

Merrily ho!

The milk-maids go,
Singing their roundelay,
Milk below!

She loves the sky and all that's blue,
And to her COLIN she'll be true,
O, if you'd lead a happy life,
Go take a milk-maid for your wife.

Merrily ho!

The milk-maids go,
Singing their roundelay,
Milk below!

Venator. Well sung, sweet MAUDLIN.

Maud. Nay, Sir, you must pay me for my entertainment. And see, Grandmother, while you were sleeping, and I was singing, the other honest civil angler has run off with a lamb.

Venator. I will run after him.

Maud. Nay, that shall you not, while I and my grandmother are here, I give you warning.

Venator. I intend to call upon you again.

Maud. Marry, that you shall, with all my heart; and though you pay me a five-pound note now, I will still be your debtor with a hay-fork when you come this way.

Venator. Good night, good night, MAUDLIN. . . . O Master! let's lose no time—let's move towards our lodging. Oh, I am sore all over.

Piscator. That's my good Scholar. You will be a sure angler for a fish before long, for you are always catching it. But yonder comes mine Hostess to bid us to supper. How now, Hostess; has my brother PETER come?

Hostess. Yes, and a friend with him. They long to see you and to be at supper, for I would give them nothing till you came, and they be very hungry.

Home and School.

THERE is a book just now a good deal advertised under the title of *Heaven our Home*. If Heaven is our home, we may conclude that Earth is our school, and look forward to the holidays; yet not many of us much like the idea of breaking up.

SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE thermometer, some days last week, averaged 84° in the shade. At this temperature the constituencies at large entertained the most sanguine hopes of an immediate dissolution of Parliament.

CANARD OF THE CAMP.

THERE is no foundation for the report that the troops destined to take part in the coming Autumn Manœuvres will include the Horse Marines.



OUR LATEST ART-DREAM.



PARSING, AND NO MISTAKE.

"O, AUNT!!" "WELL, DEAR?" "WHY, HE SAID, 'WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE?'"
 "WELL, DEAR?" "WHY, HE SHOULD SAY NOUN, NOT ARTICLE."

A DREADFUL SCENE OF DRINKING.

THE annual National Temperance *fête* was celebrated on Tuesday last week at the Crystal Palace. According to the *Times*:—

"By arrangement," no beer or other intoxicating liquors were supplied to the places open to the general crowd, although in the dining-rooms and the saloons circumstances in this particular were as 'on ordinary days.'"

There was nothing to drink but "a warm fluid about four or five times the cost of public-house beer, and leaving the drinker more thirsty than before." This nectar "was variously called lemonade, gingerade, and such fine names." The *Times* continues:—

"It was pitiful to see young persons, after tasting this stuff, and finding their pockets and stomachs not to agree with it (all the supplies in the water-tank being gone), walk to the lake, and bale out and drink water a little less wholesome than the dustheap-adulterated tanks of some of our Water Companies."

The writer of the above touching passages is to be pitied. Poor fellow! The *Times* correspondent in the Crimea at least never suffered the drought which appears to have been experienced by the *Times* correspondent at the Temperance festival in the Crystal Palace. But he, perhaps, contrived to "make it out" in some one of the dining-rooms or saloons, where circumstances, in the particular of something to drink, were "as on ordinary days," and not as on days of the full moon in a lunatic asylum.

But saloon and dining-room charges for a glass of ale are sometimes preposterous: and next year any gentleman of the Press, not commissioned by the *Band of Hope Review*, or some other organ of the Pump and the Reservoir, who may have to report the orgies of the Teetotallers, had better take pattern from the Working Man who sings in the popular ballad concerning Malt Liquor, with a burden

IGNATIUS IN CONTEMPT.

(See Todd v. Todd.)

O CONTUMACIOUS
 FATHER IGNATIUS,
 Not a sagacious
 Donkey, to fly,
 Bumptious, audacious,
 My goodness gracious!
 Slap in minacious
 Chancery's eye.

To pertinacious
 Coxcombs, vexatious,
 MALINS mordacious
 Teeth can apply.
 Pooh, coriaceous-
 Headed, fallacious
 Mock-Monk IGNATIUS,
 Eat humble pie!

Two of a Name.

MRS. MALAPROP has had a great disappointment. In the advertised programme of the International Exhibition she read, "Organ Performance (MR. GLADSTONE), 1.30." She immediately started off to Kensington, full of delight at the thought of having her long cherished desire to see and hear one of whom she had heard and read so much at last realised. After the music was over, some officious busybody destroyed all the poor old soul's pleasure by telling her that the performer was *not* the PRIME MINISTER.

NONCONFORMIST DEUSION.

So the friends of MR. MIALl have presented him with a testimonial in the shape of £10,000. They evidently flatter themselves that the Honourable Gentleman has done a valuable deal of mischief to the Established Church.

MEM. BY A COUNTRY COCKNEY.

A COCKNEY drops his "H," and a Countryman carries his A.

imprecating no end of blindness on those who attempt to deprive a poor man of it, and says:—

"Of all things thirst is far the worst,
 And I holds it in such fear,
 That I never goes out but I carries about
 My little quart bottle of beer."

The portable wooden barrel, slung on to the back of the reaper about this time at work, will be requisite as the occasional companion, or *cade mecum*, of the journalist *habitans in seco* among the fanatics in the abode where no beer is.

The managers of the National Temperance *fête* at the Crystal Palace displayed much less intelligence than was to be expected of them in not taking care that their constituents and associates should be provided with at least an ample supply of Nature's own provision for quenching thirst. If they interdicted them from Bass and ALL-SOPP'S ale, they ought at least to have secured them a sufficiency of ADAM'S, and that good. The Ass, although the proverbial emblem of stupidity, has at least the sense, in respect of drinking, to be very fastidious about his water.

Punch Dixit.

THE truth about the Sparkling Glass
 Thus to your heart consign:
 Who drinks too little is an Ass,
 Who drinks too much, a Swine.

WHOLESOME NOTICE (by a Local Board of Health at a Watering-place).—No Crab allowed, on the beach, undressed.



WHOSE FAULT?

Wife (reproachfully). "O, CHARLES!" (She had returned to the Dining-Room, wondering why he had not come upstairs to Tea.)

Charles (who had evidently taken a little too much Wine.) "V'Y WELL, MY DEAR! 'SH NOT MY FAULT! 'SH YOUR FAULT! 'COOKSH FAULT! 'BISQUE SOUP WAS SALT! SH'PREME D'LA V'LAILLE WAS SMOKED! AND ORANGE FRITTERS!! TOUGH AS LEATHER! WHAT DID CAPT'N DU CANE SHAY? BAD COOKERY CAUSE OF ALL SORTS O' CRIMES. 'SHAMED OF YOURSELF!"

POST-OFFICE ECONOMY.

THE Postmen are imploring a little increase of their ever, but now, in these dear times, more than ever inadequate salaries. Their agitation for higher wages is stifled by threats of dismissal. Happily, these menaces are effectual, and our letter-carriers do not strike. Unhappily, on the other hand, too many of them are tempted to eke out a subsistence by stealing the contents of money-letters. This practice is, however, in a great measure checked by the registration necessitated for letters which contain money. But the registration of letters containing money in the form of postage stamps is not as yet imperative; so some of the straitened letter-carriers sometimes steal even postage-stamps out of letters. To stop this pilfering also, what expedient can be more obvious than that of extending the registration system to letters in which postage-stamps are enclosed? Accordingly, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has announced that he proposes to institute this arrangement on the 1st of August, to continue thenceforward. MR. MONSELL, however, as a simply economical Minister, seems not to be so thorough as his principal colleagues. He has stated that his proposed new rule will not be enforced until the House of Commons has had an opportunity of recording an opinion on its expediency.

It is to be apprehended that Parliament will condemn it, as subjecting letter-writers to an inconvenient and vexatious impost without sufficient reason. The purpose of preventing underpaid postmen from being tempted to steal will, perhaps, hardly appear sufficient to Honourable Gentlemen. Too many Honourable Gentlemen, probably, are unprepared to go so far in parsimony as to agree in the proposition that anything is preferable to the slightest increase of subordinate officials' wages.

ARMY AND NAVY EXAMINATION.

Q. WHAT, on shore, corresponds to tarring a rope?
A. Pitching a tent.

A GLUT OF DIAMONDS.

THE increased price of coal coincides with a reduction of the cost of a purer form of carbon. Whilst black diamonds are quoted at high figures, the rates commanded by diamonds proper are very low. Amongst commercial intelligence it is announced that "the market for diamonds continues in a very depressed state, owing to the abundance of the supply." Some of our wealthier readers, heretofore wont, at this time of the year, to be apprised by their coal-merchants of their usually reduced prices for the season, may have received, instead of that accustomed notice, a circular from their jewellers, recommending them, on the assumption that they most likely have, or are in the way to have, wives, daughters, or other female relations, to seize the present favourable opportunity of laying in a stock of diamonds. The wisdom of taking this provident forethought will be manifest from the statement that, "with the exception of stones of very large size, and brilliants and small rose diamonds of the very finest quality, the fall in value has been general, and in some descriptions, such as rose-cut diamonds of mediocre to middling quality, equal to from 30 to 40 per cent." Should the supply of diamonds go on increasing in excess of the demand, it may be that they will sink to a point of depreciation which will give cause for regret that the diamond, although combustible, is not sufficiently so as to allow diaphanous diamonds to be substituted for sable, and burnt instead of coals. Otherwise this is the result which might ultimately ensue from a progressive augmentation of the output of diamonds.

MAXIM OF A MICAWBER.

THOSE kinsfolk I account our kind relations
Whose ready loans our frequent needs avail;
Who still encourage all our speculations,
And take the consequences when we fail.



A 'APPY DAY.

Stout Party (looking on at the *al fresco* Dance). "THEY 'OP TOO MUCH, IN MY OPINION, 'ARRY."

'Arry (a Connoisseur). "NOT A 'A'PORTH! THEY'RE BOUND TO!"

FORTUITOUS JUSTICE.

Two lives are in danger. One of them is that of a young woman, one MARY WILLIAMS, the victim of robbery with violence in Richmond Park; of whom it is reported that:—

"The poor girl is frightfully disfigured, her eyes are completely swollen over, her upper lip cut right through; there are two large wounds over the left eye, two over the left ear, the lobe of one ear is completely cut off, three front teeth knocked out, one fearful wound at the back of the head, and eight cuts on the top of her head."

The other life in danger is that of a person not as yet known, but likely to be. MARY WILLIAMS, mangled in the manner above described, had, under treatment at Richmond Infirmary, "rallied sufficiently to give a few important particulars which, it is hoped, will lead to the detection of her murderous assailant." That murderous assailant, therefore, is another whose life is in danger too. The danger of her life endangers that ruffian's. He is likely to be caught, and, should she die, will no doubt be hanged. In case she gets well, however, he will escape the gallows he deserves. Mark here the wisdom and justice of the law which determines the capital punishment of a criminal by a contingency, the decision of which he has nothing to do with. In the case of MARY WILLIAMS, "the great danger that is feared is that erysipelas will set in." Should that happen, and death ensue, then her "murderous assailant" will be legally guilty of murder, and not otherwise; but, whether she live or die, he will remain equally murderous and equally meritorious of the rope. The absurdity of making his punishment depend on the strength of his victim's constitution would be utterly revolting to reason and justice but for the consideration that, in a case of robbery and attempt to murder, the ruffian who is a murderer to all intents and purposes incurs, if convicted, a doom perhaps worse than that of death. By the zealous exertions of a prison chaplain the execution of the worst of murderers, if he have paid effectual attention to the exhortations of the rev. gentleman, is, we must believe, rendered "hire and salary, not revenge." Whereas the hire of robbery with violence is a good flogging, and the salary is penal servitude for life. Should MARY WILLIAMS survive, it may be that the savage who has maimed her will have to pass as bad a quarter of an hour under the eat-o'-nine-tails as he could in the noose, and, after that, to exist at least for many years in a state which will permit nobody to think that he is in Paradise, but will be as far from it as any condition almost in this world, except, perhaps, that of the Workhouse.

BAXTER'S UN-REST.

Quoth the representative of Dundee
(My Lords' laborious *Secretaire*),
Whose gamut of Gospel is £ s. d. :—

"Economy, I grieve to say,
Is no more the order of the day,
And cutting down will no longer pay;

"The Government no more can command
The support it requires to strengthen its hand,
When as guard of the public purse 'twould stand,

"To protect the contents of JOHN BULL'S pockets
From Parliamentary *Peachums* and *Lockets*,
Who'd send the estimates up like rockets.

"I little thought 'twould be e'er my lot
To meet a man who admitted not
That 'a penny saved' was 'a penny got.'

"But now a pestilent heresy stirs,
Which all but next door to folly avers
Such wisdom of our ancestors.

"The sainted name of JOSEPH HUME
No longer exhales a sweet perfume;
Some the motto of 'Not for Joe' assume!

"Contend that advisers of the Crown
May deserve Commons' and Country's frown,
Though never so closely they cut down.

"Maintain that the test of economies
As oft in spending as saving lies:
That the greatest fool may be penny-wise.

"This heresy doth so prevail,
It draws a larger and larger tail,
Till to lighten the darkness e'en save-alls fail.

"In Economy's teeth majorities go,
And when a manifest saving we show,
Cry, short and snappish, 'Be hanged! that's LOWE!'

"Won't stand by us, when, sharp and slick,
We take the Treasury scissors and—click!—
Shave Clerks and Writers to the quick.

"Strange LOWE and the House aren't better friends,
Such a wholesome course as he recommends—
Nice cheese-parings and candle-ends!

"When asked a botched job of his to cobble,
Our friends won't help him out of his hobble.
E'en AYRTON prefer, in an office squabble.

"All which," says the Member for Dundee,
"As against my gospel of £ s. d.,
Exceedingly amazes me.

"Shakes, whiles, my saving faith so stout
In penny wisdom, and makes me doubt
Its power to keep pound-foolishness out;

"Nay, sets me asking—O grievous sin!—
If penny wisdoms, while flints they skin,
May not have let pound-foolishness in?

"Till in the House a suspicion grows
That a saving's low because it's LOWE'S;
And Economy's bad in the public nose!"

The Hunger for Gold.

WE have all heard of morbid appetites for coal, chalk, slate pencil, and other uninviting morsels, but never can we have heard, seen, or read anything so prodigious in this abnormal way as a statement made this Friday, August the 1st, 1873—the exact date deserves precise record—that "the public have absorbed nearly £200,000 of the gold which arrived during the week"! We shall look with some curiosity into the Registrar-General's report, to see whether jaundice has not been a very prevalent complaint of late.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 28.—HER MAJESTY was pleased to signify to the Lords that, though a Royal Commission was not to be granted in the matter of the Abolition of Purchase, the grievances of complaining Officers should be most carefully considered by the Government. Let us hope that the Cabinet will be more open to conviction than was the Cow of song.

"There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And he had no victuals to give her.
So he took out his fiddle, and played her this tune,
'Consider, old Cow, consider!'"

This poem might seem frivolous, but for the political meaning which underlies the words, to which *Punch* invites the attention of Correspondents of *Notes and Queries*. We remark, *d'avance*, that the King George and Lady Walmoden theory is untenable, as the verses had been written before the time of that King's predecessor—if that argument have any weight with the ingenious.

HER MAJESTY sent another Message, to the effect that her son the DUKE OF EDINBURGH being a Person about to Marry, she had not said "Don't," but, on the contrary, had approved his design, and therefore the QUEEN requested that some further provision might be settled upon H.R.H.

Salmon, of course. He is a noble creature, but he really gives Parliament a good deal of trouble. Would it not be better to appoint a perpetual Salmon Committee, with power to fish in all waters, try all sauces, and generally legislate fishily, instead of letting the Salmon flap his tail in the eyes of both Houses all through every Session?

In the Commons, LORD ENFIELD said that though the Carlists had obtained successes in the North of Spain, they had not yet entitled themselves to be called Belligerents.

"CERVANTES smiled Spain's chivalry away,"

and it has certainly not come back, to judge by the brutalities with which all parties to the present civil war are credited.

MR. C. FORTESCUE said that MR. PLIMSOLL had totally failed to substantiate his charges of corruption against certain officers of the Board of Trade, and therefore the public should be left to judge between that Board and the Honourable Member.

MR. GLADSTONE being temporarily indisposed, MR. BRUCE brought the Commons a message similar to that delivered to the Lords, touching the DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

We have frequently referred to the Juries Bill.

"But all that gallant Ink hath gushed in vain,"

for the measure was withdrawn. We wish people knew what they are pleased to call their minds, as LORD WESTBURY used to say.

Of course MR. MONSELL abandoned the ridiculous plan for demanding a registration fee on letters containing Stamps. *Mr. Punch* thundered against it so awfully last week that its doom was certain. His thunder was not heard by the Universe until after MR. MONSELL's announcement had been made, but that is a mere detail. He is not going to publish on a Monday to please all the MR. MONSELLS in the world. But he would remark that the surrender of the plan was as debilitated a piece of business as its invention, for no new argument had been used against it—only the Press had pointed out that the Post-Office must be Colney Hatch to conceive the idea.

A great—well, scandal is hardly the word—but judge for yourselves—"name this child." MR. AYRTON, snubbed by his colleagues in regard to a piece of Thames Embankment, or rather the erections to be placed thereon, has disavowed responsibility in a way which is unmistakably unministerial, and over his disavowal there was a fight of some bitterness. He himself is not exactly honey on velvet, and the weather is hot, and altogether—

Tuesday.—LORD GRANVILLE moved and LORD SALISBURY seconded an Address to the QUEEN thanking Her for the communication She was pleased to make about the intended marriage of his Royal Highness ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, EARL OF KENT, EARL OF ULSTER, DUKE OF SAXONY, PRINCE OF SAXE COBURG AND GOTHA, and Her Imperial Highness the GRAND DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, only daughter of His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, and intimating that the Peers will be delighted to concur in any arrangement that may seem desirable. LORD SALISBURY remarked that though Royal matrimonial alliances might not again be the means of dragging this country into war, they might be means towards the maintenance of peace, and that it is a matter of congratulation that the Royal House of England is now connected with the Royal Houses of three great nations, the Scandinavian, the Slavonic, and the Teutonic. Young gentlemen at home for the holidays will please ask their sisters what these names mean, and for explanation generally, and will make note thereof, but not upon their left shirt-cuffs or thumb-nails.

We just note that in discussion on an Education Bill, four peers spoke, LORD POWIS, LORD FORTESCUE, LORD NELSON, and the BISHOP OF LONDON, and that not one of them was audible in the gallery. Really their Lordships should send for MR. WALTER LACY or MR. RYDER, and take a few lessons in the art of not "swallowing the voice," as BISHOP BERKELEY called it.

LORD HARROWBY demanded a list of the signatures to that Petition for Confession. We are sorry that he allowed himself to be talked out of pressing his Motion, as we should like to know the clerical gentlemen who want to break into families and "lead captive silly women." The chief point of his opponents was that many men had been fools enough to sign the petition without exactly knowing what it was about. Certainly such folks are just the persons to be our guides and advisers in the most momentous of all matters! LORD HATHERLEY told a story illustrative of the folly of some petitioners. A teacher in a Sunday School had been convicted of trying to murder her father and mother. If she had succeeded, we suppose she would have imitated the Frenchman, who, having murdered both father and mother, begged the Court to have mercy on a poor orphan. But she failed, and a petition was got up in her favour urging that if sent abroad she would be a useful teacher in some of our colonial schools. Very, no doubt. A class would be much edified by her comments on the Sixth Commandment, especially if she gave details from experience. Another *New Maudlin*.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE announced the amount of the grant which it was proposed to make to the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. He has already £15,000 a year, to which we shall now add £10,000. In the event of the Grand Duchess surviving H.R.H., she will receive £6000 a year. MR. HUNT, for the Conservatives, supported the PREMIER'S proposition. MR. PETER TAYLOR, whose mighty mind embraces everything, from a cock-fight to a Royal Dowry, gave notice of opposition. MR. HOLT wished to know the Grand Duchess's religion, and was told by MR. GLADSTONE that he had no business to ask the question. The House was to respect religious convictions wherever it found them.

This brought cheers, and was all very well. *Mr. Punch* detests both bigotry and impertinence. But, all things considered, he thinks that there is a certain mealy-mouthedness in certain Parliamentary utterances. The religion of the reigning family is, at all events, an important matter in the eye of the British Constitution, and it is going rather too far in the way of fastidiousness to say that, when the nation is asked to make a marriage settlement, nobody is to inquire in what faith the children are to be educated. That sort of feeling is more akin to the Philistine "modesty" of under-bred people, who are always ready to be shocked, than to the real modesty of frank, highly-bred people, who know that nobody of their own class means anything shocking.

Then we had the Post Office business. Briefly told, 'tis this. MR. SCUDAMORE, the very able and zealous gentleman to whom most of the efficiency of the Postal and Telegraph Systems is due, wanted

money to work the latter, and took it out of funds which, legally, he was not authorised so to employ. But he made the system go capitally, and as MR. GLADSTONE said, an error prompted by zeal was balanced by the great services he had rendered to the public. We had a long debate about the matter, but it was interesting only as a comic illustration of the adroitness of public men who try to shift blame from themselves to others, and MR. OSBOURNE told the House that the scene was evidence of a decaying Government and a worn-out Opposition. He added that MR. SCUDAMORE had acted with chivalry, and offered to take the whole blame on himself, but it was MR. LOWE who was in fault. The Post MASTER was merely placid and uncomplaining. By 161 to 111 the House adopted a Resolution by which SIR JOHN LUBBOCK let everybody down with a gentle expression of regret.

The case of the Custom House Clerks at the Outports has been taken up by MR. PUNCH. LORD SANDON pressed it on the House to-night, and the Government professed a desire to do justice, but seemed terribly disinclined to pin themselves to any sort of engagement as to the amount of such justice or the time of doing it. In fact, the screw had not been put on hard enough, eh, MR. LOWE? But next day MR. GLADSTONE promised that the matter should really receive attention.

Wednesday.—Nothing of interest, except that MR. GLADSTONE publicly explained to MR. AYTON that the latter's theory of Ministerial responsibility would not hold water.

Thursday.—MR. PUNCH is happy to announce that the Judicature Bill received final attention from the Lords, who agreed to all the Commons' amendments. That valuable measure has passed:—

"So Law and Equity will fuse,
Or each can wear the other's shoes."

MR. OTWAY, next Session, means to move to shorten Parliaments. A despairing cry from a gentleman in hot weather. But let him get the speeches shortened, and he shall be as famous as his namesake. Who was he? you ask, dear Madam. The dramatist, THOMAS, who lived between 1651 and 1685, and whom you ought to love, for writing—

"O woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Ango's are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

You adore him, don't you? That shows your confiding heart. The villain could write very differently about you. The above is from *Venice Preserved*. But in the *Orphan* he asks—

"What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!"

Let that be a lesson to you never to trust a man because he can say pretty things.

MR. PETER TAYLOR distinguished himself twice to-night, and gave us great comfort, for though MR. WHALLEY is going to America to tout for the man who is being tried for perjury at Westminster, MR. TAYLOR will remain to delight us with his wit and wisdom. To-night he got again upon that cock-fighting cock-and-bull story, and "caught it" from MR. BRUCE, who very easily showed that the grievance was no grievance at all.

MR. GLADSTONE moved the Second Reading of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S Annuity Bill, and MR. PETER TAYLOR opposed it in a long speech, and protested in the name of 10,000 workmen at Leicester against such a grant. COLONEL NORTH, for the Conservatives, and MR. BOUVIERIE, as an old Whig, supported the Bill, and then MR. GLADSTONE very needlessly defended it against MR. TAYLOR, who must have been more flattered at hearing what he no doubt thought were arguments dealt with by such a man as the PREMIER than discomfited at beholding every one of them crushed with the most exquisite ease. However, he divided the House, and 164 voted for the Annuity, and 20 for MR. PETER TAYLOR'S ludicrous crochets.

Then we had the Indian Budget. But as MR. GRANT DUFF said, India is so "ghastly dull" a subject to most people, that we shall merely observe that he has got a splendid balance, and is going to lay out nearly all of it on remunerative improvements in India. He struck the right note, saying that unless we were prepared to go on civilising India, without waiting till the natives asked us to do so, we had better fling up the Empire. MR. FAWCETT moved a vote of hostility to the Indian Government, and said that much of the Revenue came out of Capital. This debate was twice adjourned. We are not in very good humour with India just now. The finest statue in London, MR. FOLEY'S "Onram," is now set up in Waterloo Place, and delights all eyes. And it is to be sent to India. Perhaps, however, this is best, for all the other statues blush through their bronze at the contrast.

Friday.—The Lords reduced the Conspiracy Bill into one affecting only the relations between Masters and Workmen. Government were sweetly "agreeable." Ministers quarrel only with one another.

Commons' Committee on the Duke of Edinburgh's Annuity Bill. It was opposed by SIR CHARLES DILKE, and MR. GLADSTONE said that there was something like indecency in the course that had been taken. In answer to complaint that the Bill had been introduced late, the PREMIER grew tender.

"CATO's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with."

But our CATO had recollections of youthful feelings:—

"Does my hon. friend think that the sentiment of love can be restrained?"

'Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.'

(*Laughter.*) These things are not under my control with regard to Royal princes or anybody else. I cannot fix the time at which the invader should be allowed to occupy their hearts, and to bring to an issue these great questions."

Later, he explained that he had used the severe word cited only in reference to the persistent resistance to the feeling of the House. Afterwards, there was question as to the DUKE'S receiving his Annuity when he should have become a German Prince. But MR. GLADSTONE said that His Royal Highness would not thereby cease to be an English Gentleman. The Bill went through Committee.

Saturday.—The Commons passed that Bill, and got through the Indian Budget. "Courage, lads, Land!" as PLATO said when near the end of a dull book.

A KNIGHTLY ACHIEVEMENT.



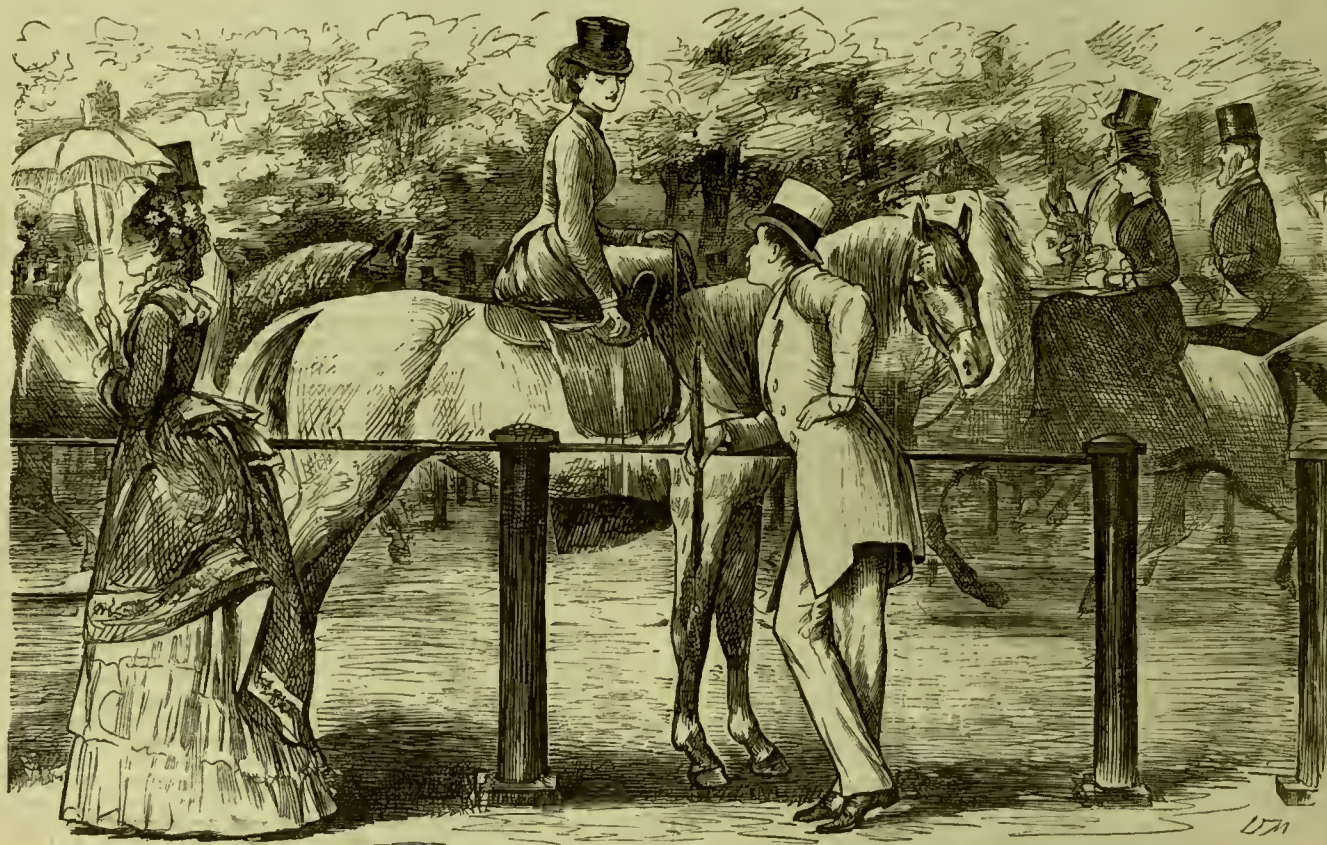
SCANDALOUSLY the Good Templars, modestly self-styled, are engaged among the fanatics under the banner of SIR WILFRID LAWSON in a crusade against the Liquor Trade. As yet, however, they do not appear to have succeeded in closing a single hostelry. Another Order of Knights, who leave their goodness to be demonstrated by their deeds, have been more successful. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, for some years past a publichouse, has been rescued from Bung by the English Order of St. John's Own Knights. Our Knights of St. John have, by purchase, regained possession of that venerable but desecrated structure, and of the freehold whereon it stands. With the devotion of true sons of chivalry they propose to redeem it from the service of Bung and Bacchus, and restore it to its pristine beauty in honour of their Patron Saint, and also that of DR. JOHNSON and his Patron, CAVE the bookseller, DAVID GARRICK, and its other memories, including SYLVANUS URBAN. The birthplace of the *Gentleman's Magazine* has now got into the hands of gentle Knights, and, according to the *Globe*, St. John's Gate, completely repaired at their charge, "will in time face and glorify the new street now being formed from Old Street to Oxford Street." What have the Templars who call themselves Good done in the way of Knighthood to match this achievement of gallantry and largess on the part of those true Knights, the English Order of the Knights of St. John? These are named in full the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; those others we rather associate with Jericho, as the place they should go to.

REASON AND RHYME.

OUR fathers called, in days of old,
Rome's genuine Priest a Jack Priest.
His Ritualistic Sham we're bold
Enough to term a Quack Priest.

CONVENIENT DENTITION.

IN these days of high prices of meat and other articles of daily necessity, folks with increasing families and stationary incomes must be rather glad than otherwise when their children cut their teeth late.



WHAT LONDON CRUSHES ARE COMING TO.

"BY THE BYE, LADY CROWDER, HAVE YOU MET THE PARTINGTONS LATELY?"

"NOT FOR AN AGE! THEY WERE AT MY BALL LAST NIGHT, BUT I DIDN'T SEE THEM. BY THE WAY, DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE THERE, CAPTAIN SMYTHE?"

"O, YES! ENJOYED MYSELF IMMENSELY!"

"SO GLAD!"

USED-UP!

THE LAST SONG OF THE SESSION.

AIR—"Faint and Wearily."

DULL and drearily the used-up Minister
 Drags the chain so wearily, and fit to drop:
 Bills, he'd fain be stopping, in Committee lopping,
 Out of hitches hopping—scarce with strength to hop!
 Votes that once had fired him, and to fight inspired him,
 Till e'en foes admired him for his pride and pluck,
 Mild and meekly taking, scarce a protest making,
 Cuffed ears hardly shaking—down upon his luck!
 O how often must the used-up Minister
 Curse the grave mistake he made when he to Office stuck!

Just as wearily, the Opposition Leader
 Plies his task uncheerily, and 'gainst the grain.
 What's the use of speeches, that scarce find a reader,
 What fun in hitting foes too limp to hit again?
 Where sleep the old thunders (languid London wonders)
 While such crops of blunders crave their scathing fires?
 No, our Jove's too lazy,—his bolts are cold and crazy;
 Party hues look hazy to our weary eyes:
 Being beat, or beating—neither's worth repeating;
 Only Lotes-eating is the lot to prize:
 In or Out, man's blasé, by his toils écrasé,
 And the Session *passé* down in dulness dies!

Up then, both of you, stir to life the sloth of you,
 Blighting the growth of you, measures and men!
 Go to the country, ask if it won't try
 Dizzz's effrontery at a pinch again.
 Tonics, though bitter, medicine most fit are
 For Liberal twitter, in empty talk that ends:
Punch, wise physician, prescribes Opposition,
 Back to condition to bring his weakly friends:

DIZZY in office soon will have to doff his
 Mask of the seoffer, for deed instead of word:
 GLADSTONE out again foes will put to rout again,
 Soon knit stout again the weakened Liberal cord—
 Hates disappointed, splits repaired, rejoined,
 His spear new-pointed, and a new edge on his sword.

Plate and Portion.

OUR economical Government is not so frugal but that it has asked Parliament to vote £3000 "for presents of plate to the Geneva Arbitrators." To this request the House of Commons assents; LORD ENFIELD having explained that "the United States Government had provided three pieces of plate for the Arbitrators, in lieu of a money payment for their services, and it was now proposed to do the same." There is, however, a difference between the position of the British Government and that of the American. No kind friend can suggest to the Yankees that they should keep their plate to eat their Humble Pie upon.

"Land and Water."

IN the show of Carriages in the International Exhibition, there is what is called a "Medium Canoe Landau." After much consideration, the only conclusion we can arrive at is that this vehicle has been designed with an eye to the future—for the accommodation and transport of some amphibious race of beings, which the researches of modern travellers and men of science may yet bring to light.

VERY LIGHT LITERATURE.

Of all publications on any subject Blue Books are the shallowest. Why? Because their readers have to wade through them, and yet they are generally dry reading.



GREAT AUTUMN MANŒUVRE.

HODGE. "LOR-A-MASSY, ME-ASTER! BE OI TO BE A 'POWER IN T' STE-ATE'? WHAT BE OI TO GET BY THA-AT?"

MR. G. "THAT, MY GOOD FRIEND, IS A MERE DETAIL. THE QUESTION IS, WHAT AM I TO GET BY IT!"

"In the Debate as to giving a vote to the Agricultural Labourer, MR. FORSTER read a letter from the PREMIER, who declared that such extension of franchise was just and politic, and could not long be avoided. The question was thus taken up by Government, which much needs a 'good cry.'"

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER VI.



HE Evening. At the Inn.
PISCATOR, VENATOR,
PETER, CORIDON, and
HOSTESS.

Piscator. Well met, brother PETER. I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night, and that hath made me bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend hath been an angler but this day, and hath caught a Chub nineteen feet eleven inches and a half long.

Peter. Nay, honest *Piscator*, why not give him the other half inch? Make him twenty feet, and there an end.

Piscator. Trust me, brother PETER, I would not depart from the truth for so small a matter as one half inch. But come, Hostess, give us some of your best, for we have met

to be pleasant, and my honest Scholar will pay you in good coin.

Venator. But, my loving Master—

Peter. Nay, we will all bear our share.

Coridon. And the one that hath the best song shall pay the reckoning.

Venator. A match! a match! for I know but one verse of a song, and that I cannot sing. This is the best liquor that ever I tasted.

Coridon. This is a choice dinner, and rare wine.

Piscator. Trust me, brother PETER. I find my Scholar so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry.

Venator. Ay, my Mas'r—to be silivvy merry. This is most excellent liquor.

Piscator. Now we have supped let's turn to the fire. Hostess, the cups and the pipes. So. Come on, my masters. Who begins? Let's avoid contention.

Coridon. I will. I'll shing shong. Hate contem— Hate contenshun.

CORIDON'S SONG.

Ho! the sweets
And the treats
Of a fisher's life.
Hey, trollie, lollie,
Let us all be jolly,
All round the holly,
Trollie, lollie, lo!

Chorus, please.

Trollie, lollie, lollie,
Let us all be jolly,
All round the holly,
Trollie, lollie, lo!

Second verse:—

Whitebait, Greenwich,
Ducks and spinach,
Little fishes
In their dishes,
Pickled salmon,
Then the lamb on
Table, waiter!
Bring a tater!
Ho! the sweets and the treats,
Swells and ladies, take your seats.
Trollie, lollie,
Let's be jolly.

And cher's p'case—

We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

All. Hip, hip, hip, Hooray!

Piscator. Brother PETER, your friend CORIDON hath well sung, and I commend so great modesty in one so young, in that he hath

not waited to receive our compliments, but hath withdrawn himself underneath the table.

Venator. I'll shing shong.

VENATOR'S SONG.

Tallyho! Tallyho!

Yoicks! to "Ringleader"! yoicks away!

Whoop away!

I know Old Tom, and he knows me,

And I know him wherever he be.

In the early morn,

By the sound of his horn,

By the sound of his horn, the wind blowing ner'ard.

Hey! Tallyho! yoicks! and Hi! For'ard!

I don't know more. Go bed.

Piscator. Brother PETER, we anglers are much beholden to these two excellent singers. Come, Hostess, another bowl, and let's drink to them. Then to bed; for I will have nothing hinder me in the morning. My purpose is to be away by sunrise.

Hostess. Then, my honest, merry Gentlemen, first pay your reckoning overnight.

Peter. 'Twas a match that the best singer should be at charges for the company. But your scholar is as good a singer as my friend; therefore, divide the score between them. For safety I have CORIDON'S purse here, and will discharge his share.

Piscator. And here is my scholar's portion. Hostess, let them both be carried to bed. Good-night to everybody.

Peter. And so say I.

Hostess. And so say I.

Coridon and Venator. An'-sho-sh'-all-of-ush.

THE NEXT DAY.

Piscator. Good-morrow, good hostess. My Brother PETER and his friend are still in bed. Give me my breakfast, and my scholar a bottle of soda-water and a lemon.

Venator. O me! O Master! O my head!

Piscator. An excellent breakfast. Good hostess, prithee go upstairs, and knock at Brother PETER'S door, and give him this note, and bring me the answer down-stairs. So she is gone. Now, Scholar, we will not wait her return, but be going.

Venator. But, my Master, you have not paid for your breakfast.

Piscator. It is Brother PETER'S birthday, and the reckoning will be a little surprise for him when he comes down. The learned DOCTOR M. BEZZLER has translated MARTIAL'S epigram, "*Piscator, fuge!*" thus: "O Angler! hook it!" So now we are well on our way—

Venator. Alas! I am not well on our way! . . . O, Master! O! O! I will not offend again.

Piscator. You are better now, my loving Scholar?

Venator. I am, my kind Master. And now, as we go towards the river, will you tell me how to make such a bait as shall catch a daee, or a roach?

Piscator. Take a handful of sour milk like as frumissy is boiled.

Venator. Good Master, what is frumissy?

Piscator. Frumissy, Scholar, the learned BOTTLEK explains, is ingeniously derived from the Latin *Fruor*, I enjoy, and *missi*, I have sent; and it is to be understood that the scent is to be enjoyed.

Venator. I thank you, good Master. This truly is what I have heard called in the same learned language a *fummmentum*. . . . O, Master, O!

Piscator. Trust me, I will not fail you on such occasion, for where the rod hath been spared, child and fish have been alike spoiled. Boil this sour milk till it be hard; then fry it leisurely with gentles, sawdust, bluebottles of not more than three years of age, a handful of nettles, which, as you must learn for yourself, shall not have been before deprived of their sting, and half a pound of Cayenne pepper. Make this into a paste, paint it with three coatings of blue colour, and you will find it a tempting bait for a cock-roach, which the pious Dutchman, VAN DUNDERBOOTZEN, affirms to be the choicest fish that swims.

Venator. I thank you, my Master, and shall be yet more beholden to you if you will tell me what more you remember that is necessary to the taking of the cock-roach.

Piscator. Well, Scholar, I will stop here unless you satisfy my charges up to this time, whereof I will now give you the score.

Venator. Nay, Master, I have but three sovereigns left; but if you will not again use the rod—

Piscator. That is what no true angler can promise. So. They are good ones. I will now tell you what remains to be done when you have provided yourself with such a bait as I have already taught you to make.

Venator. Proceed, good Master, to your promised direction. I will not fail with my bait; and see, here are the nettles at hand!

Piscator. Pluck them gently, but fearlessly, for they belong to no



A GREAT FAVOUR.

Butler (at Luncheon). "STEAK A LITTLE HARD, MA'AM? (Pause.) WE'VE A PARTIC'LER TENDER LEG O' LAMB IN THE HALL—SHALL I INQUIRE IF YOU CAN HAVE A SLICE OF THAT, MA'AM?"

owner, and are the bounty of Providence. The erudite PHACETIUS has said that they do not sting this month.

Venator. Do they not? Why then . . . O, Master, O!

Piscator. You have indeed a noble handful. And note, with gratitude, that your suffering is the cause of my happiness. For every misery that I miss, is a new mercy, and, therefore, as you should rejoice with your friend, let us both be thankful. So. Put them in your pocket, and listen to what I have to say as to your line of conduct in fishing, and the use of hair, for my instructions draw to a close.

Venator. And, O Master, my money is well nigh gone.

Piscator. True happiness is not in riches. But for this line I was speaking of. You must dye your hair with a pint of strong ale, a pound of soot, a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, boiled in a pipkin. Lay it on smoothly with your brush, and drive it in thin. It will turn your hair to a kind of greenish yellow. Once doing will serve if you lay it on well, for doubtless such coloured hair is most choice and the most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green. Now we are at the river, go to that hollow tree and throw your line.

Venator. It is a beautiful seat in the hollow tree, and I have so craftily disposed my legs in a cleft of the trunk that I cannot be pulled out by the strongest pike. O, Master! . . . here is a wasp! . . . O!

Piscator. Wasps build their nests in hollow trees on the banks of a stream. I will go on quickly to the next meadow.

Venator. O, Master! . . . it is a swarm! . . . O! I cannot get out of the tree! O! . . . O! . . . O! . . . I am free! . . . they are pursuing me! . . . O! O! Master! where are you?

Barbarous.

PARLIAMENT leaves us, and Convocation is not sitting, so we can only appeal to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to satisfy us as to the correctness of a report that students who are undergoing training in practical organic chemistry are allowed, nay encouraged, to "irritate ants on litmus paper"!

REVERENCE AND CONTEMPT OF COURT.

CONTEMPT of Court, it stands to common sense, Is a particularly grave offence.

And clearly, printed comment on report
Of pending trial is Contempt of Court.
For who can fail to see, if not stone-blind,
How it must prejudice a jury's mind?
Because no moral forces rule the pen,
As wig and gown the tongues of chartered men.
Clad in long robe, and crowned with equine hair,
The Pleader cannot speak one word unfair,
Inspired with reason by the horsehair crown,
With honour and with justice by the gown,
Pure logic flows from his superior part,
While genuine feeling gushes from his heart.

Two things no Barrister did ever do;
Suggest the false, or falsify the true,
By knavish innuendo or pretence,
Cajolery or illusive eloquence.
A witness perjured he will ne'er surmise,
Whilst 'tis himself that lies and knows he lies.
He never, fee'd to play a client's game,
O never, foully tries to blast fair fame!
His earnest words express his firm belief;
For every Barrister believes his brief.

Say what he will, his words can nought avail
Of Justice by false weight to sink the scale.
He only should your jurymen address;
But, sad to say, you can but gag the Press.
In club, at board, in converse, every kind
Of critic has the power to speak his mind;
And their Contempt of Court is freely shown
Not in discussion unrestrained alone;
Contempt that gives the face of Court such kicks
As might the very hair of wigs unfix.
'Twere dreadful such contempt of Court should be,
If it balked justice in the least degree.



MILLIONNAIRESSES.

Mrs. A. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR. YOU MUST COME AND SEE MY NEW DRESSES FROM PARIS—ONE CHARMING MORNING DRESS, AMONG OTHERS, QUITE SIMPLE, AND ONLY COST SIXTY-SEVEN GUINEAS! YOU'LL COME, WON'T YOU! AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT!"

Mrs. B. "O, MY DEAR, I'M NO JUDGE OF CHEAP CLOTHING, YOU KNOW!"

LIBERAL CONSERVATION OF COMMONS.

CHelsea is represented by a very advanced Liberal, who yet may in one particular be accounted a thorough Conservative. But herein he commends himself to every true Liberal. The name of SIR CHARLES DILKE stands next after that of MR. COWPER-TEMPLE on the Committee of the Commons Protection Society, whose signatures are appended to an appeal in the *Times* for contributions in aid of the conservation of Commons. Especially they ask assistance to enable the labouring people at Westerham and Gerrard's Cross to contest the stoppage of their immemorial habit of cutting gorse and heather for their own use; a prohibition effected at Westerham by the success of legal proceedings taken before a Bench of the Great Unpaid by a Colonel, and at Gerrard's Cross by the agency of the rural police invoked by the Lord of the Manor—a Parson.

The truly Liberal Conservatives, who represent the Society above named, in a previous communication addressed to the *Times*, enumerated upwards of nine instances in which the rights of the country people had been invaded by the little tyrants of their fields. These, under the pretence of being Lords of the Manor, had committed various acts of tyranny. Prosecuting people for cutting gorse and turf to boil their pot withal after the manner of their forefathers, Lords of the Manor had got their pals the County Magistrates to fine the poor. They had summoned boys for playing cricket; had perpetrated several abominable enclosures; had erected fences across paths to stop the public; had cut down trees on public land. In attempting some of these atrocities, however, they were successfully resisted. As, for instance, in the course of cutting down trees on a village-green in Hertfordshire, the scene of an annual fair, and the venerable site of the parish stocks around which

POETRY FOR PETER TAYLOR.

O UNGRACIOUS P. A. TAYLOR,
Chieftain of the frugal clan!
Would you stint our Royal Sailor?
Most unsympathetic man!

Were he nothing to the nation
But an ornamental Prince,
Discontent at his dotation
You with reason might evince.

But o'en then, and though his Mother
On her People claim had none,
One with feeling for another
Would enrichment vote her son.

Could you, for a single minute,
Put yourself in ALFRED's place,
And just think how you'd feel in it,
PETER!—but you've not the grace.

Else would happiness and pleasure
Thrill throughout your heart and soul,
With such force, and in such measure,
As you scarcely could control.

O what bliss, ere on the shady
Side of thirty, should be life
To the lord of a young lady,
With enough to keep his wife!

To confer that bliss on any
Who'd not vote, at loss above
Scarce a fraction of a penny?
PETER, were you e'er in love?

For a trifle, whilst we never
Grudge all Princes can require,
Let the labourer be, however,
Held as worthy of his hire.

Must the State, which full provision
Makes for children of the Crown,
Close, with cynical precision,
Cut its clerks and postmen down?

With a happy Prince though sweeter
Sympathy must ever be,
With contented workmen, PETER,
Sweet it were in some degree.

TEA-CUP TIME.—If you invite people to afternoon tea, do your best to make it lively and agreeable. You would not like your guests to go away protesting that the entertainment had been a humdrum affair.

the trees had been planted. Some of these, which had been felled, the villagers cut in pieces, which they took away, and defended the rest by main force. Sued in the County Court, though the defendants were declared by the Judge to have no right to appropriate the trees which had been cut down, the plaintiff, on the other hand, was decided to have had no right to cut them down. So a brute was baffled. There is scarcely anything that affords keener gratification to a well-constituted mind than the successful enforcement by commoners of rights against an encroaching Lord of the Manor, especially when they tear down a fence with the law on their side; or do him any other legal damage which puts him to great expense; the greater the more delightful to think upon. This pleasure can be purchased by forwarding subscriptions to the Commons Protection Society. The address of 1, Great College Street, S.W., is given by those public-spirited Conservative Liberal gentlemen. Who, that can, will not contribute his mite to the defence of Right?

A Short Way with Savages.

THE Ashantees are giving us a great deal of trouble. We have had much ado with the Maories, and with the native tribes of Africa. The Dutch are worried by the Achehenese; the Yankees bothered with the Red Indians. By-and-by, perhaps, philanthropists of enlarged views will set up an Aborigines Extermination Society.

SPEECHLESS!—It is whispered that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS are not on speaking terms. On such terms with each other, only suppose those two amiable Ministers were on the same terms with the House!



A BROILING DAY ON DEE-SIDE.

Veteran Sportsman (in the "Specs"). "I WONDER WHERE THE ENGLISHMAN IS! I LEFT HIM ABOUT HERE. HOOKED A BIG FISH, PERHAPS—SHOULDN'T WONDER AT ALL. (Chuckles.) A NICE DANCE HE'LL HAVE THE DAY! PHEW!"

HUMILIS IN-HUMILIS.

WHEN four Committees deal their slap
On thy large cheek—rap, rap, RAP!
I'm glad my head's not in *thy* cap—
My ROBERT!

Thy mind, with *outrecuidance* fired,
Of snubbing deputations tired,
To snubbing colleagues next aspired—
My ROBERT!

BAXTER hummed, hawed, kicked, but obeyed;
Meek MONSELL, murmuring, bowed his head;
But what were *they* in triumph led,
My ROBERT?

Nor was't much to deny their due
To Beard of Trade and FORTESCUE:
They could but swear, but thou couldst *serue*—
My ROBERT!

Then thou, like ALEXANDER, crowned
Lord of the globe, didst look around,
Sighing for yet unconquered ground—
My ROBERT!

But nought unconquered couldst thou find,
Save the indomitable mind
Of AYRTON, prickliest of his kind—
My ROBERT!

Were Gods in grace, or Fiends in glee,
Wrath against *you*, or love for *me*,
That AYRTON set to cuffs with thee,
My ROBERT?

Blest hope, that in fierce tit-for-tats,
Beth, eaten up from boots to hats,
Might end like the Kilkenny eats,
My ROBERT!

And now the tussle has begun;
Tooth and claw, both amuck they run!
Never was seen such fearful fun,
My ROBERT!

Who knows if AYRTON will quell LOWE,
Or LOWE end AYRTON? We but know,
Win either, t' other thanks we'll owe,
My ROBERT!

"Idle Tears."

MRS. MALAPROP cannot make out what people mean by saying that the Liberals want "a good cry." She thought it was only women who gave way in this manner. But if great grown-up men must let their feelings get the better of them, she is glad they have the good sense to go into the country to do it. For her part—and she by no means approves of everything which has been done these Sessions, especially those Zanzibar Post Office enclosures—she cannot see that there is very much to cry about.

Prizes for Athletic Parsons.

A MUSCULAR Christian offers to give Three Cups. Open to all Clergy of the Established Church:—

A High Jump—over the Rubric.

A Bread Jump—over the Athanasian Creed.

Putting the Stone—at a brother Ecclesiastic.

N.B.—Contests to come off in a glass-house.

[Sporting Papers, please copy.]



"THE BETTER THE DAY," &c.

Rustic (to Curate who dabbles in Photography). "I'D BE TURBLE MUCH OBLIGED, ZUR, IF YOU'D MAP OFF MY PICTUR', ZUR!"

Curate. "WELL, MY MAN, I'LL TAKE YOUR LIKENESS FOR YOU. WHEN WILL YOU COME?"

Rustic. "WELL, ZUR, IF YOU'VE NO 'JECTIONS, I BE MOASTLY CLEANED UP AND HAS MOAST TIME O' ZUNDAY MARNIN'S, ZUR!!"

PUNCH TO HIS SIXTH-FORM BOYS

Leaving St. Stephen's School for the Autumn Holidays, August 5, 1873.

WHEN Long Vacation, cheery,
To big and little men,
With their school-labour weary,
Brings August round again,
For his dear Sixth-form fellows,
Of old St. Stephen's School,
Punch, their head-master zealous,
Has always made a rule,—
Knowing what men and boys are,
With no work and all play,
How tiresome tasks and toys are,
In undivided sway,—
Good boys in good to press on,
Bad boys from bad to turn—
To set the Sixth a lesson
In the holidays to learn.

But this year, where's the use on't,
What good at boys to storm,
With discipline so loosened,
The Sixth—so out of form?
Such a five months of shirking!
Such squabbles, high and low!
The little done of working,
So slovenly and slow!
Such constant impositions!
And blunders so profuse!
Of logic such deficiency!
Of rhetoric such abuse!

The one mouse of achievement
To the mountain of profession!
Pledges but to deceive meant:
"Non possumus" in possession.

All the years that I've presided
Over St. Stephen's School,
From præpostors so misguided
I ne'er had worse misrule.
Be it long o'er I again see
A Sixth so far below
The standard I would fain see
Even juniors outgrow.
For with old boys so much under
The mark as you to-day,
Your master cannot wonder
If young ones go astray.
Hence six months' waste of trouble,
On fond hopes fondly nursed,
Blown, like a soap-suds bubble,
But, bubble-like, to burst.

To think, how flashing forward,
For your last remove set free,
You sprang into the vaward,
My W. E. G!
O time, and dreams that jump it!
Not five short years have gone,
Since your triumphant trumpet
Shrill sounded the move-on!
All to your "Boot and saddle!"
Sprang fiery and fast:
Eggs in mares' nests long addle
Seemed stirred to life at last.
Now, with blunted sword and broken,
Frayed surcoat, shattered shield,
Big with black thoughts unspoken,
You falter from the field.

Can I have heart, my WILLIAM,
To set thee tasks just now?
No—I not quite so silly am,
A cowed heart more to cow.
A course of treatment bracing
More good is like to do,
Fit you, next half, for facing
The work you'll have to do:
Work, that must needs be heavier
For all now left undone—
(See the Bard) "*Non fit levior*
Morâ" the task we shun—
Tonics we must exhibit;
Your blood lacks steel, 'tis clear:
Too much sugar I prohibit,
And butter, pray, forbear.

To all your Sixth-form fellows
The same régime applies.
'Tis not in wind or bellows
Your point of weakness lies.
In *stamina* you're deficient,
That which gives "grit" and "go;"
As you men are, and fish ain't,
Your blood should warmer flow.
Nay, even of hysteria
Some symptoms I have seen,
To which complaint superior
Our sex, till now, has been:
I should of this your rushes
Of blood to the head accuse—
The worst of that sort of gush is
The weakness that ensues.

So *Punch*, your own M.D., thinks
The thing to recommend—
(Ask *BOUVERIE* what he thinks,
That deed good-natured friend!)—
Of all restoratives open
Sea-bathing is the best,
And a sea he knows, which no pen
Has yet puffed into request—
THE SEA OF OPPOSITION—
Proved richer, by analysis,
In salts, for demolition
Of feebleness and fallacies,
Than any sea with fish in
'Twixt John o' Groat's and Calais' is:
Where, with GULL for your physician,
Fool's Paradise your palace is.

Mr. J. F. LEITH, who is an authority on the question, having for several years seen—

"The nice morn, on the Indian steep,
From her cabined loophole peep,"

thought that MR. GRANT DUFF's statement was satisfactory, and that we had a right to look for better times in India. But he strongly objected to certain taxes which we imposed. Among them, MR. LEITH mentioned one which all young ladies going to the East will agree with him in describing as mischievous and iniquitous; namely, the tax imposed on Suitors. This accounts for the few marriages that take place in India. It occurs to us to add, generally, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—let no suitor go beyond his last—dirtation, at least unless he sees that a pleasanter one is to be had.

MR. AYRTON—come, Madam, he *has* a right to be heard on such topics—objected to a proposal to forestal the report of a very important Indian Committee, which has been sitting for three years. He pointed out, with ability, the absurdity of making mere arithmetic the standard of judgment where novel and complex interests were at stake. But he desired that official responsibility should be definite, and not be like a game at "hunt the slipper." Well, Madam, we have heard of iron tears down Pluto's cheek, but we do not see MR. AYRTON among a bevy of laughing girls, passing the satin slipper, and a joke at its smallness. Who can have told him that there was such a game?

MR. FAWCETT withdrew his Amendment, and expressed satisfaction that greater responsibility was to be established. The Indian Budget passed. "Budget" is derived from the French *bougette*; but a facetious M.P., whose name wild horses or wild curates should not induce us to reveal, said, this afternoon, that the word reminded him of a Shakspearian passage. "'Budge!' says the fiend. 'Budge not!' says my conscience." His conscience!

"Of that he knows no more than one who dwells
Among the Highlands knows of kucco-buckles."

Lalla Rookh.

Monday.—LORD REDESDALE made final protestation against paying £3,500,000 to the United States. The LORD CHANCELLOR said that it was child's play to re-open the question now. May be so, but have we not played rather a childish game all through the matter? By the way, what sort of children does LORD SELBORNE know? They must be precocious little objectionabilities, if one of their sports is playing at Geneva Arbitrations.

In the Commons various Notices for next Session were given, but sufficient unto the Session is the Evil thereof; we shall not mention them, especially as Honourable Members have, probably, six months in which to repent their intended sins.

You know that Spain is given up to Civil War, Madam, and that there is a triangular duel. CHARLES VII., whom we must continue to call a Pretender until his pretensions are vindicated by success, is, with the aid of the priests, butchering in one quarter, and the Reds, or Communists, who are the most execrable scum of the country, are butchering in another. Opposed to both is something calling itself a Republican Government, which is abominably ill-supported, but which shows spirit, and occasionally wins victories. We recognise neither Republicans nor Carlists, but the other day the piratical Communists got a ship and were going to bombard the women and children in Malaga. A German vessel, the *Friedrich Carl*, and an English one, the *Pigeon*, cut this short, and sent the pirate about their business. We intend to do this whenever British interest, or British subjects are in danger, but for the rest, the triangular duel must be fought out without our interference. It is a pity, however, that the two decent parties do not coalesce, utterly stamp out the Commune, and then settle matters by an appeal to the educated classes as to the form of Government. "Spain" is at present what Italy was, a geographical expression. There is no such nation.

The Conspiracy Bill was nearly the last business of this Session. MR. MARCOT's measure had been expanded by the Government. The Lords reduced it to its original form, and made it deal with trade offences only. MR. MARCOT refused to accept it in that form, and so the measure is lost. The artisan class will infallibly be told that they have a grievance here, and though practically there will be none, as sentences will be modified in view of what has taken place, it would have been better not to give the agitators an opening. But suppose those who think of breaking the law should remember a little story, and obey the law. "Father, they say the trout are biting to-day." "Very well, my boy, you mind your cobbler, and then they won't bite you."

The Factory Bill, described by some as a restriction on the employment of women, and by others as a measure in their interest, was abandoned.

Great shout from the Tories. In came MR. BOORD, the Conservative Member for Greenwich, who had just been elected by a majority outnumbering all the Liberal votes put together. Liberal journals much exercised in explaining away the vote which gives MR. GLADSTONE a Conservative colleague.

Tuesday.—Some barrister, quoting Latin in a court, pronounced the word *insuper* with a long vowel, *insuper*. A Judge said, "Mr. DREAMY, it is near the end of the term. Please do not make things longer than necessary." But here, on the very last day of the Session, Ministers, Lords, and Commons were kept waiting for two hours because nobody had taken thought to provide special conveyance for the messenger from Osborne with the Royal Mandate for Prorogation. This was inconvenient only for those in the House of Lords. Everybody else had, thanks to the newspapers, which had copies of the Message, and came out at the usual time, read the document two hours before LORD SELBORNE was permitted to deliver it in his "slightly melancholy" voice.

However, the order came at last, and the Message was given. "As you have not heard its contents, I will now proceed to narrate—" "In verse," said Mr. Barlow. "But," said Master Tommy, "I do not know—but perhaps Master Harry might, if you flogged him sufficiently." "In that case, my dear young friend, we will see what the magic wand—" "Nay, Sir," said Master Tommy, "I beg you will not take the trouble to leave your wine." This was

The Message.

We're very glad to let you go
(Thanks for our ALFRED's tin, you know).
We're quite at peace with all mankind
(Forgot Ashantee,—never mind).
Several good treaties we have made
For putting down the Slavery Trade,
And one with France, our friend rampageous,
Which commerce will find advantageous,
And four with other folks, for nicking
Rogues who'd escape their country's kicking.
Nor are forgotten British claims
Regarding certain Yankee games.

Our Faithful Commons, 'tis a story
To say you're Radical, or Tory;
You vote to us such generous doles,
You are all Liberal. Bless your souls!

Our Lords and Gentlemen, with glee
Reductions in some dues we see:
The Sugar, and the Income taxes
Much lighter lie on people's backs.
The Judicature Act's a feat,
And Education's now complete.
Railways you've handed to a trio
Who'll dare to beard the board-room *leo*.
We hope the Merchant-Shipping Act
Will save brave ships from being wracked.
Our Income answers expectation:
Bettered's Condition of the Nation.
For which, and other mercies, you
Know where to offer tribute due.

"I have read worse doggerel in books professing to be poems," said Mr. Barlow: "but, as I feel that you must be ashamed of yourself, and as I don't like exertion after wine, you may retire. If I decide on punishing you in the morning, I will apprise you of my intention in time to prevent your enjoying your breakfast. Bless you! Go to bed."

In the Commons, the very last speaker was MR. M. CHAMBERS, who most sensibly begged that nobody would think of dividing on some ridiculous Irish question, when the Black Rod was expected.

The Black Rod came; about twenty Commons went to hear the Message, returned, shook hands with the SPEAKER, and *exeunt*.

So came a dull Session to dismallest end:
The Session, we'll call it, of *Public Intentions*;
Although the sad pavement those articles mend
Is found in a district which nobody mentions.

The Minister fell, and the Minister rose,
Earth's touch did not help the bewildered Antrus,
But we've scrambled on somehow, less bothered by foes,
Than worried by friends. *Sed nunc otia dat Deus.*

Away! our brave Lords; our bold Commons, away!
Bill, Motion, Committee, Debate, and Address, hence!
Punch, rejoicing (how much 'twere unevill to say),
Puts his finishing rhyme to his exquisite Essence.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Madge. "I SAY, ARTHUR! MAMMA WON'T BE PLEASED IF SHE FINDS US LYING ABOUT LIKE THIS, INSTEAD OF SITTING UP!"

Arthur. "WELL, MADGE, MAMMA SHOULDN'T TREAT US TO A DONKEY RIDE, YOU KNOW."

THE SHUFFLE OF CARDS.

MORE changes! more changes! Political Bards,
Tune your harps, and be-minstrel the Shuffle of Cards.
First, in pious condolence the fact be expressed—
Economical BAXTER seeks "Baxter's Saint's Rest."
Then chant how the kind but too pliable BRUCE
Turns Peer, and will go where he *may* be of use;
Succeeded at "Home" by the cynical wag,
BOB LOWE; how our BOBBY will scold, skin, and scrag!
Next, sing how JOHN BRIGHT, having done his erratics,
Comes back, the bold Quaker, to quell the fanatics.
Then twist up your strings with your sturdiest screw—
Our WILLIAM, too strong for one office, takes two;
As Premier puts forth his magnificent powers,
And casts up the national books at odd hours.
Sing out, singing beggars, and wish him good luck:
His fiercest opponents must honour such pluck.
Then twangle us off all the little affairs,
How DONSON the national book-keeping shares:
How ARTHUR, the son of SIR ROBERT, comes in
To do what was done by the glorified GLYN:
And, lastly, play up an uproariously rare tune,
To hail the alleged new *avatar* of AYRTON;
Proclaim that our rated and very much roast man
Abandons the Ædile, and puts on the Postman.
(At least, so 'tis said.) And in future no chap
Will scoff that our AYRTON is not worth a Rap.
Sing away, twang your harps, be your trumpets all blown,
We'll have an Eisteddfod, old bricks, of our own;
And here's the Prize Theme that we toss to our Bards—
"Who the deuce cares a fig for this Shuffle of Cards?"

SINE DIE.

IF the words with which the leading Counsel for the defence, in a case which has now occupied the Court of Queen's Bench for some seventy days, closed his remarks on Thursday, the 7th inst., have been correctly reported, the prospect of a termination to the Trial seems more remote than ever—in fact there will never be an end to it at all. MR. K—Y is stated to have concluded his address, on the day in question, by saying, "To-morrow we shall go to 'fresh fields and pastures new.'" That to-morrow will never come, as the Judges, the Jury, the Counsel, the Offices of the Court, and the parties interested in the case may satisfy themselves—with what feelings we will not presume to indicate—by referring to the last line of MILTON's *Lycidas*. It is not too late, we earnestly hope that the records of the Court will be amended, that the correct quotation may go down to posterity—"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

More Honour.

THE SHAH has conferred on the LORD MAYOR (who deserves all his distinctions) the Order of the Lion and Sun. This sounds rather like a public-house sign, and perhaps it is not to be regretted that we cannot return the compliment by investing the GRAND VIZIER with the Elephant and Castle, or the George and Dragon.

What the Little Bird Whispers.

CERTAIN mischievous priests, nominally of the Church of England, are making a disturbance about Auricular Confession. We are not alarmed. They will never succeed in gaining the ear of the country.

LADIES AND HIGH LATITUDES.—Daughters of Earth in one point differ from their Mother. A wad of false hair at the back of the female head maintains a high temperature at the poll.



THE HOLIDAY TASK.

DR. PUNCH. "MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, YOU HAVE DONE NEXT TO NOTHING THIS HALF. THEREFORE, A LITTLE TASK DURING THE VACATION WILL BE GOOD FOR YOU. YOU, MASTER BENJAMIN, MUST GET UP A 'DEFINITE POLICY.' YOU, LOWE, WILL WRITE A PAPER ON THE 'APPLICATION OF THE SCREW.' AYRTON, YOU WILL HAVE TO GET BY HEART THE WHOLE 'BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.' MALL, YOU MUST ATTEND CHURCH REGULARLY. WHALLEY, YOU'RE GOING TO AMERICA—STAY THERE! PLIMSOLL, YOU MUST LEARN TO—AHEN—MODERATE YOUR TRANSPORTS, AND AS FOR YOU, WILLIAM EWART, THE IDLER YOU ARE THE BETTER!"



THE PLAGUE OF THE PAVEMENTS.



NE GEORGE PEACHEY, summoned the other day before Mr. KNOX at Marlborough Street, by Mr. HETTON, of Twickenham, for violently pushing a perambulator against him, was fined twenty shillings and costs. By thus enforcing the law for the protection of people's legs, Mr. KNOX has shewn himself worthy the name of Scotland's great Reformer. If Magistrates generally would enforce it likewise against nursemaids who propel along the foot pavement the vehicles containing their infant charges right ahead, whilst

they themselves are looking in another direction, and bruise the legs or crush the toes of anybody in their way, beneath those not small ears of Juggernaut, employers would mind how they sent mooning hoydens into the street to incur fines, practically for them to pay.

The problem of combining the convenient airing of babies with the security of adults' toes and shins might be solved by laying down tramways in the streets, at the sides of the pavements, so that the perambulators, with the infants in them, and their attendants behind, might be wheeled by the latter in a line on the tramway, one after another, clear of everybody, and marked off by a barrier from the traffic of the thoroughfare, distinctly enough to be tolerably safe from being run over. Now, whilst people are out of Town, the "dead season" would be a convenient season for the introduction of this improvement, which would certainly be hailed as a vast one by everybody on coming back again.

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

PISCATOR. VEXATOR.

Piscator. And now, my loving Scholar, as your purse hath come to an end, so must also my discourse. But, before we part, I will remind you of the four ways of fishing which the learned JAKKARS hath pronounced to be all most excellent; namely, to catch your fish by dabbling, dibbling, dopping, or daping. For the first two, the rule of silence must be strictly observed, for the same erudite writer hath said,—

When you dabble
Do not gabble.

And, also,—

When you dape
Never gape.

So that to dabble should be an evening's occupation, while the latter should be undertaken in the morning. As to the great virtue of dibbling, his contemporary, MULETUS, has left us this sage advice,—

Fish will nibble
When you dibble.
If you angle in the Ribble.
After dining on a chop
'Tis the time to go and dop,
Dabble, dibble, dop, and dape.
Using these
As you please,
Never will a fish escape.

Venator. O, Master, I could listen to your discourse for hours, were I not still suffering from the stings of the wasps, the biting of the jack, my fall into the river, the evening's potations, which have induced me to be somewhat feverish, and the hurt that I received

from that red cow in MAUDLIN's field, whither I strayed to tell her of my affection for her and her mother.

Piscator. Nay, Scholar, you will soon be quit of these disorders, and regard the time, so pleasantly spent in my company, with a grateful and a thankful heart. And, to this end, I will repeat you a copy of verses which Dr. DOORBAIVORUS, a worthy Bishop in Belgravia, hath composed on the happiness and contentment of an Angler's life. He has styled it, as also shall I, seeing no reason for differing from so good a man,—

THE ANGLEE'S DREAM.

Listen to the Angler's dream!—
He dreams that he is by a stream,
Talking to a lovely Bream;
By his side reclines a Carp,
Playing tunes upon a harp;
While a Dace,
Dressed in a lace
Sings the very deepest bass.

Through the trees he sees a Perch
Kneeling in the village church,
Where the Reverend Mister Barbel,
In a pulpit made of marble,
Shows he can quotations garble.

Now, across the Mead, the Minnow,
Smiling sweetly, fresh and inno-
cent a maiden as you 'd see
In the waters of the sea,
Comes a-tripping,
Comes a-skipping,
While the sly old Trout and Grayling
Watch her, looking through the paling.

Then the Minnow meets a Skegger,
A repulsive-looking beggar,
And he says, "My little lass,
Pay me, or you cannot pass."
"Let me go!" she cries, in dudgeon,
When appears Policeman Gudgeon,
Felling Skegger with a bludgeon.

Now Brave Gudgeon calls a coach,
Driven by a strong-backed Loach,
Takes the Skegger,
Boân méya.

Up before Chief Justice Roach.
Grubs and gentles
Leave their lentils,
Caterpillars
Quit their villas,
And the grubs
Come out of tubs,

All to see the cheat and logger
Who had only lived to poach,
Sentenced as a guilty Skegger
By the Lord Chief Justice Roach.

Sticklebacks are on the Jury,
Counsel Pike is in a fury;
For the Judge, who wants to dine,
Cries, "Bring hither rod and line!"
And that Angler by the stream,
Who is flirting with a Bream,
With the Skegger, by our laws,
Ho must suffer! Through his jaws
Pass the hook! Suspend him now
With the Skegger. Teach him how—
Teach him as he should be taught—
Teach the buffer
How *we* suffer
By what *he* considers sport."

Pass the hook!—a shooting pain—
And—he is awake again.
He has slept upon a bank
Where are weeds and mosses dank,
And his face is very swollen:
Rod and can and bait all stolen!

"O!" he cries, "what joys are these!
I've rheumatics in the knees!
I've neuralgia in my cheeks!"
And—he is laid up for weeks.

Venator. My Master, your song was sung with mettle. And, my Master, the metal of which I have observed those to be most



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Nurse. "WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HAVE A DIP IN THE SEA, MR. CHARLES? I BATHED WITH THE CHILDREN THIS MORNING, AND IT WAS DELIGHTFUL!"

Mr. Charles. "AH, MARY, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU; BUT REC'LECT MY BACK HAIR IS A FIXTURE!"

possessed who have the least voice is brass. O, Master, O! I vow I will not offend again. O, my loving Master, I am so stiff and sore I can scarcely move.

Piscator. Farewell, Scholar. We shall meet again when you have come into that fortune which your grandfather will leave you when he himself shall have no further use for it. But do not hanker after money, whether it be a shilling, a sovereign, or a crown.

Venator. I will not, my kind Master; and, though I should keep an hostelrie, yet will I have the sign painted as the "Hanker and the Crown," so that, even there, there shall not be a "Hanker" after a crown. . . . O, Master! O! O! Do not give me any more. I am content.

Piscator. And so am I. For the great philosopher, HARRY STOTTLE, has said,—

When more than enough you've got,
Be contented with your lot.

And I am of his mind.

Venator. Well, Master, I thank you for all your good directions, for I may truly say that I have only begun to have a knowledge of life since I enjoyed your company and conversation. And, indeed, I think I shall now be able to become Master to some Scholar less wise than myself, on whom I can practise such arts as you yourself have taught me.

Piscator. Once more farewell, Scholar. Be virtuous, and angle. Note this, that there be as fine fish in the rivers as have ever yet been drawn therefrom. But now we are near Shepherd's Bush, and I see a Shepherd coming, in company with pretty MAUDLIN and her grandmother, to whom I will leave you to make my excuses and explain that the lambkin was honestly come by. As you cannot move so easily as I, farewell.

Maudlin. Here, at last, I have one of these honest, merry, civil anglers, who runs not so nimbly as his friend.

Maudlin's Grandmother. My honest MAUDLIN hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing can be too bad for him, since they be such rascally men.

Venator. Pretty MAUDLIN, I will promise you before this honest Shepherd of the bush—

Shepherd. Nay, that am I not, but an ingenious constable in plain clothes. Come away with me.

Venator. O, Sir, I am right glad to meet you.

Shepherd. Let us compliment no longer, but begone and make haste.

Venator. I pray, honest Constable, let me ask you a pleasant question. What will you take? Let's to a cheerful alehouse, and all of us rejoice together. Come, MAUDLIN! Come, Grandmother! I'll bear your charges to-night.

Maudlin. Marry, Sir, and bear ours to-morrow before his Worship.

Venator. Nay then, my pretty MAUDLIN, I will beg a courtesy of you, and it must not be denied me.

Maudlin. What is it, I pray, Sir?

Venator. Give me your hand. So. I am myself caught at last in the marriage-lines. You can begone, honest Constable, for a wife is not evidence against her husband on a criminal charge; or, if you will, take MAUDLIN'S Grandmother, and we will all go to a cheerful alehouse and rejoice together.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Come live with me and be my spouse,
We'll keep a cottage, pigs, and cows;
And I will dress in lace and silk,
While you shall pig, and dig, and milk.

There you will work and hoe all day,
While I enjoy myself, away.
If this you'll do, we'll have no rows,
Come live with me and be my spouse!

Venator. 'Tis a match.

Maudlin's Grandmother. It is. Come one, come all. Bless ye, my children!

COMPLETION OF THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.



EXCLUSIVENESS.

Host. "NICE PARTY, AIN'T IT, MAJOR LE SPUNGER? 'IGH AND LOW, RICH AND POOR,—MOST PEOPLE ARE WELCOME TO THIS 'OUSE! THIS IS 'LIBERTY 'ALL,' THIS IS! NO FALSE PRIDE OR 'UMBGO ABOUT ME! I'M A SELF-MADE MAN, I AM!"

The Major. "VERY NICE PARTY, INDEED, MR. SHODDY! HOW PROUD YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER MUST FEEL! ARE THEY HERE?"

Host. "WELL, NO! 'ANG IT ALL, YOU KNOW, ONE MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!"

THE DOCTORS' CONGRESS.

MEDICINE and Surgery have now something to say for themselves, as well as the other Sciences usually discurive about this time, and they said it very creditably last week, in comparatively few words, at the second annual meeting of the British Medical Association, in King's College, under the presidency of SIR W. FERGUSSON. They have ceased to hold their tongues, as they did in the days of one who might have been a seer, a musician, a dead shot, and much else, but instead of any of those things, for a reason, which was most creditable to him:—

"Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi
Maluit, et mentas agitare inglorius artes."

But Iapis Iasides differs in more than one important particular from the President of the British Medical Association. The word "inglorius," even taken to imply no more than the obscurity of private practice, is altogether inapplicable to that distinguished Surgeon. Moreover, the address delivered by SIR W. FERGUSSON to the doctors was by no means that of a man habitually wont to exercise the silent arts. And, lastly, the said Iapis, on an emergency, proved himself an inexperienced operator; who could not even manage to extract an arrow without supernatural assistance. The contrast need not be pursued.

To the student of LEMPRIERE and the other Classics is suggested an analogy rather between SIR W. FERGUSSON and Prometheus. If the latter provided mankind with fire from the sky, the former, through his Presidential oration, has reminded the British Public of the facility with which we might supply ourselves, from the same source, with a sufficiency of that great hygienic and therapeutic necessary, water.

THE LAMENT OF THE LOUNGER.

(On the Coming-in of Oysters.)

"SIR, please to remember the grotto,
It only comes once a year!"—
That the end of the season we've got to
I know, when this clamour I hear.

I know that Mayfair is deserted,
Where I lately in luxury dined,
And the rooms where with fairies I flirted
To the charwoman's care are consigned.

The FINCHES have flown to Ravenna,
LADY CLARA is yachting at Cowes,
While the Danube and Show at Vienna
Have attracted the HARDINGS and HOWES.

At the Club I've the pick of the papers,
May read them all through at my ease;
And if I've a fit of the vapours,
By my yawning there's no one to tease.

In the Park 'tis a similar story,
Scarce a rider is seen in the Row;
I may lounge there alone in my glory,
And the gatekeeper grins when I go.

While the grotto I pause to remember,
Sad reflections like these fill my brain;
And I sigh for the month of November,
When my friends will assemble again.

Seasonable Occurrence.

THE late hot weather has been attended with several cases of sun-stroke, in one of which, that of a young lady, the brain was unaffected, but the chignon took fire, the sun's rays co-operating with internal heat to produce what is erroneously called spontaneous combustion. Considering the magnitude of the risks which girls continue to wear on their heads, the wonder is that cases of this kind are not more frequent.

Confusion of Ideas.

MRS. MALAPROP, who is both an excellent Protestant and an indefatigable gardener, is evidently jumbling up two distinct and separate things. In writing to a friend at the sea-side, she expresses her horror of "Auricula" confession.

Hear DR. JOHN WOOD, Professor of Surgery in King's College, on an American improvement in the way of performing painless operations:—

"We followed but tardily, in this old country, in that combination of pleasure with utility which had led lately the inventive genius of our transatlantic brethren to the association of anaesthetics in the performance of operations under these agents to an obligate accompaniment upon the organ, and an appropriate address by a popular preacher, improving the occasion on behalf of morals."

Perhaps it would be found, in many instances, that an appropriate address by a popular preacher would alone produce a state of coma deep enough to render any physical anaesthetic unnecessary; thus effectually obviating the danger of using chloroform.

The appearance of the PREMIER in the quality of guest at the Association Dinner in Lincoln's-inn Hall, and his very remarkable response to the toast, admirably proposed by SIR JAMES PAGET, of "Her Majesty's Ministers," are symptomatic of an increasing appreciation of the Medical Profession. Personally, MR. GLADSTONE says he is indebted to it for keeping him up to the mark. MR. PUNCH will not be at all astonished by the speedy announcement that SIR W. F. and SIR J. P. are about to be raised to the Peerage.

Reward of Spirit.

REFERRING to MR. BAXTER's resignation of the office of Secretary to the Treasury, the *Times* observed:—

"Take a brick out of a wall and the whole structure may tumble down."

Then MR. BAXTER is a brick; and a high compliment has been paid to MR. BAXTER.



SUDDEN OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Mr. Snoggs. "MY LORD! BEG PARDON, BUT YOU LOOK A GENT AS HAS TRAVELLED. WOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR A 'INT. WHAT WOULD BE A GOOD SHORT TOWER, MY LORD?"

Nobleman. "SIR, ASK MR. COOK. HE KNOWS 'MEN AND CITIES.' HE'LL SEE, AT A GLANCE, WHAT WOULD SUIT YOU. HE IS GOING TO TAKE ME TO JAPAN. I SHOULD RECOMMEND YOU AN ÆSTHETIC TRIP TO SOUTHEND. BUT, IF YOU CAN SPELL, AND BRUSH CLOTHES, I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME. WILL YOU COME?"

[Collapse of Snoggs.]

HELP TO THE WELSH HARP.

At Menai CLARENCE PAOET said—
His Lordship told no tales—
A School of Music at its head
Would have the PRINCE OF WALES.

In music did the Welsh excel
All nations, 'twere not odd,
So many a Bard bears off the bell,
At many an Eisteddfod.

May culture train the Cambrian organ
Of tune to loftiest art;
Till WILLIAMS rivals WEBER, MORGAN
BEETHOVEN, JONES MOZART.

And then will Wales be in condition
To boast Eisteddfodan
That play one native composition
Above "Poor Mary Anne."

Boiling Over.

ONE day last week a telegram from Berlin announced that on the following Sunday, at Stromberg, near Kreuznaeh, would be held an Ultramontane demonstration, arranged by BISHOP KETTELER'S Catholic Association of Mayenec. Will the Prussian Government stand an Ultramontane ODOER? Probably not, if BISMARCK KNOWS it, and has, at present, any voice in the matter. BISHOP KETTELER should take care, for he materially differs from a kettle, in relation to its contents,—the kettle remaining outside of hot water, whereas the Bishop appears to be adopting a course very likely indeed to get himself into it.

THYESTES REDIVIVUS.

WE had hoped that, the siege of Paris having long been over, any eccentricities in the matter of eating would have ceased with the necessity which introduced them. But we regret to find that cannibal practices still "obtain" in the capital of civilisation. After the distribution of prizes, the other day, at the Sorbonne—

"In the evening, the Minister gave a grand dinner of fifty-two covers, consisting of all the Directors of the Colleges of Paris, the examiners who had decided on the compositions, and the three pupils who had obtained the Prizes of Honour."

Well, as somebody (we may as well say SYDNEY SMITH as anybody else) said to a quarrelsome missionary, just going out, "I hope you will disagree with the man that eats you." Let us hope that M. BATIE and his friends had dreadful nightmares after this banquet of Thyestes.

A Rowland for an Oiliver.

IT is known that Convocation, before it separated, had received from some four hundred and eighty "Priests" of the Church of England a petition "that the Bishops would make provision for the consecration of Holy Oil." It may not be known that Convocation, in reply, informed the petitioners that they could have plenty of Consecrated Oil, as Rowlands' Macassar Oil was quite sufficiently consecrated already for any useful purpose. That Oil was consecrated to the toilet, endowed with the odour of sanctity, possessed the miraculous property of making hair grow upon bald places, and was particularly recommended for the tonsure.

OVER THE MARMALADE.—Dundee knows pretty well beforehand how its new Member will vote. His name will never be found in any division-list among the Noes, for is he not a YEAMAN?



"THE GARB OF OLD GAUL."

Young Laird (to newly-appointed Footman). "WELL, DONALD, HOW DO YOU LIKE TROUSERS?"

Donald (heretofore a Gillie, who had never worn anything but Kilts). "AWEEL, SIR, I FIND 'EM VERA 'NCOMFORTABLE ABOUT THE SLEEVES!"

PUNCH'S MUSICAL SERMON.

(With Two Texts.)

MR. PUNCH has not had much to say about Music lately, and for a reason sufficing to himself, and therefore sufficient for mankind. For when *Punch* is content the world is at peace. The fact is that the Music-Crops have been bad this year, and the yield next to nothing. The SHAH prevented the production of BALFE'S Opera, *Il Talismano*, and thus deferred another victory for Admirable NILSSON; but we trust that, like her namesake, ADMIRAL NELSON, she will defeat the combined forces of the Continent next season, and win new glories for the British flag. TITIENS and PATTI have been singing like—TITIENS and PATTI; none but themselves can be their parallels; which quotation doesn't hold, because parallels never meet, and those ladies have met very often, to their mutual delight. M. FAURE has done everything like the true artist that he is, and we praise Apollo for him. MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has gone to see the Southern Cross—let the enchanted Australians give her one in diamonds. Lesser lights have shone their brightest. But we have had no novelty, and Mr. *Punch* has no space to tell a hundred times told tales. There are two matters, however, to which he proposes to invite attention. And, first, he begs, or rather takes leave to ask a question. Where is your English MOZART, WEBER, MEDDLESOME (as MRS. MALAPROP calls him), BACK (as MRS. MALAPROP spells him), and AUBER? If we paused for a reply, we should wait some time. But it may be that we should not have to wait so long, if England bestowed more pains on the musical education of her children. Latent genius might be developed. Very well, go to. That is, go to the Treasurers for two most excellent projects which be now in hand. Go to the Bank of England, Western Branch, and pay in a donation to the Mendelssohn Scholarships Foundation, which has been doing exceeding good work, but which, we regret to hear from MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, is much crippled for want of funds. This is simply a shame, for

BRICK WITHOUT STRAW.

OUR respected contemporary, the *Clerkenwell News*, advertises as followeth:—

"EMPLOYMENT wanted by a Young Man of any sort.—Address, &c."

This is a most accommodating Young Man. We wonder he did not add, "or of any size." He must be MR. PLIABLE, mentioned by JOHN BUNYAN. We should not wonder if he got a good place—this is just the kind of advertisement that would recommend itself to some feminine miads. The Indefinite has a great charm for some people—the class that hate the multiplication table, and love unknown quantities—who tell you a thing may be seen everywhere, and that everybody has it, and, like the MULLIOAN, when you ask for an address, say, "O, out there." Very well, preach a better sermon yourself on the evident misplacement of three words.

Flippant Fair Ones.

PROFESSOR REINKENS has been consecrated Missionary Bishop for the Old Catholics of Germany by BISHOP HEYKAMP, of Deventer, and assistants. The priest RINKEL, of Krommenie, has likewise been consecrated Bishop of Haarlem. Thus the Old Catholics seem to be successfully organising themselves in Germany and Holland. Are they likely to increase and multiply? That remains to be seen; but, in the meanwhile, there are a great many silly girls who say that they never will marry an Old Catholic.

Such Fantastic Tricks.

HIS HOLINESS says, that "what men do in the way of pilgrimage is done in the sight of the angels." POPE SHAKESPEARE said it before POPE PIUS, with an addition about men doing certain things that make the angels use their pocket-handkerchiefs.

MORE JUSTICE WANTED.

FIVE Grocers in Dunmow have been fined for serving out objectionable Butter. Why have there been no proceedings, then, against the speakers who eulogised the candidates for the Dunmow Fitch?

MENDELSSOHN'S music commends itself to those whose gold makes merry music in their pockets. "Heaven save the Foundation!" as *Dogberry* observes, and let us help in the process. Why, ARTHUR SULLIVAN was the very first scholar elected by this Institution, and if that fact be not reason for encouraging and supporting it, we know nothing about facts or reasons either. Well, hand in your money. Then write a letter to a Lady who has most honourably distinguished herself by her services to Music, we mean LADY JENKINSON, of Eastwood Park, Gloucestershire, and enclose your cheque, or your P.O.O., towards another Foundation, that of a Thalberg Scholarship, to be attached to the Royal Academy (not our dear friends the Painters; they roll in gold, and might give us more dinners), but of Music. This Scholarship is to be the reward of "the best execcutant of the best sort of Music." Now, don't be absurd. If England is to be a musical nation, it will not be by gushing, or by merely paying vast sums to finished artists, but by educating her own musical youth. There is sound sense in both these efforts, or Mr. *Punch* would not have devoted his precious intellect to eulogising them. Having obeyed his commands, enjoy your holidays. But, if you neglect the mandate, may the pianofortes in the houses right and left of you be bumped from morning to night by the most stupid and unteachable girls that ever banged a key-board.

Hopeful.

M. HENRI ROCHFORD has been sent to New Caledonia. If it's anything like Old Caledonia, there's a fair chance of his coming "Bock agen." By the way, as a conundrum, when M. ROCHFORD once more sits on the Boulevards, with his modest glass of malt liquor before him, what, in Old Caledonian language, will he say? Evidently (*vide supra*) "Bock agen."

'TWIXT two Latin Races small difference is plain;
There's fusion in France, and confusion in Spain.

A SACRIFICE TO THE COUNTRY.



ERTAINLY it is the duty of a soldier to bleed, if required, for his country. He is paid to do so—now over and above stoppages—more than three-halfpence a day. Still he has accepted this hire, and it is a bargain. But a conscript, in other lands, an unwilling recruit, is held bound to bleed for his country too, all the same. Here no one, not the victim of a murderous assault, or the sufferer of punishment for robbery with violence, or the subject of an accident, bleeds physically against his will. But there is a sort of involuntary bleeding to which, however, Britons are liable. The other day, in the course of that great trial, the example of our Law's despatch, which the civilised world is beholding with admiration, at the conclusion of that

day's proceedings, according to a contemporary:—

"The Jurymen who fainted during the early progress of the trial, and who looked exceedingly ill, said he could not sit longer. He was anxious to have the case finished, because he was losing £20 a week by it, but he could not sit more hours a day."

Now this gentleman is bleeding at the pocket, besides as bad as bleeding bodily from a wound, in his country's service. He bleeds, in the compulsory office of juror, for the administration of justice. He is losing twenty pounds, so to speak, of pecuniary vital fluid a week. The accused, on whose indictment he has to pronounce a verdict, is prosecuted at the public expense. Will not the Government, then, indemnify the Jurymen for his loss of blood, and, should he die, as he may, of too protracted fair argument and scrupulous eloquence, will they not compensate his survivors, in some measure, for his loss? Perhaps yes, now that the PREMIER is also Chancellor of the Exchequer.

No doubt there are numerous Patriots ready to exclaim, "Perish individuals for the good of the community! Better that a Jurymen should go on losing £20 a week, even until he is ruined, than that he should be reimbursed with public money, to which, in the end, I should have to contribute a fraction of a farthing." Nobody who hates and despises a selfish, unjust, mean brute, can wish any one of those Patriots worse luck than to get impressed upon such a jury as that which has been sitting so long as it has, and is likely to have to sit so much longer than that, listening to terse and condensed, but necessarily lengthy, argumentation in the Court of Queen's Bench.

"HALF-HOURS" AT THE SEA.

You are going to the sea, Whitby perhaps, perchance Ilfracombe, possibly Cromer, it may be Walton-on-the-Naze or Herne Bay. You would like to take some books with you for intervals of quiet study and reading, and you cast a longing eye at your *Hume*, and your *Alison*, and your *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But you have no room amongst your *impedimenta* for so many and such portly volumes. Besides, in previous migrations, you have felt ashamed of your ignorance of the multitude of curious and interesting marine objects meeting your sight in every direction; so much so as to determine to study Diatoms, or Algae, or Zoophytes, or some other branch of natural history, at the first convenient opportunity, with the aid of illustrated Manuals.

Such an opportunity now presents itself. This little book, *Half-Hours at the Sea-side*, which, to preserve the strictest impartiality, we have carefully abstained from reading, seems able, judging by the table of contents, to supply all the information you require to make your coming sojourn by the Sea both instructive and amusing. Let us dip into it together.

Plunging at once into its subject, the book opens with "Half an hour with the Waves." As you are looking forward to many fresh and invigorating half hours answering to this description, any hints as to bathing, bathing dress, bathing machines, and bathing machine proprietors and attendants, cannot fail to be acceptable, and may, perhaps, save you much trouble and many mistakes when you arrive at your destination.

"Half an hour with Preparations."—This half-hour strikes us as

being out of its place. It ought to have come first of all. But it is otherwise wrong. For experience proves that the time here allowed for "Preparations" is ludicrously insufficient. Boxes, portmanteaus, trunks, travelling-bags, and valises cannot possibly be packed, corded, locked (especially if human pressure is required to close the lid), directed, and carried down and placed upon the cab within the space of half an hour.

"Half an hour with Seaweeds."—This cannot be looked upon as an exorbitant demand on your spare time. And yet there are careless and unobservant persons for whom it may be more than enough. As the poet says,

"A sea-weed by the ocean brim
Is but a sea-weed unto him!"

"Half an hour with Sponges."—Of course, if your medical man (or woman) prohibits you from sea-bathing, you must have your bath at home in your lodgings, and pay for it.

"Half an hour with Sea-Worms."—We should have preferred Sea-Serpents, about which interesting group of animals, our author, strangely enough, appears to be silent.

"Half an hour with Corallines."—At the end of which period of time you will know and be able to impart to your friends still steeped in the lap of ignorance, the exact difference, specifically and generically, between corals and corallines.

"Half an hour with the Jelly-fish."—If you can get any fish at all where you are going, and it is not all sent away in the early, early morning to London and other greatly over-peopled centres of population, you will probably feel that your time may be more agreeably spent in the society of the turbot, the sole, the smelt, the whiting, and the haddock.

"Half an hour with Sea-Anemones."—The Aquarium you are contemplating in the back yard of No. 58, Lower Tankerville Street, will induce you not to lose a moment of this particularly precious half-hour.

"Half an hour with Sea-Mats and Squirts." Possibly important links in that great chain of development the termination of which is said to be Man, in a black hat and upright shirt-collar; and, therefore, as our distant relations, deserving some notice and attention. Otherwise, not personally attractive.

"Half an hour with Sea-Urchins and Starfish." You love children and all their pranks and sports. So many a pleasant half hour is in store for you, watching your own and other people's sea "urchins," splashing and dancing in the water, and digging and delving on the beach. (For thoughts on Starfish, see *ante*, Jelly-fish.)

"Half an hour with Shell-Fish." Perhaps the most delightful prospect of all. It is many a day since you have felt yourself justified in devoting so much time to them in London, owing to their dearth and scarcity. Let us hope that where you are going, shell-fish (particularly if you remain until the letter R creeps into the revolving months again) may be abundant, cheap, and succulent.

"Half an hour with Crustaceæ." Our feelings and good wishes are exactly the same about Crustaceæ as they were about Shell-fish—and so "may good digestion" (without which no man can be happy at the Sea-side, or anywhere else) "wait on appetite."

(P.S.—There seems to be an omission in the work under notice—"Half an hour with Lodging-house Keepers.")

Not Fair.

THE *Rock* says that on Hospital Sunday "the Church of England contributed 70 per cent. of the £25,511 collected on that day, and the Roman Catholics 2½." Come, this is going a little too far. *Punch*, like *Mr. Chester*, is the most Protestant fellow living, but he does not believe that the blinded Papists gave no more than two-pence halfpenny. Let us be just, even to the Scarlet Lady. But if 2½ per cent. be meant, it is a very mean contribution, considering how rich many Catholics are, and how many Irish ones are always wanting hospital aid, by reason of misunderstandings with the police and one another. Bad enough, so, but don't make things worse than they are.

Very Rude.

It seems that "our rated and very much roast man" is *not* (as was stated) turned into a Postman: Judge-Advocate-General, he hoists his black flag—And that wicked BOB LOWE has baptised him "The JAG."

Blaise's.

"M. PASCAL, the author of the celebrated Press Circular, has been made Préfet of Bordeaux." His health in a bumper of the fluid so named, and let us couple with the toast, counsel. M. PASCAL will do well to discontinue his Provincial Letters.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS."

(See the news of the Canadian Pacific and Atlantic Railroad scandal.—Times, Aug. 6.)



W E'VE heard how the Dominion stood
Girt with risks by the dozen,
From the o'er-powering neighbourhood
Of our big Yankee Cousin—

How if JOHN BULL and JONATHAN
E'er came to void their quarrel,
Canadian were American Dominion, to a moral,
From Charlotte's Sound to Labrador,
What's now the British nation's,
At once ehawed up, and taken o'er
In Yankee Annexations,
Till from Newfoundland's misty tide,
To Fraser's golden bars,
The Union Jack would veil its pride
Before the Stripes and Stars.

Such danger may, or may not be;
The future is uncertain;
Nor ours the hand of destiny
To draw the shrouding curtain.

By nearer dangers (see the last Canadian advices)
The sky of Canada's o'ercast,
Than any from war-crises;

Worse than invasion-terrors vague,
Or Fenian tocsin tolling,—
She's attacked by the Yankee plague
Of Lobbying and Log-rolling!

That deadly plague of itching palms,
And too adhesive fingers,
Which, spite of churches, prayers, and psalms,
In Yankee Senates lingers,

And, as the Cholera injects
Death through our water main-pipes,
The sacred fount of Law infects,
And penetrates Truth's drain-pipes.

Who has not mourned the evil wrought,
By that plague's broadcast-sowing?
The Giant's strength thus brought to nought,
Or but in evil showing.

Good citizens to shame subdued,
And bad in the ascendent;
Columbia's flag in dirt imbrued,
And in discredit pendent.

And now we hear the plague has spread
Across Ontario's waters,
In Ottawa has reared its head,
And found congenial quarters:

And, while the unsuspecting slept,
Your Senators has smitten;
And those on whom it, snake-like, crept,
Snake-like, to death hath bitten.

Canadian brethren, stamp it out,
Or, with still broadening pinion,
Of your wide realm, beyond a doubt,
'Twill make its dark dominion.

Canada, like Columbia cursed,
Will see plague-centres thicken,
Till, classed by grades from worse to worst,
Her frame lies poison-stricken.

And men see stretched 'twixt main and main,
Two strong young giants dying,
And read "Corruption" written plain
On the flag o'er them flying!

A PIANO-TAX WANTED.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

WE are to be blest with a new tax-maker, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the blessing of new taxes we may naturally expect. A Cat-tax and a Croquet-tax have been, I think, proposed in high financial quarters, as being novelties of great pecuniary promise; and I rather fancy that a tax upon old bachelors has already found some favour in the eyes of the fair sex. These imposts would, however, prove immensely less productive than the one which I suggest in the heading of this letter, and which few persons of any sense would venture to oppose.

It may seem to some young ladies a vastly cruel thing to elap a tax on one of their first necessities of life. But Alpha's meat, you know, may turn out Beta's poison: and to my mind a piano, far from being needful to existence, is pre-eminently hurtful, and may indeed prove wellnigh fatal to it. In the dictionary a piano is designated simply an instrument of music; but in the hands of most performers it may rather be described as an instrument of torture, capable of causing most excruciating agony on persons like myself, who are sensitive of nerve. So direful are its torments, I can conceive one's even putting a pistol to one's ear, to relieve it from the torture a piano is inflicting on it.

This I say in all sincerity, for my sufferings at this moment are so terribly intense, that I feel I should be sitting on the very brink of suicide, had I any lethal weapon larger than a penknife, lying ready to my hand. To enjoy some needful rest after the labours of the season, I have taken quiet lodgings at a so-famed quiet watering-place; and while I am tranquilly employed in writing at the window, the jangling wires of six pianos are hammered in my ears. As compared with the large rent I pay, the room is rather small, and for fear of suffocation I dare not shut the window; indeed, were I to do so, I should not escape the torture, for two of my tormentors are at work beneath my feet.

A third, moreover, sits next door, and her instrument is placed against the wall of my apartment, which tremulously vibrates to the thunder of her thumbs. I make use of this expression to give you some idea of the vigour of her playing. This at times is so tremendous that I hardly can conceive her having any little fingers; indeed, I should imagine that her fingers are all thumbs.

To add to my discomfort, through the window comes a clamour of commingled jingle-jangling, which tells me my tormentors hem me round on every side. Some of them are singing, too, which makes the torture worse, and I am maddened by the sound of hackneyed operatic fragments, mixed up with vulgar fractions of music-hall-marked songs.

If you try a quiet watering-place, you will probably experience the same suffering as mine, and will agree with me in thinking that pianos should be taxed. A heavy impost should be laid on every instrument in use, and every performer should take out a playing licence, for which a handsome price should be demanded by the State. The strumming of pianos is worthy to be classed among those noxious occupations which are tolerated only in some specified localities, and are put under heavy penalties lest they affect the public health.

Believe me yours, in martyrdom,

Little Shrimpton, Saturday.

JOSEPH HAYDN JONES.

P.S. I think the tax might well be doubled to any one who practises with the window open.

"Whoop, Barnaby! Off——"
Old Song.

"MAY we have a Baldacchino?"
Ah, but tell us what you mean, O I
Foolish ornament might pass:
But if this means priestly fable,
Into "Altar" turning "Table"—
Law, permitting, were an Ass.

G. H. W. P

IS MR. WHALLEY right? Perish the thought, and yet——. In a brief biography of a respected clergyman a contemporary says, "He was greatly beloved. During the last ten years the population of the parish had greatly increased in number." MR. WHALLEY says that the Hibernian element is very strong in the London Press. We must own that the above spelling and logic are suggestive.



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION (FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER).

The Wife. "RUFUS, I CAN BEAR THIS NO LONGER! MY RIGHTS AS A WIFE, MY DUTIES AS A MOTHER, COMPEL ME TO SPEAK OUT! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN—WHICH IS IT TO BE?" *The Husband.* "'WHICH IS IT TO BE,' WILHELMINA?"

The Wife. "YES! WHICH IS IT TO BE? EITHER DECIDE ONCE FOR ALL, AND IMMEDIATELY, OR LEAVE ALL CHOICE IN THE MATTER TO ME!"

The Husband (after mature Reflection). "WILHELMINA, I ADOPT THE LATTER ALTERNATIVE! YOURS THE CHOICE, YOURS THE CONSEQUENT RESPONSIBILITY! THE ONLY CONDITIONS I MAKE ARE THESE:—IT MUST NOT BE FAR,—IT MUST NOT BE DEAR,—IT MUST NOT BE DULL,—IT MUST NOT BE VULGAR,—AND THERE MUST BE NO NIGGER MINSTRELS!"

SHUFFLING V. CUTTING.

(Hints on Whist, by Punch's own Cavendish. Respectfully dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. G.)

You may shuffle the cards with a will, my dear GLADSTONE,
Turn over the hand that you hold, through and through,
But, believe me, you'll yet have to mark with a sad stone
The day you determined to lay such a bad stone.

Of a stronger foundation the duty to do:
For ill-omened day, when you ended the seuffle
TWIST BAXTER and AYRTON and LOWE, with a shuffle!

For a hand at St. Stephen's, you *should* know, by this time,
Is just like a hand at the rest of the Clubs,
Where, if you drop in any day about whist-time,
(Though out of your work goodness knows how you'd twist time!)

You'll find the green tables arranging their rubs.
The point is not sorting the suits, but a hand
Of strong cards so played as the game to command.

A trump is a trump, wheresoever you put him:
And, in any position, a low card is low:
The deuce is the deuce, though 'twixt Court cards you shut him;
Knave *will* turn up knave, if by ill-chance you cut him;
Unaffected by place, still the honours will show;
Games have often been lost by an ill-timed *finesse*,
And the cost of revoking you've had to confess!

As I've looked o'er your shoulder, beside the green table
Where the game for the Treasury stake's being played,

I see a few moves that to see you're unable—
(Though the eye at the back of my head is a fable)—

And I own that much better the cards might have laid:
But good play ne'er stands out in such contrast with ill,
As when cards that fall badly are handled with skill.

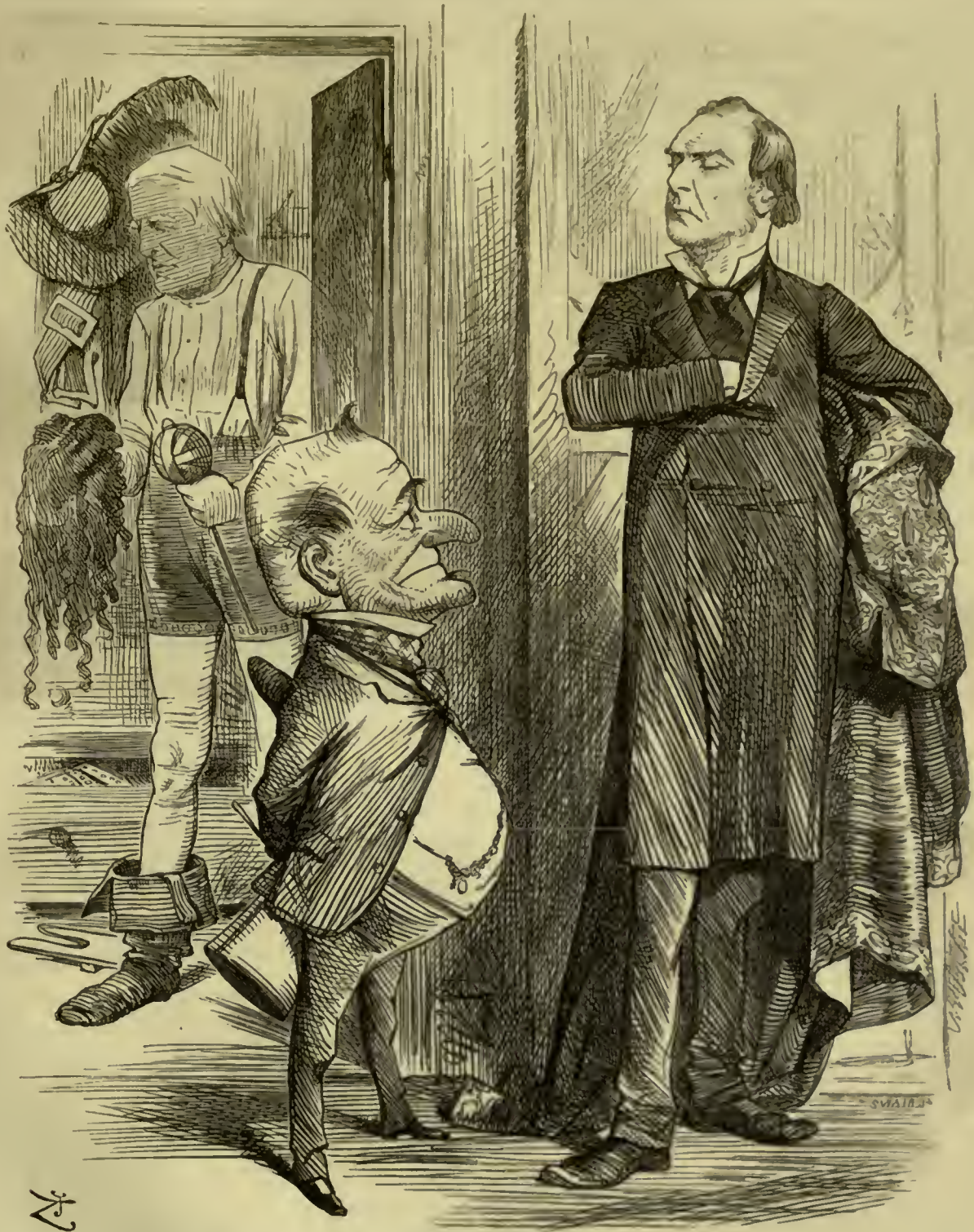
If you would but be rather less eager for winning,
A leetle less ready in risking your trumps,
Would go in less for tricks when the game is beginning,
Be not quite so cocky and cheeky, when winning,
And, when losing, a little less down in the dumps;
Ne'er go in for odd tricks, when their help you don't need,
And just think of your partners, ere forcing the lead—

If you'd learn not to fancy that mere hocus-pocus
Can avert Fortune's buffets and earn her rewards,
That weak cards will be strong, when their weakness you focus,
Or that into a blaze without coals you can stoke us—

The image to shift to steam-engines from cards—
That of *some* cards all hands will do well to get shut—
Cards it's no use to shuffle—they'd better be *cut* :—

I've not the least doubt, with the head on your shoulders,
And the pluck and resource that distinguish your play,
You still would astonish the sneering beholders,
In whom the dislike of your old prowess smoulders,
And carry, triumphant, the rubber away.
But if you'd court Fortune, and win her rewards,
You must try something better than shuffling weak cards.

A CABINET QUESTION.—Who ought to be the first man? ADAM.



“HER MAJESTY’S SERVANTS.”

(BEHIND THE SCENES.)

CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND. “I TELL YOU, WILLIAM, YOU *MUST* STRENGTHEN YOUR COMPANY FOR NEXT SEASON.”

COUNTRY MANAGER. “I’VE DONE IT, DEAR BOY! I’VE TAKEN BOB OUT OF ‘FIRST ROBBER’; I MEAN TO CHANGE THE CAST ALL ROUND; I’M ‘DOUBLING’ A PART MYSELF; AND WE’LL REVIVE ‘THE QUAKER’ FOR AN AFTERPIECE.”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

After a Visit to the Isle of Wight, reports thereupon to the Editor.
Suggestions to intending Yachtists.



BULK, Sir, I have been representing you, nautically, and you did not know it. No! Like one of "the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," you were reclining in the old arm-chair, in the chimney corner, of course with the fire out, and only in order to get a draught of fresh air from the chimney itself,—you, I say, were thus reclining, little wotting or (to sound nautically) little recking ("spell it with a *so*, my Lord") of the dangers which Your Representative was incurring 'twixt Southsea and Cowes.

Delay, you land lubbers! 'Twas in Stokes' Bay, or, to be accurate, 'twas off the Southsea pier, I waved a sorrowful adieu to the Poll of my heart,

and bade a long farewell to the shores of Old England, intending to remain in the Isle of Wight from, at all events, Friday afternoon till Monday morning. A brisk breeze sprang up, the sparkling waves danced with joy, as, answering to her helm, the Saucy (I forget her name) bared her snowy bosom to the sun, and, swan-like, glided o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

I write, observe, in a poetic vein; for the craft was a steamer, without sails, and singularly grubby for such a spick-and-span place as she was bound for. As to that epithet of LORD BYRON'S, "The Dark-Blue Sea," he evidently refers to the See of Oxford, the only one whose colour is, legitimately, dark blue. But, avast jesting, my mesamates! and, in a general way, Yeo ho!

I had gathered, from information I had received, that Cowes was *en fête*, and therefore, as Your Representative, I was dressed accordingly. Splice your old timbers! it would have done good to the cockles of your heart of oak to have seen me in a straw hat, real Panama, purchased in Germany, and warranted to be folded up and stowed away in your waistcoat pocket, a blue blouse, a bright sunset evening tie, underlying a striped turn-down collar, while below I was encased in a pair of ducks white as the riven snow, taut at the top, but large and loose at the point where they fall over the shoe. (This is, perhaps, a lengthy description, but appreciate its delicacy, which remembers that of the excellent maiden lady who would not pronounce the word "Rotterdam" on account of its improper termination, and admit that if it be lengthy, it is, at least, not so broad as it is long.)

As we neared Cowes we passed through a fleet of yachts, and Your Representative went aloft, that is stood up, and kept a bright look out, in the hopes of recognising some one on board one of these aristocratic craft who would hail him with a cheery "Ahoy! Messmate!" and ask him to come off to dinner. I daresay there were several doing this in the distance, but, as we sped along, my eye, unaided, was not arrested by any festive signals, nor did either six bells, or two guns, announce the preparations for dinner.

By the time I had got my sea legs on, I had to get 'em off again and walk ashore. I had arrived on the night of R.Y.S. Ball, and a queue of amateur tars were awaiting their turn at the hairdresser's, who, on this sultry day, was melting under the heavy work, like his own pomatum before a fire.

After my sea-voyage, I too wanted renovating with mechanical brushing, and the grateful shampoo, without which I foresaw I should not enjoy my dinner. Shampoo first, Champagne afterwards. However, I could not be attended to for at least an hour, so I wandered forth into the town, and paused in the first place before a shop-window which reflected me like a pier-glass. (Nautical *jeu de mot*. No gentleman staying at the sea-side perfect without a pier-glass. This is the effect of the briny breezes on Your Representative.)

I was astonished. My noble Panama, once the pride of a fashionable watering-place in Germany, by constant foldings and frequent battlings with the stormy winds, had got hopelessly out of shape. Here let me warn my readers against a Panama, except only for domestic wear, where nobody's looking. A Panama, price about

four guineas, is generally recommended as "a hat, Sir, that'll last you your lifetime." Quite so: it will, and a precious bore it becomes. Fashions change, but there's your Panama, always the same. No, not always, for having bought it for its "portability" (everything "portable" is, generally speaking, a mistake), you have frequently folded it up and stowed it away, in order to prove to your friends what a valuable acquisition your new purchase is, and thus whatever shape it might have had to start with, has been clean taken out of it. This results in "blocking and cleaning"—a process which will cost about four guineas more, per annum. So, on the whole, if the hat *does* last you your lifetime, as it undoubtedly will unless you destroy it, or lose it, you will bequeath a valuable heirloom to your family. Say you purchase it when you are thirty, and live till seventy, then the original cost being four guineas, and "blocking and cleaning" four more per annum, we get a total of about a hundred and seventy-two pounds, which represents the cost of the Panama hat at the time of your lamented decease.

Costume at the sea-side is everything, especially at Cowes, where you are nothing unless nautical; or, rather, as that's too much of a rough sea-doggy word, I should say yachtical. In Cowes the toy-shops are generally of a marine turn—toy sailors, dolls in yachting costume, boats of all sizes, cutters, yawls, and luggers. I noticed a brightly-painted Noah's ark on a shelf, in dock, as it were, being as much out of date as NELSON'S flag-ship among the ironclads. Shops having professionally nothing of a nautical character about them, go in for it by hanging up a picture of a fearful wreck.

As for the tailors, the haberdashers, bootmakers, and the linen-drappers, they display in every available space blue cloth, straw hats with names of yachts on the ribands, deck shoes, and sailor costumes for ladies. Skippers meet you at every turn, as do also first and second mates with sailors carrying provision-baskets. The conversation everywhere is about yachting: which won what, what came in when, and why the other didn't this time but would next, and so on. Guns at night. Somebody told me that they fired at the sun as it went down behind the horizon; which seemed a puerile sport. I am more inclined to believe that it was intended, not as a shot at the great luminary, but as a parting salute on his retiring for the evening.

The general idea conveyed by the appearance of Cowes to the mind of Your Representative was that a naval engagement was going on somewhere, perhaps in "the Roads" (absurd place, of course, for a naval engagement), and that the reserves were making the best of "ten minutes allowed for refreshment," on the island, before joining the battle.

But the great thing at Cowes is to master the difficulty of "*How to look like it*."

First, two weeks as a regular Yachtsman of the R.Y.S. evidently means ten thousand a year, at least. But how does little TOM TUPPENNY manage to do it on his three or four hundred per annum at most? Why, he has mastered the secret of "*how to look like it*." And this is it for Cowes: dress in yachting costume, ready, as it were, for action. If you know anyone with a yacht, and you can get an invitation, do so, of course; only in this case, mind, you must have no name on the hat-riband. If you have no yachting acquaintance, look over the list of yachts, and buy a riband with a name that isn't in the Catalogue.

This will give you an opportunity of spinning a yarn about, "Confound it, 'bliged to put into dock. Just off for Sweden. All hands to pump. Had to put back," &c. Or you can use strong language about your "Confounded Captain, who always *will* mistake your sailing orders, and who ought to have met you at Cowes."

Secondly, the purchase of a telescope (one second-hand, and utterly out of order, can be got for a mere trifle) is a necessity, as, whenever there's nothing else to be done at Cowes, the rule is to look through a glass of some sort, if a telescope, so much the better. The object is unimportant; but, if you *must* have one as a subject of conversation, you can always be on the look out for your boat, or for your confounded Captain (call him CAPTAIN HARRIS), who *won't* be punctual, hang him! and whom you intend, you can say severely, to dismiss the instant he arrives.

This method of "looking like it" will only cost you your ordinary living, and with a trip or two on the steamboat round the island and over to Southampton and Portsmouth (always, of course, in search of your missing idiotic Captain—for you must keep up the character), you'll have had most of the pleasure of yachting without any of the expense or bother attached to yacht-ownership.

A propos of "ownership," a nautical *jeu de mot* (and it's just as well to have these things ready) would be that the possession of a Yacht can't be properly described as Own-a-ship.

Also, with perfect truth, anyone who follows the above directions will be able to say to a landsman, "Ah, my boy! there's a heap of pleasure to be got out of a yacht!"—and you will make a mental reservation to the effect that whatever nautical pleasure you had at Cowes, you did get out of a yacht, and not *in* it.

But, avast heaving! or, my worthy Skipper, you'll be overhauling

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



THE LATEST FASHION.

"NOW, GIRLS, ARE YOU NOT JEALOUS OF MY NEW BATHING DRESS!—'SHAH BLUE,' AND WHITE BRAID!"

PILGRIMS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

Among the wonders of this scientific age, one of the greatest, perhaps, is the fact that people who live in it should, any of them, be so stupid and superstitious as to go on such a fool's errand as a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, in honour of MARIE ALACOQUE. Such folly and superstition may well be deemed, as the *Times* observes, "sufficiently astonishing even in France." The *Times* continues:—

"But what are we to say of the spread of such fanaticism in England? A band of pilgrims, with the benediction of the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER and his episcopal brethren, are to set out next month for the shrine of Paray-le-Monial, in France. The DUKE OF NORFOLK will go with it as its leading member, and LORD WALTER KERR will act as Secretary to the undertaking."

It is rather difficult to think what to say of the enterprise contemplated by His Grace and His Lordship. The *Times* may be right in arguing that—

"Superstition... is still a great force, and a considerable part of the population of Europe, are, so far as relates to religious matters, no more enlightened than they were five hundred years ago. It may be said that the spectacle of similar fanaticism in a higher class in England shows that education gives no guarantee against such relapses. But the two cases are probably very different in character. In England there is no chance whatever of such follies spreading, and they are rather the fancies of the over-cultivated than the beliefs of the ignorant."

Possibly. But before adopting that supposition to account for a proceeding which, on the face of it, indicates parity as to intelligence and enlightenment with French peasants, one would like to see the Noblemen who meditate it cross-examined in a witness-box. Perhaps the place where they received their education was either that celebrated institution, or some other such reputable seat of learning—Stonyhurst.

MALAPROPIANA.

MRS. MALAPROP, good soul! proposes to distribute tracts among Teetotalers, who, she regrets to hear, are living in a state of Spiritual Destitution.

TOO LATE FOR THE SHAH.

Of course his Persian Majesty the SHAH reads the *Morning Post*. That journal has probably given him cause, in the subjoined paragraph, to regret that he left England somewhat too soon to have an opportunity of witnessing a sight which would have interested him:—

"The Right Hon. ROBERT LOWE attended at the Home Office yesterday for the first time since his appointment as Secretary of State for the Home Department, and, as is customary, the several heads of the Office were presented to him."

The successor of DARIUS and numerous other despots is, doubtless, aware that the Law of England is now, according to Act of Parliament, always Finished in private. Perhaps, however, he does not also know that decapitation is no longer a part of the punishment for high treason. Very likely, therefore, when he read, or had read to him by an interpreter, the foregoing announcement, the idea occurred to him that the heads of the Office presented to Mr. LOWE, on entering upon the exercise of his functions as Home Secretary, were those of former officials, who had turned traitors and been brought to the block. Under that impression, he would naturally regret that he had not remained here long enough to have been enabled, by special invitation, to be present at a spectacle which familiarity with it is not supposed to prevent an Oriental Monarch from always enjoying. We had no Hanging Gardens to show him, but, he may think, we had a Home Office, within whose walls, had he stopped with us a little longer, he might have beheld a sight which would have been equivalent to the view afforded by that kind of pleasure-ground.

Something to Speak About.

AUTHENTIC statistics of the Herring Fishery would be acceptable to an economical philosopher, who is preparing a paper intended for the entertainment of one of the Associations about to assemble in comic sections. What he particularly wants to get at, among the circumstances of Herring-capture, is the Net Profit.



"SPEAK FOR YOURSELF!"

Jack (who has a neat Leg and Foot). "I SAY, TOM, DON'T YOU THINK KNICKERBOCKERS WOULD BE A VERY SENSIBLE SORT OF COSTUME FOR THE KIND OF TRIP YOU AND I PROPOSE!"

Tom (who is without these Advantages). "YES—BUT NOT FOR TWO OLD FOGIES LIKE YOU AND ME!"

MARRIAGES OF THE FUTURE.

It seems to be thought necessary to give fuller details every year of the marriages which are of importance enough to be announced in the public prints; so much so that eight or ten lines are now hardly sufficient for all the particulars which would have been compressed into two or three a few years ago. It is not difficult to foresee that these interesting epitomes of personal history have by no means reached their limit, and that, before long, paragraphs of eighteen or twenty lines will be required to satisfy the demands of family pride and self-importance. Announcements of marriages will lengthen and grow, until they reach something like the following dimensions:—

"On Thursday, the 5th instant,—being the anniversary of the birthday of the Bride, and also of the Bridgroom's maternal grandmother, MRS. WYNDHAM WIGMORE, relict of ALFRED WYNDHAM WIGMORE, Esq., Q.C. (formerly Solicitor-General for the Spice Islands), and last surviving grand-daughter of the Right Honourable LORD BALDERFIELD, G.C.B., G.C.H., of Lyehendale Court, Humbersland, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Bangkok on the Coronation of His Majesty the KING OF SIAM—at the parish church of High Roxbury, Bissex, by the Venerable the ARCHDEACON OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, assisted by the REV. WALTER T. TIPPER, Rector of High Roxbury, Prebendary of Porchester, Rural Dean, and Domestic Chaplain to the Most Noble the MARQUIS OF BRYANSTON, K.G., K.T., with the REV. FRANCIS HORATIO ADDISCOMBE, M.A., Fellow, Tutor, and Senior Bursar of No Souls College, Oxford, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, and the REV. S. TREMORDYN CLYMER, B.C.L., Private Tutor to the Right Honourable VISCOUNT FALKINGHAM, and second cousin of the bride, as auxiliaries; HUGH ALEXANDER MAXWELL ERRINGHAM, Esq., B.A., Fellow of No Souls College, Barrister-at-Law, of the Outer Temple, and 64, Coronation Gardens, Hyde Park, London, second son of SIR FLEETWOOD FORTESCUE ERRINGHAM, Baronet, of Gislsworth Park, Hurdleshire, to MILDRED MARIEL (Cosy), youngest daughter of JONATHAN HUXTERBY, Esq., of Goldenbanks, Spindleshire, and Loud House, Grand Duchess Terrace, W., J.P., D.L., and formerly High Sheriff of Spindleshire. In the unavoidable absence of her father, from a sudden attack of gout, the bride was given away by her uncle, CORNELIUS HUXTERBY, Esq., of Sunnyholme, Twickenham, and Capertailzie Lodge, Grampiansheugh, N.B. She was attended by twenty-

four bridesmaids, the principal being her bosom friend and schoolfellow, the Honourable PATRICIA MARY MULLIGAN, seventh daughter of the LORD O'MULLIGAN, of Castle Blarney, Ireland. The bridegroom's best man was LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SYDNEY SPENCER BYNGMOHE, of the Royal Arquebusiers (Grim Borderers). The bride and bridegroom are passing the customary interval of seclusion at Summersfield, Hurdleshire, the picturesque seat of the bridegroom's great aunt, HENRIETTA LADY BINBROOKE. They will receive visitors at their residence in Coronation Gardens on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of next month."

P.S.—We commend a sensible improvement in a recent announcement of a marriage. The principal officiating minister only was mentioned, with this addition—"assisted by four other clergymen." Wedding couples designate, please copy.

THE SUFFRAGE FOR THE SWAINS.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

By latest accounts from head-quarters,
The Ministers' good to promote,
'Tis meant to enfranchise the carters,
And gie every ploughman a vote;
Extendun the suffridge that furder.
"Revolution!" some grumblers cries out,
And hollers "High Treason" and "Murder!"
"Gie'n votes to the clodpole and lout!"

I hen't in no sitch consternation
About enfranchizun our clowns,
And grantun' um emancipation
As wide as the breezy South Downs.
No need to fly into a panic;
No fear of increasun' mob rule:
Clodhopper comparo with mechanic.
Which on 'um's most fur from a fool?

Suppose they be both fools together,
As their words and their acts both denotes,
Why then the plain question is whether
Both bain't alike fit to ha' votes?
The greatest o' pains has been taken
They shall vote as can't rade, write, nor spell;
Then why not allow a chawbacon
To tender a fool's vote as well?

But no man agrees with his brother,
Whose life is a different lot,
One fool, though as gurt as another,
His own sart o' folly ha' got.
So one's vote the t'other's opposes,
And that 's the defence of the plan
Of sufferidge by "countun o' noses";
O' Chelsea to quat the Wise Man.

The more, under that there condition,
The better the noses, for me,
I thinks I could sign a petition
For Earlswood to vote wi' the Free.
And then, if so be we admitted
Asylums, we med as well schools,
To be all the moor benefitted
By havin' fools vote agen fools.

Leastways, as the nateral protectors,
And gardjuns o' them that we loves,
We ought to make all them electors,
Our darluns, our dukes, and our doves.
To poll we shall soon dance so gaily,
Together, both faymales and men;
BILL GLADSTONE bids 'gainst BEN DISRAELI;
And BILL med be outbid by BEN.

"Much Dare in It."

Rob Roy.

THE *Inverness Courier*, remarking upon MR. BRUCE'S taking the title of LORD ABERDARE, suggests that LORD NEVERDAKE might have been as apposite. 'Tis neat. But, anyhow, his Lordship went to the last Mansion House banquet to speak, though well aware that he had nothing to say, and the learned Editor of the *Courier* knows (better than most men) who wrote—

"Judicious drank, and greatly daring, dined."



THE SCHOOL TREAT.

Young Lady (to Little Girl). "MY DEAR, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

Little Girl. "EH?"

Young Lady. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY DEAR?"

Little Girl. "O, WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO SAY OUR CATECHISM! WE CAME TO PLAY AND ENJOY OURSELVES. COME ALONG, ALICE, AND HAVE A DONKEY RIDE!"

"AMANG YE, TAKIN' NOTES."

OUR provincial friends of the Press will be good enough to remember that *Punch* has now a little time to look about him, that as he reposes *sub tegmine*, the local paper comes under his keen eye, and that a blue pencil (if he may mention such a thing without Contempt of Court) is usually in his waistcoat pocket, for the marking of any matter that may seem to him facetious. In proof whereof he subjoins a Blue passage from a late *Leamington Chronicle*. A certain concert was described, and this tribute was borne to the talents of MISS EDITH WYNNE, who, 'deed truth, deserves all sorts of laudation.

"MISS EDITH WYNNE is the TITIENS of the saloon, and sang with her clear notes reaching the circumference of the audible in the silence of attentive appreciation; and interspersing the programme with the Orpheus Gleo Union, who sang without accompaniment with a roll of tone and precision of time that show what can be done by high cultivation brought to bear on the melodies that have won the reputation of melodious for all time."

We do not say that this is bad musical criticism, as times go, but on the whole we should prefer a somewhat "nicer derangement of epitaphs."

The Official Paradise.

WHEN the Right Honourable and Amiable Gentleman, who was President of the Board of Works, and is Judge-Advocate-General, first entered on the duties of his former office, he made, it will be recollected, a speech, wherein, amongst other negative qualifications for the performance of them, the advantage of being no market-gardener was one which he claimed credit for. In the capacity, to use a questionable expression, which MR. AYRTON has vacated, he is succeeded by MR. ADAM. If worthy of his name, whether he prove to be an *Ædile* or no, ADAM will at any rate be a gardener.

WHINE AND WATER.

WANTED, a BUTLER for a family in the country; must be a teetotalter, and have a good character.—Apply, stating age, length of character, and wages expected, to ***, care of MR. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand.

CONTRARY to our wont, we give the address, if only to compliment our friend MR. TWEEDIE upon his instructive Temperance Gallery of Pictures. We always stop to look at them when we walk up that side of the Strand, and are always filled with moral abstaining sentiments which last us until we get to the Club, and call for sherry and bitters. But what does the advertisement mean? A Teetotal Butler! Are the advertisers Teetotalters? (Bless the slang!) If so, they do not want a Butler. But do they partake of the glorious juice of the grape, given by kind Providence to make glad the heart of man? If so, why a Teetotal Butler? Is it not that official's business to know all about his wines, and to advise his master? And ought he not to take care that no bottle he produces is corked? We should as soon engage a Vegetarian Cook as a Teetotal Butler. The fact is, that the abstaining fanaticism means water on the brain, and hence idiocy.

A Great Deal in a Name.

DISTINCTIONS are always invidious, and to be avoided. In "the Intelligence Department of the Army" there would seem to lurk an implication, which terror of the new Judge Advocate-General and his powers forbids us indicating more definitely. Is it too late to select a less obtrusive title for this new Department? Besides, the Royal Engineers have long had a right to it.

CABINET NEWS.

THE only Ministers who are on speaking terms are the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



BOS WANTS EPHIPPIA.

Rustic. "AH, I WISH I COULD DO THAT THERE, SIR!"

Artist (who has been Sketching all day in the Sun). "DO YOU? WHY?"

Rustic. "WELL, SIR, I BE MAIN TIRED O' HARD WORK!"

INSTEAD OF THE SEA.

Do not be despairing, if financial or other obstacles compel you to relinquish your intention of visiting the sea-side this Autumn. By the exercise of a little ingenuity you may, though you never stir out of London, secure most if not all of the pleasures and advantages which Breezgate or Gayborough can offer, without the expenses, inconveniences, and drawbacks, which past experience has taught you to associate with a temporary residence in those Marine Elysia. All you require is a few hints how to proceed. Here they are, carefully selected.

Saline bathing the first thing in the morning has been recommended you. Some "Sea Salt" in your own comfortable bath, in your own snug bed-room, will enable you to follow your medical adviser's directions to the letter, and spare you much you would have to go through at Shingleton—the premature rising to be in time for some particular condition of the tide, the hasty equipment, the hurried walk, the bathing caravan, and all its damping circumstances.

The simple addition of a dish of shrimps, or the more refined prawns, to your breakfast-table, will at once put you on a par with your more affluent brother-in-law at Jetby.

Your morning promenade is a very obvious arrangement. Wherever you may live, be it in the North at Islington, or in the South at Stockwell, in the East at Hackney, or the West at Brompton, you can easily, speedily, and cheaply reach the Strand. If you are inclined to extend your ramble, at the proper time (any almanack or calendar will tell you the exact hour and minute), you may take your stand on London Bridge, and there, in your light suit and straw hat, and sand shoes, wait for high water. Should the day be windy, it will be an agreeable variety to return by the Embankment, and watch the yeasty waves foaming in the wake of the steam-vessels and other craft navigating the waters of our great tidal stream.

And now, with heightened colour and sharpened appetite, you are

BALDACCHINO FOR BARNEY.

Roofer-pogey Ritualee,
Did he want a *baldacchino*?
Would he play at Romance?
There, then! Dolly be *bambino*.

Dolly lay in little crib;
Baldacchino raise 'bove Dolly.
Put *biretta* on, and bib;
Did they call it Parson's folly?

Bow to Dolly, that's a man;
Bend a knee and lie down lowly
Flat on face, sing "Dolly bran
All inside, but holy-poly."

Bishop consecrate him oil;
Bless him wax, and holy water;
Squirt and sprinkle; shall he spoil,
Shan't he, dress of Fashion's daughter?

Incense for his little pot,
Smell, how nice, see how smoke lingers!
Swing-swong!—but the censer's hot;
Mind he doesn't burn his fingers.

Good for Evil.

His Majesty, CHRISTIAN, King of Denmark, has verified his name. He has conferred on the Prince Imperial of Germany the Order of the Elephant. This, for the Sovereign who was despoiled of Schleswig-Holstein, is transcendental forgiveness.

One would think, however, if one did not know better, that the Order of the Elephant was an order not of honorary distinction, but of architecture. Would you not take the Order of the Elephant to be a phrase for the Tuscan Order?

OUR MASTERS.

"A conference of Home Rulers is being held in Newcastle-on-Tyne."

It will not surprise us to learn that the Conference was attended by an overwhelming number of married ladies. Home Rule is a subject thousands of them thoroughly understand.

ready for the fish dinner which can always be obtained in London, but is not so invariably to be depended upon by the occupants of furnished lodgings at three guineas and a half a week (kitchen fire, gas, boot-cleaning, the use of plate and linen, and attendance, extra), at Quayside or Alghathorpe.

As the day wears on, books will form a pleasant resource. The observation of an eminent naturalist that fish, as an article of food, is beneficial to the brain, will come home to you with redoubled force, when you find your appreciation of GEORGES SAND, or CRABBE, or SHELLEY, or some other old-established favourite (SPRAT now-a-days nobody reads—he is quite out of season), keener than ever after your finny meal.

Music will be instrumental in helping you to while away the twilight hours. As you listen to or take a part in *By the Sad Sea Waves*, *The Minute Gun at Sea*, *The Sands of Dee*, *What are the Wild Waves Saying?* and other nautical ballads and concerted pieces, the last trace of envy of BARWYS at Charmouth, or STEELMAN at Llanylleth, will fade away into the peaceful evening.

A lobster, with or without salad, will be the fitting close to a well-spent day; and if you seek your bed a little earlier than usual (No—I think I would not take a Cockerle), you will only be following the example of LOTHBERRY, gaping simultaneously at Feryeombe, or your old friend, MARK MISCING, yawning, with a candlestick in his hand, the self-same hour, at Dawdlish.

Insufficiently Armed.

Our attention has been drawn to a paragraph headed "New Arm for American Cavalry." Up to this moment we were ignorant that horse soldiers in the United States had not the proper equipment of members; and we can but rejoice that so serious a deficiency is about to be made good—probably by one of those mechanical contrivances in which our Transatlantic brethren are known to excel. We conclude that it is not the sword arm American troopers have wanted.

GEOGRAPHY PAPER.



UPPOSING your life, your liberty, your matrimonial prospects depended upon the correctness of the answer, could you say what the Limpopo is—rare bird or secluded river—or in what quarter of the world it is to be found?

How much time do you require to collect your ideas and tell your contemporaries what you know about the Tulul el Safa? Would a private room be of service?

Are you acquainted with the Neighbourhood of Bunder Marayah, or, better still, with Bunder Marayah itself? Any information you can supply as to lodgings, *table d'hôte*, prices of provisions, return tickets, shooting, etc., will be very acceptable to those of us who are now debating "Where to go."

How long does A Journey in Yezo take, and do you go by road, rail, or river? Are the Hotels clean, cheap, and comfortable?

Would you prefer to spend your vacation in making an Expedition with an Archimandrite through Manchuria (for further particulars of that terrible country consult the learned CAROLUSAGNUS), or in taking a Journey with Havidar through Chitral to Faizabad? (An immediate reply is requested, as the number of applicants is enormous.)

Should you feel perfectly happy, comfortable, and secure, if, after starting from Shiraz, you were told that you were bound for Bam? Would not an expression of incredulity steal over your face, on hearing what your destination was to be?

You are, of course, well acquainted with the bearings of the Old Hebrides. Will you compare them longitudinally and latitudinally with those of the New Hebrides, and add anything of interest that you may happen to know in reference to the Santa Cruz group?

What are your feelings this warm weather about Equatorial Africa?

Which Island do you know least about—the Island of Minicoy or the Island of Sagalin?

What was the cause of the untimely fate of the "Ruined Cities" of Central America—luxury or over-speculation?

Conversant as you necessarily are, from your Public School and University education, with the geography of Australia, and perfectly clear as you must be in your recollection of the exact relative position of North Australia, South Australia, West Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales, and the Great Australian Bight, you can have no difficulty in explaining how you would proceed to explore the south-western portion of that Continent.

If you were asked where the Bhawalpore State was, in answering India you would be so far correct; but, as India is a wide district, a little more precise information will be acceptable.

Have you quite made up your mind what the Anti-Libanus is, or are you still wavering between a prophylactic and a Society?

"Echigo, Echiu, Kaga, and Noto." These are not names of everyday occurrence, we admit; and, therefore, we shall be agreeably surprised if you can state of what country (it begins with *J* and ends with *n*) they are provinces. It is not our province to assist you further.

You know Upper Tooting? Has it ever struck you that there is a similarity between that region and the Upper Oxus?

Was the visit to Fernando Noronha a success? Did he offer refreshments, and has he returned the call?

Where is "Monograph on the Oxus"?

Only tell us (privately, if more agreeable) something about "Ttahuantin Suyu," and we promise never again to ask you disagreeable questions.

N.B.—Should any difficulty be felt in answering these few simple elementary questions, a reference to the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, Vol. XLII, now ready," will put an end to all troubles.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND SMOKE.

PERHAPS some competent member of the Social Science Association will, with a view to a paper for their approaching Congress, make a note of the following extract from the *Times* :—

"TOBACCO.—Smoking is greatly on the increase, as appears from an official paper just issued. In the last seven months the declared value of unmanufactured tobacco imported was 1,068,201 lb., against 623,588 lb. in the corresponding period of the previous year."

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus. From *Baccho* the transition by phonetic impulse to tobacco is natural, and suggests the question whether the increase of smoking has had the effect of increasing the marriage-rate?

Tobacco is not the same with *Baccho* in its properties, and it is very different from bread. Statistics show that a fall of bread always coincides with a rise of matrimony. This fact illustrates the providence of the Masses; when bread falls they immediately marry, calculating that it will never rise again. At the same time they purchase more tobacco. With them the fragrant weed is not unfavourable to the tender passion. But amongst the poorer middle and comparatively less wealthy of the upper classes, a young man in love is now by no means the common phenomenon that he used to be. On the contrary, the goose has become a black swan, and, in the meanwhile, the consumption of tobacco has evidently increased, especially amongst middle and upper class young men. Tobacco allays cravings; it may allay the cravings of affection. Smoking is a practice conducive to philosophical serenity, and exclusive of sentimental emotion; now the love which actuates the better orders,

when they give way to it, is specifically sentimental. As a powerful aid to reflection, smoking disposes youth to calculate consequences; thus tending to co-operate, in relation to love and matrimony, with the difficulty of obtaining decent employment and with the high price of provisions. And, certainly, it is now very seldom that a poor young gentleman enrages and grieves his anxious parents by marrying a girl without a penny.

You want statistical returns of the comparative consumption of bird's-eye, Havannah cigars, and the rest of the higher class tobaccos. Also a numerical comparison of the average of "Marriages" in the *Times* yearly for a series of years. This information would require taking some trouble to get it, but that, to a votary of Social Science, would be a labour of love. In conducting this important and interesting inquiry, there is one point which should not fail to receive due investigation. Care should be taken to ascertain, if possible, to what extent the habit of smoking prevails, and the rate at which it has increased from a given period of recent date, amongst young ladies.

Sport and Saying.

A PHRASE once much in vogue to express excellence was "This beats cock-fighting." Good phrases are, and ever were commendable, but cock-fighting is now illegal, because it is thought cruel. We could, however, still say, "This beats pigeon-shooting."

AN IMPOSSIBLE MANŒUVRE IN AUTUMN.—To be in the March past.

SEVERE WORK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



riding races upon bicycles, they were to set to work in earnest during the recess, and settle a few things which for a long while have been talked about, they might, ere next election, regain their reputation as the Working Majority. They may incline to say, with *Palstaff* (merely altering a syllable), "Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vacation;" and they may easily bethink themselves of a host of pressing matters on which they may bestir themselves. For instance, they may—

1. Fix a day for laying the foundation stone of the new Law Courts.
2. Clear away the ugly hoarding which disfigures Leicester Square, and, in place of the old Statue, erect a pretty fountain.

ow, it is admitted that Our Governors, that is to say, the Government, have not done very much this Session for the benefit of themselves, or the advantage of the country—which, after all, perhaps, is a secondary matter. But it is surely not too late to retrieve their falling character. If, instead of shooting, fishing, hunting, yachting, touring, bathing, boating, lounging, larking, Alpine climbing, public orationising, pitching pebbles in the Sea, and

3. Devise a way to utilise in a really worthy manner the noble Thames Embankment.

4. Suggest a method for supplying us with cheaper gas and purer water.

5. Invent a proper mode for punishing the Vandemons and other careless drivers, who cause such cruel daily slaughter in the streets.

6. Propose a plan which would prevent, in any future case, such a scandalous and costly waste of public time as in the present pending trial.

7. Devise a mode of making a speedy diminution in the present cost of fuel.

8. Prepare a practicable scheme of penal legislation, whose aim should be enforcing punctuality on railways.

9. Abolish half our Cabs and three-fourths of their drivers, and, in lieu of them, provide us with comfortable vehicles and conscientious civil Cabbies.

10. Hit upon a plan to improve the present system, whereby all the busy men are always summoned on juries, and all the idlers somehow manage to escape them.

11. Pull down the frightful pepper-boxes which disgrace Trafalgar Square, and begin a National Gallery worthy to adorn the finest site in Europe.

12. Set on foot a scheme for better education of our Vestrymen and Civic Corporations.

13. Read through, with careful study, all the back volumes of *Punch*, with the view of gaining wisdom for future mental guidance.

PUZZLE FOR YOUR "UNCLE."—Ask a Pawnbroker how much he would give you on your birthday.

CRAB'S PROGRESS.

WHAT would happen if the black men refused to work in the tropics, and we could get no more cotton or sugar? The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that the slave trade might possibly be revived. There is another case, far from unlikely, of which the occurrence might produce the same result. Our masters the colliers will by-and-by, perhaps, have succeeded in extorting from their employers above a whole week's wages for half a day's work. Nevertheless they will still go on striking for less work and more wages, until at last they will have raised the cost of coals to prohibitory prices. We shall then have to choose between being frozen and starved to death, or procuring fuel by compulsory labour, which, large as is the per-centage in our population of the criminal classes, we could not depend upon convicts for. And, if we could, the criminal classes are the dangerous classes, and convicts, even working under the strictest supervision, could not be trusted with safety-lamps in mines. Then it is at least conceivable that we should buy a coloured man and a brother, and say to him, "Thou shalt work ere I perish." Even if the colliers set bounds to their extortion, yet if we go on supplying the world with fuel, scarcity of coals will sooner or later ensue from exhaustion. White men, that is to say men who can be washed white, will be unable to dig coal at a certain depth because of the high temperature. For coal-miners we shall then want niggers, who can stand working in tropical climates, and shall be able to get a sufficient supply of them only by forcible importation. If we are not to go without coals, it will be necessary for us to enslave either niggers or men of another race equally able to endure heat, though not, as their name may seem to imply, capable of being employed to reduce it—the Coolies.

MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

IT is well understood that MR. GLADSTONE's activity in the Vacation will not cease with School Meetings and Eisteddfods. His visit to Balmoral will, unfortunately, interfere with his desire to be present at the Birmingham Musical Festival, but he hopes to take part in the Meeting of the Three Choirs at Hereford, in September. The PREMIER's journey to Scotland has put an end to his projected excursion to Dartmoor, but if the Camp at Cannock Chase is not broken up when he returns from the North, he still intends to see something of the Autumn Manœuvres. Any spare moments the PRIME MINISTER and CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Leader of the House of Commons can command are devoted to the composition of the paper—we are not at liberty to refer particularly to its subject—which he looks forward to reading at the forthcoming meeting of the British Association at Bradford; and to the preparation of the Address which the Social Science Congress hope to hear from him when they assemble at Norwich. The members of the Church Congress are anticipating with great pleasure MR. GLADSTONE's presence

amongst them at Bath in October; and London expects to see him back in November, to reply to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers" at the LORD MAYOR's inaugural banquet in the Guildhall.

SHAME!

"The Goulston Square Model Baths and Wash Houses, the first erected of these most useful institutions, opened twenty years since, in one of the most foul and fetid quarters of Whitechapel, by FAIRBANK ALBERT, and a distinguished company of supporters, lay and clerical, are now lying useless, in waste and decay, under a debt of £6000, of which £4000 has still to be subscribed."

MASTER BULL, MASTER BULL,
At your purse take a pull,
And fork out a small contribution,
The needful bestowing
To pay the debt owing,
That now keeps the Goulston Street Bath's taps from flowing,
And the Goulston Street cisterns their suds from bestowing,
While the poor of the quarter
Are starving for water,
And their bodies and homes reek with plague and pollution!
And all that is wanted, this good work to do,
Is less than six thousand, of which they've raised two!

Think, some twenty years since,
How you cheered the Good Prince,
Of good works that stout Pioneer:
As with Bishops to court him,
And Peers to support him,
And no fear of JOHN BULL's *vis inertiae* to thwart him,—
Which now on these Baths sits in piteous *post mortem*,—
He opened this "Model,"
Which all rushed to coddle,
Sanitarian Sage, and philanthropist Peer.
Now the windows are broken, the buildings defaced,
The Bath-cisterns dry, and the Wash-houses waste!

And this is the land
Where good sense has command,
And the practical head guides the diligent hand!
And here is a matter,
Which, spite of our chatter,
Of Duty, and loud Sanitarian clatter,
With which we hulk conscience, and indolence flatter,
All London's full view in,
We let go to ruin
A work, which was built as "a Model" to stand!
Are we humbugs, or hypocrites? Tell me, JOHN BULL:
Or should "Model" be "Muddle"—great cry, little wool?
If not, from your purse that four thousand please pull!

OUR BRAVE TRUNCHEONERS.

WHILST reclining on the sand, in view of what, with a slight confusion of poetical ideas, may be described as the innumerable smile of the sad sea waves, we beguile our holiday leisure by reading our bluebook, or the official report or return last out, our minds often wander from the interesting pages before us back to our metropolitan or suburban home. We trust it has not been burnt down. It was left in the charge of an old woman, or a young one. We hope it may not have been broken into, and will not be. Our confidence in that respect, humanly speaking, rests on the Policeman, of whom we are reminded, in the course of our vacation light reading, by the Report on the Metropolitan Police, recently presented to the HOME SECRETARY by their CHIEF COMMISSIONER. This attractive and entertaining production contains one piece of particularly welcome information:—

"Robbery and attempts to rob have decreased from 97 in 1871 to 72 in 1872, whilst in the latter year arrests were made and convictions obtained in 60 cases out of 72 which occurred. This is the smallest number of cases of this grave description on record during the last ten years."

Deeply as we must ever sympathise with our flesh and blood when the former is scored and the latter elicited or extravasated by the Cat; painful to our own finer feelings as is the infliction of the Lash on the sensitive, hide of our Brother Man, we cannot but recognise in the foregoing figures a gratifying illustration of the beneficial effects of that agonising, but, when merited by a brutal rascal, that salutary process. No doubt the cheering results above enumerated have been obtained chiefly by flogging garotters; and they encourage steady perseverance in that stern but satisfactory practice. Some argument for the extension of a degrading though preventive if not reformatory punishment may appear to be furnished by the statement that:—

"The assaults on the police steadily increase; they were—1869, 2358; 1871, 3325; 1872, 3692. So that every policeman is assaulted about once in every two years."

This implies an average of bodily harm perhaps exceeding that of the Warrior whose beat is on the battle field, and who takes his wounds in combat with foreign foes. But, besides:—

"In addition to these assaults, which were all more or less severe, there were 342 cases of attempts to rescue, and 71 of obstructing the constables in their duty, making a total of 4105 cases, out of which 3990 were summarily convicted, and 32 sent for trial."

Would not the scars received by the brave Blues of Scotland Yard in grapple with domestic enemies be probably rendered less numerous by subjecting the offenders also, by whom they have been occasioned, to the operation of the beneficent whip? The experiment would cost nothing except the tears of unthinking tenderness, and might well be tried by an economical Government.

There is much error in the view commonly taken of the relations often subsisting between Policemen and the gentler sex, with whom they are wont to communicate at the area. COLONEL HENDERSON doubtless could have pointed out that the relations which constables are accustomed to contract with cooks, are generally cultivated by those truly gallant fellows purely to acquire knowledge with a view to the prevention of burglary, so often effected through the complicity of domestic servants with thieves, and are seldom designed to procure bread-and-cheese or bread - and - butter, and slices of beef and mutton. The judicious housekeeper will regard with wise vigilance, but not undue suspicion, or fear for his larder, the expedient intimacy of MARY with ROBERT.

Before moving on, it may be remarked that the Police are not too numerous, and are by no means overpaid; and that it would be erring at small cost on the safe side to increase their number considerably, and raise their pay.



WE SOON DISCOVER THERE ARE WORSE EVILS THAN PHYSICAL PAIN.

"O, AUNTIE, DARLING! IF THE ACHE WOULD ONLY COME ON AGAIN NOW! IT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE AWAY COMPLETELY!"

Ardent Spiritualism.

PEOPLE affect to deride Spiritualism, many of whom themselves have dealings with a familiar Spirit. This is the Spirit known in many circles as "Old Tom," who usually under that name communicates by taps.



HOMER IN WALES.

“NUNQUAM BONUS DORMITAT HOMERUS!”

MR. GLADSTONE, at the great Eisteddfod, said, “Yours is an ancient language, and the language is connected with an ancient history, and it is connected with an ancient music and with an ancient literature. It is a venerable relic of the past, and there is no greater folly circulating upon the earth than the disposition to undervalue the past.” [But he strongly urged every Welsh person to learn English.]—*Aug. 19, 1873.*

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Something more about the Isle of Wight.)



avast there! For an instant I forgot that the individual must be merged, nay obliterated in The Representative.

You can always avoid loneliness at Cowes, even if you are there quite alone and knowing no one, by speaking to the Signalmen at the R. Y. S. Club-house, known as "The Castle." He is civil; not too civil, and reckons you up in no time. This is very clever on his part, as he never looks at you while talking, being always occupied with conning something in the offing through a telescope. It struck me that he is so accustomed to this as to be unable to see without it, and that consequently he had sighted me a long way off, and had reckoned up the full importance of *Elvira* on my hat.

However, the value of a chat with him is, that, at no expense, unless you suggest a glass of wine (he is too great a swell for beer), you can pass in the eyes of the admiring public for a member of the Club in whose grounds you are standing. After this, you can walk with a prouder air. Should the Signalmen be your only acquaintance, and you are not on speaking terms with members of the Royal Family, or any of the noblemen and titled gentry, your time (this to the reader) will hang a bit heavy on your hands, and I advise you, as you value your holiday, to take the steamer for Ryde; for, after all, you are lost at Cowes; Ryde is the better place of the two, and from Ryde you can go anywhere by coast, train, or boat, which you can't from Cowes. Your Representative was much struck by the smallness of the Island, and everything in it. The whole thing is a toy. The Tramway, to begin with, is a toy, brightly coloured, with a neat conductor. The little Railway Station is a toy; so's the miniature train, which should be wound up and go by clock-work instead of steam. Then the hills, and the plains, and the bridge, and the little people walking about, and the little shops and the little shopkeepers, all toys, every one of them, and the whole thing could be stowed away with much neatness and precision in a few boxes such as the Germans make for toy-packing. Shanklin is just what you'll see in one of the toyshop windows in Regent Street, only that when Your Representative visited it the Waterfall hadn't been wound up, and nothing was playing a tune. This was unfair, as I had to pay eighteenpence for seeing this Shanklin toy. That one-and-six at the gate, and the way it was got out of me, quite spoiled the romance of a stroll through Shanklin Chine. You wander on under overhanging trees, and by the side of glistening rocks, you shudder at the depth below, and you gaze enraptured at the glimpse of blue sky through the fretwork of foliage above, and you soliloquise aloud or to yourself. I reached that poetic point when one feels inclined (as I felt representing *You, Sir*), to pour forth my whole soul in some sympathetic ear; and at this minute my eye lighted upon a young and lovely brunette standing pensively by a rustic bridge gazing out toward the sea; I paused, for not by a footfall would I have disturbed her meditation.

However, she had caught the sound of my fairy-like step (I was weighed the other day, and am able on authority to correct the report about my walking fourteen stone in my boots), and, sighing gently, she turned her head towards me.

I approached the Bridge, and, with that courtliness which distinguishes any one, Sir, who represents You as You ought to be repre-

sented (a photograph generally flatters the original), I raised my hat, and respectfully, but cheerfully, alluded to the beauty of the weather, the poetic inspiration of so lovely a spot, and awaited her reply.

Ah, Sir! such soft eyes! And I saw that she was about to reply. She did. She said—

"Yes, there ain't a many people 'ere to-day, and I ain't done much. It's sixpence is the regular thing, but it's what you like to give the gal, Sir."

I shuddered. The Romance had vanished. She had change for half-a-crown, that is, she gave me a shilling, said "Thankye, Sir," showed me out through a gate, which she looked on the inside, and then I was alone on Shanklin Beach—alone with the bathing-machines.

Shanklin will be a great place one of these days, when the climate is changed and the projected buildings are finished.

Your Representative dined at Shanklin, and, as up to six in the afternoon there is nothing to do at Shanklin, and after that hour still less, I returned by the up-train to Ryde.

As regards any public amusement, the evenings at Ryde are a trifle dull. However, if fine, everybody is out till they turn in for the night; and, if wet, everybody turns in, and won't go out. Ventriloquists and Conjurers occasionally try their luck here, and do well, I believe, for once only. I observed that the Beautiful and the Gifted, who so long delighted London, at the Queen's Theatre, with their performances of *Elizabeth* and her young friend, were advertised to appear for one week at Ryde. But—

O, Mrs. ROUSBY!

If the night's fair

Folks take the air,

What will your house be?

At one time I thought of turning this absence of entertainment to as good account as did an enterprising gentleman with a limited knowledge of legerdemain in California. It occurred to me that I might get one good house, and that then I should have to leave before the performance was over, with, of course, the cash-box, so as to save that valuable article from the fury of the audience. It was the story of the above-mentioned conjuror in the gold regions that suggested the idea. His name was TIMMINS, or something like it, and he knew about as many tricks as would make him an agreeable after-dinner companion when the conversation flagged. However, the worse the material the greater the speculation.

A brilliant idea occurred to the entrepreneur, who immediately advertised TIMMINS as "The Great Basilikon Thaumaturgist," and fitted him with a programme announcing such wonders as had never before been seen there or anywhere else. Elephants were to fly out of snuff-boxes, a living head would walk and talk in the air; in fact, there was no limit to the marvels, except that at the foot of the bill was an intimation to the effect that "*this programme might be varied*"—and so it was considerably. But there was one good house at all events. "The Great Basilikon Thaumaturgist" disappeared only to re-appear with some other title elsewhere, probably in America, as a Lieutenant, a Colonel, or a Doctor, for it is noticeable that these peripatetic legerdemainists are nothing unless dubbed with some military or learned prefix.

Had I but known five tricks, three with cards and two without, I would have given an evening with COLONEL FLIX. I should have chosen this title, it's so vague—"COLONEL FLIX, the Celebrated Double-handed Isaurian Trompydeuxologist and Spiritualistic Asmodeuxmachinistical Delusoriat; with" (of course) "testimonials from all the Crowned Heads of Europe who have witnessed my astounding performances."

As representing You, Sir, I am the soul of honour, and, therefore, I did not venture upon the above entertainment. No; I went to bed early, and dreamt that I was King of the Isle of Wight.

O! but if I were! "*Si j'étais Roi de Brucie!*" What an army and navy I'd have! England should tremble every morning, and the Stock Exchange would be crowded an hour and a half before the usual time by excited Brokers, eager for the latest news from the Island.

There should be a regiment called the Black Gang Chimers, or Black Gang Chinese, a troop, or *troupe* (for it sounds more like some new form of Christy Minstrels; not before it's wanted by the way), which should strike terror to the hearts of the foe. What a band should accompany this picked body of men! Every known instrument played by its own unequalled professor, from the tom-tom to the triangle and bones, and Jew's-harp. Jew's-harp! then, again—I'd re-establish the People on certain conditions (financial and favourable, of course), and they should have the sole right to the left-off army clothing. There should be equal laws, and but one punishment for everything. This last should be redeemable by a fine to be paid into the Royal Treasury. The Government would be Autocratic and Fatalist; and I should have gambling-tables at all the principal towns. The PRINCE OF MONACO would be nowhere when compared with the EMPEROR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT. It would be



A VICTIM.

Friend (whispers). "WHAT'S THE USE OF HAVING THAT HEAVY MAN BEHIND YOU, HARRIET?"

Harriet. "NO USE; BUT CHARLES WON'T LET ME GO OUT WITHOUT HIM?"

Friend. "THEN WHY NOT MAKE HIM WALK UP THE HILLS?"

Harriet. "BECAUSE HE KEEPS ME WAITING SO LONG AT THE TOP."

necessary to take a name, establish a dynasty, and an aristocracy. The first nobleman would be the Pier at Ryde. This reminds me that the place of Court Jester would not be long vacant; but on terms—viz., one old joke, or twice the same joke before the same company, and "Off with his head!" a sentence which would be immediately carried into execution, unless a fine equivalent to the offence were paid down *sur le champ*.

This phrase reminds me that the language of the Court should be French. What fun the first six months of my reign would be! Everybody with a grammar in one pocket, a dictionary in the other, and a conversation-book in his hand. But at present I am not King of the Island, but content to be devotedly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

TANTALISING.

It has been said before, we are fully aware, twenty, thirty, fifty, nay a hundred times; but never with such force and meaning as at the present hour. The exigency of the occasion is ample justification for its repetition. In front of the Athenæum, within a stone's throw of the DUKE OF YORK, and in full view of LORD CLYDE and SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, there is to be seen at the present time the finest statue—is it too much to say the only fine statue? which has ever been erected in London. This is cheering news for all who have suffered from a grim succession of PEELS, and WELLINGTONS, and HAYLOCKES, and NAPIERS, and various other Royal and distinguished effigies. It would be, were it not for the disheartening statement that this great work is only to stay in its present position for a time. It is going to India. Is it quite impossible that MR. FOLEY'S "OUTRAM" should remain *in statu quo*? What an obligation we should be under to India if that country would allow us to arrange for a duplicate, to be executed and sent out with the utmost possible despatch, and consent to our retaining the prize we are so loth to surrender!

WHY I AM IN TOWN.

BECAUSE I have long felt a strong desire to know by personal experiment what London is like at this season of the year.

Because the house requires some repairs, and I am anxious to be on the spot to look after the workpeople.

Because the progress of my book on *Universal Eccentricity* renders it necessary that I should pay frequent visits to the Library of the British Museum.

Because I have been everywhere, and know every place.

Because the sanitary condition of the only place I at all care to go to is not altogether satisfactory.

Because my Uncle ANTHONY is expected home every day from Australia, and I am unwilling to be absent from Town when he arrives.

Because my Cousin SELINA is going to be married from her step-father's at Upper Clapton, and insists on my giving her away to the gentleman with whom she is about to penetrate into the interior of Africa.

Because I am desirous to avail myself of this opportunity of completing some statistical tables I am compiling, showing the comparative numbers of horses, carriages, and pedestrians passing my dining-room windows on the last Saturday in May and the last Saturday in August respectively.

Because my eldest son is reading with a private tutor for his Army examination, and I feel I am of some use to him in his studies.

Because my AUNT PHILIPPA is detained in Town by an attack of gout, and expects me to call and sit with her three times a day.

Because I am determined to put into execution my long-cherished design of thoroughly exploring the British Museum, the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Public Monuments, and the City Churches.

Because it is pecuniarily inconvenient to me to be anywhere else.



THE LINE MUST BE DRAWN SOMEWHERE!

My Lady. "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST SITUATION?"

Sensitive Being. "WELL, MY LADY, I 'ADN'T BEEN IN THE 'OUSE 'ARDLY A MONTH WHEN I HASCERTAINED AS THE LADIES OF THE FAMILY 'AD NEVER EVEN BEEN PRESENTED AT COURT!"

TALK FOR THE TABLE.

SAID a Grouse to a Potato, "Ha, my *Tuber*, how d'yo do?"

"Ha, my *Tetrao*," to the Bird replied the *Tatur*, "how are you? You, diseased, could never live, tho papers told me, to be shot."
"You the same; would never come to saucepan, though you'd go to pot."

"Yet you see that I'm in case to win a horticultural prize."

"So can you that I'm in first-rate feather; for you've got your eyes."

"I am fit for any tablo, to be boiled, or steamed, or fried."

"I to be with brown-fried bread-crumbs, gravy, and bread-sauce allied."

"I suppose I shall be roasted, and, when cold, I may be hashed, Made a *sahn* or a pie of." "I may possibly be mashed."

"Ah, what creature can foresee how it is going to be drest?"

"Some like one way, some another; people choose what they love best."

"Here we are, for all the croakers, ready to regale mankind."

"I'm game to be killed to-morrow." "If they peel me, I shan't mind."

"By the better classes eaten 'tis my privilege to be."

"I rejoice too in the Masses, and all ranks rejoice in me."

"Farewell. I expect at table we shall shortly meet again."

"May we have thereat the honour to be dished for worthy men."

"'Tis my hope that I shall not be kept until I've got too high."

"Mine that my cook will not fry me too thin sliced, too crisp and dry."

SEEDINESS IN SPRING.

CAUGHT in a vernal shower,
I got beneath a tree;
For I am not a flower:
The rain improves not me;
Regilds the dandelion,
Revives the daisy's hues,
But not restores the dyo on
My coat, or mends my shoes.

And thou, too fairest daughter
Of not a wealthy sire,
Alas, no good rain-water
Will do to thine attire,
For all the rose and lily
That in thy cheek combine!—
And I were very silly
To wish that thou wert mine.

AN IMPERIAL GALLICAN.

Is the preacher who held forth before the young heir to the French Empire, on Napoleon's Day, in Chiselhurst Chapel, an "Old Catholic?" For, according to the *Times* :—

"The High Mass was followed by a sermon, solemn, hopeful, pointing to the future, putting before the youthful heir his ancestors' examples for his imitation, and linking the family of NAPOLEON with the world's martyrs and benefactors."

The last NAPOLEON's policy in regard to the Sovereign Pontiff hardly delighted the Ultramontanes, who used to call its author Herod and Pontius Pilate. Considering, moreover, that a Pope excommunicated the first NAPOLEON, one would think that a priest who proposes to the representative of that Pope-dethroner "his ancestors' examples for imitation" must, indeed, be violently carried away from the grace which bows to infallibility.

MODERN MYTHOLOGY.

VENUS is the Queen of Love. Hymen may be regarded as her Finisher of the Law, Jack Ketch, or Calcraft of the nuptial noose.

"O that fellows, ere I'm served up to conclude an ample feast,
My not appetite have sated upon soup, fish, fowl, and beast."
"In that generous and considerate aspiration let me share.
With wise view to reservation men should con the bill of fare."

The Times and the Tempest.

THE *Times*, in a leader on "MR. GLADSTONE at Mold," remarking on the disuse of Irish as compared with Welsh, truly observes that "in Ireland both the priest and the agitator denounce the Saxon in his own tongue." Comparisons are not odious when they are just; and the above-quoted observation cannot but be collated with the following portion of the text of SHAKESPEARE :—

"*Caliban.* You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you
For learning me your language!"

Only *Prospero* was not a Lord Lieutenant, but monarch of all he surveyed; and dissatisfaction in the Island under his government was incarnate in the person of but a single would-be Home-Ruler.

A Card.

MR. PUNCH presents his respectful compliments to sixty-one Correspondents who have suggested that the bathing-man who rescued PRINCE ARTHUR at Trouville should receive the Order of the Bath, and *Mr. Punch* affectionately requests that those sixty-one persons do straightway visit the city of KING BLADEN, and place their heads in the hands of any of the many respectable tonsors in that interesting city.



OUT O' SOLDIERS.

WHAT WITH THE GREAT DIFFICULTY OF RECRUITING, THE GREATER NUMBER OF DESERTIONS, GRIEVANCES, MEN IN HOSPITAL, ON DETACHMENT, ORDERLIES ON COMMAND, &c., &c., THE STATE OF THINGS ABOVE IS NOT TO BE WONDERED AT. 1. *The Battalion.* 2. *The Barracks.* 3. *The Bugler.* 4. *The Adjutant (reports).* "ALL PRESENT, SIR." 5. *The Commanding Officer.* "D—!" (*Restrains his feelings, and rides home a sadder and a wiser man.*)

SALT ON TWO TAILS.

THERE'S a way to catch birds that I'm told never fails,
If the catcher's but sharp, and the birds but flat enough,—
And that is by putting of salt on their tails;
Of which two samples have lately come pat enough.

At Kanturk, in South Ireland, 'twas bird-catcher BUTT,
At Mold, in North Wales, it was bird-catcher BILL,
Who contrived on a brace of green goslings to shut
The hands which both tails had first salted with skill.

'Twas Green-Gosling ARCH—from his common astray—
Spread his innocent tail for BUTT's salt of Home Rule;
And Green-Gosling TAFFY, *his* tail gave a prey
To the salt of soft sawder, from GLADSTONE the cool.

Ah, if talk smooth and soft would but answer for more
Than putting the salt on the tail of the bird,
"Home Rule" might not end, like Repeal dreams of yore;
And Welsh bards, harps, and triads again might be heard.

As it is, while the Saxon's hard head sets its teeth
'Gainst the drowsier, dreamier mood of the Celt,
Harder still will be higher, while softer, beneath,
In vain attempts harder to master or melt.

Unreasonable Expectation.

It seems that the "Commissioners of Northern Lights" were not represented on the day that the PRINCE OF WALES opened the new Breakwater and Harbour at Holyhead. No surprise need have been felt at their absence. The Aurora Borealis is not usually seen in the daytime, and this is not the season of the year for it to appear at all.

BURGLARY AND CHEMISTRY.

WE have heard of murder being regarded as one of the Fine Arts, and we think that burglary may likewise be included in the catalogue: at least, if we may judge by the scientific way in which the thing is now conducted. In the pockets of a lately captured student of the art there were discovered, says the newspapers:—

"Two bottles, one containing sulphur and the other chloroform, and a glass tube containing quicksilver, so pointed that it cut glass easily."

Here we clearly see a proof of the progressive spirit of the age. Formerly a housebreaker went about his business with a pistol and a crowbar, but chloroform and quicksilver are surely more refined, and may be just as efficacious. For ourselves, if MR. BILL SIKES paid us a nocturnal visit, we should certainly prefer to have our sense of feeling numbed rather than have our brains blown out. If they thus take to using chemicals, burglars may, in time, be qualified to act as medical practitioners, at least, so far as may regard the scientific method of applying anaesthetics.

Just the Difference.

BETWEEN the *Sœur Marie*, and *auf, à-la-coque*,
Excepting the name, there is nothing in common.
An *auf-à-la-coque*, were it addle, would shock:
But not so the head of the *à-la-coque* woman.
The more addle *that* is, the more pilgrims, I wis,
To Paray-le-Monial she's likely to summon!

NICE PRESENT.

OUR housekeeper is certainly a most generous woman. She has just volunteered to *give an eye* to a young domestic who has lately joined the establishment.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

Country Magistrate. "PRISONER, YOU'RE DISCHARGED THIS TIME WITH A CAUTION; BUT IF WE SEE YOU HERE AGAIN, YOU'LL GET TWICE AS MUCH!!"

PENAL PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

THE Legal Profession has an ornament in MR. COMMISSIONER KERR; who, if his lot had been cast in the Profession of Physic, would have equally adorned that. Such, at least, is the supposition suggested by the subjoined extract from a column of news:—

"Two men, named PILLARD and IVES, having been convicted of a robbery with violence on a tram conductor at Holloway, the learned Commissioner said for the last few sessions there had been a remarkable absence of such offences from the calendar, and he had hoped that the sentences ordinarily pronounced for that class of crime had at last succeeded in deterring persons from engaging in it. This, however, was a very bad case, and being determined, if possible, to put down the system, he should sentence the prisoners to be twice flogged—twenty lashes upon each occasion. PILLARD must be kept in penal servitude for fifteen years, with five years' subsequent police supervision, and IVES must be kept in prison and kept to hard labour for two years. LEWIS TAYLOR, for a robbery with violence at Muswell Hill, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and five years' subsequent police supervision, and to be twice flogged, receiving each time twenty lashes with the 'cat.'"

The foregoing piece of satisfactory intelligence evinces a perception similar to the medical sense, which, when a remedy of known efficacy fails to do all the good expected from it, tells the practitioner to increase the dose, and to prescribe its more frequent repetition. If necessary to put down garrotting, the judicious as well as judicial doctor will not shrink from the prescription of some thirty or more stripes three times a year or so. The HOME SECRETARY would do well to have the above, and every similar record printed in the form of a bill, to be extensively posted about the slums and elsewhere for the edification of the ruffianly classes. The warning thus given them would tend to prevent the necessity of inflicting a painful and degrading punishment on our fellow-man.

Wonderful Sagacity of a Horse.

ON the day of the match between Sussex and Kent at Eastbourne, a few days since, the Huntsman of the Southdown Pack very kindly brought the hounds on to the Cricket-ground to amuse the Visitors. A venerable old horse, who pulls the roller, on seeing the hounds, was taken with a fit of "boiling-house on the brain," and, thinking that they had come to eat him, retired into his stable, and has not since been enticed out.

Better Conduct.

ARMAGH has lately been the scene of the dedication of a Roman Catholic Cathedral. CARDINAL CULLEN officiated, and "aspersed the walls," and "aspersed the entrance." We are very glad that this was all, and that the Cardinal did not "asperse" the Ministry, or Parliament, or the Education Board, or the Irish Colleges, or Protestantism, or the whole English nation.

COMPANION WORK TO "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES."—*A Couple of Black Eyes.*

ROAR OF THE DOOMED LION.

Down with Northumberland House,
Vandals and Philistines base;
Snobs with the soul of a mouse:
Set up your shops in its place.

Lay out your shops and your street;
Perish historic renown!
Level the PRINCES' old seat;
Grossest barbarians in Town!

Wreak an iconoclast spite,
Or a vile taste; ye are strong.
Bid, o'er that noble pile's site,
'Bus and Cab rattle along!

That will be music to you,
Ediles of Vestryman's kind,
Utilitarian crew,
Bumbles of practical mind!

Raze those proud walls to the ground,
Churls in authority; do!
What are, but names of mere sound,
HOWARD and PERCY to you?

What is their homo's ancient fame?
Let its materials be sold.
O, the deplorable shame
When it was put in your hold!

Must the old pile be destroyed?
Spare it you could if you tried;
Make your New Cut to avoid,
Passing the Mansion aside.

Where is the voice, never mute
Once, when need was to profess
Censure of spoiler and brute?
Wherefore outcries not the Press?

Some famous relic each day
"Progress" removes as a weed;
Plucks it and casts it away,
No man denouncing the deed.

Now-a-days—"Let it all go,"
Indolent Apathy sighs.
Westminster Abbey laid low,
There soon a Station will rise.

Windso's Keep stands on a hill
No railway needs to cut through.
So may that Castle stand still,
Else it will have to fall too.

Marvellous Magazines.

THERE are several periodicals devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, and most of them, from time to time, announce that they are not paying their expenses, and that some assistance at the hands of Spiritualists would be acceptable to their conductors. These publications are amusing, and might perhaps be rendered instructive, if the mediums of communication with spirits were supplemented with a little more of the circulating medium, so as to raise Spiritualist literature above a state of more than spiritual destitution.

Imaginary Anecdote.

THE appointment of Head Master of the Cottlestone Grammar School was vacant. It was in the gift of Trustees. The pupils were unanimous in their desire for the success of a candidate, one of whose testimonials stated that, in the conduct of a scholastic establishment over which he presided for many years, he had evinced a degree of zeal which had never—but it may have been a printer's erratum—flogged.

PEARLS FROM THE PROVINCES.



So he stated that he should do, *Mr. Punch* has been pearl-fishing in the country. He has been eminently successful, and here are a few of his prizes.

No good Catholic can now doubt of the success of DON ALFONSO. We extract the following gratifying announcement from the *Dublin Daily Express* of August 27th, and, as everybody knows, Irish news is always trustworthy:—

“BARCELONA, Monday.—On the 20th inst., DON ALFONSO and his wife DONA BLANCA, accompanied by SAVALLS, HUGET, CORTAZAR, VIDAL DE SOLOCATERA, GENERAL PLANA, and the son of DON ENRIQUE, together with 2000 men, 100 horses, and three guns, attended Mass, and received the sacrament at Repill. They left the same day for the province of Gerona.”

A Correspondent informs us that Juggernaut customs are still observed in Norfolk, as may be seen by this passage in the *Norfolk and Norwich Argus*:—

“The son of Mr. TOMISON, of Wheltham, got his leg in the wheel of a timber-cart on Saturday, and before he could be extinguished the limb was fractured.”

The *Western Morning News* is a strong supporter of the Permissive Bill. But it employs a foreign Correspondent who is evidently a spirit of another sort, and altogether jolly. Here is the “toral-looral” utterance with which he concludes a letter from Pontresina.

“From over mountain streams until I reached the two lakes near the Hospice, and so down the pass in the most gorgeous moonlight that I have ever seen, seven hours’ walking, including half an hour’s halt at a mountain inn, brought me back tolerably weary to Pontresina.”

In Warwickshire there appears to be a difficulty in the way of obtaining Wives. Gentlemen of various ranks in the social scale are obliged to make their proposals by advertisement, e.g.:—

TO LADY CAPITALISTS.—The Son of an Officer of high rank in the Army, and of high social position in the Midland Counties.—Address,

A Respectable Chimney-Sweeper, with home and trade, forty miles from Manchester. Wishes to Meet with a respectable Person as WIFE; a little means preferable; reference given and required.—Address, &c.

This last is in a Warwickshire paper. The advertiser seems to think that his living forty miles from Manchester is a recommendation. That depends. We should not like to sweep many of the Manchester Round Towers, known as chimneys. On the other hand, we have brought away the noblest headaches from Manchester, where hospitality is of the old English kind, and we hope to get several others there.

In Devonshire, on the contrary, young Ladies seem to find it necessary to proclaim their accomplishments. This is a shame, for a Devonshire girl is one of the choicest productions of bountiful nature. The following advertisement has been sent to *Mr. Punch* by about thirty Correspondents, to whom (and especially to one “indignant lady,” who thinks that “the Advertiser ought to be whipped”) he tenders his acknowledgments.

WANTED, by a young lady, age 18, who can milk, situation as KITCHENMAID.—Address, PAULINE, &c.

Uxbridge is, we believe, somewhat nearer to Town. Its name was originally Oxbridge. It is clearly a pastoral sort of place, and its inhabitants are persons with sweet and domestic proclivities. They do not understand a gentleman’s enjoying himself without “wife, children, and friends.” Let vitiated Londoners take this lesson to heart, and hasten to join the circle of friends who do not wish their hair cut—or is it a misprint for band?

TO be LET, for a few months, a FURNISHED COTTAGE, at 12s. per week, well calculated for a person fond of fishing, and whose wife and a few children would like to enjoy the country air. A circle of friends who would not wish their hair cut—three or four may be had. Address, —, Uxbridge.

We quite agree with the next advertiser, who hails from Liverpool, in thinking that any tradesman who wants his books balanced at the end of the year (when everybody, especially hard-working accountants, ought to be enjoying their Christmas), deserves to be executed, with the greatest of care, and the execution should be “strictly private.”

WANTED, Rents and Debts to Collect; and also Tradesmen, desirous of having their books balanced at the end of the year, executed with the greatest of care, and strictly private, on the most reasonable terms.—Apply, &c., Liverpool.

Finally, here is a pretty little announcement from Stourbridge, and it may be serious, but is certainly comic:—

MATRIMONY.—A Young Country Gentleman, ample means, sound connections, personally highly favoured, not meeting with his beautiful in his own circle, wishes an introduction to a Young Lady who herself possessing, could appreciate a loving, tender, and true heart. In those circles from which any reply would be entertained, there is a just prejudice against advertisements; but surely it is a means amply justified if bringing together two hearts which may beat together in blissful unison.

ATHLETICS AND STUDY.

The following Prospectus has been issued by the Authorities of the Training College for Sons of Muscular-Christians:—

CURRICULUM STUDIOUM.

MOTTO—“Who runs may read.”

Head Master REV. F. FISTICUFF, D.D.
(Address, during Vacation, Poste Restante, Spa.)
Lower Master REV. HERCULES SAMPSON, P.R.

SPECIAL PROFESSORS.

Lecture on the rise and fall of the Turks, by PROF. MUSCLEMAN.

*** With practical illustrations on the Ottoman.

N.B.—Every pupil is required to bring his own square piece of carpet, knife with leaded handle, cup to fasten on forehead, and ball to match.

On the Resolution of Chords.

And the greater Resolution of the Person tied up. By the DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

(Assisted by two Cabinet Ministers.)

[The following is an Extra:—

The Secret of Confederations. . . By PROFESSOR EGYPTSHUN HALL.

Note.—Pupils wishing to be educated as Confederates only will be charged accordingly. They must, however, be provided with several changes of costume, and the course of teaching will also include a knowledge of the Big Drum and Pandæan Pipes, how to play and how to carry them.]

LATIN AND GREEK.

Rapid Acts of Translation By TOM CRIBB, Esq.

The CRIBB family have long been among the recognised Tutors’ Assistants at our largest public schools.

Classes.—The higher the Class the higher the jump.

A good boy will be one who jumps over the heads of several boys at one time. To jump from the bottom of the Class to the top will be rewarded with a Prize fight after school hours. The Champion against the Class.

Lectures on the Struggles of Ancient Rome, by the REVS. POLLUX and MILO.

The Pupils will be permitted to choose Sides.

Such hours as are not taken up by the Professors above named will be devoted to Rowing, Cricketing, Climbing, and Wrestling.

Sunday Morning.—A good Service in the Tennis Court. After which Lectures on Cockfighting, by the REV. PROFESSOR BANTAM.

(Address, P. O., Cockspur Street.)

Further particulars on the re-assembling of the Professors.

THE ANGLICAN TIARA.

ONFESSION in the Church of England, is a topic of the day, and has called forth from our old friend "GEORGE A. DENISON," the following defiance to the Bishops:—

"Well, if the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, or any other Bishop or Bishops, will have open war, let it come. If they like to 'snub' every Catholic, and 'pat on the back' every ultra-Protestant, let them follow their inclination. If they elect to stimulate popular ignorance and passion by calling us 'dishonest,' 'disloyal,' 'plotters,' 'traitors,' so let it be. If they prefer to administer their diocesan inequity, let them so administer; as some are doing now."



ARCHDEACON DENISON appears to repudiate the name of Protestant; but, in the eye of every Catholic whose Catholicity is recognised by Catholics at large, he deserves it as much as DOCTOR CUMMING (Scotus). Perhaps, indeed, if DR. CUMMING had to criticise the conduct of Bishops of the Established Church, his language would exhibit a respect for them which that above quoted does not. JOHN KNOX himself would only have written like himself if he had written the foregoing sentences. If the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON goes on delivering his mind in that style, he will get to be called GEORGE ANTHONY MARPRELATE. This Protestantism, if persisted in, will debar the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON from the promotion which he might get one of these days by consistently following the lead of a sometime ARCHDEACON OF CHICHESTER.

The mock-papists who go about leading captive simpletons by inculcating the obligation of Auricular Confession to themselves as Father Confessors, profess great reverence for the episcopal office. To them Bishops in the abstract are Right Reverend Fathers, &c., but the concrete Bishop they are apt, very commonly, to speak of in terms implying that they account him no better than a fool, a bigot and a heretic. When a Bishop "snubs" an ultra-Protestant, or any Protestant at all, then they extol their ecclesiastical superior; and when he "pats on the back" any mime of Popery, they laud him still more; but whenever they themselves are pulled up by the vestments, or rapped on the knuckles with the crosier, they resent their reproof with abusive insolence, or contemptuous chaff. In their capacity of "Catholics," indeed, they appear to consider themselves "a cut above" Protestant Bishops, and herein their pseudo-popery is something peculiar. The Russian-Greek Priests are all called Popes. What these Priests are denominated, our Ritualist Parsons seemingly believe themselves to be; every man his own Pope, and his Bishop's or any other Bishop's Pope too.

ARCHDEACON DENISON's friends might evince their appreciation of his "Catholicism" by subscribing for, and presenting him with, a testimonial, in the shape of a tiara or triple cap, with a difference from the POPE's own; a triple difference. The summit of the cap should be decorated with a tassel, the circumference studded with small bells, and each side garnished with an auricular appendage, which would be especially symbolical of Anglican auricular confession.

"Place aux Dames!"

THE French understand Woman's proper position. The French do not grudgingly withhold from her those rights which she claims as her just and natural due. In France, we see, she would meet with no churlish opposition to her passionate longing to become possessed of the franchise and present herself at the polling-booth; to her ambition to be a Member of Parliament, or a County Court Judge, or a Magistrate, or a Jurywoman. We are led into these reflections by reading, in the *Civilian*, that a Co-operative Society has been started at Cannes, on the model of our own Civil Service Association, to which "ladies, either single, widows, or 'séparées judiciairement de leurs maris,' are eligible as sociétaires."

RAILWAY DUTIES.

SAYS a Newspaper, propped up before us by the toast-rack, while leisurely we breakfast:—

"The railway passenger duty is sure to be attacked; yet it can scarce be deemed obnoxious by persons of good sense."

Now there are many passenger duties which are not merely not obnoxious, but are eminently proper; and yet how many persons travel constantly by railway without giving them a thought. By way of useful admonition, let us specify a few:—

1. There is, first of all, the duty of not pushing at the pay-place, especially if ladies chance to be in front of you.
2. There nextly is the duty of coming there provided with the proper ready money, so as not to keep folks waiting while you change a sovereign, or perhaps a five-pound note.
3. There also is the duty of not cramming half the carriage with your luggage, and putting fellow-travellers to hours of some annoyance, that you may save a minute at your journey's end.
4. There moreover is the duty of abstention from piling up your hatboxes and handbags and wraps in the umbrella net, so as to risk their tumbling on your neighbour's head.
5. There likewise is the duty, ladies, of taking tickets for your lapdogs, and never smuggling them in furtively beneath your shawls and dust-cloaks, whence afterwards they emerge half stifled and ill-humoured, to snarl and snap at any one and every one within their reach.
6. There is the duty of not quarrelling about an open window, but of conceding the command of it to the sitter next it, facing towards the engine, who, by long acknowledged justice, clearly has the right.
7. There is the duty of obedience to the law respecting trespass, which prohibits the removal of a coat or an umbrella, marking the retention of a vacated seat.
8. There is the duty of shutting the door gently when you quit the train at a mid-station, and neither slamming it with a bang nor leaving it wide open, as is done by selfish and ungentlemanly snobs.
9. There is the duty of sharing your newspaper with any one who has none, and offering first the leaders, and not the outside sheet.
10. There is the duty of not putting your dirty boots upon the cushions, when you wish to lay your legs up.
11. There is the duty of opening the carriage-door for any lady leaving or entering the train, even at the risk of soiling your new gloves.
12. There is reciprocally the duty on the lady's part to smile her gratitude, at least, if she does not verbally express it.
13. There is the duty of never eating peppermint, or using scents or drinks which have a nauseous odour.
14. There is the duty of abstaining from bothering your neighbours with remarks about the weather, or platitudinarianisms upon things in general.
15. There is the duty of not scowling at every one who has the audacity of looking in, or entering, your carriage, as though you were suspicious of his being an escaped convict, or a disguised chimney-sweep.
16. There is the duty, when perfumed with tobacco smoke, of not entering a carriage where there are ladies sitting.
17. There is the duty of not snoring when you are in company and pursuing a night journey.
18. And there is, finally, the duty of remembering that delays are dangerous, especially on railways; and therefore of never keeping the train waiting while you fumble in your pockets for your ticket, which you ought to have in readiness to be produced at any moment.

Mock-Popery Made Easy.

It is whispered that a great improvement, from a Ritualist point of view, might be effected in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's. In that situation there might be established a Confessional, to consist of a chair on one side of the Gallery for the Priest, and a stool opposite to it on the other for the Penitent, so that the former might sit, and the latter might kneel, with their faces to the wall, and the confession be made, and the absolution pronounced, with commodious privacy, in that position.

The Dog and the Lawyers.

ACCORDING to the reports of proceedings at the Maidenhead Bench of Magistrates, A, a dog belonging to B, a Queen's Counsel, bit C, an Attorney. C struck A, B struck C, who had been bitten by A, and refused to give his name "because he thought that C was simply a tradesman." Looking at the case with an unprejudiced eye, it appears to us that the title Q.C. must mean "Queer Customer."



SEASONABLE ATHLETICS.

THE STALWART BROTHERS DICK AND BOB TURN THEIR PUBLIC SCHOOL AND COLLEGE EDUCATION TO GOOD ACCOUNT BY TAKING THEIR NEWLY-MARRIED WIVES (THE GENTLE SISTERS, BLANCHE AND VIOLET) ON A WALKING TOUR THROUGH THE MIDLAND COUNTIES. LADEN IN THE MANNER WE HAVE TRIED TO DEPICT, THESE BRAWNY SONS OF ANAK LOOK UPON THIRTY MILES A DAY AS A MERE TRIFLE.

A HORRIBLE THOUGHT!

(See the cruel suggestion of AYRTON for *Postmaster-General*, and BOUVIERIE for *Home Secretary*. *Times*, Monday, Aug. 25.)

'Twas ignorance of Arts he used to boast,
When at the Works he sneered, and snubbed his betters;
Is that his claim of fitness for the Post,
Which has to do, if not with *Arts*, with *letters*?

He, who of AYRTON's skill in raising raws
Has with two well-paid berths been the rewarder,
Had best beware, lest, with that skill for cause,
Post-Office Order should become dis-order.

Ere o'er the Office where they punch Queen's-heads
He who'd fain punch all heads plants his initials,
Think, GLADSTONE, if to public form you're dead,
Think of the luckless permanent officials!

But, SCUDAMORE, if zeal, that worst of crimes,
Calls for this rod in pickle, on the premises,
Take comfort; the same leader of the *Times*
Calls up the vision of an awful Nemesis.

Think of the PREMIER's perpetual blister,—
The thought too savage for a BENTINCK's scoff is!—
With BOUVIERIE, that pitiless persister,
That d'd good-natured friend at the Home Office!

Who shall decide which martyrdom the worse is.
That o'er Saint Stephen's head hung, or Saint Martin's?—
SCUDAMORE, giv'n to AYRTON's tender mercies,
Or GLADSTONE under candid BOUVIERIE's startins*?

If, SCUDAMORE, a fate so dark with fears,
Suggest to thee appeal to London city,
Pause and say (*à la* SIDNEY)—“Keep your tears;
GLADSTONE than SCUDAMORE more needs your pity.”

For my part, either prospect seems too sad
For this contemplative man's recreation;
But two such prospects!—The *Times* may be bad,
But *Punch* recoils from the anticipation!

THE FONT AND THE POCKET.

ORTHODOXY and common sense are combined with economy in the proposal and argument embodied in the ensuing newspaper paragraph:—

“A correspondent of the *John Bull* advocates the abolition of godfathers and godmothers. The causes which led to the institution of sponsors have, he says, ceased to exist; the sacrament of baptism is complete without them, and if they were done away with very many religious Dissenters would return to the Church.”

Godfathers and godmothers have now nothing to do for their spiritual children that they possibly can, spiritually. Their office would be a mere sinecure if it were lucrative as well as nominal, and did not, on the contrary, involve doing something attended with expense. Those who give other people's children names, are expected also to give them plate: so that godfathers and godmothers, heretofore called sponsors, had in these days better be denominated spooners.

VISIBLE SPIRITS.

STRANGE tales of Apparitions some relate us.
What Apparition, save with Apparatus?

* “Startins,” a sailor's term for flogging with a rope's end; always administered, of course, for the floggee's good, but none the pleasanter for that.



PILGRIMS AND PILGRIMS.

ANCIENT PILGRIM. "AH, FAIR SIR, ALL IS CHANGED SINCE MY TIME! NO PEAS IN YOUR SHOES NOW—NO TOIL—NO ROBBERY—NO DANGER—EVERYTHING MADE EASY; IN FACT, QUITE A PLEASANT 'EXCURSION'!"

MODERN PILGRIM. "NO ROBBERY?—NO DANGER? DOES IT OCCUR TO YOU, MY VENERABLE FRIEND, THAT OUR 'PILGRIMAGES' ARE MADE BY RAIL?"

[Ancient Pilgrim "shuts up."]

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(With a Grievance.)



ORTHY SIR,—I must represent You in a foreign land for a week or two, and when I once get there I'm not sure I shan't say farewell to Old England "much as I adore thee," as HENRY RUSSELL used to sing, and remain there until coals are down again. Not because London is dull, not because 'tis more invigorating to be *à la campagne* than *en ville*, not because the sea-side is the place to visit at this season, 'tis not because the ladders are in the Club hall, the white-washers in the smoking-room, and nobody to talk to; not for all these and several other powerful reasons which could be stated, am I going to represent You in the country,—no, it is simply on account of the price of coals present, and, I suppose,

future. Is it because I am the last man in London, except the lot engaged in the Tichborne case, that I am being implored by tradesmen so long, too, before quarter-day, for a settlement? No; simply because "coals," they say, "do make everything go up so, you see, Sir."

A penny bun is twopenno, I am informed, not eating the luxury myself. Why? Coals have done it.

You wouldn't have thought that it would affect umbrellas! It does. A guinea one is thirty shillings. Why? "Well, Sir, you see coals hacts on heverything—" Here he went into details as to the importation of silk, the machinery of the frames, and the transport of bamboo canes, on all of which the price of coals must evidently exert an enormous influence.

I met suddenly and accidentally a friend whom I hadn't seen for years—for as many years as he owed me sovereigns. He was so hearty, so glad to see me, so sorry he hadn't written to me, hoped I'd come and dine with him (when he returned from China, whither he was starting, he informed me, to-morrow), and with the greatest cheerfulness alluded to the trifling amount standing between us, which he would have given me at once, but that, being a family man, the price of coals had played the deuce with his funds, and he'd only that very morning—not half an hour before our meeting—been obliged to square accounts with his coal merchant, who professed himself ready to sink beneath the weight of oppressively heavy demands. Hats, boots, coats, waistcoats, gloves—everything is going up, everything *has* gone up, in consequence of this rise in coals.

I'll go to France, where they used only to burn wood, or—happy thought!—I'll represent You, Sir, in some distant clime where such luxuries as I have enumerated—I mean clothes—are unknown and unfashionable. Wherever I may be, I am now and always

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Ha! Hi! Revenge is sweet. Some one came to beg an instalment because— But I ent him short, or, as he professed himself to be already uncommonly short, I ent him shorter, and told him I was unable to comply with his request because of the price of coals. He thought this an excuse for *him*, not for *me*. But all the same. He made no impression on yours truly.

Doubtful.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "RICHARD," and insinuates that his modest income is not equal to his deserts, asks whether we think the "Edinburgh Dick Trust" would be disposed to assist him. We advise him to apply to the Trustees, and to enclose an envelope ready stamped and addressed.

LOGIC AND LIQUOR.

COLONEL HENDERSON'S Report on the Metropolitan Police is a performance of no mean literary ability. The gallant Colonel is, doubtless, a man of reading. In the document above-mentioned there is a passage which seems to indicate acquaintance with *Tristram Shandy*. It is stated that drunkenness has greatly increased during the past year, inasmuch that the arrests for incapability and disorder, which in 1869 had been only 23,000, amounted to as many as 34,000 in 1872. So much for the operation of the Licensing Act. Such, at least, is the comment of a common mind on the relation between those figures and that statute. But the Chief Commissioner of Police remarks:—

"It must be a matter of conjecture how much further these offences would have prevailed if this Act had not been passed."

When certain sage disputants, in a controversy recorded by STANKE in the above-named biography, are reminded that something which, according to their theory, should have been the case, happened otherwise:—

"It ought not, said they."

The Licensing Act was passed on purpose to prevent drunkenness, and drunkenness has increased enormously since its enactment. The Archbobby seems to entertain the conviction that "it ought" to have prevented drunkenness, and, he is so sure of that, that he suggests that it must have in a measure, so that, but for its operation, drunkenness would have been still more prevalent. He says it must be a matter of conjecture how much further offences punishable under the Licensing Act would have prevailed if it had not been passed. But is it not also a matter of conjecture whether, if the Licensing Act had not been passed, there would have been no increase of drunkenness at all, and possibly a diminution? How do we know that the Licensing Act has not provoked many men to drink to excess in defiance of a law by which they are coerced as though they were children? It is even very likely that, on Sundays especially, when people cannot obtain "intoxicating liquors" during the hours of closing prescribed by the Sabbatarians, and in particular when they most want refreshment, from three till six in the afternoon, they are apt to drink as much as they can while they can, and drink with avidity, aggravated by having been kept waiting for their liquor three hours.

Doubtless, however, it would be a mistake to charge the vastly increasing drunkenness of the population wholly on the Licensing Act. The spread of that truly degrading vice has coincided not only with the working of that measure, but also with a continual rise in the wages of mechanical working-men. They can afford the same excess in "intoxicating liquors" that they can in all other good things. They, if they are determined to get drunk, will, in spite of the Licensing Act, or any other Liquor Law, and their dear friends of the stump and platform, if they really want to sober them, should exhort them all to strike for a general reduction of wages.

WHY I AM OUT OF TOWN.

BECAUSE we always leave our comfortable home at this season of the year.

Because the DACRES, the ETRICKES, the LADBROKES, the GRANVILLE DAWSONS, and all the other people we know, are away.

Because the best bedroom wanted papering and painting.

Because they are taking up the gaspines in the Crescent.

Because MR. HENRY DILWATER, M.R.C.S. and L.A.C., observed that our youngest boy, ALFRED ATHELSTAN, required bracing.

Because the BARRINGTONS are at Cliffenooking, and DUDLEY BARRINGTON, who is heir presumptive to an Irish Baronetcy, was most attentive to MADGE last season.

Because they are cleaning the Club.

Because my wife's old schoolfellow, LADY LAURA CHAMPION, is staying with her youthful family at Ocean View.

Because HERESFORD, who is working at Physical Science, wanted to study the *Crustacea, Alga, &c.*, on this coast, and to make himself acquainted with the geological formation of the surrounding district.

Because "Grandmamma" is in lodgings on the Esplanade.

Because we were in daily expectation that our Shopshire relatives, the JAMES DONSONS, would write and say that they should be glad to come up and spend a week or ten days with us in Granby Crescent.

Because I wanted some quiet place where I could finish my Comedy of modern life and manners—*Pretence*—which my friend HORACE THEWLE, the Manager of the Epigram Theatre, hopes to see his way to bring out when there is an opening.

Because the Philanthropic Humanitarians are holding their annual Congress, under the presidency of LORD RIDDLESWORTH, at the neighbouring city of Danecaster.

Because my wife and the girls wished it.



THE PLEASURES OF YACHTING.

DEAD CALM—TEN MILES FROM ANYWHERE, AND THE LAST MATCH.

PLENTY TO WEAR.

THE lady who teaches other ladies to make one dress last out the time which two dresses lasted before deserves well of her countrymen. Who will deny that but drapers and milliners? What, then, does she deserve who informs our wives and daughters how they may contrive to dress at the rate of nearly one-seventh less than what, on a moderate estimate, as times go, they have, many of them, been accustomed to spend? Certainly a good husband, if she wants one, or an income at least sufficient for her moderate wants as a spinster, if she is wise enough to prefer that.

It is not uncommon for ladies to regard £100 per annum as a reasonable sum to expend on their wardrobes. One-seventh of that sum would more than suffice. A little railway-stall book, written "By a Lady," now instructs all whom it may concern how to dress "as a lady" on £15 a-year. Comparatively, this allowance is moderate in the extreme. Practically, perhaps, it is the lowest possible figure. But consider, dears. Best coals are now 36s. a ton. The consumption of coals sufficient for a whole family in a house of moderate size would amount, say, to about eight tons a year = £14 8s. Now the principal utility of wearing apparel consists in serving to keep you warm. The measure of dress represented by £15 required for clothing by one individual lady, exceeds by 12s. the quantity of coals which would be large enough to supply half-a-dozen people or so with heat. All the clothing necessary for that purpose, merely, is reducible to things which cost much less than £15; and the considerable difference between their price and that sum goes for mere ostentation. Dear are the dictates of Society. Substrata of woollens with a cotton surface would be all that comfort would necessitate for feminine attire; and the various descriptions of calico would lend themselves readily enough to a decorative treatment, whereby economy might be combined with elegance. But that would ask a combination of philosophy with high Art not to be expected.

The introductory remarks prefixed to the little book above noticed are so judicious as to warrant the belief that its subsequent details will prove valuable to those who alone can understand them. *Ne sutor suprà crepidam.* But, *à propos de bottes*—is not the estimate

of £1 5s. for boots and shoes too low? Is it indeed enough for strong boots alone? Would not needful walking exercise wear out too many of them not to require more than that? And yet it is the computation of an economist, who is not one of those ladies whom, out of the lines of the omnibuses, it usually costs at least a shilling to move a mile. But let that pass. Her book should be read not only by all of you, dears, who enjoy no more than £15 a-year where-withal to clothe yourselves, but likewise by those who are blessed with ever so much more money, but would like to devote only as much as quite enough to ostentation, and to expend the rest of it on other things, either of the nature of uses, or that of substantial pleasures, or delights of intelligence, or sentiments more exalted than the love of approbation.

AN OGRE ON A FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

HA! Hum! Small child—Can eat—Yes; jam,
Pastry, buns, all that disagrees.
Tender as—eh, well, what?—As lamb,
Asparagus, and early peas.

I recollect myself a brat;
Must have been, first, a baby, too;
Though can't at all imagine that.
No, Sir, nor, I should think, can you.

Yet time was when, a little wretch,
No doubt I cowered, cried, sprawled, and smiled;
And CALCRAFT—he that's now Jack Ketch—
Was likewise once a little child.

Poor France!

WHEN MAXIMIN GIRAUD communicated the secret of La Salette to the POPE, His Holiness is reported to have exclaimed, "Poor France!" Of course that exclamation of pity was not occasioned by the Pontiff's foresight of the pilgrimages which are making France ridiculous.



"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

Lord Reginald. "AIN'T YER GOIN' TO HAVE SOME PUDDIN', MISS RICHARDS? IT'S SO JOLLY!"

The Governess. "THERE AGAIN, REGINALD! 'PUDDIN'—'GOIN'—'AIN'T YER'!!! THAT'S THE WAY JIM BATES AND DOLLY MAPLE SPEAK—AND JIM'S A STABLE-BOY, AND DOLLY'S A LAUNDRY-MAID!"

Lord Reginald. "AH! BUT THAT'S THE WAY FATHER AND MOTHER SPEAK, TOO—AND FATHER'S A DUKE, AND MOTHER'S A DUCHESS!! SO THERE!"

POPE AND SHAKSPEARE.

MORE than one paper has contained the following announcement, with an addition which suggests the thought that the POPE must be a reader of SHAKSPEARE. Our contemporaries state that His Holiness highly commends, and grants indulgences for co-operation in the performance of the project, of which, in a brief lately published, he thus speaks:—

"As pilgrimages in Italy have been prohibited by the Government prefects, several Catholics at Bologna have decided to invite their fellow Catholics to undertake in September three spiritual pilgrimages—one to the Holy Land, the second to the sacred shrines of Italy, and the third to the various foreign sanctuaries."

In the Fifth Act, and First Scene, of SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry the Fifth*, you will find this speech, from the mouth of *Captain Fluellen*, addressed to *Ancient Pistol*:—

"I pesech you heartily, scurvy lazy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it."

Because the Government of Italy, look you, have prohibited pilgrimages, and their authority, and general order, and the public health, do not agree with them, therefore, His Holiness appears to say, I will grant indulgences to all you who take part in them. The Government of VICTOR EMMANUEL will excuse the comparison of themselves to *Pistol*, and the Welsh will not be angry at the analogy suggested between *Fluellen* and the POPE.

Milk and Water.

TYPHOID fever is said to have been produced by milk. It has also been ascribed to impure water. May it not have arisen from a combination of those causes? The Water Companies replenish the "Cow with the Iron Tail."

STUDY AND SPORT.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S PETITION.

(To be sung, to the tune of "Robinson Crusoe," to all lazy Schoolmasters.)

My dear Mr. Punch,
With your elegant lunch,
Pray hear a poor Schoolboy's petition,
For my jolly old Dad
Says I'm going to the bad,
And in a most hopeless condition.

I can jump five feet four,
Drive my fist through a door,
Bowl, bat, throw, and can keep up my wicket,

Play football, and row;
But what bothers me now
Is the row about field-sports and Cricket.

Why, when I won the match
With a left-handed catch,
And they carried me to the Pavilion,
With excitement and pride
The old Governor cried,
And said, "That boy's one in a million!"

And my dear Cousin GRACE,
With a blush on her face,
Said, "CHARLEY, I feared you had missed her;"

And her smile was so sweet,
That, by way of a treat,
Mr. Punch, on the sly, Sir, I k——.

'Tis a very strange thing,
They first make me a king,
When a boy, and now wish to dethrone me,
And whatever I win,
They all say "it's a sin,"
And do nothing but scold and bemoan me.

Mr. Punch, hear my prayer;
Do you think it is fair
To make all this hubbub and bustle,
And to say, night and day,
That I'm in a bad way,
Because I have plenty of muscle?

With my youth and my strength,
I would go any length
To save the dear Governor's pocket;
To Australia, New Zealand,
Or some other free land,
If they'd send me, I'm off like a rocket.

And I don't care a rush
If I find in the bush
My fate to be hardship and danger:
Let the weak stay at home,
And leave others to roam
And cast lot in the land of the stranger.

If I am a dunce,
Tell the Masters at once
'Tis their fault, and I ought to be pitied;
And let them all know,
If they won't teach the slow,
They should stick up—"No dunces admitted."

It seems very funny,
If they take the money,
Masters don't care what Schoolboys are brought to.
Never mind what they say,
Only once stop their pay,
And they'll very soon do what they ought to.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTION.—How different is the bias of men's minds! What opposite tendencies they exhibit in their investigation of the phenomena of mental science! For example, the Lawyer inclines to the abstract, the Builder to the concrete.



"'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW."

Impudent Boy (generally). "TRY YER WEIGHT—ONLY A PENNY!" (To Lady of commanding proportions in particular.) "TELL YER 'XACT WEIGHT TO A HOUNCE, MUM!"

CLERICAL PROGRESS.

CONVOCAION will gain great credit in the view of sanitary reformers if it is true that they contemplate a proceeding which would be called for by the legislative adoption of a proposal which has been put forward by high medical authority, and is ably advocated by MRS. CRAWSHAY, of Cyfarthfa, in the *Home Journal*. Under the title of "Graveyards and Cholera," this lady adduces very strong reasons for reverting to the ancient Roman practice of interment after previous calcination. If report can be credited, the Clerical Parliament, in its next Session, will take into consideration the step of making the liturgical and other arrangements requisite for carrying out this truly rational and philosophical idea. When it is considered how formidable an amount of popular prejudice and bigotry will oppose itself to the reduction of the project above stated to practice, and, furthermore, how greatly the Clergy are concerned, as a pecuniary matter, in the maintenance of things as they are, in regard to churchyards and sepulture, the enlightenment, liberality, and disinterestedness of the Clerical body, as evinced, unless Rumour prove fallacious, by their representatives in Convocation, will be appreciated.

Hint to Henri.

HENRI CINQ sticks to his rag—
'Tis a Royal resolution.
Why not, keeping the White Flag,
Take a Crown and Constitution?

Mistaken Identity.

ON this subject a valuable treatise, the lawyers say, has been written by MR. MORIARTY. Of course the great Tichborne case has inspired the author, who might adapt the gladiators' salutation for the dedicatory page, and write "*Moriarty T salutat.*"

STOKERS IN THE FLOWERY LAND.

THERE is a project for a subscription for a complete Railway, to be presented to the EMPEROR OF CHINA, to induce that Sovereign to look with favour on the introduction of Railroads into his dominions. The Emperor ought to have the fullest information on the subject before he makes up his mind how to act in this matter. It might, therefore, be advisable to send out with the Railway copies of the London daily papers for the last two or three weeks, that His Majesty may have translated to him the accounts of the accidents which have lately been of almost daily occurrence. A summary, too, should be given of the inquests held in London alone in the course of a single year, over those who are killed by Railways, either through their own fault or that of others; and tables might be added showing the hours, duties, and wages of the persons employed on the various lines. If a faithful representation could be appended of a well filled third-class carriage on a dark winter's night, it might be of material service to the Emperor in helping him to come to a decision.

Novel Speculation.

ONE of the last new Companies is the "Bank Top Spinning and Manufacturing," but what Bank it is which is about to commence business in opposition to MR. CREMER and other great toymen, we are not informed. We do not for a moment suppose it is the Bank—the Bank of England. Kite-flying in the Money Market is not an unusual phenomenon, but this must be the first instance of the introduction of top-spinning.

THE MANIA OF THE DAY.

A REMARKABLE movement has agitated the incurable patients at Colney Hatch. They want to go in a body on a pilgrimage to Holloway, and take HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.



ANECDOTE OF THE "PILGRIMAGE."

Mr. O'Finnigan. "MY DEAR, I'VE BEEN THINKING THAT WHILE YOU AND THE CHILDREN ARE AT FOLKESTONE, I COULD SO EASILY—THAT IS, IT WOULD BE AN ACT OF DUTY ON MY PART TO JOIN IN THIS GREAT MANIFESTATION OF—REPENTANCE—AT PARAY-LE-MONIAL. YOU RECOLLECT WHAT FATHER O'SHAVER SAID ON SUNDAY ABOUT—"

Mrs. O'P. (a good Catholic, too, but wide awake). "I DARE SAY. BUT THE ARCHBISHOP OBSERVED THAT 'THE CHURCH OF OIRELAND, FAITHFUL, FIRM, INFLEXIBLE, INVINCIBLE, DOESN'T NEED NO PRAYERS.' SO YE'LL JUST STOP WITH THE CHILDREN AND ME!" [And—he stopped.]

REASONS WHY LONDON IS SO EMPTY.

BECAUSE nobody who is anybody can dream of staying in it, now that everybody is away.

BECAUSE we are all afraid of what dear MRS. GRUNDY would whisper to her friends, if we chose to please ourselves and stay at home to do so.

BECAUSE the children, bless them! have been looking sadly pale, and *must* have change of air, at least, so their Mamma says.

BECAUSE we have a lot of shabby, faded dresses, which will do so nicely for a tour upon the Continent.

BECAUSE the landlord says our house has to be painted.

BECAUSE some country relatives, who we can't abide, have written to invite themselves for a quiet autumn visit.

BECAUSE we have all gone mad to get some grouse-shooting.

BECAUSE a rich old uncle has just left us a small legacy, too trifling to invest, but just enough to pay for a little trip to Paris.

BECAUSE we keep a yacht, and must go once a year to keep the crew from mutiny.

BECAUSE London gets so stuffy in the Autumn, don't you know, and (excepting some three millions) really nobody can breathe in it.

BECAUSE, like geese, we are gregarious, and birds of a feather are bound to go and flock together.

BECAUSE our tailor has been bothering us about his little account, and perhaps he may forget it if we go out of town a bit.

BECAUSE there's nobody at the Club, except that awful bore, old SNORTER, and we are afraid of being button-holed, and made to dine with him *en tête-à-tête*.

BECAUSE MARY, or MATILDA, or MIRANDA, has gone to the sea-side, and we can't resist the hope of meeting her by moonlight on the

A GOOD SOUND CONFESSION.

(*Ritualist "Confessor" sings.*)

As I shrove a daughter confiding,
In my robe penitential equipped,
I got such a precious good hiding!
I was so extremely well whipped!

Her husband came home before dinner,
Too early; for what did he see?
He caught me confessing a sinner,
His wife on her knees before me.

If I at her feet had been kneeling
(Which Holy Saint Martin forbid),
He could not have shown fiercer feeling,
And beaten me more than he did.

No doubt he expected to find me!
A dog-whip the Pagan had got.
And he twisted its thong round behind me,
And gave it to me, hot and hot.

The lash, when I thought he had ended,
I grasped with devotion, and kissed,
On my shoulders again it descended,
And I begged that he would not desist.

"You humbug!" he cried, as he scourged me,
"You sham-priest, impostor, and quack!"
Of pride while the chastisement purged me,
I thankfully bore every whack.

O discipline! O castigation
How welcome, though sharp to the touch!
O exquisite mortification
It hurt, but I liked it so much!

More pleasure with pain, too, he gave me,
When he kicked me down-stairs to the door,
And said, from his house as he drove me,
"Let me not catch you here any more."

Confessor, who got flagellation,
I a sainted Confessor should be;
The first since the sad Reformation.
But who is to canonize me?

QUESTION OF CONSANGUINITY.

If a man marry a Ballet-dancer, may it not be said that all the children she may present him with will have a Step-mother?

sands; or, at any rate, of seeing her with her beautiful back hair down.

BECAUSE our Doctor has commanded us to try some German baths, to cure that ache in our big toe, which has perplexed us ever since our last big dinner in the City.

BECAUSE we really must economise a bit, and we hear that we can live *en prince* upon the Continent for about half what it costs us to buy butcher's meat in London.

BECAUSE the CRACKLETONS are gone to Ryde, and we really can't exist without our usual daily intercourse with our old friends the CRACKLETONS.

BECAUSE our wife has vowed that, if we don't take her abroad this year, she will invite her dear Mamma to keep her company during the dull season.

And finally—Because all the organ-grinders have gone to the sea-side, and we are so fond of music that we must go after them.

Pilgrims' Fare.

IN an account of "the English Pilgrimage" it is stated that the Pilgrims about to start arrived at the Victoria Station soon after five in the morning, when, "of course, at this early hour the refreshment buffets were not open, and some disappointment was generally expressed in consequence." The Pilgrims of the olden time, instead of being disappointed at encountering a like deficiency, would probably have accepted it as a welcome fast.

"THE DESERTED VILLAGE."—London in September.

TEMPERANCE "OLD TOM."



ORDINARILY, the "intoxicating liquors," commonly known under the name of "spirits," are whiskey, brandy, gin, hollands, and rum, to which has lately been added the New Tea Spirit, Robur—a spirit that ought to be very strong if Robur means strength, and not the oak-tree, as though tea-leaves and oak-leaves were convertible terms. But the spirits which intoxicate people are more than are dreamt of in your Temperance philosophy. Amongst them there are some not exciseable. Not only so, but they are imponderable too, and, more than that, metaphysical. These are spirits of the quality, in relation to matter, of *esprit de corps*, and they very often do, like that, actuate parties and sects. They have, for example, actuated certain assemblies at Banbury to the excess of creating disturbances, inasmuch that the Magistrates in Petty Sessions there had to order the Police to stop all public meetings in the open air. A MR. JAMES CADBURY, a member of the Society of Friends, and President of the Temperance Society, aggrieved, apparently, by that prohibition, brought the decision of the Magistrates under the notice of the SECRETARY OF STATE. According to the *Times* :—

"The HOME SECRETARY asked for observations on MR. CADBURY's letter from the Magistrates' Clerk, and he writes that it was represented to the Magistrates that the intemperate language of the Temperance advocates had caused a breach of the peace, and that the Magistrates did not direct any proceedings to be taken, but simply directed the police in future to prevent, as far as possible, all such meetings as tended to a breach of the peace, or caused an obstruction of the thoroughfare."

"The intemperate language of the Temperance advocates" had obliged the Banbury Magistrates to have all public meetings dispersed, in order that such language might not continue to be used and create disorder at Temperance Meetings. The disorder thus occasioned is an instance of the effect of a mental intoxicating spirit. By the intoxicating spirit of fanatical Temperance these possessed with it are made drunk and disorderly, just as though it were so much gin. MR. CADBURY, of course, is a dry Quaker, but he might as well be a wet one, worse than the late weather, as the President of a Society whose meetings are pervaded by an ardent spirit, which inflames a deminiscing and dictatorial officiousness, and so excites its victims that they behave exactly like wretches under the influence of "intoxicating liquors." There ought, if possible, to be some law analogous to the Licensing Act, which would restrain the intemperate advocates of Temperance from abandoning themselves to spirits which degrade them below the level of the brute.

Smelfungus on Fines.

THE fulfilment of our desires is generally attended with reward, and followed by punishment. Through indulgence in good living we incur gout. A family, however, is not always an affliction. Some men do not care about their children. Others are opulent. "Children must be paid for," but penalties are payable without pain by people who have plenty of money.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

THE burden of the French Pilgrims' hymn is "Sauvez Rome et France." This should teach the Italian Government to lose no time in laying down torpedoes at Civita Vecchia.

THE TORPEDO'S MATE.

WHAT limits can be assigned to the size of which it would be possible to construct an electro-magnet? Because, if one could be made sufficiently big, it would be capable of attracting the largest iron-clad. As this sort of magnet remains such only so long as it is connected with a galvanic battery, and, the moment it is disconnected therefrom, loses its magnetism, its working as a means of coast and harbour defence would be most simple. What is there to hinder making a bar of soft iron into the form of a horseshoe as large as necessary, and surrounded with a coil of copper wire duly insulated; and then stationing it on a suitable platform erected on some convenient shoal or mudbank, or in any other handy situation? That done, what would be easier than to lay down a conductor by which the coil surrounding the bar might, at will, be placed in connection with the battery required to make it a magnet? The moment this was done, would not your magnet immediately attract any iron vessel within a considerable distance, even more powerfully than the loadstone-mountain did the ship in the *Arabian Nights*? Would it not thus afford you the means of running an enemy aground at pleasure, whilst, in the piping time of peace, lying out of contact with your galvanic apparatus, it would remain demagnetised, and nowise interfere with your navigation of your own waters? My Lords, if one of those days, you reduce this suggestion to practice, perhaps you will remember who it was that first made it.

A FAIR FLOWER-SHOW.

A FLOWER-SHOW, consisting of the *Virgineaceæ* was held yesterday in the Assembly Rooms, at Missington. Prizes were awarded to the parental exhibitors of several uncommonly beautiful specimens, and others were highly commended. The winners of gold and silver medals included an *Augusta formosa*, an *Arabella auricea*, an *Anelia elegans*, an *Agnes gracilis*, a *Barbara subfusca*, a *Carolina rosea*, a *Dorothea boeipis*, an *Emma speciosa*, a *Frances callispyrus*, and a *Georgina glauca*. Many others were highly commended: in particular the *Henrietta canora*, and *Isabella saltatrix*. Attention was attracted by the *Julia ridens*, the *Katharina procar*, the *Louisa languens*, the *Maria garrula*, and the *Nora loquacissima*. Among some specimens of a typical character, less distinguished by their beauty than by other peculiarities, the most remarkable were the *Olivia rotunda*, the *Priscilla pinguis*, the *Rosa androdes*, the *Rebecca acuta*, and the *Selina simplex*. The exhibition comprised a magnificent specimen of the *Dorcas carota*, and an equally splendid one of the *Jemima vulgaris*.

SONG OF THE DEAD SEASON.

THE "Marriages" were seven; no more,
In this day's *Times*. Surprising!
Statistics might account therefore,
If bread in price were rising,
And did the wiser classes wed
Whenever there's a fall in bread.

Of those few weddings in the *Times*
Perhaps this is the reason,
Rich people fly to foreign climes,
So wedlock's out of season;
Since wealthy lads, and lasses fair,
Now, whilst they migrate, do not pair.

Theological Anæsthetics.

HERR PHILIPP SPILLER, German philosopher, has made a discovery in theology, which, if confirmed, would entirely supersede the Athanasian Creed—and every other. He refers all things that exist to a Universal World-Æther. This Æther is unconscious and impersonal. The Infinite does not appear to be solved by a theory of Æther in anywise more satisfactorily than it would be by the hypothesis of Chloroform.

VERY LIKELY!

THE Pilgrims, on their way to Paray-le-Monial, were to have halted half-way at the station of Montargis. If they did, perhaps some of them witnessed the apparition of the celebrated Dog there.

SIMPLE.

Q. When is a Man tied to Time?
A. When he Marries a Second.

PREMATURE ADVERTISEMENTS.



ONE is getting used to the piling up of names in matrimonial advertisements. When Mr. Buowy has the felicity of marrying Miss Jones, the announcement of the fact is pretty certain to include the names of father, grandfather, and any titled relatives of the bridegroom and the bride, and those of all the Clergymen officiant or assistant, with all such other details of pedigree or station as may be deemed attractive to the public eye. Of late this custom has extended, in some cases we have noticed, from the marriages to the births, and there have been protruded announcements such as this:—

"On the 11th instant, at the Myrtles, Little Cradleton,

AMELIA AUGUSTA, wife of TIMOTHY TWADDLE, Esq., J.P., F.R.Z.S., &c., of a Son [AUGUSTUS TIMOTHY]."

Now, MRS. GRUNDY, please Ma'am, what imports the nomination of this infant? Clearly the little bantling was not born ready-christened; and viewing the celerity with which his birth has been announced, it is hardly likely that he has been yet presented at the font. The proclamation of the Christian names which are to be applied to him must be therefore premature, and of nominal importance. Friends at a distance, who might be expected to accept the intimation, and to express congratulation, or, if cynical, condolence, could hardly be expected to recite the welcome little stranger's names in their letters to his parents, and say they hoped to hear that MASTER TIMOTHY AUGUSTUS was in tolerable health. For months that little gentleman will be called Baby by his Nurse, and probably addressed by its Mamma as a "pooty ducksy wueksy," or a "tidy ickle sing;" and we certainly opine that it is somewhat premature to print his more distinctive appellations in the newspaper.

A SEA ROMANCE.

A DAY and a night and a morning
We sailed on the lonely deep,
While the water-spouts did around us,
With horrible tameness, leap.

There came on the passing whirlwind
A sound of the dread Typhoon,
And the sun went down in anger
At three in the afternoon.

We heard the song of the Mermaid,
As she silently combed her hair;
The voice of the warbling Walrus,
The shriek of the Polar bear.

The Captain stood on the cross-tree,
The Mate on the paddle-box,
The Purser upon the fo'c'stle—
He sighted some sunken recks.

And the good ship heeled to starboard;
And then she listed to port.
"O, give me a drink!" cried the Captain,
"Give it me stiff and short."

And the good ship heeled to starboard—
Her yards were in the wave:
The Mate shook hands with the Purser,
For both were young and brave.

As the Captain's bride was selling
Her winkles on Wapping Stair,
She saw a shrieking phantom,
With sea-weed instead of hair.

Its eyes were cold and fishlike,
The eels went in and about;
A codfish was in its bosom,
In its pockets were whiting pont.

The Mate had an only mother—
She worked in the charing line;
That night she saw her first-born,
His countenance soaked in brine.

The Purser he was an orphan,
With nowhere to lay his head:
The parish beadle started
That night on his feather bed.



A day and a night and a morning
Had passed over wave and shore,
When the good ship hailed a pilot
By the light-ship upon the Nore.

She steamed in silence and sorrow
To her berth in St. Catherine's Docks,
Her bobstay fast to the bowsprit,
The ropes reeved through the blocks.

The anchor fell from the cathead—
It sunk with a sullen splash.
And the Captain paid his shipmates
Their wages in sterling cash.

And then he drove to his lodgings;
But vainly he sought his bride:
He called her—she could not hear him—
She was walking along Cheapside.

The Mate, he flew to his mother;
He hoped she was still alive.
But, broken by sorrow and charing,
She had taken a cab for a drive.

The Purser, a lonely orphan,
Had nowhere to lay his head,
So he went to the nearest tavern,
And was carried up, tight, to bed.

Credulity and Incredulity.

DISCOURSING on the miracle alleged to have occurred two hundred years ago at Paray-le-Monial, ARCHBISHOP MANNING is reported, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to have "said those who refused to believe this would, had they lived at the time, have refused to believe the Scripture miracles." The *Pall Mall* makes few mistakes, but surely this is one of them. Regarding those miracles in comparison with that miracle, MR. BRADLAUGH, indeed, perhaps, places them on the same footing, and would say that those who could believe the former would believe the latter.

BRITISH CANNIBALISM.—The sacrifice of an individual by Act of Parliament to the Public.



CATCHING A LITTLE TARTAR.

"SO YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT DONKEY-RIDING, MISSY. AND WHY?"

"O, I'VE GOT A PONY, AND ONE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT DONKEYS AFTER THAT, YOU KNOW!"

"HAS A PONY GOT MORE LEGS THAN A DONKEY, THEN?"

Missy (who doesn't like to be chaffed). "YES; EXACTLY TWICE AS MANY AS SOME DONKEYS THAT I KNOW OF!"

BETTER OFF THAN USUAL.

Now Members review a past Session,
If barren, which might have been worse;
Imposed more restraint and repression
On Person; exactions on Purse.

We need not be much discontented.
The Houses of late, each Recess
Recurring, with burdens augmented
Have left us, and liberties less.

But this time, for once, of few measures,
If any, we have to complain,
Designed to diminish our pleasures,
Or curb us with bridle and rein.

There's always this great compensation
For Parliament's vacuous jaws;
A Session of no legislation
Afflicts us with no needless laws.

Our Rulers of no more have reft us;
Given small cause to bless them or ban.
The Session but little has left us
Unhappier than when it began.

For us the Recess a release is
From all that a Briton annoys;
Save ill-luck, expense which increases,
And what Progress daily destroys.

OUR BLACK-DIAMOND DIGGERS.

FROM a story told in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, it appears that pitmen are really accustomed to travel in first-class carriages. Very soon, no doubt a pitman will be able to keep his own carriage, unless he drinks a vast deal too much first-quality champagne, Château d'Yquem, and other extremely expensive wines. The craft of the pitman, heretofore a mere handiwork, is rising into an art, a scientific art like surgery; and the extraction of coals from the bowels of the earth will soon be on a par, both as to dignity and remuneration, with those operations by which the human frame is relieved of morbid formations and foreign bodies. The picks and other implements used in extracting coal will come to be made of the finest tempered steel, some of them perhaps of silver. Pitmen's wages will cease to be so called; they will take the name of fees; and young gentlemen, wishing to follow an employment which will occupy but a small portion of their time in its pursuit, be rewarded with high emolument, and not have its portals obstructed by any examination, will enter the Pit rather than the Medical, or any other Profession. In the meanwhile, who but a millionaire will be able to afford a fire?

Benedicto Benedicatur.

"BLESS you, my children!" said His Holiness the Pope, through the eloquent mouth of his servant the Archbishop, to the Pilgrims ere they started on their progress from our shores. These progressionists, we may presume, were all of them true Catholics, and we may doubt if any Protestant who chanced to come among them would have received the Holy Father's benediction with the rest. Yet it is said that *Mr. Punch*, whom no one will accuse of Catholic proclivities, was heard before the Pilgrims left us to allege that, if he joined them, he would certainly "be blest."



“HOLIDAY TIME!”

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

About the purchase of a Horse.

OW my pony is getting old. Not strong enough to take a party of six fourteen miles without what they call showing signs of distress. Tell every one for months that I must get a horse. Or say "Cob." Cob sounds more modest: more like a person who only keeps one. "Horse" sounds like getting a Derby winner. Also, for another reason, if I say at a large dinner-party I must get a new horse, it gives the idea of my having a stud, consisting of a lot of old ones, and that I am going to "add to their number," as they say on Committees.

I consult my friend GLOPPIN on the subject. I generally consult him on any matters connected with horseflesh, on account of his sporting reputation, which he first gained through the cut of his trousers. In

fact, it was this peculiar cut that first gave him the idea of riding, as, up to the age of twenty-two, he had never crossed a horse. But happening one day to change his tailor, and being fitted by his new one with this remarkable sportingly cut pair of trousers, and, further, being congratulated by every one on their admirable fit, it occurred to him that he had better be consistent from the sole of his boots to the top of his hat, and so, when he next appeared in public, he was sporting all over. He was away for some time—at least, his friends lost sight of him,—and, when I saw him again, it was out with the hounds, about sixteen miles from my cottage, whither I had driven in order to see the throw-off.

Happy Thought.—The pleasantest way of seeing a throw-off is to be seated comfortably in a trap, drawn by a horse that won't start at anything. How one can remark on the want of pluck shown by the riders, and what an exciting spectacle it is to see them take the first fence! One enjoys it, too, all the more if you've had the slightest experience of taking the first fence yourself. I have. Then the fun of crying out "Yoicks!" "Tallyho!" and "Gone away!" from a seat in a carriage. Then the jokes which you can safely make to a nervous rider (always from your seat in the carriage), when he comes up to say "Good morning;" for instance, about the "throw-off," one can say, "I've come to see the hounds throw-off. Your horse looks as if it was going to throw-off first." Or something light and airy to that effect. Then you can inquire of some one else "How he feels outside a horse?" and ask another person, with a fresh horse, just to "pop over that hedge and let's see how he goes."

On the whole, the longer I look back on my past experience, and the more I consider the matter, the more firmly am I convinced that the pleasantest way of going out hunting is in a carriage, with plenty of rugs, a flask and cigars, and, if you follow the hounds by road, a hamper with luncheon.

"I know what you want," GLOPPIN says. This, on consideration, is clever of GLOPPIN, after I've told him what I want. But it's GLOPPIN's characteristic; he always knows "to a hair" what anyone wants, if they only tell him beforehand. "I know what you want," says GLOPPIN, quite angrily, as if I had put my case weakly or described my requirements inadequately; "you want a good stout cob—"

"Yes," I say, "about fourteen one."

"Well," replies GLOPPIN, doubtfully, "about fourteen one or two; something that would take you a distance when you wanted to drive, and that you could just step down and throw your leg over when you wanted an hour's jog along the road. You wouldn't object," he adds, slyly, "to getting a day's hunting out of him occasionally."

In the presence of my Aunt and company, to whom GLOPPIN is an oracle, I admit, with a smile intended to be quite as knowing as GLOPPIN's, that I should not object to a day's hunting out of him.

"Lor!" says GLOPPIN, looking round at the guests and fixing my Aunt, "I know the sort of horse he wants."

I, too, look round with an air of satisfaction, as much as to say to

those who didn't know it before, "I'm a bit of a sportsman; I can drive, I can ride, and I'm—keep your eye on me—I'm going to do quite the Country-Squire-like sort of thing—I'm going to buy a horse. You'll hear GLOPPIN mention the sort of thing, and you'll hear me close with him."

I am silent, regarding GLOPPIN expectantly. The guests too are listening to what he's going to say next.

His eyes me curiously, as if he were going to, subsequently, paint a portrait of me, from memory, half-length, the remainder being cut off by the dinner-table, and then he remarks, "I'm! Yes—he must be up to weight."

"Well," I demur, pleasantly, for I feel we are getting on a delicate subject, only sporting men are so fond of expressing themselves roughly, and with unnecessary bluntness even before ladies. "Well, of course, I couldn't ride a mere pony."

The youngest Miss WHEELER, whom I have taken in to dinner, and with whom I have been keeping up a gay conversation about parties, dresses, yachting, military balls, cricket-matches, polo, and pic-nics (all these subjects under a great mental strain, being entirely foreign to my usual serious line of thought connected with my seventh volume of *Typical Developments*), smiles, and observes that, of course, I couldn't get any hunting on a pony.

Happy Thought.—Good excuse, though, for not hunting. Not a bad idea to keep a pony and be always regretting he isn't a hunter. Get credit for being able to go over a seven-barred gate, because no one has ever seen you do anything to prove you couldn't do it. I think it out.

"Ah!" says GLOPPIN, not paying any attention to these remarks (another peculiarity of GLOPPIN's, and of sporting men, who like to ride rough-shod over you), "you ride about fifteen stuns, I suppose?"

I knew he was coming to a delicate subject. He might just as well have kept this till afterwards.

Happy Thought.—Deny it. I don't ride what he calls fifteen stuns. By the way, is a stun a stone, or isn't stun something to do with wine measure?

Safest, when uncertain about a sporting word or its meaning, to pronounce it as he does. It strikes me, as a note for Vol. XV., letter E, on Equestrianism, suddenly, how ignorant one is upon most matters of weight. How much is a *stun*? Is it twenty hundred-weight or not? Not, I should say, because fifteen times twenty would be three hundred, and I can't weigh three hundred hundred-weight. Let me recall, while GLOPPIN is measuring me with his eye to discover exactly what I do weigh, let me recall my Tables. "Four quarters make a hundred-weight." What quarters? What measure is this? Riding measure? . . . Make another note to look all this out, and have marginal references to article on Equestrianism.

"Why," says GLOPPIN, "I ride thirteen stuns, and you must weigh quite two stuns more than I do."

"O, no," I say, confidently.

"I'll lay you a fiver you're nearer fifteen stuns than thirteen," he returns, sharply.

This is another sporting way of his of riding rough-shod over you. He knows I won't bet, and, because I don't take his wager, everybody present thinks he must be right and I must be wrong.

"What do you walk?" he asks, inquisitorially.

I don't know, and I haven't been weighed for two years. I haven't, because I object to the process. I shouldn't so much if it could be done quietly, and no one except yourself be a bit the wiser. But a weighing-machine is generally in some conspicuous part of some public building, and if you pay your penny and sit down, lots of people come round you and make remarks as to what they think you are, and then there's a great excitement when the weighing machinist gives out your ticket and announces your weight.

I also object to it on another ground besides that of publicity, and it is that I don't believe the machines are correct. I don't think they give a correct return any more than any Income-tax payer does. No weighing-machine that I've tried has ever satisfied me.

I reply that when I was last weighed I think I was about twelve stone. I don't commit myself to this statement; I only think it. *Au fond*, I have a sort of idea that I was twelve stone something, which something was so much that it just grazed thirteen stone. This portion of the history I do not tell.

GLOPPIN is incredulous. "Ah," he exclaims, nodding his head in confirmation of his own bigoted opinion, "if you don't ride all fifteen, I don't know what riding fifteen is."

Happy Thought.—Drop the subject, or rather this part of it. That is, drop me, and take up the horse. Set down one, and one to carry.

"Do you know of anything to suit me, eh?" I ask him.

"Ah!" he replies; "it's a precious difficult thing to get. I don't know," he says, turning to my Aunt, "if there's a more difficult thing to lay your hand on just at this moment than what he" (with a nod at me) "wants."

"Indeed!" says my Aunt.

We are all interested. Myself especially. Evidently I want a



ON THE MOORS (DELIGHTFUL).

Emily (just arrived). "WHAT! NO LUNCHEON COME YET? ISN'T THAT IT ON THE HILL?"

Tom. "NO, THAT'S A MAN GOING HOME WITH GAME BAGS."

Emily. "WELL, THEN, THE BOY HAS EITHER EATEN IT OR LOST HIS WAY!"

[*EMILY has a healthy appetite, and things are rather unpleasant for Tom that afternoon.*]

very superior style of animal, and I draw myself up and listen with an air of some consequence.

"Yes," says GLOPPIN, "any dealer, or any one who knows anything about horses, will tell you"—this puts us all out of the question, as *we* haven't told him—"that the most difficult thing to get just now is what he wants, that's what they call a thorough old gentleman's Cob."

No, hang it! no. I protest against this description. If he had said a prancing Arab, or cream-coloured Persian steed, or something showy, or even a "covert hack" (which sounds sporting), I shouldn't have minded. But to put me down as something so portly that I can only be suited by the sort of horse a heavy Archdeacon would jog about on, is too bad of GLOPPIN—in company—and I believe he does it on purpose.

Happy Thought.—Laugh the suggestion out of court. Treat it as GLOPPIN's joke. If my attempt is successful every one will think it was GLOPPIN's joke, and a very stupid one.

"No," GLOPPIN insists, evidently rather annoyed at his suggestion being pooh-poohed, "that is what you want, an old gentleman's Cob, perfectly safe and sound. But," he adds, "it's a precious difficult thing to get."

I thought he knew of one. No, he doesn't, he wishes he did; worth any money just now. GLOPPIN promises to be on the look out, and to let me know of anything likely. A relation of his, he says, had the very thing—"the very thing," he repeats, emphatically, and then stops, as if debating within himself whether his relation couldn't somehow be got rid of, or the animal stolen, as it were, from under him. The expression on GLOPPIN's face just now does not suggest the idea of obtaining his relative's horse by any fair means.

"Won't he part with it?" I ask, presently, with the air of a millionaire, to whom money was no object.

"Part with it!" returns GLOPPIN. "He sold it last week."

Happy Thought.—CLUMBER, the livery stable-keeper, from whom we have our flies, may know of something or have something. Will see CLUMBER to-morrow.

Before GLOPPIN leaves us, I impart to him my ideal of the horse I want. Fourteen hands high, to go in my pony trap, perfectly quiet to ride or drive, good-looking, if not handsome, bay preferred with four black legs, must not be afraid of trains, mustn't shy, kick, or rear, be quite good-tempered, no vice, in fact all virtue, age rising six—by which I mean (whatever the expression itself may mean) between six and seven years old, price not more than forty guineas.

"Ah," says GLOPPIN, "you'd like one given you."

I should. One was given me once. I shall never forget him. He wouldn't stand still, he wouldn't be ridden, he wouldn't be driven, he never kept the same pace for two consecutive minutes, he tossed his head up and down as if he were throwing up a ball and catching it again, and after ten minutes of the most utter discomfort, I handed him over to the stableman, dismounted with the greatest possible delight at finding myself once more on my own legs (which, I am inclined to think are, after all, the safest and least expensive means of conveyance), and the next day I sold him at the hammer for what I could get.

This is a long time ago, and I flatter myself I know more about what I do really want now, so to-morrow see CLUMBER the Flyman. The Nursery Rhyme occurs to me—"Simple Simon met a Flyman"—it was Pieman, but the facility of the rhyme is ominous.

Some One's Own Colours.

THE *Standard*, with reference to modern Pilgrims, remarks that, owing to the policy of the Vatican, "there is being organised a Black International, which is the very justification of the existence of the Red International." Combine the colours black and red, and who should march under them? The Inns-of-Court Volunteers.

A NICE MAN.

MR. SWIGGINS was a sot. He was also a sloven. He never had anything neat about him but gin.



AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION.

"WHAT! SHIVERING IN THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST! HOW'S THAT!"

"O, SIR, PLEASE, SIR, WE WAS ONLY TAUGHT 'OW TO BEG IN THE WINTER TIME, SIR!"

PILGRIMAGES.

MR. and MRS. PARFLEET, MASTER CLAUD, MASTER ERNEST and MASTER MORTIMER PARFLEET, MISS EDITH, MISS ETHEL, and MISS MARGARET PARFLEET, MISS JASSEY, the GOVERNESS, ELIZABETH HOPKINSON, the Nursemaid, and MISS ISABELLA THORNTON, MRS. PARFLEET's youngest unmarried sister, took their departure from the Victoria Station, on Tuesday last, by the 3.15 P.M. train, with luggage proportionate to numbers, on a pilgrimage to Sandbeach.

LORD BALBRIGGAN, THE HON. HORACE EGREMONT, SIR FREDERICK BOLINGBROKE, ADMIRAL HALLIARD, C.B., COLONEL HAMBOROUGH DODDINGTON, and MAJOR BASWICK, V.C., are on a pilgrimage in Norfolk, partridge-shooting.

The principal members of the Dramatic Company from the Band-box Theatre are on a pilgrimage in the provinces.

MR. PASTON PACEY has left Town, attended by his man, on his annual Autumn pilgrimage to his Great Aunts, the MISSES FREDERICA and JOANNA PASTON, at Priorcourt, Perdurshire.

Some of the oldest Members of the Venerable Antiquarian Association have started on a pilgrimage which will embrace Banbury Cross, Coventry, Gotham, Jack Straw's Castle, Old Sarum, and many other places rich in archaeological interest and historic association.

MR. WILLIAM BASTRAP, the travelling representative of the well-known house of BRADFORD, HALLIFAX, WAKEFIELD, & Co., is now on a pilgrimage through the Midland Counties, with samples of new woollen goods.

The Savannah Songsters and Wags of the Wilderness (amalgamated) are making a pedestrian pilgrimage to the fashionable watering-places on the South Coast.

MADAME CAROLANT, MISS ROSE NIGHTINGALE, SIGNOR TENORINT, MR. LARKMORE CHANSON, and HERR FRIEDRICH BANGMANN (pianist), are on a pilgrimage to the principal towns in the west of England.

The itinerant Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Celibacy is on a pilgrimage through the United Kingdom.

PIRING MONEY.

Two hundred pounds of powder, mate,
To bolt of half a ton,
And sixty tons the cannon's weight;
Good gracious, what a gun!

The cost of these enormous guns
Poor taxpayers astounds.
A piece that weighs full threescore tons
Must come to many pounds.

How chargeable the charge alone
Of heavy guns like these!
The damage will be all our own
Where'er they miss our foes.

For if your monster harmless roar,
And fail to smash or slay,
Bang, all for nought, goes some two score
Of sterling pounds away;

A charge which might discharge one's rent,
Make happy many souls;
A wife and children; pay, what's spent
By you in one year's coals.

True, Gunner, make the missile go,
Which costs us such a lot,
That we may something have to show
For powder spent, and shot;

A hole in armour, big enough
An Ironsides to lag,
And enemies whose heads would stuff
A more than common bag.

Liberal Suggestion.

WITH reference to the pending sea-serpentine monster trial there is one suggestion which surely may be hazarded without fear of incurring contempt of Court. The partridge-shooting season has commenced, and Judges, instead of stalking over stubble and turnips, are sitting in the Court of Queen's Bench out of Term. For all the extra work which they are thus doing ought not the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his learned colleagues to be presented with a gratuity?

The EARL and COUNTESS OF EVERSFIELD, the LADIES SACCHARISSA and ALTHEA MARCHINGTON, and LORD OSRIC MARCHINGTON, accompanied by the Honourable and very Reverend the DEAN OF DORCHESTER, and LADY CAROLINE GAUNTLEY and their family, and attended by FRANK BARBER, valet, ROBERT BAKER, footman, SUSAN CHANDLER and SOPHIA DYER, ladies'-maids, and MAX OTHO, courier, are on a pilgrimage to the castles and abbeys in Upper Styria.

SENSATION FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

PEOPLE at the Sea-side, who have nothing else to do but eat, and drink, and sleep, and smoke, and sow, and chat, and flirt, and bathe, and walk, and ride, and row, and sail, and lounge, and loll, and sit upon the beach and read a novel or a newspaper, will be glad to hear that fresh food for their minds is now ready at the libraries. Here is the latest batch just issued, together with the sequels, or companion works, which shortly may be looked for:—

Going Out to Peck a Bit, a story by the author of *Coming Home to Roost*.

Hobson's Election, a sensational sequel to *Janet's Choice*.

Willie Woodenlegs, a companion to *Timothy Cripple*.

The Wits of St. Bernard, a sequel to the story of *The Tallants of Barton*.

Found in Fleet Street, by the author of *Stranded, but not Lost*.

The Actor's Performance, a novel written for the readers of *The Earl's Promise*.

The Good-humoured Young Coalpit, by the author of *The Old Cross Quarry*.

Very Curious Indeed, but, nevertheless, not Altogether Incredible. A tale of thrilling interest. Edited by the author of *Remarkable, but Still True*.

WHAT Latin Poet ought to be sold in a limp binding?—HORATIUS FLACCUS.



A DILEMMA.

Auxiliary Recruit (to himself). "MURDER! MURDER! WHAT'LL I DO NOW? 'DRILL-SARJINT TOULD ME ALWAYS TO SALUTE ME OFFICER WID THE FAR-OFF HAND, AND HERE'S TWO IV EM! FAIX, I'LL MAKE IT STRAIGHT FOR MESELF ANYHOW!"

[Throws up both Hands!]

SIGHTS ONE NEVER SEES.

A CABMAN with an eye-glass.
 A Prince of the Blood riding a piebald horse in Rotten Row.
 An Archbishop in a punt fishing for gudgeon.
 A Drinking Fountain erected by a wealthy Distiller.
 A Quaker at the Derby.
 The Corporation of London at a five o'clock tea.
 Punch and Judy on London Bridge.
 The Dean and Chapter all together in an omnibus.
 An Elephant in a village pound.
 An eclipse at night in Half-Moon Street.
 Feats of horsemanship at the Oxford Circus.
 Nigger Minstrels in the Bank of England.
 A black man in a brown study.
 Three blind Mice, out of a Catch.
 An Archdeacon on a bicycle.
 The Head of a finishing establishment for Young Ladies sitting in a swing, and reading a novel.
 An old Gentleman, in a blue coat and brass buttons, at a music-hall.
 A Beefeater at a Vegetarian Festival.
 An infant born (well-authenticated case) with a silver spoon in its mouth.

Clerical Envy.

THE Licensing Act is unpopular amongst Publicans, but appears to be approved of, at any rate, by some of the Clergy, of whom no less than four hundred and eighty-three have petitioned Convocation for the appointment of Confessors under the Licensing System.

BAIT AND WHITEBAIT.

THE "gentle" craft some people Angling name;
 The "lobworm" might more truly call the same.

CONJUGAL TABLES TURNED.

IN New Albany, Indiana, according to the *New Albany Ledger*, there are two men inferior in physical strength to their wives, who are accustomed to thrash them. The assertion of Woman's Rights has more than triumphed in America, and ladies at New Albany have initiated Man's Wrongs. The tables will, perhaps, be turned sooner or later amongst ourselves in like manner, if women generally have physical training superadded to their education, and get to acquire development of their muscles as well as their minds. Then, very likely, in the Police Courts of the future, great hulking females will be brought before magistrates of their own sex, and committed for as long as a few weeks to prison for knocking down their husbands with smashing blows on the face, and stamping upon the poor fellows with heavy hobnailed boots.

Good for Trade.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the like is true concerning hail, of which recent storms in some districts have much profited the glaziers. A certain gentleman in their line of business is an amateur of classical music. He never omits going, whenever he can, to hear HANDEL'S Oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, because, in the performance of that sublime composition, he always feels so highly transported with the *Hailstone Chorus*.

Honour to St. Marie A-la-Coque.

CONSIDERING the exceedingly comic character of the Pilgrimage just concluded, and the fact that scores of educated English ladies and gentlemen went to worship at the shrine of a lunatic and hysteric Nun, POPE PUNCH THE FIRST, and ONLY, hereby, "out of his grace and goodness," confers upon those remarkable Pilgrims the style and title of ALACOCKOLORUMS.



SKIRMISHING IN PERSPECTIVE.

"A GOOD SKIRMISHER, IF THERE IS NO COVER, SHOULD HIDE BEHIND HIS BOOTS!"

SCIENCE IN SEASON.

UNDER the head of "Science Gossip" the *Athenæum* informs us that—

"An original suggestion as to the probable origin of nerve-force has been thrown out by MR. A. H. GARRON. He believes that the difference of temperature between the interior of a living organism and its external surface is an available source of energy, hitherto unrecognised, which may reasonably be supposed to give rise to an electric nerve-current."

The National Association for the advancement of that which is the subject of our learned and scientific contemporary's above-quoted gossip, will perhaps deliberate on the suggestion therein contained. Experience (it may be hoped) has already taught the majority of philosophers that the affusion of cold water on the human body in the daily matutinal performance of "tubbing" is usually attended with a convulsion very similar to a shock of electricity. How much further they will get than that point, we shall be glad to see. In continuation, on MR. GARROD'S theory, the *Athenæum* observes:—

"Admitting such an hypothesis, it is easy to see why, at this season, most of us feel lacking in nerve-force, or why the prolonged use of a hot-water bath induces a feeling of faintness. The greatest supply of nerve-force, and, therefore, the greatest amount of vigour, is naturally to be got in cold weather, when a considerable difference of temperature obtains between the exterior and the interior of the body."

From the context of the hot-water bath with the season referred to in the foregoing passage, this may be supposed to have been written in warm weather. Accordingly, the sages of the National Association will perhaps consider whether the exhaustion occasioned by a high temperature, and the faintness induced by a hot bath do not mainly arise from what the Faculty call diaphoresis. Also whether, although the greatest supply of nerve-force, and therefore the greatest amount of vigour, is naturally to be got by some people, namely, the young, in cold weather, the smallest supply of nerve-force, and, therefore, the smallest amount of vigour, is therein as naturally to be got, worse luck! by the aged. Everybody knows how fast a cold winter carries off old people; and with what hopes, in case they have much property to leave behind them, a fall of the thermometer about Christmas inspires their youthful relatives.

As to the origin of nerve-force from the difference between internal and external temperature, the National Association may vouchsafe to perpend the following doggerel:—

What in fishes is the source
Whence originates nerve-force?
How much warmer is a trout
As it swims, inside than out?

If these are only fool's questions, philosophers may be pleased to laugh at them.

"Circumstances alter Cases."

BUNTING was using his telescope on the delightful new pier at Haroldstown. BRIGGS came up to him, and said, "What's that?" BUNTING, surprised, "Why, a telescope, of course!" Whereupon BRIGGS rejoined, "I should call it a pier glass."

BROWN'S LAMENT.

I WANDER up and down,
I've lately come from Town,
My name is ROGER BROWN—
I wonder why I'm here.

I shun the noisy sands,
The brass and brazen bands,
The flymen on the stands—
I wonder why I'm here.

I'm weary of the Pier,
I can't drink bitter beer,
And things are all so dear—
I wonder why I'm here.

I cannot swim or dive,
I cannot ride or drive,
I watch the folks arrive—
And wonder why I'm here.

I neither row nor scull,
If a trigger I could pull,
I would not shoot a gull—
I wonder why I'm here.

I never take a boat,
I never watch a float,
There is no *table d'hôte*—
I wonder why I'm here.

I cannot by their rig
Tell schooner, bark, or brig,
Yaw, cutter, yacht, or gig—
I wonder why I'm here.

Unversed in Nature's lore,
The rocks, the cliff, the shore,
I listlessly explore—
And wonder why I'm here.

The commonest weed and shell
Cast up by surf and swell,
Their names I cannot tell—
Why ever am I here?

I read the papers through,
And think what I shall do
Till dinner-time at two—
I wonder why I'm here.

I've read *The Missing Heir*,
I've tried *The Lonely Lair*,
The *Ill-assorted Pair*—
I wonder why I'm here.

I linger in the shops,
I loiter over chops,
I talk about the hops—
And wonder why I'm here.

I've roamed the country round:
A church or two I found,
And an ancient village pound—
I wonder why I'm here.

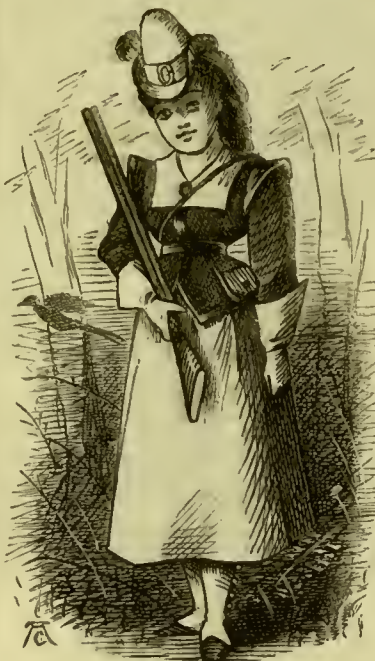
I wander up and down,
I can't return to Town,
Because of MRS. BROWN—
You know now why I'm here.

Bythesea, September, 1873.

Canonization and Causes.

WITH respect to Canonization there are two "Causes" which certainly ought to be submitted to His Holiness the POPE. They are those which produce at least the great majority of apparitions and visions, which they have occasioned time out of mind. They have, therefore, pretensions to the title of "Venerable" which might be well entertained at Rome; and then, in due time, they might be decreed full Saints, by the names of SS. Hypochondriasis and Hysteria.

A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR BACHELORS.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,
I was—well, never mind the age—on my last birthday, and you may guess, therefore, that I was born in the year—no matter what. You may guess, likewise, that I am old enough to marry, and, indeed, that notion has more than once occurred to me, and, moreover, has been hinted at by some of my fair friends. But I am somewhat of a timid and unenterprising temperament; and, although I more than once have found myself upon the very brink of falling in love, I have been invariably saved by some slight incident from the fatal plunge. Only yesterday, for instance, I had chipped my second egg, and was reflecting on the charms of MISS XANTIPPE BOUNCER, to whom I had been lately introduced by MRS. GREYMAR, her maternal aunt and guardian, when, turning to my newspaper, propped

up before me by the teapot, I shuddered to behold these words,
“TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES FOR LADIES,”

heading an advertisement, in terribly large type.

You may conceive, Sir, what a shock was thus occasioned to a man of tender nerve. Methought, ladies employing tailors to cut out their costumes will probably proceed to wearing masculine attire, and there is no telling what garments they may think fit to adopt. Garments which the stalwart Highlander dispenses with may be in fashion with sweet ladies—er, at least, sweet married ladies. And this, Sir, is a prospect quite sufficient to deter from any overt act which might be mistaken for flirtation a single gentleman so nervous as

Yours, timidly,

TIMOTHY TWITTER.

Silver Street, Saturday.

NEW PATERNAL POSTAGE RULES.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL (preparatory to leaving office) gives notice that from and after the 1st October next the following rules and regulations will be in force, and that any deviation from them will be punished with the utmost rigour of the Law:—

1. No person is to write, outside a letter, anything but the direction. If it is wished to send a public message, a halfpenny card must be employed.

2. A Stamp, once affixed, must remain, and any person washing off a Stamp, and gumming it on another envelope, will be liable to prosecution.

3. Directions must be properly punctuated, with a semi-colon after the name; a colon after each following line; and a period after the concluding word, which must be written large. Otherwise, no letter will be delivered.

4. Sealing-wax is prohibited, as the sharp edges of a carelessly-made seal tend to tear other letters.

5. Two Halfpenny Stamps may be used in lieu of a Penny Stamp, but only when the letter is posted on Sunday, and other Stamps are not to be obtained. But the POSTMASTER-GENERAL recommends the Heads of Families to ascertain from every member of the household, on Saturday evening, before or after prayers, whether he or she is supplied with Stamps for the following day.

6. For London letters, the district initials must be added, or the letter will be detained for a week. Wrong initials will entail prosecution.

7. Letters placed in the wrong box at a receiving-house will be confiscated.

8. No Writer is to inscribe his own name at the corner of a direction, as the Receiver can discover the Sender by perusing the letter, and the Postman's attention is liable to be distracted by any need-

less writing. Initials, however, are permitted, but not more than two.

9. Stamps, at the Sender's peril, may be enclosed, but the letter must be strongly perfumed, as otherwise the smell of the Stamp can easily be detected, and tempts the officials.

10. No letter under four inches long, by two and a half wide, will be delivered in any circumstances, and ladies are specially desired to notice this.

11. Where two letters are addressed to the same person, the numerals No. 1, No. 2, must not be inscribed, as they might mislead the Postman into calling at the wrong house, but “Letter Number One” may be written in words, on the back.

12. Letters to persons of any title must be addressed correctly, and in accordance with the rules in *Dod's Peerage*. For instance, if a letter to a Dean be addressed “the Venerable,” instead of the “Very Reverend,” it will not be delivered. The omission of the contracted word “Bart.,” or its use where a Knight is addressed, will be equally fatal.

13. No tradesman is to be addressed as “Esquire,” either at his place of business, or his country house. He cannot have two social positions.

14. Schoolboys are to be addressed by their Christian names and Surnames alone, without any prefix, as are all Collegians, except those at the Universities, and all servants, except widows.

15. Coloured or tinted paper is not to be used for envelopes, as it confers on the letter a certain importance which is unfair to other Correspondence.

16. No flourishes are to be used, and no dashes or underlining will be allowed. Write legibly, and leave the rest to the intelligence of the Department.

17. Where there is doubt as to the number of a house, “8” or “9” must not be written. This compels the Postman to ask a question. The letter should be sent in duplicate, a copy to each house, and the person for whom it is not designed will return it to the Postman, on pain of prosecution.

18. If a stamp be placed in the wrong corner of the envelope, or be reversed, or affixed sideways, the letter will be destroyed.

19. The POSTMASTER has heard, with profound astonishment and regret, that a Postman, who has just taken letters from a Pillar, will hold open his bag to receive a letter with which a maid-servant or other person hurries up, a moment too late. Any Postman detected in such an offence against System will instantly be discharged.

20. Posting a letter is a serious and solemn business, yet it is frequently entrusted to children and others without an adequate sense of responsibility. The Police will receive instructions to prevent such persons from depositing letters, as, unless the nature of an oath be understood by them, a prosecution of a defaulting receiver might be defeated. No child under twelve must be sent to post a letter.

[These simple rules are provisional only, and may be added to by a paternal POSTMASTER, at his pleasure, should he be able to devise any other regulations in accordance with the present policy of legislation for British Citizens.]

KING COFFEE.

A NEWSPAPER, the other day, published the somewhat serio-comic announcement that—

“The principal officers in command of the expedition against KING COFFEE and the Ashantees embarked at Liverpool yesterday *en route* to the Gold Coast.”

The expedition against the Ashantees will be no joke to those concerned in it, or to any others capable of imagining, and not incapable of sympathising in, the hardships and sufferings which it will cost brave men. Yet who but feels as one sitting at a burlesque when he contemplates the idea of BRITANNIA going to war with KING COFFEE? It will be recollected that, in the Crimea once, she went to war without KING COFFEE, so to speak; for the Coffee wherewithal her troops were provided was green, inasmuch that it could not be ground, and was of no use. No mistake, however, of that kind, is meant to be made on this occasion; for active operations are in progress at Deptford Victualling Yard to supply the Forces with soluble Chocolate. And as to Coffee, let us hope that KING COFFEE, of the Ashantees, will get so effectually roasted as to be done thoroughly brown, and ground up as easily and completely as if he were Mocha.

COOK'S PILGRIMS.

THE late Pilgrimage has at least earned the DUKE OF NORFOLK and his companions a name. Those devotees are now denominated Norfolk Dumplings.

A CHIEF AMANG THEM.



CAUTION to make an after-dinner, or, after-supper speech was, according to the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, taken at Paray-le-Monial by MONSIEUR MERMILLON, the Swiss Bishop, whose Ultramontano zeal has rendered him see too hot to support him. This expatriated ecclesiastic, remarking on the presence of certain "flower" of the Scotch nobility among the A-la-cockalorums, said, with a pleasantry which may have been unconscious:—

"Geneva had given Knox to Scotland, but Scotland was now

having her revenge, and setting to Switzerland an example of freedom."

Of freedom from superstition? Perhaps so, but hardly in the person of Scotland's not numerous if highly select pilgrims to Paray-le-Monial. The honour which MONSIEUR MERMILLON ascribed to Scotland was sturdily disclaimed on Scotland's behalf by MR. JAMES DOW, a truly representative Scotchman, and also the representative of our above-quoted contemporary, who, responding, on call, to the toast of "The Press," avowed himself the Protestant Correspondent of a strongly Protestant paper, and with frankness, but respect, told his hearers "plainly that since he came among them he had seen much that he could not sympathise with nor appreciate," and added that, as to KNOX:—

"MONSIEUR MERMILLON had alluded to the doctrines of KNOX, in which he (Mr. Dow) had been brought up, and no Scotchman present had any cause to be ashamed of the country which had accepted those doctrines. KNOX, like themselves, was a believer in the Incarnation, and those who accepted his teaching were quite as strongly opposed as the Catholics themselves to the materialism which had been denounced that day—opposed to it whether it appeared in the writings of men like STRAUSS, or the cheap scepticism of the young man of the period."

Not only were the flower of the Scottish nobility, some of them, included amongst the Paray-le-Monial Pilgrims, but the pilgrimage was attended by a Newspaper Correspondent, who moreover displayed a signal correspondence to the Scottish national flower. On the subject of JOHN KNOX, MR. JAMES DOW was to be touched with impunity no more than a thistle. He would not hear defamation of the great Scotch Reformer unrebuked, but lifted up his voice and bore testimony against it in the spirit, but without the cant, of a Covenanter. It is not very easy to see how Scotland is, as MONSIEUR MERMILLON asserts, now having her revenge against Geneva for having given Scotland Knox. Scotland is not giving Geneva knocks in any blows Geneva may receive from the flower of the Scotch nobility who joined the pilgrimage to the shrine of MISS ALACOQUE. Even if Geneva gets any, the knocks are of the very softest. But Rome received rather a good sound knock from redoubtable JAMIE DOW.

Icarus Down Again.

A CERTAIN M. DE GROOF, called "The Flying Man," seems to have been so called from not flying. He failed in an attempt to fly at Brussels, and has repeated his failure at Liège. The man who attempts to fly like a bird, in general succeeds in only proving himself a goose.

HORTICULTURAL.

MRS. MALAPROP, who is fond of gardening, takes great pride in showing her friends and neighbours her "Pompous" grass.

TELEGRAM FROM HOLLAND.—There have been *fêtes* at Flushing. They went off admirably well. The Flushing people are flushed with success.

STRIKES THAT PAY.

THE following extract from a contemporary, taken alone, would seem to indicate that, as to dearth of fuel and illuminating material, we have companions in distress:—

"THE OIL STRIKES.—A Correspondent, writing to a Boston paper from Petroleum County, Pennsylvania, says that the recent great strikes in the oil regions have caused intense excitement."

The idea thus suggested of an analogy between petroleum-digging and coal-mines is not at once dissipated by what follows:—

"At the oil towns of Pleasantville, Oil City, Reno, Franklin, Pithole, and elsewhere, new wells are being started daily, which produce largely, and the oil is of excellent quality. Not only have these important strikes created consternation, but the 'flowing' of the 'dry holes' made by disgusted proprietors in the days of the great oil fever of 1864 and 1865 is a nine days' wonder."

What are those "important strikes" which have "created consternation"? If not strikes of petroleum diggers why consternation? From the remainder, however, in our Boston contemporary's statement, it appears that "consternation" is, if not a clerical or a typographical error, a Malapropism; and the strikes which have created the feeling of joyous excitement for which it stands are strikes of oil, with which wealth-bringing fluid the oil towns of Pleasantville are flowing, not, indeed, exactly as with milk and honey, but rather like the celebrated river of Lydia, with gold.

COOL QUARTERS.

WE copy from the *Hastings and St. Leonards Chronicle*:—

"To be Let, permanently preferred, a Furnished Bed-room, in White Rock."

In the height of summer, when the nights are hot and sultry, we can imagine that it might be a welcome relief to have the chance of sleeping in a grotto; but, at this season of the year, when mornings and evenings are growing chilly, to pass whole nights in a White Rock bed-room, even on the temperate South Coast, strikes us as an uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, experiment. They must be a very hardy race at Hastings and St. Leonards, for the expression "permanently preferred" may be fairly taken to imply that the proprietor of the bed-room would not be at all surprised to find some one who would be a tenant for his "cool grot" all the year round.

On a second reading, the words seem capable of another interpretation—our Standing Counsel is at Sittingbourne, so we are deprived of the advantage of his opinion—and may mean that the furniture of the bed-room is not the ordinary mahogany, polished pine, or painted deal, but white rock, which would, certainly, be clean, cool, and ornamental.

CORPORATE IMPUNITY.

THE end of the inquest on the Wigan Railway accident is that nobody is to be hanged, or placed in danger of being so, or of getting penal servitude or imprisonment with hard labour. For—

"The jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental Death,' and added that the London and North-Western Railway Company are not justified in allowing engine-drivers to run through Wigan Station at so high a speed as was the case with the tourist train on the night of the accident, and that it was desirable that the speed of fast and through trains should be materially slackened on passing such places."

Suppose engine-drivers were not allowed to run with a dangerous velocity through Wigan Station, and one of them nevertheless had, and caused a fatal accident, would the Coroner's jury have been content with finding that he was not justified in doing so? Would they not have returned a verdict of manslaughter against him, and sent him to be tried for felony? But even now, after the warning given as above to the Railway Company above-named, should that Company neglect the warning, and the result of their negligence be another smash, and more corpses, will any Coroner's jury, having had to sit upon them, so deal with the masters as they would deal with the man? What a thing it is to be a Director of a Railway Company; for Coroners' juries never recognise the possibility of Joint-Stock Manslaughter!

A Light-Hearted Seaman.

THE Captain of a celebrated Company's steamer, homeward bound, had the misfortune to run his ship ashore at the back of the Isle of Wight. Nothing daunted, the gallant Skipper, poking his First Officer in the ribs, cheerily observed, "We have struck ile."



AMUSEMENTS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

Fred. "HULLO, CHARLEY! NOTHING THE MATTER, I HOPE?"

Charley. "OH, NO—RATHER HARD UP FOR EXCITEMENT; THAT'S ALL! SO I THOUGHT I'D JUST TAKE THE GIRLS OUT FOR A LITTLE EXERCISE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO JUMP IN, AND GIVE THEM A TURN?"

THE NEW MODEL NATION.

HOME Rule! Is it that? Nothing more, but that only?

Will we rule but ourselves and no people besides?

A bright star of Ocean, risplundint, but lonely,
Will green Erin evermore gleam o'er the tides?

Och, divil a bit; but we'll warrant our praises

From His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER's pen;
And we won't shine apart, but, far beaming like blazes,
Illumine the world as a light for all men.

They'll look on the Emerald Isle as a beaçon

Which tells 'em the courses they ought to pursue.
The Archbishop that once was an English Archdeacon
Has spoken the words that we'll prove to be thrue.

Hurrah for the land wherefrom discord has vanished,

Where unity, order, and harmony reign;
Whence party processions and fights are all banished,
And not any Fenian conspirers remain.

When Ireland we talked for the Irish of winning,

For only the half-moon did Irishmen cry.

Home Rule will be all well by way of beginning:

'Twill over all nations extend by-and-by.

That is, if the haythen return to submission,

And do and belave all they're bid by the Praists;

Or else they're upon the high road to perdition;

And the divil may fetch the impenitent baists.

There's just the laist chance for the heretic Saxon;

Some hope for JOHN BULL, that weak, dotting old fool,

Themselves and their ways if they'll turn their own backs on,
And England succumbs under Irish Home Rule.

A REPUBLICAN WARMING-PAN.

HAS not the newspaper paragraph subjoined a significance?—

"TITLE OF MARSHAL M'MAHON.—It is said that the title of MARSHAL M'MAHON has been somewhat discussed, and that it is proposed to style him Lieutenant-General of the Republic."

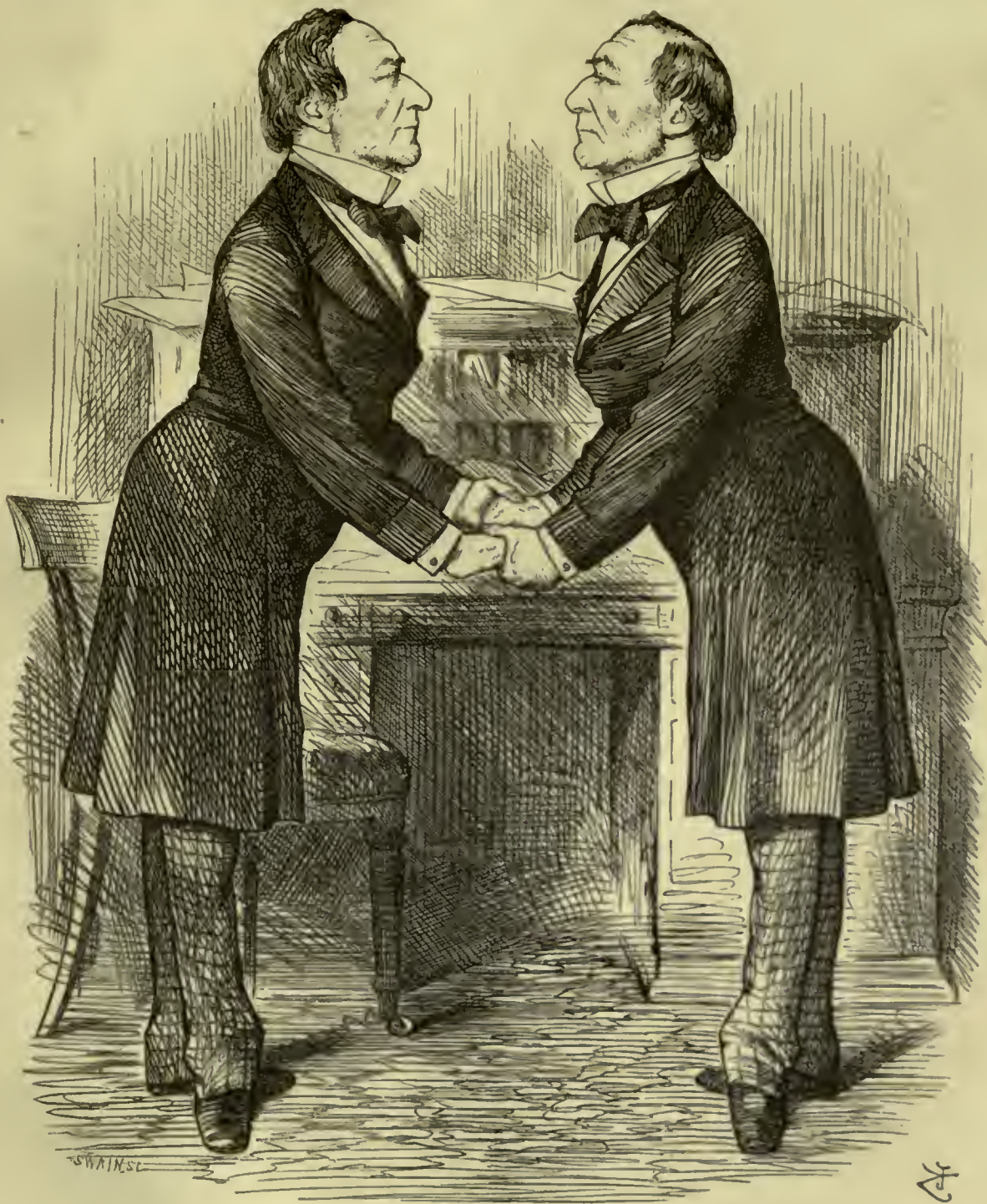
Lieutenant-General is a title which implies a Superior. The Republic is a body politic, and not a person. He whom it is proposed to style Lieutenant-General of the Republic is the Republic's President. He stands in relation to the French Republic as the Lieutenant of the Tower to the Tower of London. As a Lieutenant, he is the Lieutenant or *locum tenens* of somebody. The Lieutenant of the Tower is HER MAJESTY'S. Is it not to be presumed that the Lieutenant-General of the French Republic will be so entitled as being considered, in that capacity, the *locum tenens*, *ad interim* between Republic and Monarchy, of HENRI V.

ECONOMICAL EXHAUSTION.

WHAT signifies this newspaper paragraph?—

"COALS EXPORTED.—It appears from an official document just issued that the declared value of coals, &c., exported in the last eight months was £8,755,831. In the corresponding period of the previous year it was £5,940,785."

It is true that the proverbial prodigal was thought a very extravagant fellow for burning his candle at both ends. Nor even can it be denied that, on a superficial view, the extravagance which he committed in so doing was, as compared to supplying mankind with light and heat at the rate above indicated, whilst our own coals at home are at famine prices, stinginess itself. To dream, however, of putting any check on the progressive exhaustion of our coal-beds, represented by the foregoing figures, is really, in the unshaken judgment of commercial philosophers, and statesmen of enlarged views, forbidden by economy.



“SELF AND PARTNER.”

MR. GLADSTONE. “MY DEAR FIRST LORD, I HAVE THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN YOU.”

MR. GLADSTONE. “AND I IN YOU, MY DEAR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; AND IF OUR COLLEAGUES WERE ONLY LIKE US, WE SHOULD ALL BE AS ONE MAN!”

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Still bent on the purchase of a Horse. Plans.

FORTUNATELY in the interim between this conversation with GLOPPIN and my interview with CLUMBER, the Flyman, I spend to the best advantage in obtaining information as to horses generally.

The reports about the prices of horses just now are something alarming.

A casual acquaintance in a train has something to say on the subject. This casual acquaintance I have long taken to be of a strongly sporting turn, for three reasons: firstly, because he lives, I believe, a long way out in the country; secondly, because, in the summer, he wears a white hat with a black bandround it; and, thirdly, because I don't know his name, or his profession, or business, if any; but, in a general way, I suppose him to be "something in the

City," and something, only much more so, in the country, where I can imagine him strolling through his stables with a cigar sticking out of one side of his mouth, his hat cocked on the other side of his head, to balance the cigar, and inspecting everything, from a break to a handful of oats, with the air of a man who had been taken in once, but was never going to be "had alive" again.

At the same time, and on due consideration, I should not be extraordinarily astonished were he to turn out to be the Cashier of some Mercantile Firm, at work from nine till four regularly, with ten days' holiday in the summer.

Assuming him, however, to be of a sporting turn for the purposes of conversation—

Happy Thought.—By the way, to assume everyone to be something merely for the purposes of conversation. Must lead to discussion.

For example, assume a man to be a soldier; talk to him of the latest invention in breech-loaders (if you can—I can't), manoeuvres, campaigns, the exemplary conduct of the Light Cavalry in Abyssinia (if you know anything about it—I don't), and so forth. He will join you satisfactorily for some time, then you can put such a test-question to him as would tend to elicit his opinion with regard to "the probable expense of a Messman's Kit?" or any such professionally-military-sounding inquiry. Should he really happen to be in the Army, then he will probably stick his glass in his eye, seem puzzled, and ask you "what the deuce you mean?" in which case, you can retire behind your trenches (I haven't the faintest notion what effect this would have on an enemy, but I've often met the phrase in print, and like it), and pleasantly beg to be pardoned if your "phraseology" (use this word) is incorrect; or say "technically incorrect," which *does* look as if you had some acquaintance with the subject—and add that you yourself are not a military man.

Should he, however, have to excuse himself on the same score, you can take high ground (all part of metaphorical field operations with "trenches" and "high ground"), and observe that you had asked for information, under the impression that he was in the Army. This will flatter him, as a rule, and he may after this confide to you, with a smile, that he travels in the wool trade.

Happy Thought.—If so, look out for being fleeced. [N.B.—Arrange this *jeu de mot*. Put it down to SYDNEY SMITH, or SHERIDAN, or THEODORE HOOK.]

This "assumption for purposes of conversation" would really be found a most entertaining pastime for *voyageurs*. You can be eccentric in your assumptions. Thus, meeting a gentleman in black, with an imitation Roman collar, high ecclesiastical coat, and so forth, you can ask him, "How's the dashing Ninety-fourth getting on?" and "where he's quartered now?" If this irritates him, be provided with *pince-nez*: pull them out, stick them on your nose, survey him from hat to heel, and apologise for short-sightedness.

Assume somebody you've never seen before in your life to be LORD WUNBOROUGH, for example, whom also you've never set eyes on. In the course of conversation on politics, say to him, with a knowing twinkle, but preserving a deferential tone, "Yet I think

your Lordship voted on the opposite side last Session." He will blush, smile, feel half inclined to accept the title, but honesty will gain the victory over his innate snobism, and he will reply, most good-naturedly, "I think, Sir, you mistake me for some other gentleman." He will not add, "I am not a Lord," because to do so would be to let himself down too suddenly from the pedestal where you had placed him. After this the conversation will flow easily, and you'll have made a friend of him for life. When he re-enters the bosom of his family, he'll say to his wife, "Fancy, ELIZA, I was taken for LORD WUNBOROUGH to-day. Absurd, wasn't it?" His wife won't see anything absurd in it, and, on the whole, depend upon it that, in this case, you've put husband and wife in a good temper, and made a whole household happy for one evening.

Assume a Banker to be a distinguished Artist, and he'll be delighted. Assume an Artist to be a Queen's Counsel, and he'll be immensely pleased. Assume a gentleman at large to be the Secretary attached to some foreign legation, with a secret mission, and he'll be highly gratified. Assume that a literary man would have made a first-rate preacher, and that a philosophical writer would have made his fortune if he had only stuck to the violoncello, and you will increase the number of your friends everywhere.

On the strength of these assumptions, they will everywhere speak of you as a "deuced sharp chap," a man who "sees below the surface," one who can "read you up," and so forth. And why? Because you've struck the key-note of that general dissatisfaction which everyone feels, and which is the strongest reason for everyone so working in his "station of life," as to make the best of it.

[N.B.—The moral finish of the above paragraph is a specimen of my style in *Typical Developments*, Vol. VI., *On Normal Causation Socially Considered*—and has not, of course, much to do with my going in search of a horse. Still, it occurred to me. Before now, I've been nearly two hours getting from Langham Church to Leicester Square, simply because people would button-hole me in Regent Street. And meeting my Casual Sporting Friend was an opportunity to put before the world my *Theory of Gratuitous Assumptions*, which was not to be lost. *Passons!*]

My Casual Acquaintance, the cause of the foregoing discursiveness, says, shaking his head,

"Ah! horses are a price now. Why, you can't look at one under eighty guineas."

Of course, as a fact, I have looked at one for less, and, to take it literally, as merely meaning looking at a horse and nothing else, I have looked at one—at several—for nothing.

To be always "going to look at a horse" is, by the way, the most inexpensive way of getting a reputation for being "deuced well off."

"I went," says my Casual Acquaintance, fiercely, as if recalling the incident vividly to his own mind, and challenging any one to contradict him, "I went to look at a mare at CHICK's place, over the hill by Cooper's Gravel Pits, you know—"

I nod; so as to help him on: but I don't know. However, such names as "CHICK's place" and "Cooper's Gravel Pits" have a country-gentleman sort of ring about them, which, in a carriage full of people, I would rather accept as matters of course than as entire novelties taking me by surprise.

My Casual Acquaintance being satisfied, or appearing to be so, continues, "Well, when I got up to CHICK's. Old WILLIAM there—you recollect Old WILLIAM?"—I look puzzled, feeling it won't do for me to recollect every one and everything with the same readiness that I did "CHICK's" and the "Gravel Pits,"—but he goes on to explain, rather impatiently, that he means,

"Old WILLIAM, who used to be at the Kennels—"

Happy Thought.—O, yes; of course. The Kennels.

[It's no use, after acknowledging "CHICK's," &c., at first, to stick at trifles, but I haven't a notion of what he's alluding to. It suddenly strikes me that perhaps he is proceeding on a theory of Gratuitous Assumptions, and that, as it were, he's playing at "taking me for somebody else." Be cautious what I admit.]

He goes on, "I thought you'd recollect him," meaning Old WILLIAM, but I make no sign, being unwilling to go any further into the mire. "Well, Old WILLIAM told me he'd got something that 'ud suit me down to the ground. It was nice enough, and I shouldn't ha' minded offering fifty for the mare. But, Lor bless you! what figure do you think they put her at?"

I don't know. Eighty, I suggest, that being my idea of a maximum price.

"Ah!" he rejoins, smiling ironically, "try twice eighty, and you'll be nearer the mark. Two hundred guineas, Sir, they wanted for that animal."

I am incredulous.

"It's a fact," he says, getting out, having to change carriages; "and, if you're going in for horseflesh now-a-days, by Jove! you'll have to pay for it. Good day."

Happy Thought.—Better not "go in for horseflesh."

But my Casual Acquaintance must be mistaken. By the way, I'll find out who he is. If he isn't a sporting man at all, what on



THE BRITISH TOURIST.

Brother (with Guide-Book). "LOOK HERE! THERE ARE SOME RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE ABOUT THREE MILES FROM THIS BRIDGE. WE'VE NOT DONE THAT!"

Sister. "WELL, I'M VERY TIRED, BUT I SUPPOSE WE MUST GO."

Eldest Ditto. "OF COURSE WE MUST! IT WILL NEVER DO TO GO HOME, AND HAVE TO CONFESS WE HAVE NOT 'DONE' EVERYTHING THAT IS TO BE SEEN"!!

Earth should he know about it? By this time there's no one to ask. He always carries, I notice, a hand-bag. If I might look into his hand-bag, I might find out who he is. He can't be a bag-man, because he's invariably first-class.

Happy Thought.—He's evidently a Hand-bag-man, which, of course, makes all the difference.

After this I meet five persons, each within a quarter of an hour of the other, who all, being consulted by me upon this engrossing subject, put on an air of extreme vexation, and express their wish that they'd only known it three weeks or even a fortnight ago, when, it appears, several people living in remote districts were so anxious to get rid of horses (always exactly the sort I wanted, of course) that they'd rather have given them away than been obliged to keep them.

"And now——?" I asked, hoping against hope.

"Ah! now!" they all said, and shook their heads, as if these opportunities were lost for ever—as, indeed, they were.

I could almost have said to them, "Why on Earth didn't you write to me, and tell me that horses were going for nothing?" But, of course, the evident reply would have been, "Well, how the Dickens could we tell you wanted such a thing?"

"But," again I feel inclined to say, "My dear fellows, when there are such good things going begging, why not *always* buy them for me?"

Happy Thought.—I do say this to two friends. One is going to Devonshire, the other to Norfolk. The latter says he often sees the sort of thing I want for twenty pounds.

"Do you?" I exclaim, and grasp his hand warmly. "Then, look here, when you see one at that price don't wait to write, but snap him up—buy him for me. I can trust your judgment perfectly."

He accepts this *carte blanche* commission. He doesn't ask for the twenty pounds to take with him so as to be ready.

Happy Thought.—Better not mention this part of the subject. What's twenty pound?

I look upon this as settled. Settled, that is, with SWOPLER, who's gone to Norfolk. And settled also with TOM BOWMAN, who says that, "when he's among the farmers in Devonshire, he often sees just the thing I want, to be got for twenty-five or thirty, down on the nail."

Happy Thought.—Give him *carte blanche*, and let him catch a farmer on the nail.

In the meantime, I can be looking about on my own account.

Let me see, GLOPPIN, SWOPLER, and TOM BOWMAN, are all, so to speak, my agents, looking out for something that'll exactly suit me at a low figure. Pretty sure to get one out of the lot, and, if there's anything nearer home, I shall hear from CRUMBER, the Flyman, when I call on him.

Happy Thought.—Much better to get it through GLOPPIN, SWOPLER, or any friend. No necessity to go to a horse-dealer then. Prejudice against dealers. Why? If I want a coat, I go to a dealer in coats; I don't get it through a friend. If I want a hat, I go to a dealer in hats. If I want a fish, I go to a dealer in fish—a fishmonger ["And would you were as honest a man."—SHAKESPEARE]. But, if I want a horse, the person we avoid is a dealer in horses. Why? Think it out.

A Moderate Welshman.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET, who is an accomplished artist, has erected a statue, of his own design, near the Menai Straits. It was "inaugurated" the other day. SIR LEWELLYN TURNER made a pleasant speech on the occasion, but we wonder whether it has been accurately reported? He is made to say that, besides being a mark for seamen, the statue "might remind many persons of the immortal NELSON." Considering that it is a statue of NELSON, we think SIR LEWELLYN was not much too sanguine.



SAD, BUT A FACT!

"ULLOA, MY LITTLE MAN! YOU SEEM IN A BAD WAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"PLEASE, SIR, IT'S ALL ALONG O' MOTHER 'ITTIN' ME ABOUT THE 'ED WITH THE POKER, SIR!"

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! YOUR MOTHER!"

"AH! BUT I GOT HER SIX MONTHS FOR IT, I CAN TELL YER!"

A SONG FOR THE DULL SEASON.

By a Cockney Economist.

'Tis now the cheapest time of year
For all who hold a town life dear:
'Tis now the season when we may
Care little for what people say:
Wear shabby clothing an we please,
And live completely at our ease;
When tired of walking, take a bus,
Nor fear our friends will sneer at us;
At Greenwich treat our wife and imps
To frugal feasts of tea and shrimps;
Take economic trips to Kew,
Or go on Mondays to the Zoo,
Paying but sixpence for the view:
At theatres with cheapness sit,
If not with comfort, in the pit;
And e'en, for now no eye we fear,
Refresh our lips with ginger-beer.

Scant orders now our Cook receives;
Our dinner-table sheds its leaves;
If friends drop in, pot-luck they take,
No fuss on their account we make;
No costly viands grace the board,
No dainty drinks we now afford;
Cold mutton with content they eat,
And deem a pudding quite a treat.
If to the Park we fain would hie,
No button-hole bouquet we buy:
No gloves, or shabby ones, we take,
And boldly wear a wideawake:
Bargain to get our chairs half-price,
And save a penny for an ice.

In short, from morn till even chime,
To please ourselves is now our time.
Tired with the Season's costly noise,
We seek relief in calmer joys.
No balls our daughters now entice
To dress at an alarming price;
No cards invite us now to roam
At midnight forth to an "At Home."
Just when we like we go to bed,
Nor wait until our eyes are red.
For there's no luxury so cheap
As Nature's best restorer, sleep;
And take our fill of this we may,
Now MISTRESS GRUNDY is away.

"VACATION (B)RAMBLES."—Blackberries in September.

LITERARY RELICS.

"RELICS OF LITERARY MEN.—Any person possessing the Chair or Table habitually used by CHARLES LAMB, COLERIDGE, BYRON, &c., and willing to part with it, may hear of a purchaser by addressing . . ."

The "&c." emboldens *Mr. Punch* to inquire whether any of the following interesting and valuable relics would be acceptable:—

The Table habitually used by FRANCIS ("Old") MOORE, M.D., when engaged in the preparation of his Almanacks. The green baize is covered with curious pen-and-ink astrological figures and diagrams. Two of the legs have been cut with a pocket-knife, probably by one of the young MOORES in a playful mood.

The Desk habitually used by MR. JOSEPH MILLER to record those famous jests, which have now been the property of many fortunate generations. It has a large ink-spot in the middle, and in the drawer there is a parchment document, certifying that the fluid was spilt by MR. MILLER late in his career. Also the Table which he was wont to set in a roar.

The Easy Chair in which RABELAIS sat and shook. It has been re-covered with American cloth more than once since RABELAIS' time, and the wood-work is of the present century. The cushions are wanting, the arms are gone, and the springs have disappeared; but in all other respects (except that the castors are modern) the chair is just as it was when the great Gallican reclined in it, and smoked his pipe in company with FENELON and MONTAIGNE. This interesting relic can have a twelvemonth's guarantee from the present possessor, who is parting with it because he is about to be married, and the lady wishes to refurbish the house.

One of the Tables which it was the practice of EDWARD COCKER to use when compiling his Arithmetic. No Addition has been made to it since his time, but there is a Division down the centre, and

three of the legs have been Subtracted—it is traditionally believed by some enthusiastic admirers of the great Arithmetician.

The legs of a table made by MR. CRUSOE, when living in the island where he resided for many years in solitary isolation. On one of them the letter "F" has been rudely carved with some sharp instrument, and all the antiquaries to whom this curiosity has been shown pronounce it to be FRIDAY'S initial, out by his own hand. The top of the table is, unfortunately, missing, but it is believed to be in the possession of another branch of the family. If forthcoming, it will be included in the Conveyance.

The reticule MRS. GRUNDY was in the habit of carrying on her arm when she paid visits to her friends and neighbours. This is in the possession of a lady who has a distinct recollection of hearing her grandmother relate how well her mother remembered the profound impression the memorable words "What will MRS. GRUNDY say?" used to make in the country circles in which they both moved as contemporaries.

The broomstick on which DEAN SWIFT composed his well-known meditation. It has been handed down from generation to generation, and is rather the worse for wear. Very suitable for a Museum, Mechanics' Institute, or Literary and Philosophical Society.

The steps by which the Reverend DR. SYNTAX was enabled to mount his horse, when leaving home on his equestrian tour.

"Let the Toast be 'Dear' Woman."

FATHERS and Husbands will be much cheered by an announcement that meets the eye on all the railways. "MESSRS. SO-AND-SO respectfully solicit a visit from their Patronesses, as *they* have made a great reduction in the cost of dresses," &c. We always stuck up for the British Lady. Her heart is in the right place, wherever her back hair may be, and we rejoice to read of her economy in these dear times.



OUR MANŒUVRES.

Captain of Skirmishers (rushing in to seize Picket Sentries of the Enemy). "HULLO! HE-AR! YOU SURRENDER TO THIS COMPANY!"
Opposition Lance-Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER WAY, SIR. WE'RE A BRIGADE, SIR!!!"

A DEPTFORD DONKEY.

THE Conservatives are up and doing. One of them has sent *Mr. Punch* a soul-stirring appeal, addressed to the Electors of Deptford. They are informed—in reference to the late contest at Shaftesbury—that "the *Mantle of BOADICEA, Queen of the Iceni, has fallen on the Dowager MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER*. She has led you on," proceeds the placard, "let not defeat come!" If the framer of this address had turned to the next page of his *Pinnock's Catechism*, he would have found that he was favouring his friends with a bad omen. Does not COWPER say something about a "Druid," and "a sweet but awful Liar?" We are quite sure that the exemplary lady, whose name has been so ridiculously used, would be the last to desire to imitate QUEEN BOADICEA, and to exterminate her antagonists, and it could be wished that some rudimentary instruction, however slight, were considered necessary to a person who undertakes to stir politicians into action. *Punch* hereby sentences the Writer of the Address to learn the Tennysonian poem, *Boadicea*, containing the lines—

"Hear, Iceni, Catuechlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!
 Up, my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers, trample them under us."

A Pilgrimage on Sunday.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Morning Post* observes:—

"One or two of the noble British pilgrims were at the races on Sunday. They might have done worse."

From a Protestant point of view, perhaps, they might. For instance, instead of doing a little horse-worship, they might have engaged themselves in bringing discredit on faith by the practice of superstition. What their own Church, that is the POPE, has to say to their anti-Sabbatarian sporting, the POPE, of all men, only knows. The Papal Church claims to be the sole authority for keeping Sunday holy; and Infallibility alone can tell whether or no that is done by going to the races.

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

WE'VE paid the Alabama Claim,
 Much o'er three millions sterling fined,
 By *ex post facto* law; the same
 Our Yankee friends how like to bind!

When we change cases by-and-by,
 Will arbitration suit their plan?
 Or will they due redress deny,
 And bid us take it if we can?

Our money we have bid farewell,
 'Tis gone across the Atlantic main;
 And we shall find we've had to shell
 All that, most likely, out in vain.

Mere Invention.

Up the Highlands way there is, in wet weather, a handsome Cataract, the name whereof is spelt anyhow you like, but is pronounced "Fyres." There is not much water in hot weather, and then Art assists Nature, and a bucket or so of the fluid is thrown over for the delectation of Tourists. One of them, observing this arrangement, said that the Proprietor

"Began to pail his ineffectual Fyres."

[This story is quite false, which would be of no consequence, but that every Scottish Tourist knows it to be false. Our Contributor should really be more careful.]

CLASSIC COURTSHIP.

How our young friend CECIL WYSE wooed his pretty present wife. He said to her, tenderly, *Sapere aude*. And she did dare.



"LET THE TOAST GO ROUND."

Good Templar. "VERY WARM, COACHMAN. HAVE A DROP?"

Coachman. "THANK YE, SIR. (Drinks.) AUCH! O, MURDER! 'AM POISONED!—WHAT'S THAT!"

Good Templar. "ONLY TOAST-AND-WATER!"

FAITH AND FASHION.

MR. PUNCH,

LIKE one or two more people of my acquaintance, I am away on a holiday, and the place of my temporary abode being very slow and very fashionable, where excursion vans and trains are unknown, of course I follow the general example, and go to Church, and find myself one of several hundred strangers, who are trying "to catch the Verger's eye;" which, by the bye, I find accomplished quickest by those who carry their right hand in the waistcoat pocket.

I took the liberty of taking stock of my fellow occupants of Pew 2000 on Sunday last. There were six in all (except a child, who sat on a mat), including myself—the only male. No. One, at the top, carried at least—as the Yankees say—"five hundred dollars' worth of dry goods on her back;" and she had a little girl of about six years old, like a little dancing dog, who carried in lace another two hundred dollars' worth. There were, besides, her mother's jewellery, parasol, scent-bottle, fan, and Prayer-book, which was the most expensive money could buy. She was a handsome woman, and divided her time between fanning herself, arranging her necklace, which was very handsome and massive, and using her gold-topped bottle.

Next to her sat an unmarried sister—very much ditto all round.

Next to the sister sat a charming, neat-looking, middle-aged, single lady, who evidently adopts the modern very high style, and, probably, was interested in the Baldaecchino question—but simple and quiet withal; though she bobbed about like a perch—float towards sunset.

And, next to her, came two sisters. O, *Mr. Punch*, they were two ladies—Grecian features, small heads, plainly plaited hair, no chignon, small round brown straw hats, with simple ribbons of the same colour, trimmed with a little heather, and ornamented with one small flower, perfectly plain dresses of Indian cloth or brown holland, made by themselves with a sewing-machine, were all the attractions, except their faces, which they boasted. They looked like two angels, and sang like angels too.

Then I thought to myself, suppose I was to marry that over-

ELECTOR TO HIMSELF.

How much better off are we
For a Liberal Ministry?
Much? No better? Or the worse
In position or in purse?
Do I find that they have done
Good or ill to me, for one?
Am I happier at this hour
Than when they came into power?
Have I less to pay, or more,
Now than what I had before?
Am I freer to do my pleasure,
Or restrained in greater measure?
If the Ministry remain,
Is my prospect loss or gain?
Is it—let alone the Nation—
Increased or reduced taxation?
Will their great Reforms redouble,
Or abate, my plague and trouble?
Liberate me from inflictions,
Or enslave with new restrictions?
As I answer query, "or,"
I shall vote against or for,
Irrespectively of names,
Party ties and party claims.
Not Conservative reaction;
Liberal dissatisfaction,
Which coercive laws awaken,
Rather has allegiance shaken.
Whom I vote for don't inquire;
Then you'll render me no liar.
By one measure I am better,
For the Secret Vote a debtor.
Nicer boon for your true Briton,
Than the Ballot, ne'er was hit on.
Gratitude for further favours
May reclaim the mind that wavers;
But things must be made more pleasant
Than they are for us at present.

BROKEN ENGLISH.

MRS. MALAPROP is staying at an old farm-house in one of the Midding Counties, and writes word that it is in a very "diplicated" condition.

dressed girl, No. Two in the Pew, what would happen? Say she has three hundred a year—the first thing she would do would be to spend six hundred on dress, and ery for a carriage. The *trousseau* would, probably, not all be paid for; there would be a mob of millionnaires, and no end of speeches, at the wedding, and a regular show-room of wedding presents, all worth nothing, or next to nothing, as regards utility. By Jove! I would sooner take the Ritualistic old maid!

Suppose I was to marry one of those angels, and that I had three hundred pounds a year—she would make it go as far as I would make five hundred. Probably they neither have any money, but haven't they friends? There would be wedding presents, too, and useful ones—table-cloths from one uncle, a few spoons from another, a cheque for fifty pounds from the Squire of the Parish, a silver tea-pot from the parishioners and Sunday-school children, and all kinds of tokens of love and affection which simplicity and good breeding always attract.

There, that's enough! But let me advise young ladies who want husbands to put not their trust in chignons and gimcracks, for men don't like them,

Yours, *Mr. Punch*, obediently,

HARD HIT.

P.S.—I mean to go to Church again, and sit in the same Pew—it does me good.

P.S. No. 2.—I have been to Church again. Please send me a quart of prussic acid and a brace of pistols. They are both going to be married.

The March of Science.

THE amount of electricity in the human frame must be much greater than philosophers have hitherto supposed, for we notice that billiard-tables are now supplied "provided with Electric Markers." Perhaps, this is only the first result of some new scientific discovery, which will speedily supply us in succession with Electric Waiters, Electric Postmen, and Electric Policemen.

THE OLD COUNTRY AND THE NEW.



ERTAINLY we are very much behind the times in this Old Country. For the last six weeks Newspaper Editors have been at their wit's end for news, pending the annual London Exodus. Look how much more fortunate our Transatlantic cousins are. Here are four distinct pieces of news taken from the *Times*.

We learn from a letter from Philadelphia, that in Arkansas—

"A man, who had been clerk of Perry County, feeling aggrieved at a newspaper article against him, entered Perryville, the county town, while the Court was in Session, and declared his intention to kill an attorney of the Court named MATTHEWS."

It appears that the man kept his word, and with his friends broke up the Court, and drove MATTHEWS out of Court into a neighbouring shop, when firing round commenced, and MATTHEWS was wounded, and escaped to the woods. The Court then resumed its sitting, and issued warrants for the ex-clerk and his supporters, but they came back in force, captured the town, and hold it.

"Political differences were at the bottom of the affair, and the defeated party have complained to the Governor."

In the neighbouring State of Kansas, a man by the name of KELLER, who had murdered and burnt his whole family, was arrested by the Sheriff of Linn

County. A mob assembled, and seized the Sheriff, and threatened to hang him and burn the town, unless KELLER was given up. According to the newspaper—

"The Sheriff had kept his prisoner hid, and endeavoured to dissuade the mob; but they discovered the hiding-place, brought out the murderer, and, taking him to the woods, hanged him with very little ceremony."

Then comes a piece of news from Louisiana, that two men met at Old Prairie to settle a duel with fists. A crowd assembled, and a new quarrel arose which "required fire-arms for settlement":—

"Pistols were drawn, and in almost an instant three men were killed and a fourth mortally wounded. Among the killed was one of the participants in the fist fight. The authorities interfering, several of the party were arrested."

The news retailed above falls very short of the little merriment which has been created by three white men, MESSRS. VAUGHAN, RUFFIN [*Query*, a penultimate letter "a" omitted?—*P.*], and BALICH, who finding DAN CALHOUN, a negro, asleep by a well which he had been digging—

"—covered him with the contents of a small vial of turpentine from head to foot. They then, 'just for the fun of seeing him jump,' applied a lighted match to his head, and were not disappointed. In an instant DAN CALHOUN was enveloped in a sheet of flame, and, bounding to his feet with a yell of agony, ran about like a deer, zig-zag, in the most ludicrous fashion."

Of course the poor fellow died in the greatest torment, and the three fiends have decamped.

"All the good citizens, it is stated, regret the circumstances exceedingly; but for some reason the magistrates of the town refused to issue a warrant for the arrest of VAUGHAN, RUFFIN, and BALICH, who, however, thought it advisable to leave the locality."

This stirring news makes us long to do something. We feel now as if we must run out into the office of one of our neighbours, the *Tiser*, or the *Sporting Life*, or *Daily News*, for instance, and commence "firing round." Life is too dull with us here, and we can no more sit quietly at our daily toil, with so much going on within a fortnight's post, or a few minutes "wire." We must make Fleet Street lively somehow, and equal to the States.

A PRICKLY PAIR.—A couple who are always nagging.

BEDLAM IN COUNCIL.

THE annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, as quoted by the *North British Daily Mail*, contains, in a description of the management of the parochial asylum of the Abbey Parish of Paisley, the following statement:—

"Last winter a debating society was organised among the men, and it is said to have been a source of great amusement. At the meetings of this society the Governor presides, but the discussion is conducted entirely by the patients, the inmates who are not members of the society forming the audience. The discussion of the question, 'Whether Lunatic Asylums are really an advantage to the country,' occupied two sittings, and was decided in the affirmative by a small majority."

A debating society, organised amongst lunatics, is one whose proceedings are only too likely to be a source of great amusement to persons apt to be gratified by speech and demagogue which disgust or sadden those of whom the higher feelings are more acute than their sense of the grotesque. To people of the latter kind, the debates of such an association must frequently present scenes almost as painful as those which occur almost every day in the French National Assembly. Only the lunatics enjoy, or, at least, possess, the advantage of having for President the Governor of their institution, who knows how to enforce order.

The decision that lunatic asylums are really for the advantage of the country, carried by a small majority of lunatic asylum patients, seems to show that sane counsels prevailed, though by a few voices, among the insane, and thus that the debaters, or, at least, the voters, of unsound mind were outnumbered by the convalescent. Otherwise the Lunatics' Debating Society would, perhaps, have decided the question as to the advantage of lunatic asylums in the negative, and have passed a resolution that, to render them really advantageous to the country, their inmates ought to be all let out, and the community at large shut up in their place.

Among subjects for early discussion by the Lunatics' Debating Society at Paisley, may be suggested the question, "Whether the Earth is a Disc?" as it is maintained to be in a pamphlet by a

philosopher signing himself "PARALLAX." If they were to argue this point, probably, unless the convalescents mustered very strong, "PARALLAX's" idea of the flatness of the Earth would be affirmed.

TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND HISTORICAL PAINTERS IN GENERAL.

A HANDSOME piece of Plate, to be selected from any crockery barrow in the Tottenham Court Road, on any Saturday night, is offered by us to any Historical Painter who will paint "The Parting of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and His Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH, at their Last Interview previous to the Passing of the Catholic Relief Bill." The Picture must faithfully represent the scene described in the Fifth Volume of the *Despatches and Correspondence of Arthur Duke of Wellington* (lately reviewed in the *Times*). His Majesty must be painted in his oiliest brown wig, and in tears—and the dear old Duke's nose must stand out boldly in the foreground.

... "The Duke represents his interview with the King to have been very painful indeed. The King was in a very agitated state, and even spoke of abdicating. The Duke said it was the more painful in consequence of the very peremptory language he was obliged to hold to him. However, the King was very kind, and kissed him when he left him."

Very True.

THE bell-ringers of Chesterfield, and those of Alcester, near Redditch, are reported to have struck, because they are required to ring extra peals without extra pay. When *Macbeth* said to his attendant—

"Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell."

he meant his wife to be requested to do exactly the reverse of that which the bell-ringers now on strike have done in striking. Mark you that!

A DREAM OF FAIR THEATRES.



CONSIDERATE MR. PUNCH,
A happy thought occurs to me. I think of waking some fine morning, and, while I sit at breakfast, finding in my newspaper a paragraph like this—

“CONSCIENCE MONEY.
—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £20 from ‘Box-Keeper,’ on account of fees which have been fraudulently exacted from the public.”

This fictitious idea may seem a trifle premature, but I may live to see it realised—if only I live long enough. And I may likewise live to see some such a notice as the following, to give an extra relish while I chip my second egg-shell:—

“SHAKSPEARE STREET POLICE COURT.—The worthy sitting Magistrate, Mr. RHADAMANTHUS MINOS, stated that he had received by post a cheque for £50, which he was requested to put into the poor-box, being a return of a small portion of the money lately paid for booking places at the Royal Claptrap Theatre.”

These happy thoughts of mine have in some measure been suggested by my reading a few words about the management of theatres, whence I extract the following as worthy of your notice:—

“The absurdity of calling upon visitors to a theatre to pay extra charges for taking the trouble of giving the manager an assurance that they intend to be present must be obvious. If I go to a restaurant and order dinner for a party of six, a table is kept ready for us at the appointed hour, without any additional cost to me, and with the risk to the proprietor of our not appearing. At the box-office of a theatre I pay the money in advance, and, should the weather or any untoward event prevent our attendance, the manager has the price of six seats in his till. The charge for bills is even more irrational than the charge for booking. If one were to go to a restaurant and ask the waiter what he could have to eat, he would be more than surprised if that functionary held out the bill of fare in one hand and demanded a shilling in the other for the information required. Yet at a theatre the visitor does not wonder at being called on to give a fee to learn what he has paid to see.”

Now, really, *Mr. Punch*, is such a system fair? You know, a shilling fee for booking, and a shilling to the Cerberus on duty at the door, add twenty-five per cent. to the price paid for your seat, and if you do not “wonder” at such rapacious blackmail, you at least are apt to growl. Fancy, if your tailor were to clap on a percentage for handing you his bill, because you wished to pay before he sent in your new suit! Or imagine, if you paid a visit to your dentist, being asked to give a shilling to the footman at the door! Such brigandage is only to be met with at the theatre, and when we are more civilised it will surely be suppressed.

If one may credit the advertisements, the drama never was more flourishing than it is at present. Crowded houses, great attractions, unparalleled successes, are daily penny-trumpeted through the penny papers: and every week some splendid triumph is (said to be) withdrawn prematurely, in the heyday of its glory, to make room for another which the next week will be advertised as more triumphant still. Managers indeed appear to be afflicted with embarrassment of riches, and to hold so many trumps that they know not which to play. But alas! all is not gold that glitters on the Stage, and theatrical advertisements are hardly more veracious than the puffs of other wares. Late dinners and home comforts are direful rivals of the Stage, and if I were a Manager I should study first of all to make my house attractive by making it accessible, without causing loss of temper by such paltry petty larcenies as those I have described.

With which wise hint believe me, bowing to your own superior worldly wisdom,

Yours in all humility,

Parthenon Club.

SOLOMON SOLOX SMITH.

A SONG WITH A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—“*Champagne Collier*.”

SAVAGES IN CLUBS.

WORTHY MR. PUNCH,—

The savage custom of chewing toothpicks is still practised by some members of this civilised community, and causes daily shudders to people like myself who are delicate of nerve. The barbarity of eating pens with the assistance of a knife is barely more revolting than this brutal practice; and yet persons of fair standing, I regret to say, indulge in it. At the Club which I frequent I could point you out a score of fellows, all of decent family, and otherwise of wholly irreproachable demeanour, who unhappily are slaves to this abominable habit. In the pauses of a meal, and for at least a *mauvais quart d'heure* after its conclusion, you see their horrid instruments protruding from their jaws; and they pay no heed whatever to the suffering of fellow-creatures who may sit contiguous. For my own part, I protest I would as lief behold tobacco chewed as toothpicks at the dinner-table, and I wish with all my heart that dining-rooms were set apart for men who are addicted to this offensive practice, and that in the other chambers of the Club there were placards in large letters of “NO TOOTH-PICKING ALLOWED.”

Beseeching you to lay your cudgel on the shoulders of the culprits, I have the honour to remain

Your most obedient Servant,

BLACK BALL.

P.S.—I am told there are some monsters who will perpetrate this dreadful act in society where there are ladies present, and who have even been detected brandishing their weapons, as a savage would his tomahawk, in the doorways at a ball. Such outrages are too atrocious for description, and, as their perpetrators must be wholly lost to proper feeling, it were idle to endeavour to reclaim them to humanity.

So, with virtuous indignation, I leave them to their fate.

SAINTS AND SECULARISTS.

THE Dissenters and their friends, constituting the National Education League, aggrieved by having to contribute their compulsory mites to a system of education not uniformly and wholly exclusive of instruction in the doctrines of the Church of England, may yet derive some consolation from the following item of intelligence, happily foreign:—

“RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—The Prefect of Lyons has suspended six Schoolmistresses and one Schoolmaster for not having given religious instruction to their pupils. He has also, for similar reasons, interdicted three Mistresses and six Masters from exercising the profession of teaching.”

Even the Wesleyan Conference has decided that, “in justice to the interests of National Education in its broadest sense, and to the different religious denominations of the country,” School Boards ought, as a contemporary says, “to be everywhere established, and an undenominational school placed within reasonable distance of every family.” The Methodists, and all other conscientious Dissenters, may congratulate themselves that there are no Prefects in England to suspend Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses for keeping “undenominational schools.” Here, in this happy and favoured land, all those religious denominations at least enjoy the blessedness of beholding undenominational schools conducted freely by undenominational teachers—a consolation, if not a satisfaction, which they share with their associates of a denomination which signifies no religion at all.

THE ANTIDOTE TO CRIME.

THE *Times*, in a column of paragraphs, publishes:—

“AN EXPLANATION.—Out of 1348 youthful offenders committed last year to Reformatories, 631 could neither read nor write.”

The young rogues, therefore, who could not read and write, were in a decided minority. Those who could, exceeded them by a majority amounting to eighty-six. This, to be sure, is not quite a conclusive proof that education promotes crime. Still it cannot but suggest the conjunction of the three R's with another R, to which they have hitherto been assumed to be entirely antagonistic, but may now be regarded as at least associated with it in the phonetic alliteration of Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic, and Roguery.

Very Thoughtful of Him.

HER MAJESTY'S carriage journey to Inverloch was performed during heavy rain. *En route*, The MACKINTOSH and all his Clan received HER MAJESTY. This was a case of the right man in the right place, and no mistake.



PIETY THAT OVERFLOWETH.

"ULLOA! ANNIE! CLARA! MARIA! WHY, WHAT THE DOOCE —"
 "HUSH, HERBERT! TAKE OFF YOUR HAT! WE'RE IN CHURCH!"

VERDUN EVACUATED.

INVADERS' tread is off thy soil, fair France.
 Thou, scowling with just hate, behold'st them go,
 Indignant at unmerited mischance,
 Which brought on thee unutterable woe.

Who, that a generous idea could frame,
 To fight for, shared thine anguish not with thee?
 Who but partakes thy fury, as thy shame;
 Thy thirst for vengeance now that thou art free?

Insensate Europe comprehended not
 The grandeur of thy vaunt, without thy will
 That none within her bounds should fire a shot;
 When thou wast satisfied, that she was still.

No more did stolid Germany perceive
 The justice of thy quarrel with her scheme
 Of giant Unity, which would bereave
 Thyself of thine ascendancy supreme.

She spurned the honour of thy visitation;
 Thy legions, on their march beneficent,
 Bore back, and occupied a noble nation:
 Thus with a crime repaid a compliment.

Now she retires, and leaves thee to repair
 Thy ruins, and thy shattered strength restore;
 To brood upon revenge: or to beware
 Thy neighbours of assailing any more.

CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

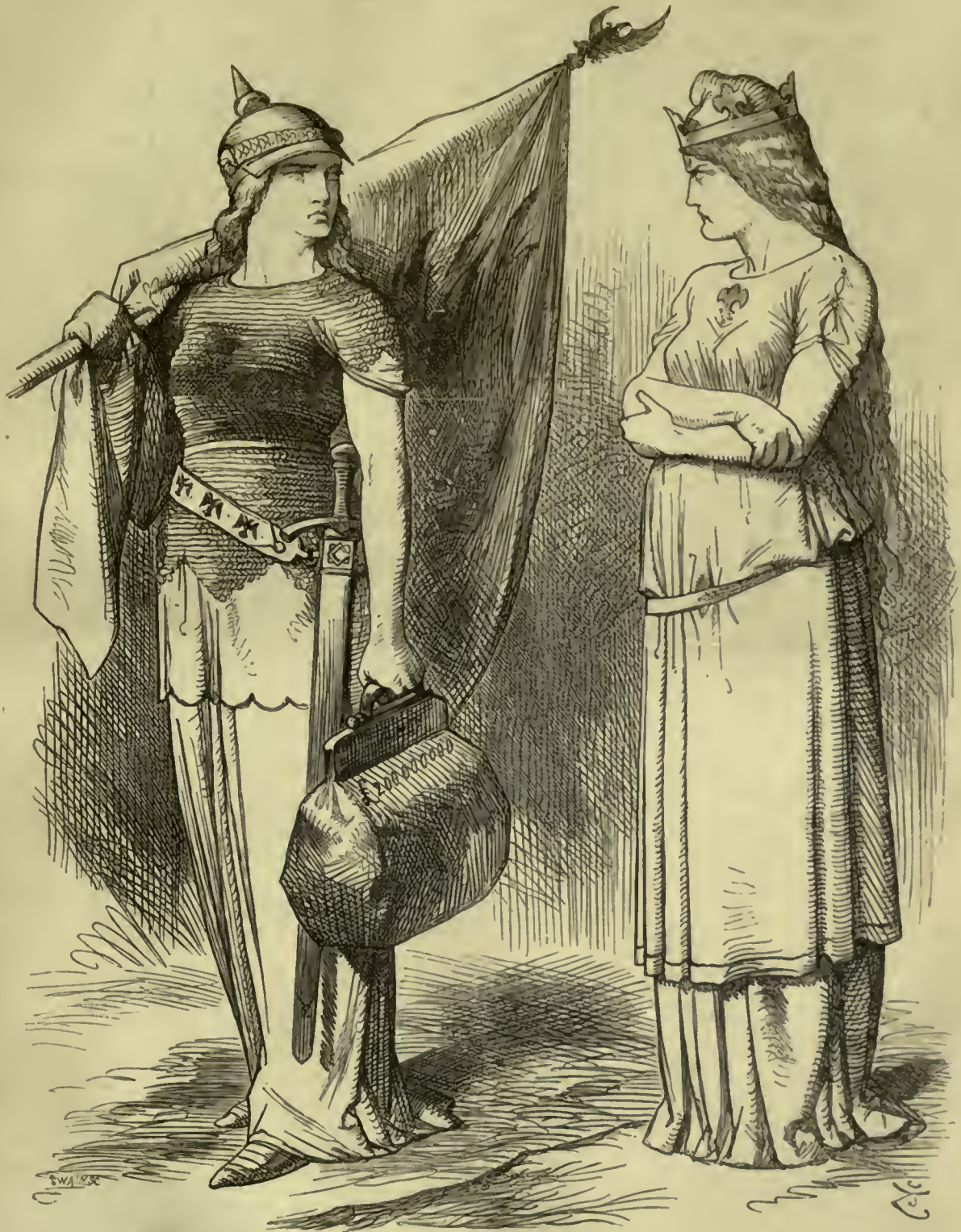
THE man who said that he was so particular about his bacon that he never ventured on a rasher without first seeing the pig, which had supplied it, must have been an Irishman.

EXPERIMENTAL DISCIPLINE.

GEORGE PILLARD, bricklayer and habitual robber, convicted at the Central Criminal Court for the robbery of a watch, accompanied by the violence of striking the man whom he robbed a tremendous blow behind the ear with a loaded walking-stick, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude and two floggings of twenty lashes each, received flogging number one in Newgate on Saturday morning last week. He bore the punishment without howling, but not perhaps without pain, although with bravado. According to a report of his whipping, "at the end of it he coolly asked to have the remaining twenty lashes given him then and there." He probably knew that the terms of his sentence did not allow this request to be granted. Whether he meant it or not, he was led back to his cell, there to meditate during the next six months on the prospect of the second chastisement which he will receive at the end of that period. Very likely, however, he would rather have had it all over at once; and it is satisfactory to find that judicial physicians have fully discovered the importance, in order to the thoroughly efficacious administration of the lash, so as to affect the feelings of a brutal ruffian as much as possible, of dividing the doses. This arrangement has the further very great advantage that, if the first dose, as in the case of MR. PILLARD, has apparently not produced the desired effect, due care may be taken that a more powerful arm, and an improved cat-o'-nine-tails, shall render the second strong enough.

Sparkling Suggestion.

THE practice of adulterating tea with iron-filings might, one would think, be easily detected by dipping a magnet of sufficient power into the suspected article. There is a variety of tea which, so adulterated, might, having been confiscated, it has been suggested by an inmate of Earlswood, be utilised instead of being thrown away. His idea is, that as filings of iron are much used in pyrotechny, materials for making fireworks are composed by the mixture of iron-filings and gunpowder.



“AU REVOIR!”

GERMANY. “FAREWELL, MADAME, AND IF——”

FRANCE. “HA! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!”

SEA-SIDE HINTS.



FIRST thing to do, on arriving, will be to call on the Mayor, Borough-reeve, High Bailiff, Chief Constable, or other the principal Civil authority of the place. He is the proper person to direct you where to apply for lodgings, and, if not able to accompany you himself, will place the Town Crier, or some other Corporation officer, at your disposal. It will be advisable for you to be provided with complete evening costume, that you may be suitably equipped, in the event of the Mayor

asking you to dinner. If the Mayor is not at home, leave a card with your temporary address inscribed upon it in legible characters, that he may know where to return your call—if he pleases. The Crier will expect a small gratuity.

Be most particular in your selection of lodgings. Choose a house with clean doorstep, bright knocker, fresh paint, and spotless window blinds and curtains; with a small garden in front, and a large one in the rear, well stocked with wall fruit and vegetables; and with a roomy coach-house (for the perambulators), and stabling for as many horses as you may bring with you. It should have a commanding sea view, taking in the whole range of coast from Puffin Bay to the Great Gorm's Head, be well secured from the wind, close to the Pier and Esplanade, and within convenient reach of the principal country walks and drives. You will, of course, satisfy yourself that the house stands on a gravelly soil; that it is freehold property, and does not smoke; that the drainage, ventilation, spouting, ceilings, gas, and water supply, are all in perfect order; that the servants have been at least two years in their present employment; that the children and domesticated animals (if any) are all quiet, orderly, and honest; and that the religious and political opinions of the landlord (or landlady) are in unison with your own.

Before you come to terms, which should invariably cover all extras, ask a few questions as to the previous occupants of the rooms, the age of the furniture, and the character of the neighbours on either side and over the way; and do not conclude the bargain until you have ascertained that the house is furnished with a filter, a fire-escape, an aneroid barometer, and a powerful achromatic telescope suitable both for marine and astronomical observations. You may spend a day or two in search of lodgings possessing all these indispensable requisites, but when you have found them, you will be well rewarded for your pains by the comfort in which you will live during the three weeks or month of your tenancy.

Before you take a single meal in your rooms, send for a chemist and have the water and bread carefully analysed, and test the milk with a lactometer.

The first morning of your occupancy, directly after breakfast, investigate the latitude and longitude of the place where you are staying, its origin, and the etymology of its name, its population, rainfall, geological formation, and staple manufactures, its historical associations—the part it played in the Wars of the Roses, and the side it took in the struggle between CHARLES THE FIRST and the Parliament—its eminent men, the number of its churches, chapels, and schools, and the position it holds in the Registrar-General's Reports, for salubrity and sanitary improvements.

You will, of course, bring with you from home, hampers, and chests, and barrels, containing almost every article of provisions you are likely to require, and these you will take care to keep in your own rooms under your own eye. It will be as well to prepare an inventory (in duplicate) of all these stores, and to check them with it each morning in the presence of the landlady or her deputy. The duplicate your landlady will sign, and retain until your departure. Any provisions remaining unconsumed you will pack up, and take away with you on leaving.

You can, if you choose, pursue an exactly opposite course—use neither lock nor key; put a noble trust in your landlady, and never dispute a single item in her weekly bill; repose a generous confidence in the local tradesmen, give the prices they ask without a protest or a question, institute no disparaging comparisons between their charges and those ruling at Market Harpham, breathe not a word about the benefits and advantages of Co-operative Associations; and go away when your monthly ticket has expired, attended by the blessings and good wishes of all with whom you have had pecuniary dealings.

(N.B. You might try both plans on two different occasions, and note which answered the best.)

A visit to the Sea-side affords an admirable opportunity for the cultivation of the mind. Do not, therefore, waste your time over newspapers, magazines, or novels, but bring with you from your own bookshelves those standard works which you have long wished for leisure to read; or take up some branch of natural history, or perfect yourself in a foreign language. Write long descriptive letters to the absent ones every day, keep a diary and a register of the weather, and post up each morning the minutest items of your expenditure, balancing your accounts continually, that you may be certain you have sufficient money for the time you propose to stay.

When you walk on the beach or the rocks, always be on the look out for rare and beautiful shells, precious stones, choice sea-weeds, curious marine creatures, and any other objects which may illustrate your natural history studies, or form an acceptable addition to your aquarium.

Never omit to satisfy yourself where the wind is, and, if it remains too long E. or N.N.E., make a representation in the proper quarter.

Never stir out without your umbrella.

WELL-EARNED REPOSE.

THE Government has not chosen to adopt the suggestion of raising MR. CALCRAFT to the Peerage on a retiring pension; and the other day an accident ensued. It is high time that the aged Finisher of the Law was pensioned off, for at his time of life he cannot be expected to go on finishing it with the finish which once distinguished his execution.

Intellectual vigour, however, may survive manual dexterity; and MR. CALCRAFT, if not LORD CALCRAFT, or LORD DE NOOS, or EARL HEMPSTEAD, might easily earn a good income by going about and delivering lectures illustrated with model apparatus; thus ministering to a refined popular taste. Crowds would pay to go and hear him.

Another means by which MR. CALCRAFT could doubtless make money would be the sale of his portrait, photographed in various attitudes and sizes. Very many people would make a point of procuring it. At present there is no photograph of MR. CALCRAFT in any of the shop-windows, although there are not a few sun-drawn pictures of persons on whom the exercise of his office would be a benefit to Society.

But something handsome ought to be done for a public functionary who has been so highly instrumental as MR. CALCRAFT in the elevation of his kind.

Name and Nature.

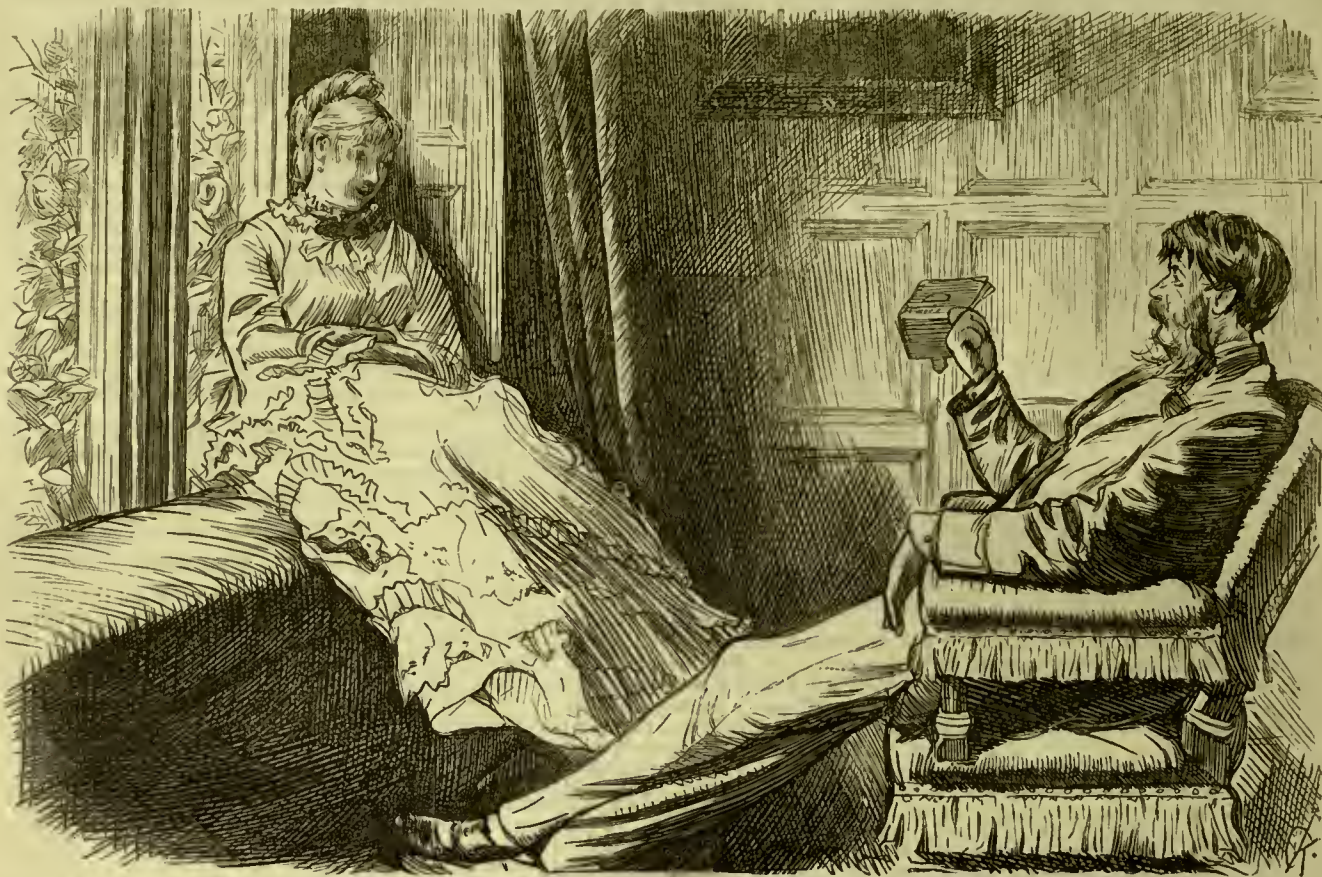
THE *City Press*, in a brief account of the Tichborne family, states that it was one of great county influence in Hampshire before the Norman Conquest, and mentions that "the name of Doughty came into the family in 1829 in lieu of Tichborne," and that the two names were finally conjoined as Doughty-Tichborne in 1853. The motto of the Tichborne Arms, according to our Civic contemporary, is *Pugna pro patria*. If, as was doubtless the case, the Tichbornes were ever true to their motto, they were always, from the time they began to practise it, and long before the names of Tichborne and Doughty came to be amalgamated, Doughty Tichbornes.

Teachers at the Tower.

It is well that the Beefeaters are so called for a different reason from that which orthography seems to indicate. The function of the Beefeater does not consist in feeding on beef. If it did, in these days of high-priced butcher's-meat, when eating beef is eating money, the Beefeaters would be very expensive Historians to the Crown.

TERM OF ENDEARMENT.

SYLVIA is now a very rare name. Why? Probably because of its inevitable diminutive. Of course a girl who had been named SYLVIA would be called SILLY.



"A WOMAN O' BUSINESS."

Husband (who has been on the Continent, and left his Wife some Blank Cheques). "MY DEAR LOUISA, I FIND YOU HAVE CONSIDERABLY OVERDRAWN AT THE BANK!"

Wife. "O, NONSENSE, WILLY, HOW CAN THAT BE? WHY, I'VE TWO OF THOSE BLANK CHEQUES LEFT YET!!"

TEAS AND TEASPOONS.

THE convivial gathering, which, instead of a dinner, Dissenters and Teetotallers are accustomed to hold for the purpose of discussion or demonstration, is, in their characteristic phraseology, called "a tea." Does not the term "a tea," thus applied, sound unpleasantly like nonsense? Do you not feel that they might as well say "a coffee?" And why not sometimes meet at "a coffee," too? Coffee is specifically "the sober berry." Further confounding general with particular ideas, and reckless of absurdity, people might talk of "a sugar" or "a milk"? What would anyone, hearing for the first time of "a tea," understand by it? Surely some special description of tea, distinguished in commerce, as Pekoe, or Kaisow, or Assam. "A tea," if you did not know what it meant, would be as indefinite as "a spinach." It is also an ambiguous expression. When two teas and a brandy-and-water, as the waiter said, were getting over the palings, one of the teas was "a tea." Of course the brandy-and-water must have been a great scandal to his honest associates the teas, if they were Teetotallers. In Paris waiters talk of "un grog anglais." Accordingly, "a tea" should signify a cup of tea.

The Spiritualists are wont to practise necromancy at what they, too, call "a tea"—and, the other day, according to one of their organs, the Spirits laid "a tea" out for them. Spiritualists appear to share with Teetotallers and Nonconformists the mental condition indicated by habitually speaking and partaking of "a tea." Aversion to Spirits other than ghosts is professed by many Spiritualists; and Spiritualism and Teetotalism are often united.

"A tea," in dissenting and teetotal phraseology, may be said to mean an evening meal of which the fluid portion is tea, and the solids principally consist of bread-and-butter, muffins, crumpets, and cake. The origin of the expression "a tea," in this sense, may be guessed to have been Yankee and feminine. Tea is a drink said to cheer but not inebriate; but "a tea" not uncommonly produces effects more than simply exhilarating. Under the head of "Shirley,"

the *Hampshire Independent* publishes the following piece of local intelligence:—

"GOOD TEMPLARS.—The Ray of Hope Lodge of Good Templars, established at the village hall, purposed having a procession on Tuesday afternoon last, followed by a public tea and meeting; but man proposes and the weather disposes; for the procession did not take place owing to the heavy down-pour of rain. About one hundred sat down to tea, after which, the weather having cleared, a procession of the officers and a few of the Members, in regalia, was formed, headed by the fife and drum band of the Lodge, and paraded the principal streets, returning to the village hall, when addresses on the objects of the Society were delivered by several speakers to a crowded audience, presided over by MR. LUKE. The addresses were interspersed by songs by several Members of the Lodge."

The Good Templars, some of them, did still have their procession—after tea. Ordinary people might make such an exhibition of themselves after brandy-and-water. Who could march about the streets in "regalia," preceded by drums and fifes, for the purpose of proclaiming their personal habits in respect of drinking, sober? Surely the tea of the Teetotallers who commit this sort of extravagance must be very craftily qualified; and the Good Templars may have established a Ray of Hope Lodge; but it is to be feared that there is not even a ray of hope for them at Shirley. If, however, "a tea," unqualified, is sufficient to make some people tipsy, it may be said that teas are the *Agape* of milkshops.

The Turf and the Till.

WE are, as a nation, accused by foreigners of worshipping the golden calf. That idolatry is doubtless practised to a great extent in England, but horse-worship also extensively prevails, and the devotees of the golden calf, if as assiduous, are not so enthusiastic as those of the golden colt. There is, however, a daily increasing number of Britons who combine those two objects of veneration, and adore them both.



INCONVENIENCES OF LODGINGS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

"PLEASE, MISS, HAVE YOU ANY OBJECTION TO 'AVIN' THE WINDOWS OPEN INSTEAD OF THE DOOR, ON ACCOUNT OF THE PARTY-WHATSLEEPS IN THE BACK-PARLOUR'S DRESSIN'-ROOM BEIN' AT THE TOP O' THE 'OUSE, HE THINKS YOUR DOOR BEING CLOSED WHILE HE'S A GOIN' HUPSTAIRS TO HIS BATH MIGHT BE MORE AGREEABLE BOTH TO YOU AND TO 'IM, MISS!"

TO THE SCHOOL BOARDS OF ENGLAND.

Swimming. (Punch in earnest for once.)

KNOW, all School Boards, by these presents that, whilst you are squabbling and straw-splitting about Religious Education, English boys are daily being drowned because they cannot swim, and, if this state of things goes on much longer, their deaths will be at your door. And now we will condescend to tell you how to supply this want in boys' Education. In every town certainly, and probably in every large village, where the School Board reigns supreme, a tank of water, twenty yards by ten, can be supplied at no ruinous cost, if nothing better can be had. Take a strip of thick flannel or thin canvas, about a foot broad, cut two holes for the boy's arms to go easily through, and fasten the band loosely but firmly behind the shoulders; tie a cord to the belt about three feet long, and fix the end of the cord to a long, light pole. Peel your boy, and put the harness on him; promise not to duck him, and *keep your word, by all means*, and walk alongside the bath or tank, letting the boy lie on his chest in the water, and you will find that nine boys out of ten will learn to swim alone in three days—if treated with kindness, confidence, and encouragement.

LORD SHAFTESBURY has done incalculable good by having the boys of the Worcester Training-ship made to swim—some of the boys who have gone to Sea having jumped overboard and saved life: and we take off our hats to his Lordship. And to you we repeat the universal reply of F.M. ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, "You have your orders, Gentlemen—execute them." P.

DIPLOMATIC NONSENSE.

AN Ass, attached to a Legation, goes about saying that the firmest Treaty is no better than a cheese eaten by vermin, when it has been ratified.

A SELFISH SUGGESTION.

Is for another little war,
Millions doomed to pay therefor,
Shall a part again pay all;
Income-tax payers, large and small?
Come, ye wealthy sons of toil,
Rolling in your strike-won spoil,
Gorged with beef, and wine, and beer,
Meat and coals who make so dear;
Come, consumers of champagne,
Colliers, great as is your gain,
Ye on whom no taxes fall,
Whose taxation's optional,
Great Untaxed, come lend your aid;
You can pay what must be paid,
As the *Alabama* claim
You defrayed, do now the same;
And this Ashantee war's bore
Drink us out of, as before.

A TRIFLE TO TOUCH FRANCE.

ACCORDING to the *Conte Carour* of Turin, the Italian Government has determined to adopt the Prussian spiked helmet as a head-dress for Generals, in the place of that in use at present. This announcement is likely to create noisy indignation in France; may even procure the Cabinet of Turin a demand for explanations from the French Government. The Italian Minister of War will perhaps explain that the Prussian helmet is adopted, not because it is Prussian, but because it is spiked; that no offence is meant by the spiked helmet to any but the enemies of Italy in action, whom it will enable its wearer, whether a General or a common soldier, to fight more effectually, on occasion, by a new mode of warfare, stooping down, head-foremost, and butting his adversary with the spike in the "brend-basket." Let us hope this explanation will prove satisfactory to the susceptibilities of France.

Guffaw.

"DID you ever," roared OSCAR, addressing RUDOLPH, "hear the *tic douloureux*?" "How!" growled RUDOLPH, "what *tic* do you mean by that?" "Ha, ha!" shouted his associate; "the tick of the Death-watch!"

HAPPINESS WITH ECONOMY.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD, the other day, in a speech on laying a foundation-stone, took occasion to point out the necessity of meeting high prices by the reduction of personal expenditure. Unfortunately, the necessary reduction of personal expenditure involves, in all particulars except one, the necessary reduction of personal enjoyment—at least, a Briton's. On the other side of the Channel, human nature may appear to superficial observers different from what it is here. The Bishop said that:—

"Those who had been in France had seen that the Frenchman could be as happy with his *eau sucré* as the Englishman with his champagne."

But a little thought would have convinced them that the equality of happiness they had seen depended on the equality of gratification. If a Frenchman is as happy on *eau sucré* as an Englishman is on champagne, it is because he likes *eau sucré* as much as champagne. Happiness arises from, and is directly proportionate to, pleasure, or the hope of pleasure, without pain or the fear of pain; and diminishes exactly as we are obliged to stint ourselves in the enjoyment of good things. The one only particular in which it is possible to retrench with unabated happiness is ostentation; and that retrenchment is possible only for a philosopher, who does not care about appearances, or, if he have any regard for them, can reason himself out of it. But not even a philosopher can reason himself out of delight in wine, or into satisfaction with sugar and water. He may cut down his tailor's bill with equanimity, but, unless he loves Australian meat as much as English, he will grieve in curtailing his butcher's, and will prune his wine-merchant's with sorrow.

FROM BRADFORD.

THE Atomic Theory is understood by Chemists, the Not At-Home-ic Theory by Footmen.



AN EXAMPLE.

Old Lady. "BE CAREFUL WITH MY UMBRELLA, CABMAN; IT'S A PRECIOUS ONE!"

Cabby (gallantly). "NOT SO PRECIOUS AS WHAT'S WALKING UNDERNEATH IT, MUM!!"

A BRAZEN CLANG.

THE trumpet gives out no uncertain a sound;
The trumpeter's head with a mitre is crowned.
The ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS a fanfaronade
Performs, to blow up, for the POPE, a crusade.

The POPE, as a Vicar, the Archbishop knows,
Has no need of soldiers to slaughter his foes;
The Archiepiscopal war-trump is blown
For bloodshed to bring back the Pope-King alone.

Mere prayers for the Pontiff exert enough might.
For his kingdom of this world to rouse men to fight
Resounds battle-blast; throat of brass utters bray:
Whilst bold MONSIGNOR GUBERT trumpets away.

British Manners and Customs.

THE window of a Refreshment Bar and Supper Establishment in Holborn exhibits an announcement of "Fine Welsh Natives, per 1s. 6d. dozen." This, in the minds of foreigners, might raise a suggestion that Great Britain was as one of the Fiji Islands. It carries us back to the prehistoric period when the Howells of the day may be supposed to have banqueted on the Morgans whom they slew in battle with stone axes and arrows; and the Williamses, the Evanses, the Joneses, and the Merediths to have devoured each other in like manner at the same time; about which time the world was created.

HAUGHTY OIRL!

CECILIA TORRINGTON was perhaps right to discourage JOHN SWAINTON's attentions, for he had but six hundred a year; but she would have shown better taste, if she had treated him in a less superCecilious manner.

MYSTERY OF THE SKY.

"A LOVER OF NATURE" writes to the *Times* stating that PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD detected, in the snow which fell at Stockholm in December, 1871, minute particles of iron; that an English chemist, DR. PHIPSON, had previously collected microscopic iron dust on glycerine exposed to a south-west gale shortly after a November meteor-shower; and that PROFESSOR BAUMHAUER mentions that he also, many years ago, detected grains of iron in the interior of hailstones which fell in Holland. What shall we say to these undeniable facts? That they afford fresh proof that *rates* may mean both bard and seer together—thus, that the line

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower"

was a vaticination of the prophetic soul of GRAY? Or that there is a great deal more than most people suppose in the story of *Jack and the Beanstalk*?

Rabelaisian.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to inquire the exact meaning of the expression "Pantagruelian Philosophy." The next time he has a very bad cold, and is put upon a diet consisting mainly of "a thin food, made by boiling groats or oatmeal in water," and bears his misfortune with patience and fortitude, he will understand the phrase in all its force, and be entitled to consider himself a "Pantagruelist."

GOLD AND JEWEL.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, at the head of the expedition against the Ashantees, will doubtless prove himself worthy of his Christian name. A Garnet on the Gold Coast is as a precious stone with setting handy; but in sending our Garnet against those niggers we are risking our gem.



HYPERBOLE.

Saxon Sportsman. "ANY SNIPE ABOUT HERE, MY MAN?"

Pat. "SNIPES, IS IT!! FAIX, THEY'RE GINERALLY JOSTLIN' 'ACH OTHER HEREABOUTS!"

COCKFIGHTING AND CRUELTY.

THOUGH dogs delight to bark and bite,
You must not set them on to fight—
Which gamecocks also love to do;
But mind you don't provoke them to,
Although by Nature they're inclined;
Or you will be severely fined.

'Tis true they like it; but what then?
You deem it sport? You cruel men!
O, how such sport can you enjoy,
As seeing animals destroy
Their kind, and one another main?
Out on you, wretches! Fie, for shame!

Bets laid on them that you may win,
You'd have them fight? The more the sin.
To cruelty you add the vice,
Which makes it worse, of avarice.
And then, poor creatures, after all,
The stakes they suffer for how small!

Our battles are another case;
The slaughter of the human race:
The mutilation of our kind.
But these things must be—never mind.
We have sufficient reason for
Our every great or little war.

Battles, wherein men make men bleed,
Somewhat beat cockfighting, indeed.
But then there's honour to maintain,
"Prestige" to keep up or regain,
Or to be gained, O Christian friends,
Our Commerce has important ends.

Below Stairs.

MUCH attention at the present time is being paid to Cookery. This is highly commendable, for whatever the proverb may say, we cannot have too many cooks—of the right sort. The royal road to happiness runs through the kitchen. Who was it that said Man's heart lies in his stomach? Was it BRILLAT-SAVARIN or DR. KITCHENER? But the movement must not go too far—it must not extend to "cooking" accounts.

SPIRITS AND FOOLS.

WHAT more than has been already said a thousand times over can be said of the "shocking affair" which, in substance, has happened times out of number, related, as below, by a contemporary, under the heading of "Fatal Foolishness?" Six navvies were assembled at a house in Bettws Garmon, a hamlet near Carnarvon. Their day's work was over, "and they commenced to play" games with each other. Two played at soldiers:—

"One of them, a member of the Carnarvonshire Militia, named CHARLES WILLIAMS, a native of Carnarvon, took up an old gun and began to go through the drill with a companion, who was also a Militiaman. WILLIAMS was ignorant of the fact that the gun was loaded. He cocked it, brought it up to his shoulder, presented it at his comrade's head, took steady aim, and fired. His comrade fell down a corpse, the ball having passed through his head. WILLIAMS voluntarily came on to Carnarvon and delivered himself up to the police."

It may be thought that the foolishness of this kind of act, which fools keep repeating, as the moth and the daddylonglegs repeat that of flying into the candle, cannot possibly be further set forth than it has repeatedly been. Perhaps that is so; but there is a folly in connection with it which, those who are likely to commit, or may be able to prevent at least, have not had so frequently pointed out to them. That is the folly of leaving a gun about loaded, which is conditional to the foolish act of letting it off. A gun could hardly be fired, in foolishness, at a companion by one fool, if it had not been left about loaded by another fool.

The fool who leaves about a loaded gun, and the fool who pulls its trigger, or the trigger of any gun, whether loaded or not, whilst the gun covers anybody whom he does not mean to shoot, are nearly as great fools, one as the other. But the latter of those fools is something worse than a fool; for covering anyone with a gun and drawing the trigger, even knowing it to be unloaded, is shooting that person in idea, and that idea is a vicious and criminal one in itself, and ought, perhaps, in act, to be rendered more punishable than it is.

Fools are now-a-days very sceptical, many of them; otherwise, but that superstition is objectionable, and should not be practised upon even for a good purpose, any who really believe in "Spiritualism" might be deterred, at least from snapping guns supposed to be unloaded, by the suggestion that demons do sometimes load guns that lie in their way in order that fools may shoot people with them in fun. Guns firmly believed to have been discharged before they were put by, are, as a matter of fact, on examination now and then, found to be loaded; and this, probably, has really been the work of evil or idiotic spirits—in the body.

BRENTFORD THE DIRTY.

To be ashamed of a course is usually a sign that it will be abandoned. Brentford is actually showing shame that it is the dirtiest place in Middlesex. We have hope for Brentford. But it has a pedigree of dirt. SHENSTONE wrote of it—

"As when through Brentford Town, a Town of Mud,
A herd of bristly swine is pricked along,
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still groan and grunt, and moan their troublous song."

In the remote days of that pleasant Shepherd, Brentford was famed for its mud, and its name suggested a picture of piggishness. It is still dirty. But there are symptoms of reform, and some day the Two Kings may have a cleaner domain, and not find it needful to smell so often at their one nose-gay, to get rid of the Neapolitan odours of their unsavoury Capital, and Middlesex's.

TRIPLICITY AND UNITY.

VICTOR EMMANUEL apparently has made all square both at Berlin and Vienna. Ultramontane France will perhaps perceive that this means Three to One.

OUR REVISING BARRISTER.



"All naked were his manly arms, and shaded by his hat,
Like some old senator of Rome, that simple Archon sat."

He has had a good deal of trouble with some of the claimants of votes, but he flatters himself that he has polished them off handsomely.

Exempli gratiâ (which for the benefit of those dear "self-made men" he translates, "for the sake of example"—it is put thus, "e.g.," for shortness, gentlemen) he transcribes a passage, and a passage at arms, from his note-book.

TIMOTHY JINKS claimed to vote for Marylebone, in respect of a house which he occupies in Skimpole Street, Cavendish Square. He was objected to by both the Liberal and the Conservative agent, and also by the Overseers.

Mr. Punch. There seems to be a deal of objection to you, JINKS. How can you be so objectionable?

Mr. Jinks. Do you see anything so objectionable about me, Sir?

Mr. Punch. Well, if you come to that, I can't say I do. Your hair might be better cut, and that blue cravat with salmon spots is caddish to the last extent, but I do not see that those facts should deprive you of political rights. What is urged against you? Give me the notice.

Liberal Agent. To save the Court trouble—

Mr. Punch. Sir, I decline to be saved trouble. I sit here to receive trouble, and, to do you justice, you supply me liberally, as a Liberal should, ha! ha! ha! ha! (*Everybody convulsed for ten minutes.*)

Conservative Agent. I would withdraw our objection, Sir, if—

Mr. Punch. You will withdraw yourself, Sir, if you presume to repeat such an unconvoluted, I mean unconstitutional proposal. You are not going to play fast and loose, nor are you going to blow cold and hot, nor are you going to hold with the hare and run with the hounds.

Conservative Agent. Sir, your wisdom is proverbial.

Mr. Punch. If you mean that for a scoff, Sir, go to prison for six months with hard labour. If you mean it for a compliment, you're another. Now, get on, get on. I really cannot allow the business of the Court to be delayed in this manner. Remember, we owe a duty to the public, and we should endeavour to proceed with work as rapidly as is compatible with the interests of justice, than which, as CICERO says, in a passage which you may recollect, for I don't, nothing can be more divine. Will you go on? Why do you object to JINKS of the Blue Cravat?

Liberal Agent. I fancy I am entitled to speak first, Sir.

Mr. Punch. Do you. Then you'll speak last, Sir. Fancies do not become respectable solicitors. Do you know the pretty music, "Tell me where is fancy bred?"

Liberal Agent. Yes, Sir, and the answer to the inquiry; namely, "I am not a baker."

Mr. Punch. Ha! Very clever, very smart, very new! Excellent! (*Waxes furious.*) How dare you, Sir, insult the Court with such levity? Once more, will you tell me your objection to JINKS of the Salmon Spots?

Liberal Agent. You said I was not to speak, Sir.

Mr. Punch. Take care, Sir, take care, or you will get into trouble.

Liberal Agent. I submit, Sir—

Mr. Punch. You had better, Sir, I can tell you. Well?

Liberal Agent. The Overseers, in the discharge of their duty, which is—

THE Battle of the Constitution is now being fought in the Registration Courts, as the late SIR ROBERT PEEL suggested that it ought to be. *Mr. Punch* has been sitting incessantly, purifying and increasing the Registry. It has been hard work, for the weather has been hot (whatever it may be when this is read), and he has had to imitate the gallant judge who decided between *Silas Fixings* and *Nehemiah Dodge*.

Mr. Punch. Do you imagine, Sir, or do you fancy, Sir, as you like the word, that I do not know the duties of an Overseer? Do you think I am not aware that the word means the same as Bishop?

Liberal Agent. As a Dissenter, *Mr. Punch*, I protest against any such statement, or any theological allusions, in this Court.

Mr. Punch. O, you are a Dissenter, are you? I never saw one before. I have seen an octopus, though, and many other things. Do not suppose I have no general information. I know a deal.

Conservative Agent. So do I. It is a sort of wood; likewise distribution of cards at whist, or other games; likewise a town near Dover.

Mr. Punch. There's one game, Sir, that you will do well to avoid, and that is trifling with the Court. Now, as this Dissenter, who, all the same, seems to me a most respectable man, and an honour to his chapel, will not tell us about JINKS, perhaps you will be so good. Is the poor man to stand there with a blue cravat and lacerated feelings all day?

Mr. Jinks. I am not exactly a poor man, Sir. Men with houses in Skimpole Street are usually rich men. But I forgive you, as you meant well.

Mr. Punch. No living man shall forgive me, Sir. How dare you? Take back your forgiveness this moment. I did not mean well. Let well alone. I begin to think that you are objectionable.

Liberal Agent. Sir, with your usual perspicacity—

Mr. Punch (aside). Don't much like the word—reminds one of perspiration, which is needless. Never mind.

Liberal Agent. *Rem acu tetigisti.*

Mr. Punch. I like to hear HOMER quoted—shows a man is a gentleman. Didn't know that Dissenters were allowed to read HOMER.

Liberal Agent. You have discovered, Sir, that MR. JINKS is a humbug. We discovered it a little earlier, and therefore objected to him.

Mr. Punch. I am ashamed of you, JINKS. To be a rascal may be an accident—to be a humbug is a crime. To think that this should become a Criminal Court!

Mr. Jinks. Ask him why he says so, Sir.

Mr. Punch. Don't be dictatorial, JINKS. I won't stand it in a man with a blue cravat. However, I ask the question.

Liberal Agent. MR. JINKS was repeatedly and respectfully requested—

Mr. Punch. That's the Three R's.

Liberal Agent. To say for whom he would vote at the next election. He roughly and rampagiously refused.

Mr. Punch. Three more. Three and three make six.

Liberal Agent. Your arithmetic is unexceptionable, Sir. Well, Sir, we thought that as his name was a vulgar one, "JINKS," he would naturally think it the aristocratic thing to vote for a Tory, so we objected to him.

Mr. Punch. And you?

Conservative Agent. We put a similar question; we received a similar answer.

Mr. Punch. Or reply? You might as well have said reply, but the moral is the same. Well.

Conservative Agent. We thought that, as his name was a vulgar one "JINKS," he would naturally be a vulgarian, and vote for a Radical, so we objected to him.

Mr. Punch. And is this the Nineteenth Century?

Conservative Agent. I am not on oath, Sir, but, if you ask me my impression, I believe that it is, because the last was the Eighteenth.

Mr. Punch (smiling). Now that's a very curious fact, and you reason from it very ingeniously. But I forgot, I was in a rage. I was going to ask, with becoming indignation, whether in the nineteenth century a man could be robbed of his rights because he refused to declare his intentions. (*Aside.* A deuced neat sentence that.)

Mr. Jinks. Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! A Daniel come to judgment! [*Throws up his hat against the ceiling.*]

Mr. Punch. JINKS, I suppose you got that hat out of a shop.

Mr. Jinks. I did, Sir.

Mr. Punch. But, like the nigger, you can't tell the price of it, because the shopkeeper didn't happen to be there just then.

Mr. Jinks. Sir, I paid for it.

Mr. Punch. Then, Sir, you must be a fool to damage a hat which you have paid for. I happen to know that the Legislature did not intend to confer the franchise on fools. Your name is struck off the list, and now what have the Overseers to say?

Overseer. It is not his house at all, Sir, it is his son's.

Mr. Jinks. It is taken in his name, but I pay the rent, and he is in Africa.

Mr. Punch. Monster! You have sent your son to Africa to be eaten by lions and tigers and missionaries and cassowaries, and you claim a vote in his name. In the whole annals of crime I never read anything so atrocious. Satan—I mean Saturn, devouring his offspring, was the Prodigal Son's father compared to you. Your vote is gone for ever. And I say, JINKS, do you want to let that house in Skimpole Street, because I know a young couple who are looking out, and I dare say we shouldn't quarrel about terms. Come in here. [*The Court rose for lunch.*]

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.



VERY philosopher, such as DEMOCRITUS, included among the audience of a paper "On the Localisation of the Functions of the Brain," read by DR. FERRIER, in the Anatomical and Physiological Department at the late meeting of the British Association, must have been entertained, if not instructed, by some part at least of what he heard there. According to the *Morning Post*, DR. FERRIER, in the course of narrating a series of well-conducted experiments, which he afterwards, not without reason, said he thought "would ultimately lead to a distinct and scientific phrenology," observed that:—

"The frontal part of the brain was broader and larger in man than in

the monkey and other animals, which no doubt corresponded to the intellectual development."

On the address which included this passage its learned reader received the congratulations of DR. CARPENTER, who said that "science ought to be proud of" such experiments as those described in it. This other distinguished physiologist added that—

"He believed, along with DR. FERRIER, that the intellectual faculties of man were in the posterior portion of the brain—a theory directly opposed to phrenology, which placed the animal functions at the back, and the intellectual faculties at the anterior part of the brain."

The *Times* represents DR. CARPENTER as saying that—

"He had long since expressed his disbelief in phrenology in an article that had had the credit of killing the *Phrenological Journal*, which maintained that the animal faculties were placed at the back of the head, and the intellectual at the front."

If DR. CARPENTER killed the *Phrenological Journal* with an article, long ago, he also, by anticipation, killed another bird with the same stone. He killed so much of DR. FERRIER's paper as he contradicted. Of course he killed it without having shot at it. Apparently he did not hear it; or, rather, imagined that he had heard exactly the reverse of it. This is, if correct, remarkable in connection with the circumstance that:—

"DR. GEORGE HARLEY congratulated PROFESSOR FERRIER on the able address he had delivered. He was sure that every one in the room, whether possessed of scientific knowledge or not, had perfectly understood the subject."

So it seems; to judge of everybody by DR. CARPENTER.

DR. HARLEY appears to have agreed with DR. CARPENTER as to Phrenology. He observed that, "along with science there had always gone a pseudo-science." As reported in the *Times*, however:—

"DR. BRAXTON alluded to the faculty of will and self-restraint as distinguishing man from the lower animals, and said that this was probably situated in the anterior part of the brain. It was noticeable that criminals, who were deficient in that faculty, possessed only a small portion of brain in the front of the head."

Behold how diametrically doctors differ about the functions of the brain. Are the intellectual faculties in the front and the animal at the back of it, or *vice versa*? That is their little diversity. Along with science, truly, "there has already gone a pseudo-science;" but on which side is the pseudo-science in the case of physiologists who differ from each other, as Big-endians from Little-endians, or as white from black?

Of course DR. CARPENTER's supposition that the intellectual faculties of man are situated in the posterior portion of the brain cannot have been evolved out of his own consciousness. Clairvoyants are said sometimes to see at the back of the head; but DR. CARPENTER, though a man of science, if not pseudo-science, does not appear to be a clairvoyant. It would also seem that the learned Doctor is very far from being a clairaudient, unless either he, or DR. FERRIER, has been misreported.

A physiologist's opinion respecting the relation in which the intellect and the animal feelings lie fore and aft in the brain may perhaps, even if Phrenology is false, depend on the shape of his own head. As to Phrenology, however, suppose it false; still every philosopher has a vigorous faculty, if no organ, of "Comparison." Any such an one must have been able to appreciate, with some amusement, the above-collated differences between doctors.

JOHN BULL'S REFLECTIONS BEFORE THE ASHANTEE WAR.

KING COFFEE CALCALLI—KING COFFEE CALCALLI!

No doubt you have earned a sound thrashing:
And, that making a sally, without shilly-shally,
And rasing Coomassie from out of Prah Valley,
And your red velvet parasols smashing,
Would prove quite a godsend to Fantis, Ahantis,
Nor much source of regret to your subject Ashantees.
But still I can't feel as much heart as I like
To feel, when I get up my dander to strike;
And, if I for war must draw trigger,
I cannot but wish the war bigger;
That I'd not to display so much vigour,
And pay such a very large figure,
For no more than to wollop a nigger!

Thus, KING COFFEE CALCALLI, although I don't vally
Your opinion a rush, and our notions don't tally
Of what's good and what's bad as 'twixt weak folk and strong.

And what rights over black unto white men belong,
And what duties to whites are due black men among,
I should like to feel surer that, in my own view,
All the rights were with me—all the wrongs were with you.
For even in fighting a nigger,
One sets to the work with more vigour,
If one feels that one's cutting a figure,
I'roof 'gainst faction's most keen-sighted rigour,
And cavil's most cynical snigger—
And, in this case, I've doubts if the two may not rally
'Gainst JOHN BULL, in support of KING COFFEE CALCALLI!

TEMPLARS AND MALTESE.

It is announced that the DUKE OF RATIBOR has accepted the Grand Mastership of a separate branch of the Maltese Order of Knights, established on the basis of their original principles, but repudiating extreme opinions. It may be observed that the Maltese Knights are not only not to be confounded with the Templars, to whom they were akin, but that they are particularly to be distinguished from those later Templars who, comparatively to their predecessors, perhaps, if not to mankind in general, call themselves "Good." The Good Templars appear not to be concerned about Ultramontane principles, further than these may be involved in respect of Mountain Dew. They evidently have nothing in common with the Maltese Knights; and they differ from them in nothing more than in being very inimical to malt, considered as an ingredient in beer, which they vilify with the appellation of an "intoxicating fluid," though the epithet they have arrogated appears to indicate that they think no small beer of themselves.

Gaudeamus Igitur.

OUR friend the *Standard* begins an article on Spain with the words, "Anybody, that great Conservative Statesman," and so on. May we express our humble but heartfelt joy at hearing that anybody is a great Conservative Statesman? It is news, but good news, in the present state of parties.

AN ACHIEVEMENT.

MR. BELLOWES, according to the *Times'* Critic, has produced a French Dictionary, within pocket compass, so perfect, that there is no pretext for the cry, "Bellowes to mend!" This is an achievement, which may well take the wind out of any successor to BELLOWES!



THE SKETCHING SEASON.

First Tourist (to Party asleep). "DO YOU MIND THESE SHEEP, MY GOOD MAN?"

Second Ditto (raising his Head). "EH? O, DEAR, NO, I DON'T MIND 'EM! DON'T MOVE 'EM ON MY ACCOUNT." [Goes to sleep again.]

First Ditto (aside—making off). "STODGE OF NEWMAN STREET, BY JINCO! 'XTREMELY AWKWARD! DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS DOWN HERE!"

"THE NEWEST GRIEF!"

LICKINGS to lickings still succeed;
On Renfrewshire comes Dover;
If Bath and Taunton follow lead,
We well may cry, "All's over!"
Our day is past—our die is cast:
We're shunted, shivered, shattered:
Our popularity o'er-cast,
Our fighting forces scattered!
'Tis hard to look facts in the face,
When they are so unpleasant;
Hard, the five-years'-since-past to place
In contrast with the present:
But harder still, when, to deny
Conservative Reaction,
Is to admit that LOWE and I
Have not giv'n satisfaction.
Hardest of all to feel the shot
That bowls our Generals over,
Comes from our own ranks, oft as not,
With ballot-box for cover:
That those who used to hoist our flag,
Forget its place in story;
Till Liberal wishes for the drag
Are quite as strong as Tory.
Is it that Red Republic's tricks,
And Yankee revelations,
Lead BULL the "most advanced" to fix
As the "least favoured" nations?
Is it that Unions, workmen-led,
Don't go to prepossess him,
For the time, when, hand over head,
King Mob comes to redress him?

Is it that, looking round the world,
Of echequered lots, means, rank, full,
His wings of aspiration furred,
He sighs, "Rest and be thankful;"
Doubts promise all too bright to last,
Whistles too dearly paid for;
If progress may not be too fast,
And slows should not be stayed for.
Is it that, starting, all abreast
A burst of "burning" questions,
BULL and BRITANNIA I've o'er-prest,
And o'er-taxed their digestions:
That Irish hates by boons increased,
I've got myself more trouble in;
Have Parson lost, yet not gained Priest,
Snubbed Derry, nor won Dublin.
Is't that I've not held high our flag
To "Rule BRITANNIA'S" thunder?
When others played the game of "brag,"
Have rather knuckled under?
Have let Old England, fighting shy,
Down in the scale of nations,
And baked JOHN BULL more humble pie
Than he could eat with patience?
Or that I've kept, for little wars,
The pluck that big ones frightened;
And through my very fear of jars
The danger of them heightened?
Have sent the Army to Old Boots,
In new ways while inducting it:
And by short service scared recruits,
By way of reconstructing it?

Or that I've not shown game enough,
With licensed wittlers slashing?
That AYRTON's tongue has been too rough,
Or BOB LOWE's shears too slashing?
In short, is't for good deeds or bad,
Sins of o— or com-mission,
That the *Pall Mall* with me is mad,
BULL in such ill-condition?
Or is it but the destined end
Of too much praise to start with:
The recoil-kick of candid friend,
That for our good we smart with?
Is it that I have been too just,
Till men's respect o'er-tried is,
And votes me out, in sheer disgust
As it did ARISTIDES?
In any case, whate'er the cause,
The end comes near and nearer—
The closer Dissolution draws,
My vision waxes clearer:
Tory Reaction let it be,
Or Liberal Defalcation,
May Parliament's "Good bye!" to me
Be "Good speed!" to the nation.
Well, stand or fall, I've held the right
'Gainst blunder and defection:
The captain who falls front to fight,
May hope for resurrection.
So, with hand on the helm of State,
Steel-elad, sword-drawn, sedately,
Viking-like, I will meet my fate,
Up-standing, stern, and stately!



“THE NEWEST GRIEF!”

MR. GLADSTONE. “ANOTHER DEFEAT, CARDWELL!”

MR. CARDWELL. “AH, YES!—YOU MEAN ON THE GOLD COAST, AT CHAMAH?”

MR. GLADSTONE. “NO, SIR, I MEAN ON THE SOUTH COAST, AT *DOVER*!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Reports himself after a brief Vacation.



—ES, Sir, for once and away—I add “and away” because I have just returned from the Continent—I must claim to represent myself. Myself *en vacance*—myself in the enjoyment of a short, alas! too short, vacation. I travelled with my second step-grandmother (my grandfather—Heaven rest him!—having married thrice, and left his last and youngest to bless his memory), and a well-informed friend, who said before we started that he had long ago visited the places where we intended going, knew them all by heart, and could give us every possible information. Wasn't he to be a very useful person? Wouldn't any one have taken him on such a recommendation (his own)? No matter what you, Sir, would or would not have done

in a similar position, we did—we embraced him, *Ma belle Grand'mère la deuxième, et moi*—we embraced him with effusion, considered that we had a treasure, and consulted him as to the future of our route.

Our united ages amounted to—but this is unimportant, as we were more than half-price on every line, and a child's ticket was out of the question, though in *La belle Grand's* case it was at first worth consideration.

Sir, when I travel, I travel with an object. I do not allude to either of my companions, in making the above statement. One object was, to compare great things with small—to compare, *i. e.*, the hotel bills of England—of merry England—with those of France, where live “our lively neighbours.” Another object was to note down the simplest, most effective, prettiest, and most satisfying-at-the-price dishes, and learn something in addition to the knowledge of economising resources which I have already, in times past, gained from a close observance of many a Continental *table d'hôte*.

I chose Brittany.

I had been there and still would go.

Rule BRITANNIA! *Les Bretons ne seront jamais esclaves!!* I understand, *now*, what this means. It never did apply to us modern Britons, but to the ancient and present Bretons, and observe Breton in the masculine, for the Bretonne is in quite another pair of *sabots*. The Bretonne will always be a slave, if she goes on as she is now, while the brave Breton will be her master.

Who carries the large umbrella, the baskets, the wood, the sacks? The Bretonne.

Who rides the donkey, and smokes his pipe leisurely? The Breton.

Who toils in the field, cooks the dinner, and waits at table? The Bretonne.

Who strolls out to see that his wife and daughters are well employed, and then strolls back again with an appetite for dinner? The Breton.

If the cosmopolitan traveller, who would do in Rome as the Romans do, will insist on doing in Brittany as the Bretons do, then if he has the good fortune to be travelling with his aunt, wife, daughter, or grandmother, let him at once in fine weather, load her with his Ulster coat, his umbrella, his rugs, his stick, his carpet-bag, while he himself can lounge along the road with a cigar in his mouth, and a light, joyous heart in his bosom.

I pointed this out to my elderly relative, and rather than run the risk of being burdened *à la mode de Bretagne*, she willingly paid for *voitures* to wherever we wanted to go. The Ulsters and carpet-bags were, as it were, hung in *terrorem* over her head. She was *Mrs. DAMOCLES* out for a holiday.

Though my object was, as already stated, to mark prices and dishes, yet did I not think it necessary to invest in a “Cook.” The travelling tickets issued by this remarkable and energetic creation of the nineteenth century tend to inundate the Continent with a flood of omnivorous tourists, and, by consequence, tend to raise the prices everywhere, and to Anglicise the hotel dinners; so that there may be at last a second application of the old proverb, that “Too many Cooks spoil the broth.” Such, Sir, is my own personal and private opinion; I may be wrong; I often am when representing myself, as on this occasion.

Brittany, however, is still comparatively unknown to English tourists, though familiar to all Jerseymen, who find themselves usually as much at home at such an out-of-the-way place as St. Quai as they would be among the *patois*-speaking children on the rocks off Sorel Point in their own picturesque island.

At Dinan, however, there has been for a long time an English Colony and an English Club, but these “*Insulaires*” (as the guide books call them) have not caused any perceptible alteration in the habits and customs of the inhabitants.

But to the point of this little tour. How comes it that, in such French towns as will find their equivalents in Chichester, Winchester, and in most of our Cathedral and market towns in this country, I can have my bed-room (so furnished as to serve for a sitting-room) on the first-floor, and a better—far better—breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, with “ordinary wine,” and coffee afterwards, for seven shillings a day, at the most, and I can't get off in England under, at least, twice that sum, *per diem*, paid for a gross monotony of roast beef, boiled beef, strong gravy soup, fried soles, chops and Worcester Sauce, boiled eggs, ham and eggs, thick coffee, and adulterated tea?

And then, in country towns, where could I take my Grandmother to dine? At a farmers' ordinary? Can I take her to any haphazard coffee-room, with its dingy, fly-stained paper, its heavy-looking tables, its sepulchral smell, and its chance rough-and-ready customers? No, a private room is forced upon me. I can't help it, I must have it, and must pay for it.

How many delicious, inexpensive, tasty courses did we not get at the Hôtel de France at Dol-de-Bretagne? How many? I do not know—I stopped counting at number seven, when I was *au bout de mes forces*.

For the benefit of intending tourists, let your own carpet-bagman recommend this Hôtel de France at Dol, kept by MADAME RAVEAUD, most amiable and charming of hostesses. Here my step-grandmother had a room in which she could have given a ball had she been so minded, with four windows commanding good look-outs, and altogether of a cleanliness which really ran godliness uncommonly hard. This chamber was two francs a day: first floor, mind, only one-and-eightpence. At an English hotel, similarly situated, for less accommodation I have paid nearly three times the sum.

I find on my arrival in England that Mrs. KING at the British Association Meeting has been trying to induce us to combine our resources and our sauces, live in one happy family, and attend more carefully to the kitchen economy. Bless her heart! we needn't live as “one harmonious whole” in order to arrive at a *consommé* “devoutly to be wished.”

Let every lady when travelling note down certain dishes, find out how they are made, and establish her own private cookery-book. A franc here and there will be well spent in acquiring this knowledge. This is the advice of one who has done it, and is always doing it. A combinational table is the result, that is, you have the pick of all countries, and if, Madame, you will only see to it *yourself*, and not confide in even the “most trustworthy person in the world” (nearly every household is blighted by one of these “inestimable treasures”), you may depend upon it that the result will be, as the toasts phrase it, “your health and happiness.”

For the present I am, Sir,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I'll drop you another line on this topic of the day.

To a Correspondent.

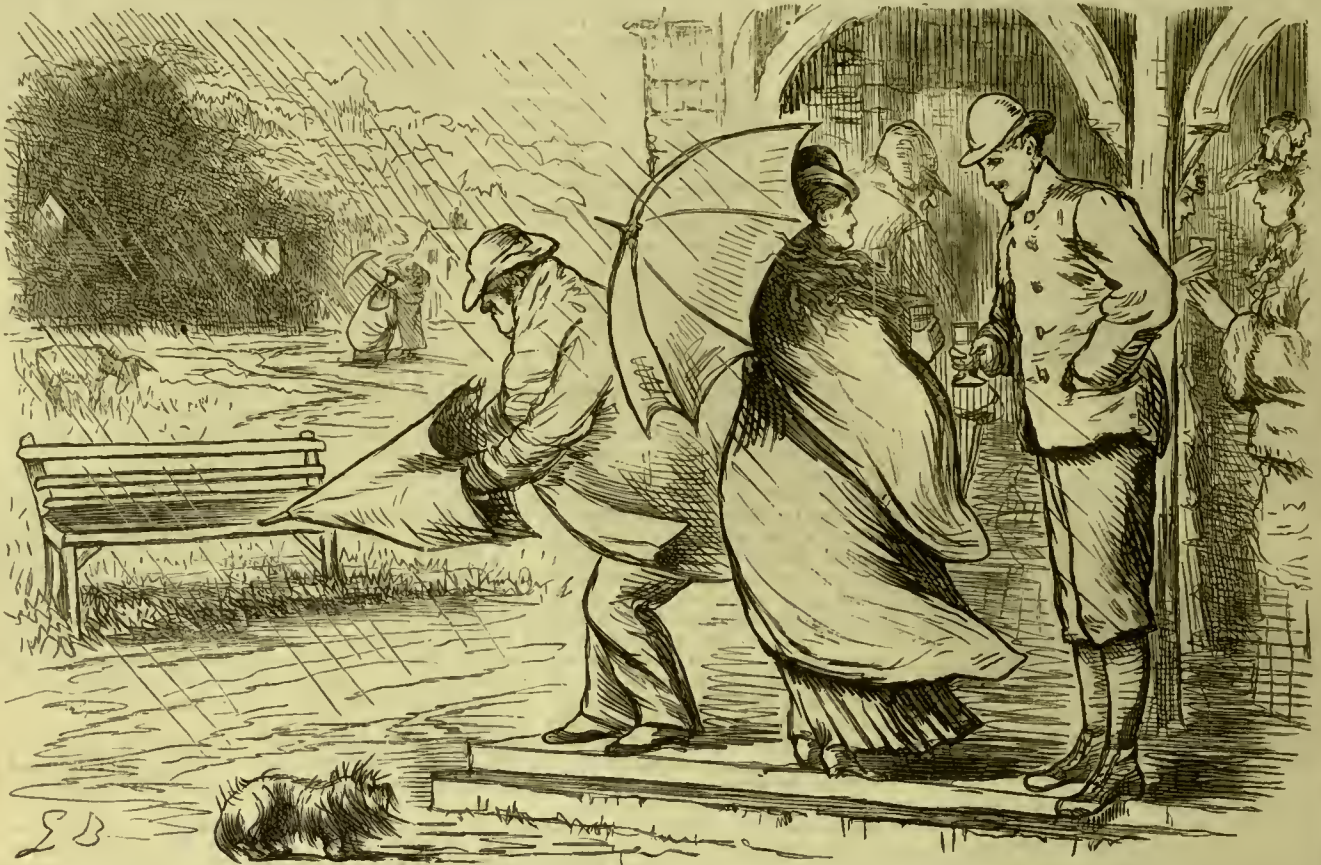
If your edition of *PORCE* gives the line in the *Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot* as you quote it—

“Bear, like the Turk, no bother near the throne,”

either you are entitled to the credit of having discovered a new and curious reading, or a letter must have dropped out in the last word but three.

NEW BOOKS.

How to Dress on Fifteen Pounds a Year as a Lady. By a Lady. In the Press, shortly to be published, uniform with the above—*How to Dress on Nothing a Year as a Kafir.* By a Kafir.



A WONDERFUL CURE.

FANNY FEELS SO MUCH BETTER SINCE SHE HAS TAKEN THE WATER AT SPOONSWELL, THAT SHE GOES REGULARLY TWICE A WEEK, . . . EVEN ON WET MORNINGS.—(N.B. BOB BRABAZON'S FEELINGS EXACTLY CORRESPOND.)

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

From Our Own Correspondents.

FOLKESTONE.

BOAT arrived about the usual time. To the discontent of the fashionable visitors, whose one excitement is to come down and laugh at the afflicted passengers, only two persons were very ill, and one of these, an old lady, retained strength enough to bonnet a playful youth who made a jeering remark about her. A meeting is to be called at the Town Hall to consider how such an outrage, by a stranger, ought to be punished. Serious quarrel on beach, on account of a lady having occupied a bathing machine an hour and a quarter, but adjusted on her explaining that she had not been bathing, but watching another lady—on shore. Much sympathy for her expressed by the married population, less by the single. Numbers went off to see the Martello tower blown up, and great disgust felt at the cowardly conduct of the railway people, who refused to risk the destruction of a train by bringing down combustibles.

BRIGHTON.

Crammed, but nothing to what is expected shortly. Lobsters in the Aquarium much annoyed by the persistent conduct of excursionists, who batter the glass with umbrellas. Seventeen bands all playing at once on the Parade, nigger minstrels, organists, and vocalists aiding to promote the repose sought by jaded visitors. Report that a really fine cigar can be purchased in the town, but wants confirmation, and is discredited by the oldest inhabitant. Prawns uncommonly good to-day. Eighteen hundred and sixty-four persons sat for photographs between 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. MR. DISRAELI at the Bedford. Usual politeness of Britons displayed in bringing opera-glasses and small telescopes to bear upon his supposed window. Rather less paint than usual on Parade.

BATH.

In consequence of the report that if the Liberals should be beaten at Bath, the general election would take place in November, the leaders of party on each side met, under a flag of truce, to consider whether it would be better to fight, or to make things pleasant. It was resolved that nothing ought ever to be made pleasant in Bath, and a fight was determined on. A miracle was wrought at the hot bath. A Catholic lady's watch fell in, and when recovered was found to be going, which had not been the case for a year. The Catholics say that this is due to the consecration of the waters by St. Odoacer; the Protestants allege that the hot water melted the oil, and released the clogged wheels. Sermons, each way, will be preached on Sunday.

YORK.

The old place is still haunted by little Mayors, but the big ones have left. The Yorkshiremen audibly wonder at the smallness of the picked specimens of municipality, but one Tyke who was too critical received from a stalwart South-country Town Clerk a repartee between the eyes, and admitted, when he got up, that he had better have held his tongue. The scramble at the refreshment station is as delightful as ever, and numbers of ladies and children went starving to the north, having been utterly unable to make their way through the crowd of burly and selfish excursionists.

SCARBOROUGH.

A lady who used to be considered the leader of dress here, having been in the habit of appearing in five different costumes daily, has been entirely snuffed out by another lady, who changes her dress eight times, and "wondered who that dowdy thing was that came out after lunch exactly as she was dressed before it." A retort, which we will not at present repeat, occasioned what promised to be a disagreeable interview between male friends of each party, but on its being ascertained that both were simply advertising certain millinery establishments, friendly feelings and a champagne lunch ensued.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

STUDY OF A FRENCHMAN AND A GERMAN ON BOARD THE BOULOGNE BOAT.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

We regret to say that a collision between two British matrons has occurred here, in consequence of one having accused the other of surreptitiously obtaining (through a servant) Miss BRADDON'S last novel from the lodgings of the aggrieved party before she had done with it. Very sensational language was freely used on both sides, and it is thought that the gentlemen of the long robe will find increased employment in consequence.

RAMSGATE.

A painful affair has taken place here. A gentleman whose London residence is not a hundred miles from the New Road, went down to Ramsgate to join his wife, who had been lodging there some days. Having omitted to notify his intention, he found that his wife had gone out on an excursion with some friends, and that no dinner had been ordered. He flew into a natural fury, left on the table a card stating that they would meet no more, broke several looking-glasses, and a Parian statuette of Patience, and went to Margate, where he became so intoxicated from grief and other causes, that he was locked up for the night. He will be brought before the Magistrates to-day. His unoffending but penitent wife returned to the scene of the catastrophe, merely observed "Just like him," gave his London address to her landlady, and ordered pickled salmon for supper. This shows that the frightful shock had affected her mind, as the article is not in season.

EVERYWHERE.

A railway accident took place near here, last night. We have not heard the particulars, but great damage was done, and in applying for information the officials invited us to visit a district which we shall not more clearly describe than by saying that it furnished the greatest of Italian poets with the theme of the most effective portion of his trilogy. It is needless to say that the invitation was declined.

TIPPLERS' TAXES.

Let us drink, and pay our share
Of the taxes, O my friends!
Partial burdens are unfair:
Topping, let us make amends.

Doctors, lawyers, artists, clerks,
Income-tax on earnings pay,
We go free, as blithe as larks
Carolling at dawn of day.

If we drank not as we do,
They'd be forced yet more to pay;
But, through drink, the Revenue,
In a measure, we defray.

When a tax the Gatherer screws
Out direct, for him who pays,
'Tis as pain a tooth to lose,
Which no chloroform allays.

Paying whilst you drain the pot,
Or enjoy the sparkling glass,
Is as having, feeling not,
Teeth drawn under laughing gas.

Some at us, in every cup,
Poorer better classes spare;
Therefore let us liquor up,
And their burdens help to bear.

Nautical Intelligence.

THE Admiralty has issued a Circular warning those whom it may concern that marriages heretofore wont to be performed on board Her Majesty's Ships, on foreign stations, by the commanding officer—no chaplain or consul being in the neighbourhood—have been declared not valid by the law officers of the Crown, and directing that no marriage shall in future be solemnised on board a Queen's Ship by the commanding officer. In a British man-of-war, therefore, except by a parson, or consular authority, for the future, no more couples, but ropes only, are to be spliced.

MICHAELMAS "GEESE."

Those who are taken in by puffing advertisements.
Those who demand *encores* at concerts and other musical entertainments.

Those who turn up their noses at Australian meat.
Those who believe that the alcoholic fluid they buy at eighteen-pence a bottle is sherry.

Those who take a railway journey without insuring their lives.
Those who eat and drink what they know will disagree with them.

Those who wear a high black hat when they have the chance of being comfortable in a low white one.

Those who drink green tea.

Those who paint—themselves.

Those who persist in giving fees and gratuities at theatres where they are strictly forbidden.

Those who encourage street beggars, street minstrels, street mountebanks, and street organists.

Those who fancy that with a little care they can live as cheaply at the sea-side as at home.

Those who imagine that coals, meat, and other luxuries will ever again be reasonable in price.

Those who wear thin boots in wet weather.

Those who enter into conversation with strangers in the streets of London.

Those who lend umbrellas.

Those who look to see how a novel is going to end, before they are half-way through the first volume.

Those who propose without feeling sure that they will be accepted.

Those who believe that they shall live to see the New Law Courts finished, Leicester Square beautified, Temple Bar removed, Vestrydom abolished, London properly governed, and the streets kept clean in winter.



OUR RESERVES.

(AUXILIARY FORCES, NORTH OF IRELAND.)

Last Joined Supernumerary. "NOW, THEN, SENTRY, WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE YOUR OFFICER?"

Militia Sentry (old Yankee Irish Veteran, who has been through the "Secesh" War). "SALUTE, IS IT? DIVEL A SALUTE YOU'LL GET UNTILL YE PAY YER FUTTIN'!!"

UBI PRUDENTIA.

"NAY, nay, dearest ALFRED," said CLARA so sweet,

"I cannot adopt your suggestion,
'Tis charming to see such a duck at one's feet,
But marriage is out of the question.

"I've promised SIR PETER; he's three times my age,
Rather grumpy, and awfully yellow;
But his book at his banker's—he showed me a page—
Were it yours, you dear penniless fellow!

"Now please not to scowl, but behave as you should:
The chances of life are all reckoned;
When anything happens to him, if you're good,
Come and ask me to make you my second."

Theatrical.

THE Adelphi Theatre to let, for a term of years!! Shades of Maiden Lane, is it possible! Shades of REEVE, O. SMITH, WRIGHT, and PAUL BEDFORD, can such things be! Yes, and MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER is going a-starring in the provinces. He quits town, bids adieu to the Adelphi, but seeks the country, so that he may be once more happy among *The Willow Copse*, *The Hop-Pickers*, and *The Green Bushes*. Well, "we used to was, didn't we, JACK?" "I believe you, my h-o-o-o-y!" *Exeunt Omnes.*

TO MUSICAL CORRESPONDENTS.

No: all wrong. The *Cors de Chasse*, at M. RIVIÈRE's Concert, are not performed on by Chiriodists, nor does it mean that the *Cors* in question have arisen from going out to the *Chasse* in tight boots.

THE NEW SOLICITOR.

MR. HENRY JAMES is the new Solicitor General. One of that gentleman's warmest admirers, *Mr. Punch*, heartily gratulates him, the Ministry, and the nation, on the appointment. He trusts, also, that MR. JAMES's seat at Taunton is safe, as after a dose of Dover's powder, a dose of James's powder might not do the Cabinet much good. *Mr. Punch* has always predicted the new Solicitor's rise, and some years ago quoted, with accustomed felicity, an improved passage from SIR WALTER SCOTT. When asked to mention some lawyers who ought to be promoted—

"*Punch* thundered forth a roll of names:
The first was thine, O HENRY JAMES!"

Down on the Nail.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph announces a—

"STRIKE OF NAIL-MAKERS.—At a meeting at Bromsgrove yesterday of operative nail-makers, it was resolved to strike at once for an advance of ten per cent. It is expected a similar strike will take place in the Dudley district."

The nail-makers are singularly late in contracting the contagion so long rife amongst our flesh and blood who constitute the Striking Classes. Nail-makers have hitherto not been known to be concerned in any strike beyond hammering nails. In nescience of the merits of their case, we can only say we wish they may not find that they have struck the wrong nail on the head.

NEWS FOR ARTISTS AND AMATEURS.

A GENUINE Murillo is now on view. For cards, apply at the Admiralty.



POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Madge. "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO SORRY ABOUT, ARTHUR?"

Arthur. "MULTIPLICATION!"

Madge. "O, I KNOW ALL ABOUT MULTIPLICATION!"

Arthur. "DO YOU? WHAT'S TWICE TEN, THEN?"

Madge. "O, TWENTY-ONE, OF COURSE!"

Arthur. "NO, IT'S NOT! IT'S ONLY TWENTY!"

Madge. "AH, BUT EVERYTHING'S RIZ, YOU KNOW!"

STRONG-MINDED SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THERE are two subjects in connection with the Rights of Women, and their interests, which might have been discussed by the Social Science Congress, but have not.

Next year, perhaps, these omissions will be supplied; unless Progress shall have anticipated the Reforms which have failed to be advocated.

A paper then will, otherwise, perhaps, be read, urging the necessity for the enactment of a Permissive Prohibitory Marriage Bill, to limit the number of churches and other places licensed in any district for the celebration or performance of matrimony. In this essay will be pointed out and demonstrated the right of women to be protected from their own weakness, which makes them consent to be reduced to matrimonial slavery. Attention will also be directed to the need of a measure tending to limit the continually increasing population, which makes life less pleasant and more expensive every day, and will, if not checked, make Posterity so numerous as to be a burden to itself.

An address will, perhaps, also be delivered by a lady endowed with superior strength of mind, suggesting the expediency of extending Woman's mission by employing women, willing and able to officiate, in the capacity of executioner. For this step in the direction of Progress might be advanced the argument that a task, in which all gentleness consistent with efficiency is desirable, would be wisely intrusted to the gentler sex. An additional suggestion that could be made is that in pursuance of analogy, which couples the opposite sexes in the antagonistic relation of marriage and that of dancing, Mr. KERCH should have his ministrations limited to female offenders, whilst the feminine Finisher of the Law should be appointed to finish it upon good-for-nothing men.

Damages for Damages.

To the Wild Irishman and the Flying Scotchman hath come the grief so often and so patiently endured by the Tame Englishman. Let us hope that justice will be served out hot by the Avenging Jurymen.

LYRIC FOR LORD LUSK.

HE'S the Coming Lord Mayor,
And he cometh from where
Flow the Clyde, and the Spey, and the Usk;
Let's strike up a song,
To a tune on the gong,
In praise of brave ALDERMAN LUSK.

He says he's a "thick-skinned,"
But he shall not be pinned
To a word that's as rough as a husk.
He means he don't mind
Any joke, free and kind,
So here's one for ALDERMAN LUSK.

If he asks us to dine,
We will eat and will wine,
Till there's pressure on waistcoat and busk;
And My Lord's Loving Cup
Punch and Dame will suck up,
To the health of his Lordship, bold LUSK.

We'll come dressed very swell,
And emitting a smell
Of patchouli, otto, and musk;
Or less old-fashioned scent
On our wipes will be spent
For our banquet with excellent LUSK.

But his life's not all glee;
He must sit, don't you see,
From ten in the morning till dusk,
And serve justice out, hot,
To knave, blockhead, and sot:
No sincere, eh, jolly LUSK?

He'll detect lies and crams.
Into bubbles and shams
He'll run, let us hope, a keen task;
And swindlers, who go
For a "Limited Co."
He'll limit to Quod, the stern LUSK.

And now, noble friend,
This soft lyric must end,
Our throat is as dry as a rusk;
So, "Hip, hip, hooray!"
Is the last we shall say
For the present, in re ANDREW LUSK.

TRAGI-COMIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FOREIGN Gentleman the other day committed a rash act in an hotel at an English watering-place. He left behind him a scrap of paper, whereon were traced the following words:—

"I have been drugged last night in my drink. I am disconsol. I am rob all mon l'argent and mon watch d'or. I take my life deliberate."

The newspaper paragraph which contains the foregoing inscription is headed "Tragical Death." Every instance of death is of course an event more or less tragical; but to render that epithet peculiarly apposite in any particular case, that case ought, one thinks, to be a case in which any peculiarity savouring of antithesis to tragedy is not very conspicuous. Broken English, interlarded with French, produces an effect which can hardly, in any circumstances, be regarded as other than comical.

Tunnel under the Sea.

(From a Correspondent.)

THEY'VE advanced a step in this matter, I am glad to read, though I don't know who "they" may mean. But shall we ever go to Boulogne from Folkestone by a Tunnel? O happy day! But tell that to the Sub-Marines. I will subscribe willingly to it as a Season ticket-holder, for being afraid to cross by boat, I am always *habitans in sicco*. But, on board, I'm more *habitans in sicco* than ever. Hurry 'em up and oblige.

COMMUNICATED.—A "Home Ruler"—My Wife.

ANTAGONISM IN EXCELSIS.

To the Editor of the Times.



OW SIR!

In a leading article, the other day, you were good enough to say, "*The whole nature of a woman, at least of ninety-nine women out of a hundred, is antagonistic.*"

Having informed my husband—not, of course, that I am obliged to give him an account of what letters I send—that I should address a remonstrance to the papers on this subject, he told me that I ought to write to the paper in which the observation appeared. I shall do nothing of the kind. I believe that—slave as a woman is—I am at least free to select my organ of publication. I choose to write to *Punch*, and I do.

The statement in your article is perfectly untrue. The whole nature of a woman is to be absolutely, if not abjectly, submissive. When I am not interfered with, no person can be more conciliating; that is to say, if I am allowed my own way, because it is right that I should have it. If I am meanly agreed with only because I belong to what is called the weaker sex, or to keep me quiet, things are different. I scorn to be treated like a child, and I refuse to have my own way, if it is to be given me for any other reason than because it is my right.

"Antagonistic," indeed! The word sounds imposing, but it means that a woman does not choose to be put upon. I hope that she never will choose. Even the Marriage Service, written by men for men (I am sure they thought little enough of women) declares that a woman is to be honoured. Is it honouring her to trample her under your feet, to laugh at her arguments, and to refuse compliance with her wishes? Yes, I dare say that some men are base enough to say that it is. But no such insult is permitted in the house in which I am the head.

MRS. KING's nonsense about servants being ill-treated, and her proposal that they should have more liberty, and be relieved by relays, is such utter idiocy that I have no patience—and yet I am a patient person—to argue against it. Likely that I would give my orders to some JANE in the morning, and find that she had conveyed them to some SARAH in the afternoon, that JANE might go trapesing out with CORPORAL SPONGE, of the Artillery, and that SARAH might excuse her blunders by saying—which of course would be a falsehood—that she had not understood what I wished! As to servants being ill-treated, they are treated a great deal too well, and there ought to be a separate police-magistrate—a female one would be the best—who should hear the complaints of mistresses, and have power to punish idle, impertinent, or overdressed menials properly.

But that is only a part of the ridiculous stuff talked at the precious Social Congress. (Socialism, by the way, was no word for a lady or gentleman to use when I was younger; not that I am old.) It is proposed that families should live in common—very common—and that one staff of servants should attend to a whole group of employers. That is, a married woman is to give up her establishment, and live in an hotel, which would be sure to be a bad one, because nobody would have command. My husband has his faults, many, and he knows them, or if he does not, it is not because I have failed in my duty to point them out to him, but I will do him the justice to say that he would never dare to make such a proposal to me. I married into a house which is not what he could have afforded to give me, and which is one he should have had too much pride to live in so long, but still it is my own house. If I thought he could for a moment meditate such a plan as Mrs. KING's, the proposition for a change should not have to come from him, but the change would be of a very different kind. I should demand a separate income, and should retire to the society of my dear mother, whose many weaknesses and absurdities I should overlook in consideration of our relationship, and of her affording me an asylum from tyranny.

Whether women, that is, ladies, could live together in the way proposed, is not worth arguing, because no lady would listen to the idea. But if such an arrangement were possible—which it is not—it is certainly not to the "antagonistic" nature of women that the certain failure should be laid. It is probable that we should have our differences, and I, for one, should not conceal my opinions, if I thought that there was any disposition to meanness in housekeeping; if the hours of meals were ill regulated; if children (I do not happen to have any) were permitted too much prominence in the establishment; if persons to whom I objected were introduced as visitors, or guests; if offensive remarks were made on any friends of my own, or upon my dress, amusements, or reading. I should resent the perpetual encouragement of young men in order to secure them as husbands for any girls in the place, and flirtations would not escape my censure, whether they were carried on by single or by married persons. I should decline to sanction any political discussions, unless in the tone of good society, and I should entirely refuse to countenance any theological conversation that opposed itself to the teachings of the Church Catechism. I should not expect any gentleman to take the licence which I deny to my husband, and to pollute the atmosphere with smoke. I should emphatically protest against any festivities, or increased hospitalities on the Sabbath. If I thought that other ladies were indulging in extravagance in costume, or in frivolity, as a Christian woman I should feel it my privilege to warn them against sinful error. Other matters on which I might think it right to assert my own judgment might arise, and if they did, I certainly should assert it. But I deny that I should be "antagonistic," and I protest against your launching a word which will become a cant phrase with the thoughtless and the worldly.

Wishing you a better frame of mind, I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Clapham.

PRISCILLA BOADICEA BROWNIGG.

P.S.—To attack women without offering them an opportunity of answering is cowardly; that is, manly.

THE JOLLY PILGRIMS.

A COMMITTEE has been established in France for the organisation of Pilgrimages. Of these excursions it has promoted two regular old orthodox ones this year; Pilgrimages to the Holy Land. Under its auspices the cost of travelling, and of food and drink in Palestine, is regulated for the pilgrims. The newspaper paragraph containing the particulars above referred to, omits to state whether or no the Pilgrimage Committee makes any provision of proper reporters for those expeditions. No miracles have been reported to have occurred on any of the late occasions when pilgrims have congregated at Paray-le-Monial and La Salette. None probably did occur for any reporters, provided for the purpose of reporting them, to report. That may have been owing to the presence of other reporters, the Special Correspondents of British Protestant journals. These incredulous gentlemen may possibly have, by their mere attendance, prevented miracles, as sceptics present are said to prevent spiritual manifestations at a *séance*. But, touching spirits; by the forethought of a truly considerate Committee:—

"Pilgrims are recommended to carry arms, and to take a good flask of brandy to mix with water."

This adjunction of spiritual fortification to the arms of the flesh is most judiciously prescribed; whatever heretical Tectotallers and Good Templars may please to think. It seems quite to accord with the British popular idea of "the monks of old," with whom the ancient pilgrims were of the same kidney. Imagination depicts the modern pilgrims going on their way rejoicing in brandy-and-water, and singing the canticle, *Poculum elevatum*, or the song of WALTER DE MAPE.

THE LORE OF A LIFE.

Would I had once more, from the date
Of birth to start, beginning then,
All the good things I ever ate
And drank, to eat and drink again!

Myself I daily would allow
As much as what was good for me.
Then still would years, when old as now,
And plenty, too, before me be.

A TRULY BRITISH QUESTION.

Those peoples of Europe who talk broken Latin go by the name of the Latin Races. Would it not be more correct to call them the Dog-Latin Races?

Sir Edwin Landseer.

BORN 1802. DIED OCTOBER 1, 1873.

MOURN, all dumb things, for whom his skill found voice,
Knitting 'twixt them and us undreamt-of ties,
Till men could in their voiceless joy rejoice,
And read the sorrow in their silent eyes.

O Sovereign Power, for whom, like other Kings,
Old life's surcease joins hands with new life's start,
Till, with the herald, staff in grave that flings,
We cry "Queen Art is dead—Long live Queen Art!"

Her rule, that once reached heaven, from that high sphere
Had fallen down and down: the rainbow wings
That bore her once where angels carol clear,
Grew eloged and foul with stain of earthly things.

But, hurled from heaven, her earthly empery
Reached far and wide, from where the still lagoon
Mirrors the lovely City of the Sea,
By light of golden sun or silver moon:

To where fair Florence, in her crown of towers,
Smiles, with the beauty of a royal bride;
Or where Queen Rome displays great MICHAEL'S powers,
Worthy of Roman fame and Papal pride;

Or where, through level of the Lombard plain,
The guided streams spread fatness, and, from far,
White cities, girt with seas of greenening grain,
Gleam o'er the mounds that the great river bar;

Or where the blink of the Low Country sun
Against the marsh-mist scarcely holds its own:
And boors make revel among smoke-wreaths dun,
And slow canals skirt polders osier-grown.

Alike in lands where all was fair and bright,
And lands where all was dim and dull of show,
Queen Art found realms to own her sovereign might,
Subjects their tribute at her feet to throw,

Till even upon this, our little isle,
That looms so large in light of various fames,
The Fair Queen deigned at last, though late, to smile,
And dubbed her Knights—a few, but glorious names.

HOGARTH and REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, and those
Less, and less only, than those peerless three,
Who with them caught our manners as they rose,
And their time mirrored for all times to be;

And WILKIE, who, to Dutch Art's faithful truth
Added a gentler grace, in purer themes;
And TURNER, who made poet's fancy sooth,
And coupled widest truth with wildest dreams;

And, last not least, him, whose death we deplore;
A name writ large upon Art's lieger-roll,
As any of the mightiest gone before—
Who, first of painters, gave dumb things a soul—

And made men feel the links that hold men bound
In love and joy and grief with those dumb things,
Till hidden depths of sympathy were found,
Where human kindness flowed from secret springs.

He sought the shieling of the shepherd dead,
Beside whose bier nor man nor woman weeps;
Only the colly lays his faithful head
Upon the coffin, where his master sleeps.

Up, with St. Bernard's searchers of the snow,
The good monks' good dogs, in the drifts was he;
Or, where the wild white horses, foaming, go,
With brave Newfoundland saving life from sea.

Or where the lordly blood-hound, with pricked ear
And scent suspicious, watches for his lord,
At the locked door, from whose sill, trickling clear,
The blood bespeaks surprise and treacherous sword.

The lesson teaching still of love and trust,
In dogs' true service that pleads strong, though mute:
Or with bright humour piercing the thin crust
That hides the common germs in man and brute:

Showing us Jack in Office, proud of place,
Or full-wigged Sapience, laying down the law;
Or High Life's dainty and disdainful face,
Or Low Life, big of jowl, and broad of jaw:

Or sending through the townsman's stagnant vein
The quickening mountain-air, unbreathed of men,
Where from the ling the moorcock whirs amain,
Startling the antlered monarch of the glen.

Or where by mountain tarn, when evening's light
Lies limpid on the edges of the hill,
The hunted red-deer, panting from his flight,
Seeks sanctuary, serene and safe and still;

Or where o'er the untrodden waste of snow,
Great stag's great shadow on the moonlight falls,
As neath star-studded skies with frost aglow,
Rival on rival, shrill, in challenge calls.

How many a weary pacer of the street,
In City pent, has paused these scenes to scan,
And drunk the heather's fragrance round his feet,
In draughts wherewith wild Nature strengthens man!

His Art has been sound teacher to his age,
Whether of sympathy 'twixt man and brute,
Or lessons drawn from Nature's wholesome page,
And pleasure that, in truth, has deepest root.

Few have lived happier, busier lives than he,
Whose Art, plied with delight, delight still gave,
And if at last a cloud fell o'er his glee,
It hung not long between him and the grave.

Our best known name in Art has passed away;
Of gifts, though bounded, truest, most his own;
Who did such work as none of earlier day,
And shall by that to latest days be known.

And as the artist wrought, so lived the man:
Humorous, joyous, genial of mood,
With love that took all live things in its span,
And, without effort, all things to it wooed.

Whatever growth of Art may grace our time,
His still shall hold its place—apart—alone;
Others as high by other roads may climb,
None can be wider loved, or worthier known.

A MODUS VIVENDI.

By accounts from Germany, it appears that the German Ultramontane organs have published an "identical manifesto," addressed by political leaders of the papistical faction to Roman Catholics, exhorting them to make, by their votes at the next election, "a firm stand against the despotic majority." Moreover:—

"It points out that of the immense sums of money obtained by the war, and by the increasing revenue derived from growing prosperity, not a thaler has been applied to lighten taxation or for peaceable outlay, but all has been absorbed by the army, the fortresses, and kindred objects. The Ultramontane leaders proclaim their motto to be, 'Truth, Justice, and Liberty.'"

Ay, Truth, Justice, and Liberty; but the greatest of these, PRINCE BISMARCK will probably be apt to suspect, is Liberty, according to the Ultramontane idea of that blessing; the liberty of Bishops to rule their flocks independently of the laws of the German Empire, and subject to the dictation of the Roman See. Spain enjoyed Ultramontane liberty, for example, when the Spanish priesthood could hand over heretics to the secular arm, and so forth, not to specify, in bad taste, historical facts vulgarly known. Liberty of this kind includes Truth and Justice: it is, we know, liberty to enforce the truth by just means. The liberty of blowing the war-trumpet, so as to stir up a crusade against the Kingdom of Italy is perhaps a particular of liberty in general as understood by Ultramontanes; but if they want to have taxation lightened, and money laid out peaceably, they should desist from taking this liberty, and, on the contrary, beseech the Pope to try and make an amicable arrangement with his "Sub-Alpino King."

HONOURABLE MENTION.

SHEFFIELD may, with good reason, appropriate to itself some well-known words of the Poet Laureate's, in his *Locksley Hall*, and boast that certain steel instruments, for the manufacture of which that town is famous, are "foremost in the files of time."



WHOLESALE.

Swell Customer. "YA-AS, THIS IS NEAT. AUGH, I'M WATHER 'XTWAY'GANT 'N 'MBWELLAHS!—NEVAR GO OUT WITHOUT ONE—SOMEBODY'S; AND NEVAR GO HOME WITH ONE—ANYBODY'S. YA-AS. NOW—AH—WHAT DO YOU CHARGE FOR THESE BY THE GWOSS?" !!!

STIFFENING PRICES.

AMONG the news over which we are accustomed to break our fast, the subjoined truly cheering announcement appeared the other morning:—

"THE PRICE OF COAL.—An advance of 3s. 4d. on all descriptions of house coal supplied in the Manchester district will take place to-morrow, furnace engine coal and slack being at the same time advanced 1s. 8d. per ton. Prices are also stiffening in the Wigan and West Leigh districts."

The cry is still they rise. Coals, not being raised in due quantity, rise in price. They rise, daily, higher and higher. As yet it is only the coals that rise. Coals keep rising, and temperature is about to fall. There is every prospect that the fall of temperature will correspond in ratio to the rise of coals. As mercury descends in the thermometer we may expect that coals will ascend in the market. Thus, whilst prices go on stiffening, is it not to be feared that limbs and bodies, frozen for want of a fire, will stiffen too? But what is that to the coal-owners and the colliers? A consideration which, of course, will very much enhance the jollity the former will congratulate themselves on their enormous gains withal, and the latter will quaff their champagne and gorge themselves with meat four times a day. How can they be expected to sympathise with their flesh and blood stiffened by the ever stiffening prices of coals, the result of enlightened and beneficent legislation, which has emancipated workmen from all restraint that ever withheld them from dictating their own terms without regard to the consequences, affecting other people—only, of their avarice, luxury, and laziness? Of course, enlightened and beneficent legislation can never be reconsidered. The operation of the natural laws regulating supply and demand must on no account be permitted to be interfered with in this land of Free Trade, except by the Trades' Unions; but perhaps something could be done by Government to check the unreasoning impatience too likely to actuate unintelligent multitudes stiffening in the depth of winter under a coal-famine, to which they do not properly resign themselves as a visitation from their fellow-man.

In the good old times, when bread rose to a starvation price, there were sometimes other risings. Would it not be prudent to take, betimes, measures of a precautionary nature, in view of possible effects of combination among our honest, hard-handed colliers, similar to those which used to be excited by the greedy Protectionism of a bloated aristocratic landed nobility and gentry?

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

MR. PUNCH's susceptibilities are exquisite, and he has seldom had them awakened more sweetly than by a theatrical advertisement which appears daily, and runs thus:—

CHARING CROSS. W. H. C. NATION'S Love Songs. *To charm the sensitive and the tender-hearted.*

"Sensitive and tender-hearted!" Words which exactly explain Mr. Punch's gentle nature. He lives but for music, for that of which MR. THOMAS MOORE so beautifully says, in *Lalla Rookh*—

"And music, too, dear music, that can touch,
Above all else, man-milliners and such."

At an early period he means to go and be charmed. Meantime he hears that the burlesque into which the "Love Songs" are fitted, is very clever, and he always rejoices in the success of anything stamped with the name of A'BECKETT.

Respect for Court.

CONTEMPT OF Court has in many cases lately been visited with very heavy penalties. Let us not incur the like by pointing out that the justice of punishment without reward is one-sided. It may, however, be permitted to suggest that some acknowledgment is due to a Respect for Court which has been continuous, consistent, and profound. The more substantial the recognition the better.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

MR. GLADSTONE. "MY DEAR JOHN, I CONGRATULATE YOU! JUST IN TIME TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH OUR BLACK FRIEND YONDER!"
JOHN BRIGHT. "H'M! FIGHTING IS NOT QUITE IN MY LINE, AS THEE KNOWEST, FRIEND WILLIAM; NEVERTHELESS—!"

CATCHING A TARTAR.



H! if all Britons were Grahameses, brigands would do well to give them a wide berth. Well may the Correspondent who forwards the account of this *preux chevalier* with brigands at Denia, near Valencia, describe him as "a man of considerable nerve, great presence of mind, and ready resource." This we call very mild language indeed, after reading MR. GRAHAME'S deposition before the Justice of the Peace,—how he was riding home the other evening in his *tartana* (a Spanish one-horse shay) when the vehicle was suddenly stopped by a

band of "six, eight, or more," brigands armed with guns—four on the right of him, two on the left of him, to say nothing of a dagger in the rear—in reply to whose summons MR. GRAHAME promptly let fly four shots from his revolver, right and left, and, under their cover, leapt out, and ran for his life. A gun, loaded with buck shot, was fired at him, hit him in the thigh, and brought him down. Leaping up again, he drew the fire of "from twelve to sixteen barrels," whose bullets whizzed round his head and body. By this time some of the villains—worse luck for them!—had come up to him. The indomitable Briton threw himself on one of them, wrenched his gun from him, knocked him to the ground with the butt-end, and followed up this by flooring two more in the same fashion. One only was left: the ruffian aimed at him, but GRAHAME was equal to the emergency, and reversing the gun, with which he had already floored the three, he let fly at the fourth, who at the same moment let fly at him. Our hero saw no more of this worthy—no doubt he was the owner of the dead body afterwards picked up. "Some of the other ruffians now coming forward," the indomitable Briton began, with both hands, to throw stones at them from a heap, "fortunately beside him on the road." Stones in the hands of GRAHAME may well have seemed to these ruffians, after their experience, more formidable than the bullets in their own guns, for the deponent adds, with charming naïveté, "When I had beaten them off, I ran in the direction of Denia, calling for help at the top of my voice." The top of his voice could not have been very high, one would fancy, after his previous exercise; nor can we be surprised to read of his soon after "lying down, faint from loss of blood, among the vines," and hearing the *tartana* driven off at full speed.

There is a smack of *Falstaff's* exploit at Gad's-hill about this story, which makes one very glad to read, at the end of it, that very substantial and ghastly *pièces de conviction* were forthcoming in proof of the tale:—

"As soon as the news was conveyed to Denia, the authorities proceeded at once to the spot, where they found a man disguised and masked, quite dead, a loose jacket, and a good deal of blood. The pony and *tartana* were found near Ondara, three miles distant from Denia, the pony covered with wounds inflicted with a knife or dagger to make the poor animal go its fastest, and the cushions of the *tartana* saturated with the blood of the wounded brigands."

If this fall into the hands of MR. GRAHAME, or his friends, don't let them be angry with *Punch* for a doubt only suggested by the tremendous prowess of this British Paladin. The story reads too good to be true in these milk-and-water days. *Punch* can remember nothing like it, out of the more audacious than veracious chronicles of poor CHARLES LEVER or CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

The next time we hear of an express train being stopped by a handfull of Aragonese freebooters, or an Australian mail-cart "bailed-up" by a leash of bushrangers, let us remember GRAHAME, and his single-handed encounter with the Valencian brigand band "of six, or eight, or more"—and with no further remembrance of *Falstaff's* men in buckram, than may prompt the hope that GRAHAME'S arithmetic may be as safely relied upon as his revolver, and that he has not seen—however he may have killed—double, in this most heroic of all recorded engagements with rascals at long odds.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Association has been holding its Annual Congress at Norwich. The Members, both ladies and gentlemen, talked on a great many subjects, but the programme was not so complete as it might have been. Want of time alone can have been the reason why an odd half-hour or two was not given up to the discussion of some of the following important questions:—

Is it desirable to make any change in the rules which at present govern the precedence of guests at dinner-parties? Difficulties every day arise: as, for example, when the wives of the chief Banker, the principal Brewer, the leading Solicitor, and the Doctor in the best practice, in a country town, have all to be taken down from the drawing-room to the dining-room; or when the Senior Curate of the parish church, the Incumbent of the chapel of ease, the Master of the Grammar School, a Fellow of St. Michael's Oxford, and a Fellow of St. Martin's Cambridge, meet together at the same party.

How far is it allowable to depart from strict veracity, when you are expected to congratulate a friend on a marriage engagement which you have every reason to believe is about the worst he (or she) could have contracted; or to express a candid opinion of a book presented to you by a sensitive and fiery young author, which you are certain will bring him neither fame nor fortune; or to say what you really think about a little Cousin in long clothes, when "it" is suddenly introduced to you by a partial mother and a prejudiced nurse?

There are Chambers of Commerce and Chambers of Agriculture—why should there not be also established Chambers of Fashion? Composed of women of influence, position, taste, and good sense, selected from all ranks of society, and assisted by some eminent milliners and dressmakers, sitting as assessors and advisers, but not allowed to vote, such tribunals, meeting twice a year, in the Spring and Autumn, to determine the shapes, colours, and materials of the bonnets, hats, dresses, and outdoor garments to be worn in the ensuing Summer and Winter, and the style in which the hair should be arranged, would exercise a most beneficial influence over modern costume. They might issue a code of instructions—signed by the DUCHESS OF DARLINGTON as Chairwoman of the Chamber—framed to prevent those outrageous mistakes which, under the present system of unrestrained freedom, are committed every day and everywhere—colours not matching with colours, colours in violent contrast with complexions, the stout adopting fashions only designed for the slim, the short figuring in raiment expressly intended for the tall, and the old and the young, the clumsy and the graceful, the plain and the beautiful, wearing exactly the same apparel.

Are the wedding ceremonies and customs now prevailing in Great Britain and her Colonies capable of improvement? Should a limit be assigned to the number of officiating bridesmaids and clergymen? Would it be feasible to establish some plan of barter, whereby young brides might be enabled to exchange their duplicate wedding presents? What are the comparative advantages of long and short engagements; and what proportion ought the gifts, usually made by the gentleman to the lady during the period of preliminary probation, to bear to his income?

Is a mistress justified in interfering with her servant's dress, and are lace falls, feathers, *polonaises*, and jewellery, compatible with the emoluments and position of maids of all work? Would it be possible to adopt one uniform hour throughout the United Kingdom at which servants should be expected to be "in" on Sunday evening? How are the prejudices of the Kitchen against the use of Australian provisions to be overcome?

This is an ingenious age. England has produced some of the greatest inventions of modern times. Englishmen have made some of the most remarkable discoveries which history records. But there seem to be limits to the ingenuity of our countrymen and countrywomen. Perhaps the offer of a handsome premium on the part of the Social Science Association, coupled with the exclusive right of the inventor to issue licences for a long term of years, might elicit a new set of Quadrille figures?

Can trustworthy statistical information be obtained showing the number of children respectively, to whom one, two, or three Christian names are now given? Is there not an increasing tendency to disown such antiquated names as William, Richard, and Robert, Mary, Anne, and Jane, in favour of Ernest, Herbert, and Sydney, Edith, Mand, and Florence? The inquiry might be extended to the growing habit of prefixing a second and more euphonious and aristocratic surname, so that the world is gradually becoming peopled with Pelham Smiths, Hamilton Browns, Harcourt Joneses, Fitzroy Robinsons, and Wentworth Wilsons.

Are the works of SHAKESPEARE and SIR WALTER SCOTT extensively read in the family circle? How many young persons of either sex can you remember to have seen, since the last Congress, absorbed in the perusal of *Waterley* or the *Winter's Tale*? What acquaintance has the present generation with MILTON, or DRYDEN, or POPE, or



POACHING MADE EASY.

Sportsman. "WELL, JIM, I HOPE YOU HAVE NOT BEEN IN TROUBLE FOR POACHING THIS SEASON?"

Jim. "NOT I, SIR. THE BIRDS IS BROUGHT UP SO TAME FOR YOU GENTS NOW, THAT THERE BEANT NO TROUBLE, AND PRECIOUS LITTLE SPORT, IN LOOKING AFTER THEM!"

ADDISON, or GOLDSMITH, or COLERIDGE, or CHARLES LAMB, or LEIGH HUNT, or WORDSWORTH?

Are sanitary considerations sufficiently regarded by Ladies in the dress they adopt for evening entertainments?

If a man has an income of £500 per annum, and a family of three sons and three daughters, with what yearly allowance for their dress and private personal expenses should the young Ladies be content?

Do you approve of stuccoed houses, sham pilasters, precocious children, drawing-room tables with rosewood legs and deal slabs, black satin skirts with alpaca tops, cheap wines with fine names, false masses of hair, complexions artificially manipulated, mendacious advertisements, dishonest characters with servants, adulterated provisions, cheap finery, fast novels, morning drams, and décolletée-ism?

Would it not be desirable to elect a Lady President of the Association every other year? A limit might be assigned to the length of her opening Address.

Was it not a pretty compliment on the part of the gentlemen attending the Congress, presenting every lady member either with a dress or shawl of Norwich manufacture?

The Good Time Come.

LADIES, do not despair. You will in due time accomplish all you desire. Only have a little patience, and you will reach the highest ranks in the learned professions, be the wisest of Senators, the gravest of Privy Counsellors, the most brilliant and bewitching Cabinet Ministers, the most attentive and enduring Jurywomen. A beginning has been made. The path to fame and distinction, so long monopolised by grasping and ineapable man, is at last open to you. One of your down-trodden sex has been chosen to fill the post of "Grand Worthy Councillor" amongst the Good Templars.

SPORTING DEFINITION.—A Greeian Nose—The Straight Tip.

LEVITY IN LE FOLLET.

THERE is no subject which the most thoughtful of mankind can discuss more seriously than women are accustomed to talk and write about dress. Their conversation, relative to that important particular is more simply grave than any that men ever hold touching money matters and business. Any jocular observation which may in the course of it be ventured upon by a masculine interlocutor is resented by a blank look and a pause of silence. It is received as a pun is when made by a buffoon interrupting a Professor's argument on theology. The commencement of "Fashions for October," in *Le Follet*, with a joke, is a novelty strange indeed; and therefore as a stranger give it welcome. Listen:—

"Our September days this year have, many of them, brought the coming winter so vividly before us, that the use of warmer and richer materials is now de rigueur."

Ha, ha! "*De rigueur*" indispensable—with a view to the rigour of the approaching winter. Of course. Bravo, *Le Follet*! Capital, as your French say, first-rate, brilliant, splendid, excellent, pretty well!

Hackneyed "Horrors."

WHILST I am reading my newspaper at breakfast, my servant, who also reads hers, often interrupts me by asking me a question about some particular in connection with "that murder." What murder? I always skip murders. There is such a sameness about them all, and there are so many of them!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

A MISNOMER.

ADVICES from the Gold Coast report that KING COFFEE does not exactly answer to his name. He is anything but "berry" brown—in fact, he is "berry" black.



'ARRY AT SEA.

First Yachting Man. "I THOUGHT HER A VERY NICE GIRL; SO MUCH SAVOIR FAIRE—"

Second Ditto (Royal Thames Y.C.). "FAIR! AH, THEN IT MUST BE A SISTER, 'CAUSE THE ONE I MEAN'S A REG'LAR BROONETTE!"

SNIPPINGS FOR SUB-EDITORS.

To be scattered in the Newspapers during the Dull Season.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—We learn from information we have recently received that the elderly domestic employed by the Government in the capacity of charwoman, has made a highly curious, if not unique, discovery. While engaged the other day in cleaning out a cupboard in the Treasury Department, she found, hidden underneath a dusty bundle of old documents, a quantity of cheese-parings and candle-ends, and sundry other orts and fragments, which, having been examined by the aid of a strong microscope, have proved to be the cuticles of siliceous deposit; or, in simpler language, we may say the skins of flints.

A HOLIDAY WELL SPENT.—A rumour has been gaining audience at the Clubs that the ex-President of the Board of Works is employing a part of his hard-earned vacation in compiling a series of courteous retorts, selected from the speeches he has made while holding office, and which he hopes may form a serviceable book of precedents for the use of his successor. We fear, however, that the hope is hardly likely to be realised, for, in the fine art of courteous abuse, we apprehend that no one but himself can ever be his parallel.

A MONSTER MONUMENT.—It has been computed by an eminent statistician that the newspaper reports of the pending monster trial would, if they were set up in a single column, reach in a straight line from the summit of St. Paul's to within a hundred miles and seven furlongs of the moon.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.—Our Military Correspondent telegraphs as follows:—"An instance of remarkable sagacity has this moment been revealed to me, which I will lose no time in bringing to the notice of SIR WILFRID LAWSON. It appears that a trooper's horse belonging to the gallant Onety-Oneth, a regiment now notorious for its tectotal proclivities, has been for some weeks past afflicted with a shivering fit whenever it has happened to pass a public-house.

THE PALAYER AT NORWICH.

VOLUMES of windy, vapoury words,
Once more on Social Science spent!
Just now as by gregarious birds
Convened in raucous parliament;
Saw that these talkers, perched on trees,
Together all at once exclaim;
Which, if those did as well as these,
'Twould all amount to much the same.

What, then, if breath alone is lost;
No time, of value, thrown away
In speeches which no money cost?
And fully worth all that were they,
When one, the first and best of all,
In a long tale conveyed this sting:
What people Social Science call
Is, as for Science, no such thing.

A PRECIOUS LOOK-OUT.

WE confess with deep humility that we rarely read a Money Article. Like the witches in *Macbeth*, we have no speculation in our eyes, and we therefore care but little if the funds go up or down, if Railways are depressed, or Telegraphs are buoyant. Besides, we really know no more of City slang than we do of Chinese chaff, or the language of KINO COFFEE. The other morning we, however, nearly choked ourselves at breakfast in our surprise at seeing these words begin a Money Article:—

"The prospect of a drain of gold to America"—

This at once so took our breath away that we could read no further. Our eyes, indeed, were dazzled by the prospect laid before them. What would not Midas, say, have given to behold it? Fancy a drain of gold reaching to America! What a precious piece of work for the Commissioners of Sewers! As for our main drainage scheme, costly as it is, we must confess its insignificance, compared with the golden sub-Atlantic drain in prospect.

NOMENCLATURE ECCLESIASTICAL.

Two Saints ought certainly to have a Day to themselves; viz., St. Swithun and St. Margaret Pattens.

Investigation being made as to the cause of the complaint, it was discovered that the animal happened to be present when its gallant master pledged his troth to total abstinence, and there is no doubt that its shudders have arisen from the sight of the numerous temptations wherewith he is beset."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Among forthcoming works of interest an *Essay on the Art of Snubbing Deputations* may, we hear, be shortly looked for at the hand of the HOME SECRETARY. Moreover, it is whispered that the PREMIER is devoting some spare hours (when he can find them) to the discussion, in a pamphlet, of the merits of the question, *Shall Hodge have a Vote?*

CURIOS, IF TRUE.—Some remarkable phenomena have been observed within the last few days upon the Great East-Western Railway. As many as two trains have started punctual to their time, and three have not been more than fifteen minutes late in their arrival at the terminus. Moreover, on no fewer than five distinct occasions there has been room enough provided for all the first-class passengers; and, what perhaps is still more wonderful, a porter and a guard have both declined, with thanks, the offer of a gratuity, on the ground that it transgressed the regulations of the Company.

Astronomical.

THERE can be no doubt that the Moon is inhabited, and by a race of people who make calls, and leave cards, and give dinner-parties and go out to dances and evening receptions, just as we do in this planet. SHAKESPEARE settled the question long ago, when *Antony and Cleopatra* he referred to "the visiting moon."

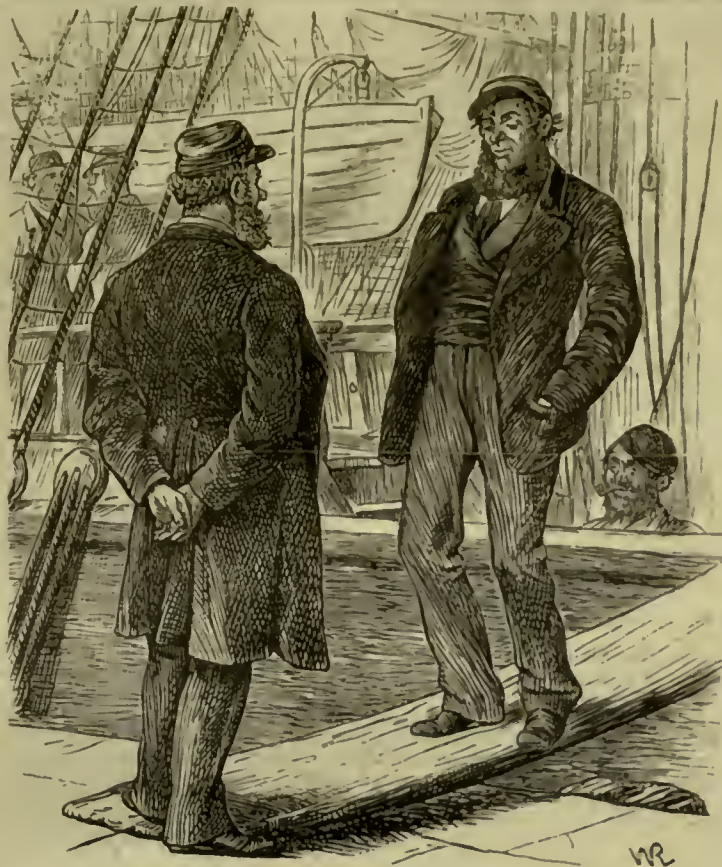
A HAPPY THOUGHT FOR TRAVELLERS.

RAILWAY officials, possibly, may not be strict grammarians; there is little doubt that most of them are now well able in



SOUVENIR DE FOLKESTONE. (ARRIVAL OF THE BOULOGNE BOAT.)

"'Tis sweet to know there 's 'many an eye' will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come!"



A STAGGERER!

Custom-House Officer. "Now, THEN, GOT ANYTHING CONTRABAND ABOUT YE?"

Mate. "'GOT 'BOUT BOT'L AND HALF BRANDY; BUT I'LL DEFY YE TO TAKE IT FRO' ME!"

PRIESTCRAFT ON PRESTIGE.

In vain the Pastoral trumpet sounds.
Its holy blast no rescue brings.
The people are unfaithful hounds;
Helpless or heretics the kings.

Not one advances to replace
Our Pontiff on his earthly throne.
They find that, in their present case,
'Tis hard enough to hold their own.

And we are told to acquiesce
In that abasement, which a reign
O'er souls, extended, will redress,
And we should, therefore, count it gain.

Ah, thought they only what they say,
They who that fine advice afford,
More anxious none would be than they
To see His Holiness restored!

They know a Rule, which, so long tried,
By Europe stands condemned at last,
For few, as Heaven's alone true guide,
Can long survive that sentence passed.

One thing, full well they know, had been
Renouncement, free, of worldly sway,
Another thing the world has seen:
A sceptre clutched, and wrung away.

Bide we our time till very sure
It never can return again;
Embrace the lot we must endure;
Accept the situation then.

Meanwhile, a renovated France
The Pope-King may again restore.
Think they we'll throw away that chance
Of one great miracle the more?

ALL ABROAD.

MRS. MALAPROP has a nephew who is a great traveller, and is now at Rome. His aunt informs us that when last she heard from him he was shooting in the Tontine Marshes.

CLAIMS ON A CLAIMANT.

THE "White Terror" may be something more than a Bogy. Yet the COUNT DE CHAMORD's late manifesto, in the form of a private letter, published in a newspaper, contains a passage of which some critics have perhaps unduly questioned the sincerity. Among "things so little serious" that "they cannot be seriously answered," which many people apprehended from a Legitimist restoration, he mentions "a war madly undertaken under impossible conditions." These words have been suspected to imply that if conditions, impossible at present, by-and-by became possible, and HENRI THE FIFTH were king, the war would be undertaken; France, that is, would go to war with Italy for an Ultramontano idea. But, without giving the Claimant of the Throne of France credit for honour superior to equivocation, which he may be supposed to have practised under priestly influence, it is quite possible to believe that he would think not only twice and thrice, but a good many times, before adventuring to plunge into a crusade for the restoration of the temporal Popedom. Does French Legitimacy owe the Papacy so very much thanks as that would signify? Who crowned NAPOLEON THE FIRST but PIUS THE SEVENTH? and who owned NAPOLEON THE THIRD for Eldest Son of the Church, but PIUS THE NINTH? Not only extreme devotion to the Holy See, but also a most forgiving disposition, would surely be requisite to induce the descendant of St. Louis to go to the length of embarking in a perilous warlike enterprise in order to heap coals of fire on the head of the successor of St. Peter.

Besides, as to the release of the once Sovereign Pontiff from temporal sovereignty, although a legitimate Eldest Son of the Church might feel bound to say that the thing *feri non debuit*, yet, nevertheless, he not have very sufficient reason to think that *factum valet*? The most dutiful Sons of the Church have had difficulties with their Holy Father, even whilst Holy Father and Mother Church could be discriminated; but now that Governments have infallibility in person to deal with, may not the very Eldest Son himself perhaps see ample reason to consider whether a Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, is not, politically regarded, a great deal less

likely to be troublesome to the State with a mere mitre on his head than he would be with a crown?

NEW COMPANIES.

WE hear of more Co-operative Associations as being in the course of formation. Amongst those which are most likely to attract public attention are:—

The General Co-operative Hearth-stone, Bath-brick, and Black-lead Association.

The Metropolitan and Provincial Co-operative Brawn, Pork-pie, and Sausage Association.

The All England Pipe, Cigar, Fusee, and Tobacco Co-operative Company.

The British and Foreign Co-operative Portmanteau, Trunk, Travelling Bag, and Hat Box Corporation.

The Universal Co-operative Toys, Games, Sports, and Scientific Illusions Association.

The Home and Colonial Co-operative Pickles and Preserves Company.

The Land we Live In.

Of old a punishment of crimes,
Next death the worst, was transportation;
Esteemed, in these more prosperous times,
A boon, is aid to emigration.

COMING HOME.

LITTLE SPIVITT, in reading the Correspondence relating to the Eton Masters and their terms, was particularly struck with the expression "The Governing Body." He felt it was so applicable in his own establishment to that majestic person, Mrs. S.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION. MR. DISRAELI. PUNCH.



DEPARTING from his habitual rule of never intruding his own name, his own portrait, or his own affairs into these pages, *Mr. Punch* feels it due to a distinguished statesman, wit, and humorist, we allude, of course, to the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, to set him right with the British Public. Everybody has read, and LORD GREY DE WILTON has read aloud, a capital letter in which MR. DISRAELI dashingly denounces the character and conduct of the Ministry. The Right Hon. Gentleman wrote:—

"For nearly five years the present Ministers have harassed every trade, worried every profession, and assailed or menaced every class institution and species of property in the country. Occasionally they have varied this state of civil warfare by perpetrating some job which has outraged public opinion, or by stumbling into mistakes which have been always discreditable and sometimes ruinous. All this they call a policy, and seem quite proud of it; but the country has, I think, made up its mind to close this career of plundering and blundering."

Nothing could be much smarter, and the letter lost the Bath election for the Conservatives. But, as must be clear upon a second perusal of the epistle, it was not intended for Bath, or for LORD GREY DE WILTON at all. Our friend MR. DISRAELI, who knows that anything he can write *Mr. Punch* will gladly publish, meant the letter for US. It was designed as a squib, and not as a serious address to a constituency. By what accident, or mistake by an able but over-worked Secretary, the letter was sent to LORD GREY DE WILTON, instead of to *Mr. Punch*, we are not yet quite clear, but we cannot, on that account, delay making this explanation. No person ought to have supposed the leader of a great and powerful party capable of practising an elaborate joke even upon the Fogies of Bath, but that they were deceived is shown by their having resented the epistle, as unworthy of a political leader, and having absented themselves from the poll, thus letting in CAPTAIN HATTEY. Our Liberal satisfaction at this result is much impaired by our vexation that an intended kindness to ourselves should have been the means of annoying our friend. That he is annoyed will be clear from the following note, which duly reached its destination,—

DEAR PUNCH,

INTO the pigs of KING BLADUD there entered the First Whig, and the herd has run violently into the sea. Or rather, their normal obstinacy has developed into unmasterly inaction. FORSYTH, forsooth, must be made the sacrifice to their ineptitude, and inability to grapple with a second idea. This were irritating, if philosophers like ourselves ever tolerated self-irritation. I wrote to you in a hurry, and the profound wisdom of the Oriental mind is shown in the proverb, *agitel lil Shaitan*, which perhaps GLADSTONE does not understand—tell him it means that "hurry is the Devil's." Bath is gone, and so no more of Bath. Should I have to redistribute the representation, it shall not be my fault if so stupid a population be long afflicted with electoral cares and responsibilities. Explain their foolishness, forget mine, and believe me,

Always yours,

B. DISRAELI.

Mr. Punch willingly complies with his esteemed contributor's wish, and there is an end, except that while on the subject he congratulates the veteran SIR WILLIAM HATTEY, the accomplished ex-whip, whose bland yet anxious look is still present to *Mr. Punch's* eyes, upon the return of his gallant son. MR. DISRAELI—politics aside—is not displeased at this good fortune happening to the now venerable enemy who has so often cheered the Whigs to the fray, and not always to victory.

THE ROGUE'S RULE REVERSED.

HONEST people will be glad to learn that the rogue's maxim, *caveat emptor*, endorsed by Statesmen, and other doctors or disciples of the shoddy-school, has, as a justification for cheating customers through a fraudulent advertisement, been disallowed by at least one upright Magistrate, MR. BARKER, at the Clerkenwell Police Court. On Tuesday last week the Manager of a Coal Company was pulled up before that tribunal by a MR. HENRY BARTLETT, charged with "having sold one sort of coals for and as a sort which they really were not." MR. BARTLETT had bought a ton and a half of the coals advertised in a puff, which he believed to be true. But in catching the complainant by their advertisement, the advertisers caught a Tartar. MR. BARTLETT is a consulting analyst; up to analysing coals. His servant found that it took her one hour to get the cheap coals he had bought to burn; and analysis proved them to be very deficient in combustible matter. These facts having been deposed to—

"The Magistrate said he considered the case fully proved. He ordered the defendant to pay a fine of £10 and costs."

At another police-court, a short time ago, cheating in coals by means of a lying advertisement, went unpunished, by a decision doubtless determined by the maxim *caveat emptor*. The judgment of MR. BARKER in a similar case evinces, on the contrary, a leaning to the side of honest good faith: indeed altogether to honesty rather than fraudulence, and, in the interests of the former side, it is to be hoped that all persons in authority, or whose words carry weight with them, will do and say all they possibly can to discountenance the rascal's maxim, *caveat emptor*, and to the discouragement of scoundrels in general, and dishonest tradesmen of the shoddy-school in particular, endeavour, with all their ability and influence, to enforce the contrary rule, *caveat venditor*.

PATERNAL POLICE.

FOURTEEN naughty grown persons were charged the other day, at Bow Street, with being in Evans's Supper Rooms after prohibited hours. The Commissioners of Police are so indulgent as to allow the Public to enter the hotel for refreshments up to half-past twelve, and they may remain taking them there as long as one o'clock, when it is time that everybody, as well as little boys and girls, should be in bed and asleep. The defendants' lawyers pleaded, on behalf of their naughty naughty clients, that the notices warning visitors were not posted so that they could be well enough seen. MR. VAUGHAN, the Magistrate, so far admitted this excuse that he said:—

"It would be much better in future to have notices placed in different parts of the hall. It seemed to him a hard thing that visitors should alone be summoned, as they remained in the place under the protection of the landlord. They were not in the building a very long time after the prohibited hours, and although the law had been broken, still he did not think that the defendants should be called upon to pay more than 2s. each, the cost of the summons."

MR. VAUGHAN is not strict enough; is he, Papa, to carry out a Papa's Act of Parliament? And Papa did not himself make the Act as strict as he should have done—did he? No; the law ought to be that if naughty people disobey it, and stay sitting up at supper in a tavern later than the Commissioners of Police please to let them, they should not merely be fined a little money the next morning, but taken up at once, and taken home, and well popped and put to bed.

When Papa was young, Britons, as people called themselves, would have laughed the idea of letting the Police limit their supper-hours to scorn; but they were fierce unruly Britons, and not nice, and meek, and mild, and patient, like ourselves, their descendants, were they, Papa?

A Projected Improvement.

THE present system of encores at Concerts, Oratorios, &c., has long been condemned as most objectionable. Those who are opposed to it will be interested to hear of a proposal, that in future all the encoored pieces should be given together at the close of the entertainment.

ORTHODOX TEMPERANCE.



but moderation was the rule they were content with recommending as sufficient to be inculcated on other people. The Rev. ERSKINE CLARKE, for fifteen years a "staunch thorough unpledged" abstainer "from wine," and doubtless also from all other exhilarating fluids, including punch—notwithstanding the plea for that beverage advanced by the Ordinary of Newgate in *Jonathan Wild*—after having forcibly dwelt on the evils of excess in the use of those good familiar creatures, observed that:—

"With regard to Good Templars,—at the fourth session of the Grand Lodge at Bristol it was admitted that while 183,982 members were in good standing, 18,897 had violated their pledge—that was to say, that a number equal to 10 per cent. of its members in good standing were perjured persons. In the name of divine compassion and common human kindness they must all deprecate a system which put such a stumbling-block in the way of souls—(hear, hear!)—and he thought the duty of the Church in regard to this phase of the temperance movement seemed to be to warn her members against it."

The words of the good old song—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine"

are brought to mind by the foregoing statement about the Good Templars—their pledge appears to be entirely ocular.

It was remarked by the reverend gentleman to whom we owe the foregoing remarks, that "a sort of traditional feeling connected the clergy in our literature rather with the friends of the bottle than with its opponents;" and he cited HOOGEARTH'S "parson in gown and bands," SHAKESPEARE'S clergy, "none of them examples of abstinence," even "the mild and gentle COWPER'S" chaplain, and "the epithet, once so familiar, of 'two-bottle orthodox,' which our forefathers used to bestow on a section of the clergy over-fond of toasting 'Church and King,'" as attesting that view of them. He thought that "the clergy of our day, as a body, did not deserve the imputations of past time;" and undoubtedly they do not. Yet let it be remembered that the two-bottle orthodox parsons were really orthodox, and, though their two bottles were bottles of port, mostly seldom the worse for them, and nearly all at least doctrinally sober. That perhaps was because it was port they drank, and that port was sound, and sound wine engendered sound views. Then, if any parson had dressed himself up in Romanesque pontificals, and pretended to say mass, he would have been supposed to have considerably exceeded his two bottles; and that of a morning. In the good old days of two-bottle orthodoxy, a clergyman would have got the credit of having finished at least three bottles if he had requested his bishop to let him put up in his church a *baldachino*.

Progress and Enlightenment.

THE passion for Railway Pilgrimages is likely to spread. Very likely it will extend from the Papists to the Mahometans. What do our friends in the City say to the idea of a Mecca Railway? No doubt the SULTAN would, for a consideration, readily grant the necessary concession to any speculators, who would then only need the ability to enforce it.

THE NATIONS AT THEIR LESSONS IN DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL.

THERE'S a school, severe and stern, where their lessons nations learn—

Whose prizes and whose pennons are awarded to their earners:

On the pupil-teacher plan that school 'a worked since it began,

All in it must be teachers, and all in it should be learners;

And though each nation labours for itself more than its neighbours,

'Tis their fault if all don't profit from each pupil in the school,

And so learn to shun the blunders that bring down the master's

thunders,

The birch-red on the bungler, the fool's-cap on the fool.

There's that burly boy, JOHN BULL, though of habit rather full,

Too much given to beef and beer, and too keen for pocket-money,

Has a fund of common sense that counts pounds as well as pence,

And more sure, if slow, sagacity, than lads of mood more sunny.

I think that boy's inclined to turn over in his mind

The lessons for his profit, of his fellows short and tall,

Be't young thirteen to the dozen, SAM SLICK, his Yankee Cousin,

Or that troublesome JACK SPANLAID, as saucy as he's small;

Or that solid German Bursch, whose motto still is "*durchsch*,"

(That's Viennese for "thorough," and "*durch*" don't fit my rhyme),

Who his patient way still plods, makes no rush, but walks down odds,

As through war, book, art, craft, science, flask, pot, pipe, he takes his time;

His objects still he reaches by persistence, and so teaches

The Haro and Tortoise moral in DAME EUROPA'S School;

Thanks to bottom, brains, and bellows, confounding the sharp fellows,

Who start full speed, then slacken, scorn time, and spurn at rule.

Or that Russ boy, or *boy-ar*, with caftan and *samovar*,—

What's in him, what he's after, who here can see, or say?

He's the dark horse of the school, and far more of knave than fool,

Keeps to himself his little game, till the big game's there to play.

Or that old, old Turkish boy, who, his "kef" so he enjoy,

Lets his quondam fags take with him what liberties they dare,—

Swops solid tuck for toffee, and prefers his pipe and coffee,

To learning any lesson, and taking any care.

But who's this stately lass, who has scarce yet found her class—

So late among the nations has ITALIA come to school—

Whose eyes outshine the fairest, whose form o'erbears the rarest,

Whose brow seems made to wear a crown, her hands a realm to rule?

And who's this that, gaunt and grey,—man or woman, who shall say?

Follows frowning in her shadow, with malignant purpose keen;

On the head a triple crown, though now crushed and beaten down,

And in the hand cross keys—their brass through their worn gilding seen?

But of pupils one and all, who in School to raise a squall,

To win all hearts one moment, and set all backs up, the next,

Is like this witch whose wiles charm alike in robe or smiles,

As she changes modes and manners, till patience is perplex?

'Tis MADMOISELLE LA FRANCE who still has led "*la danse*,"

From LOUIS QUINZE *Minuet de la Cour* to ROBESPIERRE *Car-magnole*;

Whose red heels, in *la garotte*, or red cap, *en Sansculotte*,

Have so oft upset School order, and turned heads by the shoal.

There she stands so frail, so fair, pupils' cross and masters' care,

Now *dur* of all her classes, now on the dunce's stool;

With the falsehood of extremes, as the text of all her themes,

Which she always gets the prize for, but ne'er reads out of School.

Barometers' despair, as from stormy to set-fair

Her quicksilver runs riot, down and up, and up and down,

Who can count the scale got through, from '89 to '72—

The chaos of coiffures, betwixt *bonnet-rouge* and crown?

See where set before the School, freedom's cap for cap of fool,

'Twixt the horns of a dilemma—each an absolute extreme—

She shrinks from either terror, red and white, and owns her error,

In spurning the one friend who dared of a *juste milieu* to dream.

Well may she beat all in themes on the "Falshood of Extremes,"

Who all extremes has tried in turn, and all found false as fair—

'Twixt *Le Spectre rouge's* alarms, and the Bourbon's priest-blest arms—

Whiche'er be fire, which frying-pan—thank thy star, France, for THIERS!



UNACCOUNTABLE EXCLUSIVENESS.

(A REMINISCENCE OF THE SEA-SIDE.)

"HE LOOKS AS IF HE THOUGHT A PRECIOUS LOT OF 'ISSELF. DON'T HE, POLLY?"

"AH! DON'T HE, THAT'S ALL! WHY, HE'S BEEN 'ERE EVER SO LONG, AND HE AIN'T SPOKE TO A SOUL YET!!"

VANDALIA.

"IN Cambridgeshire," says GIBBON, quoted by BYRON, "the Romans planted a great number of Vandals." The bard adds that the race was flourishing in his time. But the Vandals of Cambridgeshire must have been converted, and have exchanged their iconoclastic tendencies for excessive idolatry. They happen to want a Parliamentary candidate. They used to return LORD ROYSTON, but he is now, by succession, EARL OF HARDWICKE. So they ask the HON. ELIOT THOMAS YORKE, uncle of the Earl, to stand. He won't. So they ask CAPTAIN YORKE, brother of the Earl, to stand. He won't. So they propose to ask the HONOURABLE ELIOT CONSTANTINE YORKE, another brother of the Earl, to stand. It is not wonderful that somebody thinks the line should be drawn somewhere, and that it is not necessary to ask everybody in the world who happens to be called Yorke. MR. HICKS, a Cambridgeshire gentleman, demands why the county is to be made a rotten borough for the House of Yorke. Truly, "a question to be asked." Cambridgeshire, like *Clifford* in the play, seems inclined to say to the Earl (whom we like very much, all the same, as a jolly Englishman)—

"Our gracious Lord, here in the Parliament,
Let us 'insert' the Family of York."

A Sailor's Home.

IN a list of Ministerial Movements—the poor fellows are exhausted by one or two Cabinet Councils—comes the following:—

"MR. GÖSCHEN has gone to his residence at Seacox Heath."

We could have wished for an additional syllable. The appropriateness of Seacoxuain Heath, as a retreat for the First Lord of the Admiralty, would have been apparent to persons of all shades of opinion.

IDEAL NANCY.

MOST readers are familiar with the old English tragi-comic song whose hero is the *Lord Lovel* and heroine the *Lady Nancy Bell*. It was not that noble Lord who engaged himself by the following promise:—

"I shall visit Nancy when, the crisis having been overcome, we shall be enabled to rejoice in safety and peace at the liberation of the country."

No; the foregoing words are those of M. THIERS. They occur in a letter which that distinguished Statesman has addressed to the Mayor of a French city, which bears the name of the heroine of the lugubrious lively ballad above referred to. Of late years especially it has become usual, in painting and sculpture, to represent cities under female forms supposed to be appropriate. Executed by an artist of competent ability, a figure representing Nancy, on canvas or in marble, might be a really imposing work of Art. Yet a familiar female diminutive suggests charms and graces which are less dignified than captivating. We cannot help smiling whenever we fancy, whether painted or graven, an image of Nancy.

Welcome to a Lecturer.

"'Tis time we Twain did show ourselves." 'Twas said
By CÆSAR, when one MARK had lost his head:
By MARK, whose head's quite bright, 'tis said again;
Therefore, "go with me, friends, to bless this TWAIN."

PUNCH.

TOO MUCH OF IT.

IF much more fuss is made about this CHAMBORD business, there are those amongst us who will begin to think the whole affair a real bore.



BETWEEN TWO TERRORS.

(“WHITE” AND “RED.”)

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Represents himself as en voyage, and safely returns to his native Country.



“A useful hint, Sir, to intending Tourists in Brittany, remember that, however powerful may be the Silver Key, you must always have ready a neat set of compliments wherewith to oil the locks. Also, stick to your traps, for, as my Step-Grandmother says, ‘A Fool and his luggage are soon parted.’”

We did all the environs of Dinan in a triumphal chariot. Having come out for a drive, we flatly refused to descend and eke out the time by walking to points of view. The Driver tried very hard to induce us. With a crackling of whip, a jangling of bells, and a hullabaloo enough to have alarmed even a Breton village on a sultry day, he pulled up his noble steeds at the border of a grand avenue, about two hundred yards

in length by a hundred in breadth, and at the end we saw what appeared to us to resemble a dirty, old, broken, useless, and unused pump.

“There it is!” cried the man waving his whip, and trying to dance himself into an ecstacy of admiration and delight, as he held the carriage-door open. “There’s the fountain! There’s the spring! It is magnificent! Every one descends here to see the spring!”

“Is that it?” we asked, pointing to the pump.

“Oui-dam. Yes, certainly, that’s it,” said the brave Breton.

But we wouldn’t budge. We told him it was nothing, and not worth taking two steps to see; whereupon he shrugged his shoulders, his eyes twinkled with humour, and he admitted that we were quite right; adding that, after all, everything round about was pretty much like this; and, in fact, he began to depreciate all the ordinary excursions from Dinan, except one really beautiful route, which he would show us. Of course this resulted in his keeping us out double the time we had bargained for, but it was well worth the money.

In driving through a new country it was, I had hitherto considered, and so also had my second Step-Grandmother, a great thing to have with us a Well-informed Friend, who “knew the place well, and had seen most of it before.”

He had utterly forgotten all about it. His explanation was that the place had been so altered since his last visit. As, however, all the most recent guide-books state that in their principal characteristic features neither the towns nor villages of Brittany have undergone any change for the last six hundred years, this computation would make my Well-informed Friend a Patriarch of some considerable standing, and first cousin, perhaps, to the Wandering Jew.

He made up for this, however, by being highly instructive.

His plan of imparting information to us as we drove along, seemed to be based upon the same motive as that which induced the *simple soldat* in *La Grande Duchesse* to ask for a schoolmaster’s place, “in order that he might learn something himself.”

“This,” said my Well-informed Friend, as we drove along the road ‘twixt Dinan and Dol, “is an interesting country. Let me see, this was the great place for the Vendéens.”

“The who?” asked my Grandmother.

“The Vendéens,” replied my Well-informed Friend, adding immediately, as he turned to me, “wasn’t it?” as if he still had his doubts of his own historical accuracy.

I asked him, “Why were the Vendéens so called?”

“Well, let me see,” he observed, meditatively, “they were in the Revolution,”—this is always a safe thing to say of any Frenchmen—“and were a sort of sharpshooters, eh, weren’t they?” I return that I am depending upon him for information.

“Well,” he answered, with, probably, an inward resolve to look up the whole subject the instant he should get home among his books, “the Vendéens were like the *franc-tireurs*, and their name was something to do with—I fancy, I don’t say I am absolutely right—with Vendetta; and they took a vow of eternal vengeance, and so on.”

“But,” I remarked, “the Vendetta was Corsican.”

“Exactly,” returned my Well-informed Friend; “why not? NAPOLEON was a Corsican, wasn’t he?”

This was, evidently, decisive, and as I had nothing to say for or against it, we set ourselves to admire the vast panorama of the thickly-wooded country by which we seemed to be hedged in on every side. My Well-informed Friend improved the occasion by giving us a few statistics on apple-growing. The statistics were, on examination, limited to the information that Devonshire and Cornwall were great apple counties, that Brittany resembled both these, in having plenty of orchards, and that he himself invariably took cider-cup at his Club in summer, which of course went far to encourage the general trade in England and France.

My Well-informed Friend was immense on architecture. When we visited a cathedral or any ancient church, my Step-Grandmother begged that we might have a verger, or some one who knew all about it.

“I can tell you all about it,” said my Well-informed Friend, qualifying this assertion immediately afterwards by adding, “That is, quite as much as you’ll want to know.”

My Grandmother yielded at first, and so did I. When we were quit of my Well-informed Friend, we delivered ourselves over to professional guides, and the amount of remarkable things which we had allowed to escape our notice, owing to our reliance upon our friend’s information, would have formed quite a valuable catalogue.

“That’s Saxon,” he used to say, pointing to a plain archway, “and that’s Norman,” pointing to another unconformably like the first. “That’s pointed Gothic, and that the floriated Gothic, all different styles at different periods. Here!” he would continue, moving us on rapidly, so as to avoid giving us a minute to think over details, “is a lovely Rose Window; and observe in those side-lights how the old glass has been preserved.”

With this he has begun and finished any and every Cathedral. If he can get to some part of the building, and decipher a Latin inscription before our arrival, he will tell us that “here was buried old GOZLAN DE POING; we ought to find his tomb somewhere about with an effigy.” Then he used to pretend to be searching for it. Presently he would announce, joyfully, that his labours had been rewarded. “Here it is!” he would exclaim, pointing to a broken-nosed warrior, doing his best to seem at his case in the most uncomfortable armour. “Here’s SIR GOZLAN. Look! He was three times at the Crusades, you see; that you know by his having his legs crossed three times,” and so on.

“What,” asked my Grandmother, “is the date of Norman architecture?—and is Gothic later?”

“Well,” replied my Well-informed Friend, considering the matter, “the Norman was first, of course;” he evidently had his doubts on the subject, and was making another mental *Mem.*—to look it up directly he got home. “The Norman,” he continued, “was first, and the Gothic improved on it.”

“But,” said my Grandmother, who is wonderful for her years, “if the Goths were such barbarians—as they were, or why should everyone with bad taste be called a Goth or a Vandal?—how is it they built such beautiful churches?”

“Ah!” replied my Well-informed Friend, with a sort of sigh, and a shrug that seemed to intimate how, at last, my worthy relative had formulated in so many words the difficulty of his lifetime. “Ah! that’s it! How did the Egyptians build the Pyramids? How did the Druids pile up Stonehenge? We don’t know.”

The list of things that my Well-informed Friend will have to “look up” when he “gets back among his books,” must have amounted to a considerable number by the time he quitted us at Mont St. Michel, where, on seeing a pilgrimage, he observed, “History repeats itself;” but on being questioned by us as to the particular instance that came to his mind at that moment, he returned, “Why, don’t you recollect, before the return of LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH, or CHARLES THE TENTH—or—let me see which was it came first?”

This was another item to be added to his list. Mont St. Michel, as all the world knows from STANFIELD’S pictures (I think he painted it twice), a spot marvellously wild and romantic. The monastery, the fortress, and the houses have perched themselves on the rock, like the sea-birds on Puffin Island. The monastery belongs, I believe, to Friars Preachers: Friars Perchers would be a name in accordance with the situation of their monastic nest. From Avranches, from Coutances, on the one side, from Dol, Dinan, Pontorson, on the other, and, indeed, from every place in Normandy or Brittany lying within forty miles of Mont St. Michel, came omnibuses, calèches, waggons with springs, waggons without springs, diligences of a fashion that must have been out of date in eighteen thirty, carts covered, carts uncovered, in fact every sort of vehicle imaginable and unimaginable, drawn by animals of all sorts and sizes, on their first legs and on their last legs, crowded (the vehicles, I mean) inside and outside with middle-class people, young, middle-aged, and old, cheerful and decorous, all bound for the pilgrimage, but with as little of the fanatic about them as there was of the



"IN THE LONG RUN."

Town Gent. "NOW DO YOU FIND KEEPING POULTRY ANSWERS?"

Country Gent (lately retired). "O, 'ES, S'POSED TO ANSWER. Y' SEE THERE'S THE ORIGINAL COST OF THE FOWLS—'F COURSE THE FOOD GOES DOWN TO ME, Y' KNOW. WELL, THEN, I PURCHASE THE EGGS FROM THE CHILDREN, AND THEY EAT THEM!!!"

rough English jollity which you would see in a party of Sussex yeomen, with their wives and daughters, going in a van to Ringmer Raccs.

The Result of the tour was that we picked up some excellent dishes; and we decided, that, with coals and provisions at their present exorbitant prices in England, the wisest plan for all Englishmen, who could manage it, would be to go to Brittany, for the winter, and stop there. Here too is a wrinkle for Tourists *viâ* Channel Islands. *Avoid Guernsey on Sunday.* In fact, if you've seen Jersey, avoid Guernsey *in toto*. Sunday at Guernsey is a day of penitential discipline, when luxuries become necessities. London on Sunday is liveliness itself compared with Guernsey. So strictly is what they call the Sabbath kept, that the authorities of Guernsey will not allow the mails to land on Sunday, which are, therefore, taken on to Jersey, and the visitor, anxiously looking for news from home, must impatiently wait till Monday, though the expected letter has arrived, and is actually lying in the Jersey post-office.

I complained to a Guernsey man, in his glossiest Sunday best. He pulled out his prayer-book, and, referring to the Decalogue, insisted upon its authority for the Sabbath.

"Quite so," said I, "but Saturday is the Seventh Day. To be consistent, you must do as the Jews, and keep Saturday. This is Sunday, and the First Day of the week. You can't find, anywhere, a command to make number one into number seven. Get out."

He got out, and went to consult his minister. I trust some good may result from this interview. If so, I shall claim to be the Apostle of the Guernsey men.

But O for one month of French taste in this Holywell-Street-in-the-Sea-sort of island! Why, instead of the measly, dingy place it is now, it would be the gem of the Ocean, bright with colours, flags, flowers, and uniforms; and its market, artistically decorated, might be a sight unequalled in Europe. At present, the hoarded part of Leicester Square, after a three days' soaking rain, is a more cheerful island than this dreary isle of Guernsey. Let GENERAL BAUM of Cremorne, or MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND, who have really improved the *buffets* at our Railway Stations, or let any spirited proprietor,

undertake the Dictatorship of Guernsey. Under such beneficent rule, Guernsey, as Italy is the Garden of Europe, might become the Tea-Garden of Europe. But any change must be for the better.

Is there no Society for the Propagation of Good Taste in Foreign Parts that would take up this subject?

At Southampton we felt ourselves once more on thoroughly British soil, and of course, at what is reckoned the best Hotel in the place, could only be regaled with gravy soup, sole (fried or boiled), chops or a steak, Sir, yes, Sir; and then the next morning we saw the truly British Bill. We had been gradually prepared for this, as the Hotels in Jersey and Guernsey are far from cheap, and the (except you choose a French one, which, out of France, is absurd) fare there is only choppy-and-steaky, after all.

At Southampton I saw, for the first time since our departure, the English papers. For more than ten days I had got on without feeling any curiosity about the Tichborne case (not that I am now in the least interested in it), or about what the world in general was doing. The world didn't miss *me*, and I hadn't missed *it*.

I saw that all "The Amusements"—I beg pardon, Sir, I mean "The Theatres"—were reopening with new managements, new casts, old pieces, and old casts for new pieces; and as I regretfully changed the last sixpence remaining to me of my touring money, I said "England expects," etcetera. I must no longer represent Myself; but, Sir, I must remember that I have once more to address My Editor, to put myself *au courant* with what is going on and what is standing still; and again, Sir, sign myself now as formerly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Our Drinking Days.

It is said that drunkenness is on the increase; but surely, as a nation, we are much more sober than we were, in the days of our forefathers, when people used to sing, in their cups, a song about "The Right Little Tight Little Island," which appears to have been in their good old time, considerably more tight than right.



"POOTY MANNERS."

Mother. "GENERAL, LET ME INTRODUCE MY BOY, WHO HAS OFTEN HEARD OF YOU FROM MY DEAR HUSBAND, AND LONGS TO KNOW YOU!"

Son. "MY MOTHER SPEAKS NO MORE THAN THE TRUTH, GENERAL! I CAN ASSURE YOU IT AFFORDS ME THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRATIFICATION TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SO ESTEEMED A FRIEND OF MY EXCELLENT FATHER!"

NEW BANK STOCK.

ODD things come to light in odd places. An unexpected discovery has just been made in that romantic spot, the Bank of England. A bundle, not of old cheque-books, or old dividend warrants, or old notes, but of "old love letters," has been found in a chest in the vaults of that matter-of-fact building. A thrill ran through the Bank and all its branches when the news became known. The oldest officer on the establishment had never heard, never dreamed, of such a thing. The Beadle refused to believe it, and denounced the whole affair as a hoax. The Governor, Deputy-Governor, and all the Directors were at once summoned. They would have been glad if the discovery in the vaults could have been kept a profound secret, apprehensive of the effect it might produce upon the next half-yearly dividend. The Solicitors to the Bank assured them that no breach of its Charter had been committed. All sorts of rumours were in circulation, and confidence in the character of the Bank for steadiness was not restored, until it was ascertained that the letters dated back as far as the Restoration of CHARLES THE SECOND, and were not, as had been feared, the tender effusions of some sentimental Director or susceptible Chief Cashier of more modern times. Restoration of the letters has been made to the present representative of the original writer (who the young lady was does not appear), and the Old Lady is again tranquil. The Rest of the Bank is no longer disturbed, its Stock is as valuable as ever, and no alteration in the rate of discount is apprehended.

One strange revelation of this kind often leads to another. The public would, therefore, do well to be prepared to hear of the discovery of a packet of Valentines, of the time of QUEEN ELIZABETH, in a bureau in the National Debt Office, or that a tress of golden hair, tied round with blue ribbon in a true lover's knot, has been found concealed in a trunk in the Woods and Forests.

BATH "BRICKS."—The Liberal Majority.

A REFORMER'S REWARD.

THE *Morning Post* announces the presentation of a

"TESTIMONIAL TO MR. BEALES.—MR. EDMOND BEALES, M.A., was presented yesterday with a gold watch and chain, subscribed for by a number of tradesmen and artisans in recognition of his efforts in extending the franchise."

What was the value of the testimonial appropriately presented to MR. BEALES (M.A.)? A watch and chain are articles which the grateful and enthusiastic admirers of that distinguished ex-tribune of the people, might, at one time, have bought very cheap. In the days when BEALES was wont to preside over intimidation-meetings, a good many watches and chains may, unbought, have changed hands in Hyde Park. For many a person, respectable for his character and station, if not for his intellect, will, although wearing a watch and chain, and carrying money in his pockets, venture, out of curiosity to listen to a mob-orator, into the middle of the people assembled in the neighbourhood of the Reformers' Tree.

AFFECTION AND ECONOMY.

WHEN those we love are taken hence,
This thought may salve affliction's sore;
"We shall be lightened of expense:"
Or, "Now we shall get something more."

But nought relieves our sorrow, when
Relations who maintained us go;
Yet most do we grudge mourning then,
When 'tis the garb of truest woe.

Railway Intelligence.

"RATHER a lack of this article generally, specially in Signalmen," says little WILLIAM WAGG, playing, as is his wont, on the word "intelligence." But it is a fact that yesterday two new connecting Lines were started on Hampstead Heath. On inspection they were found to be clothes-lines.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OUR Cambridge Correspondent telegraphs that the Sadlerian Professor will lecture this term on "Stirrups and Bridles."

UNDOUBTED SUCCESSES.

A COLUMN of German news contains the statement that:—

"The undoubted success of recent French and English pilgrimages to Lourdes and Paray-le-Monial has induced the Bavarian Clergy to organise a South German Pilgrimage to the same places."

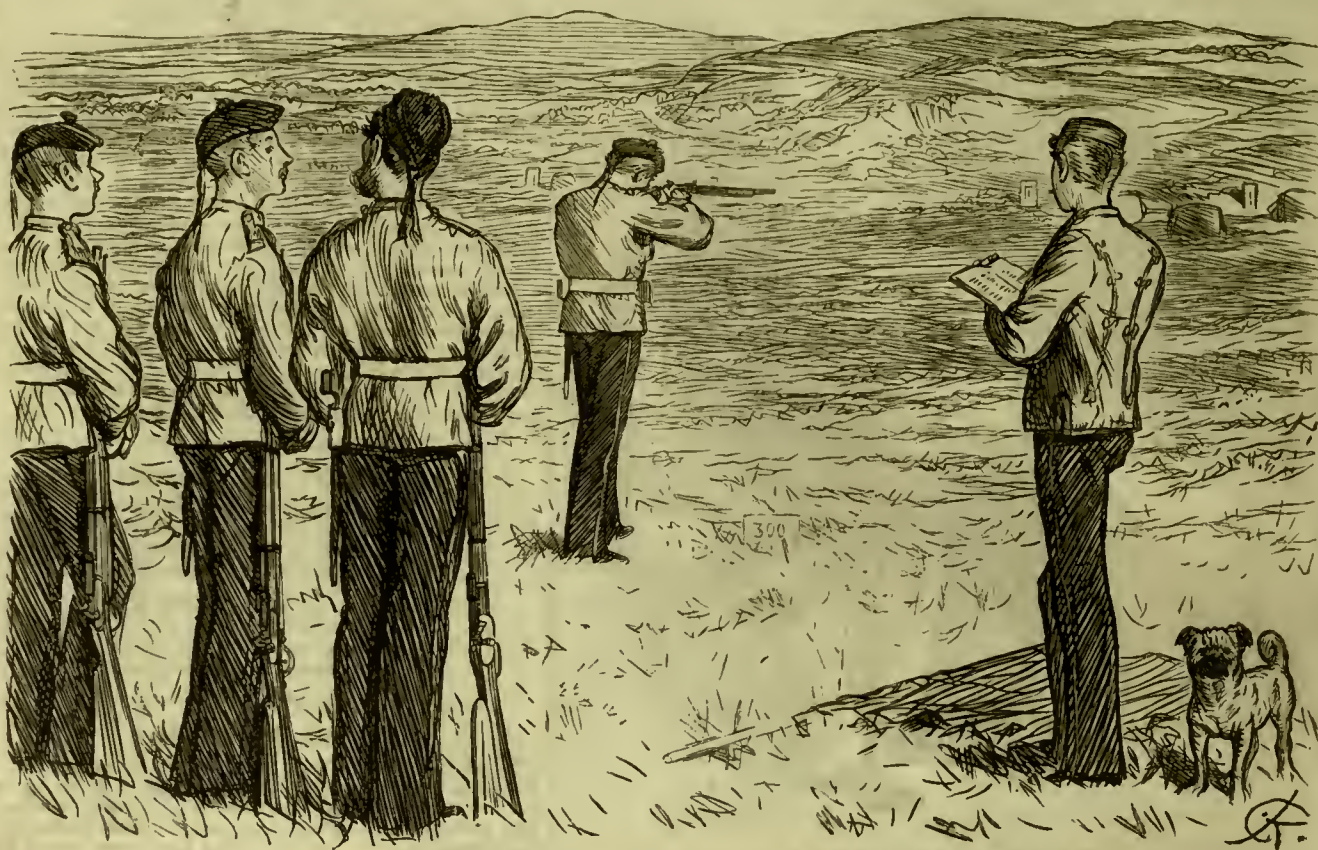
In what have those pilgrimages succeeded so manifestly that their success is described as undoubted? The POPE still calls himself the Prisoner of the Vatican, and the COUNT DE CHAMBORD has not as yet ascended the throne of France. If any miracle has been performed at Paray-le-Monial, Lourdes, La Salette, or any other hole-and-corner, it has been kept dark, and may not come to light, perhaps, for the next two or three centuries. The success of the pilgrimages to the two places above-mentioned may, as a point of faith, be undoubted by the undoubting faithful; but, as a matter of fact, at least, "it hath not appeared." However, there is no reason to doubt that the pilgrimages organised by excursion-agents have paid their managers, and thus, as commercial speculations, been crowned with a success which, by the parties who have achieved it, is indubitable.

A Note of Sympathy.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ON your account I am very sorry for the agitation that has been created by the anxiety of the Eton Masters to make a shilling or two more a week out of the parents of the boys whom they have undertaken to feed for a portion of the year. The temptation to be facetious about Eton, eat on, eaten, eating, eating-houses, &c., will, I know, prove irresistible to scores of ill-disciplined minds, and you, I fear, will be the innocent sufferer. Now and then you reveal to us the number of jokes you receive on some popular topic of the day. A little statistical information of this kind on the present occasion would be acceptable to a circle of sympathising friends, who meet every Wednesday evening at the

LION AND UNICORN.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

No. 2 (*Recruit, who has just fired*). "RIC'SHAY THAT TIME, BILL, WASN'T IT?"

No. 1 (*Old Soldier*). "AYE, LAD; AN' GOOD ENOUGH, TOO, FOR A CARDWELLIANTHIRTYTHREEINCHESROUNDTHECHESTER!!!"

A REAL REFORMER.

MR. PLUMPTRE, the celebrated elocutionist, declares his desire to teach everybody to speak plainly and distinctly, and so to banish from use the phrases "I beg your pardon?" and "What did you say?" He will do good service. Nobody has more right to mumble, so that one has difficulty in hearing him, than he has to write badly, so that one has difficulty in reading him. But MR. PLUMPTRE, as a man of the world, must know that, as *Falstaff* says, there is such a malady as not marking. He must also know that many carnally wise people cause a speech to be repeated that they may gain more time to consider their answer. These nuisances cannot be cured by MR. PLUMPTRE's excellent teaching. As to the first, it may be noticed that a man never fails to hear when anybody whom he deems his superior, or anybody from whom he is trying to gain anything, is talking to him; and, therefore, his inattention on other occasions is an insolence. As for the Fabian, he is to be baffled and discomfited by making your second speech utterly unlike your first, and thus "selling" him, when his painful grin of discontent will pleasingly confess his dodge. We would supplement MR. PLUMPTRE's philanthropic endeavour with these suggestions, and we heartily wish him all success.

A Wretch to His Wife.

DEARER still and dearer coal,
So thou growest, every day;
O my love, my life, my soul!—
How the money melts away!

A Large Class.

TRICKITT, who is at once a great Whist-player and a close observer of the Game of Life, declares that sometimes when he looks round and sees how well many of those get on who are not overburdened with wisdom, he is tempted to think that Fools are Trumps.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

AMONG the subjects set down for discussion in the programme of the Church Congress at Bath, one was described as "The means of bringing the Influence of the Church to bear upon the Masses of the People." It may be suggested that those who wish the influences of the Church to be brought to bear upon the Masses of the People will do very little to effect their object until they manage to prevent the Masses of the People from continuing to be alienated from the Church by the Masses of the Ritualists.

Another subject entered for debate was that of the "Appropriation of Seats as affecting a National Church." Of course there can be but one opinion amongst the Churchmen as to the way in which the Church is likely to be affected by the appropriation of seats in Parliament.

Attractive Metal.

THE MOON we know is silver, and the composition of Mercury is obvious to the meanest capacity; but which of the other planets has the telescope discovered to be metalliferous? The question is not superfluous, seeing that a Company has lately been started called the "Planet Tin Mining."

Mental Philosophy.

INTELLECTUAL power appears to be very unequally distributed. Some people do not hesitate to tell you that they were "in two or three minds." Others conduct themselves as though they had no mind at all worth mentioning.

To Correspondents.

THE Names and Addresses of all persons who may henceforth send any "jokes" about "Ash and Tea," "Hash and Tea," or "A Shanty," will be handed to the Police. The war is bad enough, without the wit.



CONFESSION IN CONFUSION.

Priest. "NOW, TELL ME, DOOLAN, TRUTHFULLY, HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO CHAPEL?"

Pat. "WILL, NOW, SHURE OI'LL TILL YER RIV'RENCE THE TRUTH. FAIX, I GO AS OFTEN I CAN AVOID!"

THE MUSSULMAN PLATFORM.

ON Tuesday last week, at Manchester, was held the annual meeting of a General Council—one not of the Church. No; that assembly represented our British Know-Nothings; namely the Members of the United Kingdom Alliance, who have now proclaimed that they will know nothing in politics but the Permissive Prohibitory Bill. The representatives of the Alliance leagued together for the destruction of the trade in generous liquors, met in the Free Trade Hall.

So far from being a Council of the Church, indeed, this General Council of Permissive Prohibitory Know-Nothings appears to have consisted chiefly of persons whose creed is quite another than that of Christendom. SIR WILFRID LAWSON, according to the report of his speech in the *Times*, describing the policy of the United Kingdom Alliance with respect to the law which at present regulates the sale of liquors, said:—

"That policy was, disregarding both parties who had allied themselves to this evil system, to show forth their faith by their works by endeavouring to return men to Parliament who would go against the mischievous principle."

The faith which SIR WILFRID LAWSON wishes his Know-Nothings to show forth by their works appears to be one of which few persons have any idea that there are any votaries in the House of Commons. But he himself represents Carlisle. And SIR WALTER C. TREVELYAN, President of the Alliance, in his opening address from the Chair of its General Council, declared that:—

"He could not repress a feeling of anxious foreboding for most disastrous results from our too characteristic national love for strong drink, should not some check soon be devised to the continued great increase and extension of the terrible evils which must ever afflict a country whose revenues depended greatly on the consumption of those infernal drugs, intoxicating drink and tobacco."

By intoxicating drinks, SIR WALTER TREVELYAN means, among other drinks, wine, which intoxicates those who abuse it, and does those who use it good. Wine, if the words above quoted are really

RITUALISM AND EBENEZER.

(Suggested by a speech delivered in the late Church Congress.)

FOREBODE you disestablishment?
What else, ARCHDRAGON DENISON,
To please a preacher of Dissent;
Like you—or SPURGEON is not one?

Doctrines which Articles deny
In terms direct, distinct, and plain,
Don't all you Clergy Ultra-High
In pulpit and in print maintain?

Don't you, and such as you, refuse
Your Bishops' orders to obey;
Persist in doing what you choose,
And minding not a word they say?

Dissent, North, South, or East, or West,
Is still Dissent, Dissenters ye
Are in priests' vestments, and the vest
Our waistcoat tailors call M. B.

Go then, and mix with MIALI's crew,
War 'gainst Establishment proclaim;
Dissenters in the Church are you:
Get out of it, and own your name.

A Good Riddance.

MR. BRADLAUGH, who is now on a lecturing tour in the United States, has been "interviewed," like other lions who visit our American Cousins. In the course of the interview MR. BRADLAUGH expressed his willingness to make a present of the British Aristocracy and the Church of England to the United States. We have no doubt the Aristocracy and the Church would be ready to reciprocate the compliment, and to make the States a present of MR. BRADLAUGH. We cannot imagine a testimonial which would be likely to command a larger subscription.

SPORTING NEWS.

"THE Cambridgeshire" seems likely to be a walk over for "House of York."

his, he calls an infernal drug. Of course he would not himself take any of an infernal drug even for his stomach's sake. Neither would SIR WILFRID LAWSON; no more than would, unless he is a humbug, the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM. The epithet applied by the President of the United Kingdom Alliance, the other evening, to wine, is obviously inconsistent with any belief in its immediate production, once upon a time, from pure water. The only faith that can be shown forth by the use of that strong expression surely is the faith of MAHOMET. What says TREVELYAN EFFENDI? Is it not so, LAWSON BEY?

And yet Turks, who smoke tobacco, could not call it also an infernal drug; but then some Turks may not smoke, and may curse tobacco, and be Turks and heretics too. However, the idea of the Permissive Prohibitory Bill is perfectly Turkish; only, to make it perfect, the permission to prohibit the sale of wine, and the other drinks which SIR W. C. TREVELYAN calls infernal, should be accorded to a Pacha, or a Cadi, instead of to a majority of ratepayers, and conferred, not by an Act of Parliament, but a firman.

It appears that total abstinence from all but the weakest drink is quite compatible with the use of the very strongest language.

Henri Cinq.

SCENE—The Boulevards. HALFRED and 'ARRY meeting, and discussing French politics.

Halfred. I say, 'Arry, what'll this ere COUNTY SHAMBOR call 'imself if he comes to the throne?

'Arry. Well, you see, considerin' if he comes up to the surface, they oughtn't to call him 'ENRY SANK, but 'ENRY ROSE.

ALTERATION IN THE CUT.

MODERN mechanical inventions are so rapidly superseding the old-fashioned implement, the scythe, that Time ought, in future, to be represented with a Mowing Machine.

GEMS FROM THE JOURNALS.



S MR. PUNCH has solaced the wet days—that is, most of the days in his vacation—by reading his contemporaries, he generously offers the Universe a few of his scissor-notes.

Where Tarpoley is, and whether tarpaulins were invented there, and named from the place, we do not know. But we do know that it is a place where prompt justice is done:—

“TARPOLEY.—Early on Tuesday evening last it was discovered that two fine sheep had been worried which were in a flock belonging to MR. FINCHET, of Beech Lane Farm. The owners of the dogs which killed the sheep, had been shot, as soon as they knew, to prevent any further outrage.”

We admire the expedition with which right was done: we also admire the good feeling which delayed execution until the offenders were apprised of their crime.

The next is from the *Birmingham Daily Post*. We constantly hear of the fastidiousness of our menials, but here is a new case. A

housemaid declines to take care of an ugly child. But as no mother can believe that her child is ugly, the announcement will probably not prevent any person from writing to the advertiser.

HOUSEMAID (experienced) At once, willing to take charge of a Child, of nice appearance. Good references.—Apply, &c., Hagley Road, Stourbridge.

But the following is far more interesting. It is from the *Liverpool Mercury*, and it seems to need no introduction, though the advertiser needs one. We are glad to see that the young lady is pious:—

A YOUNG WIDOW (29), resident of Liverpool, left with four pretty children, wishes to meet with a PARTNER for life. Has a houseful of furniture in good condition. Would prefer a member of some denomination. Is agreeable and kind. References exchanged. Address * * *, North Wales.

“Four pretty children!” Who should know better than their Mamma? What is the lowest denomination that would suit her? Will she take a Jumper, or does she draw the line at Baptists?

Some kind of Dissenting Parliament has been held at Ipswich. Just before its assembling, a local paper put forth the following modest appeal:—

“The Congregational Union will honour Ipswich with a visit before our next issue. Not only the mental but the physical man will have to receive attention; and all who can lend a bed-room may be allowed to entertain an angel unawares. Let the Christians of Ipswich come readily and generously forward to accommodate for a few nights the Messengers of the Churches.”

“Messengers.” Ah, you well-informed schismatic. You know the meaning of “angels,” do you? But most people do not, and that “entertaining an angel” (whether you ought to use Scripture words for your advertisements, you know best) was meant to be very effective with pious sentimentalists. An angel with a woollen comforter and a fat umbrella is a new type.

Let us relieve our minds with something murderous—

CHALLENGE TO WESTON VOLUNTEERS.—A gentleman residing within four miles of Weston-super-Mare is OPEN TO SHOOT any Member of the Weston Volunteers.

The Weston Volunteers (unless they can get a snap-shot before the gentleman is ready) had perhaps better keep beyond four miles of Weston-super-Mare.

An esteemed resident in Belfast has lately departed this life. The *Belfast Evening Telegraph* makes the following announcement:—

“* * * The length of Mr. * * *’s funeral has compelled us to omit our first leading article.”

One has heard of driving a coach and six horses through an Act of Parliament. Here is a hearse driven through a newspaper.

The critic in the *Eastbourne Express* would do well, now that the season is over, to take a rudimentary course of English literature. He has seen a display of fashionable dresses, and is “reminded of

some beautiful parterre of flowers, where every colour is richly blended, so gloriously described by MILTON—

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom steal
Her infinite variety.”

MILTON’s fine play, *Antony and Cleopatra*, is now performing at Drury Lane, and if the critic goes there and listens, he will hear the words he has quoted; but, as EEX O’BARBUS is, as his name shows, an Irishman, he pronounces the word “steal” as *stale*, and, curiously enough, it is so spelt in the books. This proves that MR. WHALLEY is right in stating that Irish influence is everywhere.

Here is another thing that will be interesting to our Dissenting friends:—

“COMMERCIAL TRIALS.”—A Baptist Dissenter, living in a retired villa, in * * * is extensively engaged as a legal Accountant in economically extricating persons from Commercial Embarrassments without publicity, and with protection from arrests. Respectable persons, male or female, thus situated, are temporarily afforded the comforts of a socially religious home, and confidential counsel during retirement. References to a Minister of the denomination required and given.—Address, &c.

Really, we could almost wish to be “commercially tried,” for the sake of entering this socially religious home. Doubtless the hymns, etc., are carefully selected with reference to the condition of the pious but embarrassed guest, and the history of the Merciless Creditor in the parable, and similar narratives are “improved” for his benefit. But we observe that such happiness is restricted to the denomination. Only Baptists may be thus comforted. Might one ask of members of that exceptionally stern denomination how they reconcile getting into “commercial trials” with the injunction “Owe no man anything.” They are so desperately hard on Church folk and other outcasts, that we may venture the question.

We penultimately present an advertisement which has evidently been wrung out of the writer by a long series of tormenting shemenials. We heartily compassionate him, and trust that he may get the illiterate person he wants:—

WANTED, a good GENERAL SERVANT, who can neither read nor write, nor be able to do tatting, crochet, or embroidery. A good character is indispensable, and she must be able to cook fish, meat, and vegetables fit to be eaten. Any housekeeper who is parting with such a treasure, or who knows of such a one out of place, will confer a favour on the Advertiser by addressing, &c.

He wants something a good deal more like an Angel than the beings who were to be entertained at Ipswich, but there may be such a creature, and we trust that she will come to console the advertiser.

Mr. Punch did not until the other day know Consett, but he perceives, from its *Guardian*, that Consett knows Mr. Punch, and treasures his epigrams. He hopes for long intimacy; and as there is nothing so nice as an act of politeness at the beginning of a friendship, Mr. Punch extracts a passage from the *Guardian*’s “London letter.” The happy Arcadians of the Vale of Derwent are informed that—

“The Opéra Comique has gone a little out of its usual course in giving us serious Italian Opera, with a full company of Italian *artistes* and such a *prima donna* as MADAME RISTORI. But the boon of genuine operatic performances at low prices is too great for Londoners, for them to question the consistency of their being presented at the pretty little house in the Strand. These performances are drawing large and appreciative audiences; and any of your music-loving readers who may intend visiting London, should by no means miss this attractive entertainment.”

This would imply that the London Correspondent has heard MADAME RISTORI singing in Serious Opera, or he would not have recommended visitors to attend. We have not yet had that advantage, but have sent to secure stalls for her first performance in *Norma*.

A Bad Road Blocked.

MISS RHODA GARRETT writes to contradict the reports that her canvassing against MR. HENRY JAMES, as the most determined opponent, last session, of Woman’s Suffrage, was one of his principal helps to the head of the poll at Taunton. His friends must be glad to hear it. It could not have been a pleasant thought to them that a Member in every way so desirable should have found his way into the House *viâ* the Garret.

Canine Reflection.

Does that sagacious animal, a dog, think? If so, what is it probable that he thinks of the master who feeds him from his plate at table? No dog, that can help it, will share his meal with another. Perhaps the thought of the faithful creature really is one of wonder what it can be that makes his master give away anything good to eat.

A LAW FOR THE LOWER ORDERS.



which a Bench has been placed in trying circumstances by having been invoked to punish, not the transgression, but the observance, of this good old statute. Witness the newspaper paragraph which follows:—

"SAILORS REFUSING TO WORK ON SUNDAY.—Ten sailors were charged before the Southampton Magistrates on Saturday, by the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, with combining to disobey the lawful orders of their officers, in refusing to work on Sunday on board the steamer *Liffey*, on her voyage from Brazil to Southampton. The defence was that, under an Act of CHARLES THE SECOND, they were prohibited from following their employment on the Lord's Day. The Bench sentenced each man to seven days' imprisonment. Notice of appeal was given."

It is to be hoped, in the interests of respectability, that the conviction of these seamen will be sustained, even although the work they refused to perform on Sunday should be shown to have been quite unnecessary. The Sunday Act of CHARLES THE SECOND was never meant to justify disobedience to orders received on that sacred day from a superior officer on board a vessel in a great Mail Company's line of packets. The aim of that enactment was to enforce respect for the Sabbath on the lower orders; it was not framed to incommode their betters called to a superior station of life. Should the conviction of those sailors be quashed on appeal, the law it was obtained under will have to be rescinded, or else the consequences will be dreadful. Suppose the Court above should rule that no servant is bound to do any work on Sunday for which there is no absolute necessity. Is it necessary to drive a lady who is in perfect health, and has the use of her limbs, a mile to Church when she can walk, and it would do her good to? Is there any real necessity for cleaning boots on a Sunday, or even for cooking a dinner at the request of those who can dine quite as well as they need to on cold meat and bread? But, on the other hand, in case the performance of these offices on Sunday shall be decided to be unnecessary, and, not only that, but to constitute an offence under CHARLES THE SECOND'S Sunday Act, the greatest inconvenience and discomfort will be entailed on the superior classes. The repeal of the statute which forbids small tradesmen and common labourers and mechanics from following their employment on Sunday will enable them, by so doing, to fly in the face of the Clergy with impunity, and to offend the feelings of numerous respectable persons on their way to Church.

PAROCHIALISM AT ST. PAUL'S.

ST. PAUL'S Cathedral has for some time had the reputation of being, in a peculiar sense, extra-parochial. It is generally credited with standing out of the bounds of Beadledom. But the *City Press* states that the REV. W. ROGERS, who has abolished the "mob caps" that were wont to be worn by charity-school girls in his parish, was therefore "denied admission for the children of the Bishopsgate Schools to the Cathedral at the annual gathering on Thursday, the reason being, it is said, that uniformity in the appearance of the children would be destroyed." This idea of uniformity is distinctively a Beadle's. Mob caps are part of the uniform of "charity" school-girls in the view of the typical Beadle's

mind. They are a specialty of the full dress of degradation which the regular Beadle regards as indispensable for the recipients of charity. This Beadle's notion of propriety is the cause which perpetuates the yellow stockings, girdle, and gaberdine of the "Blue-coat" boys; and, to be sure, there is this to be said for it, that it makes the genuine Beadle hug himself in the ignominy of his own blazing apparel. There is no Beadle externally of this gorgeous description at St. Paul's; but, unless our Civic contemporary has been misinformed, there must be a personage in some authority about that Cathedral, who orders matters quite after the fashion of the thoroughgoing parochial Bumble, although officially attired in plain clothes, or in nothing else more ornamental than, perhaps, canonicals; but, let us hope, in plain clothes only.

HISTORICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Obligingly made easy by "*History's Muse, as memorial for keeping.*"

PIUS to WILLIAM.

Your Majesty should be aware,
For 'tis a terrible affair,
That Bismarck and his atheist crew
Are making quite a tool of you,
And struggling hard, by force or tricks,
To extirpate your Catholics.
Sire, really you must mind your eye,
Or down your throne comes, by-and-by.
I speak the truth to great and small,
Heretics, Catholics, and all;
For all who've been Baptised, you see,
Belong, or more or less, to Me.
You'll come to grief, *judicio meo*,
So, bless you much, dear WILLIAM.

Vatican, August 7.

PIO.

WILLIAM to PIUS.

Your Holiness must have been drugged,
Or, say the least of it, humbugged.
No Minister of mine can go
A step ahead if I say No.
But, Holiness, your blessed Priests,
Joining with Communistic beasts,
Have lit fierce fire, and wildly fanned it;
And dash my buttons if I stand it!
How Christian Clergymen can dare
Such things, I neither know nor care,
But since they choose to put me to it,
I'm to keep order—and I'll do it.
The best course you can take's to frown,
And bid your priests to knuckle down.
As for belonging to a 'ope,
I'm duly grateful for soft soap,
But only know one Mediator
Between myself and my Creator.
But, notwithstanding *Credo*, still I am,
Your peaceful and devoted

Berlin, September 3.

WILLIAM.

THE POPE AND HIS SLIPPERS.

WE learn this little bit of highly interesting news from a paragraph describing the POPE'S Wardrobe, which (the paragraph, not the wardrobe) has lately been travelling upon the journalistic circuit, or, in commoner phrase, going the round of the papers:—

"The slippers, of fine red cloth, embroidered with fine gold, and ornamented with a cross, are worth from 120 francs to 140 francs. The Pope requires six of these for the year; twenty-four pairs are, besides, always kept in the wardrobe, and the Chamberlains are forbidden to give them away when cast off, though many eagerly covet the honour of their possession."

What in the world, then, can become of them? Are they sold to the old clo' men, or are they laid up in lavender, as scented, we mean sainted, relics of His Holiness? If the latter be the case, what a number of old slippers must be treasured in the Vatican! Supposing five or six pairs have been put by every year since the POPE began to reign, one would think there must, by this time, be a roomful of his slippers. Certainly, if His Holiness feel the need of an amusing pastime to enliven his seclusion, he will find at hand abundance of materials for a game of Hunt the Slipper.

PROMOTION.—If the price of fuel continues to rise, Coal will soon be entitled to take higher mineralogical rank, and to be classed with precious stones.



FROM THE COAL DISTRICTS.

My Lady. "I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE UP THE PINE-APPLE, MR. GREEN! EIGHT SHILLINGS IS REALLY TOO MUCH!"

Successful Collier. "JUST PUT 'UN UP FOR ME, THEN, MASTER. 'ERE'S 'ARF A SOVEREIGN; AND LOOK 'ERE—YER MAY KEEP THE CHANGE IF YER'LL ONLY TELL US 'OW TO COOK 'UN!"

THE WRONG PIG.

Thou gott'st as good as thou didst bring,
O Prisoner of the Vatican!
The German Kaiser, Prussia's King,
Laid hold on, proved the wrong old man.

As fares the swineherd, that a boar,
Mistaken, by the ear hath got,
And roused to turn on him and gore;
Such is thine own disastrous lot.

To Kaiser WILHELM talk as though
From heaven above; and bid him bow!
As to all that, he'd have thee know
He better knows what's what than thou.

Hadst thou forgotten, then, his raid
On Denmark, and his French campaign;
Thanksgivings for celestial aid:
Thousands and tens of thousands slain?

Thanks for the triumph in that fight
Whose issue was, all people see,
The overthrow of Gallie might;
Thence Rome directly reft from thee?

Him thou, forsooth, didst take to task,
Him in religion think to school!
How couldst thou? Were't not rude to ask—
How could a Pope be such a fool?

Why is the City of Bath like the celebrated DR. JOHNSON?
Because it has shown its liking for a good HAYTER.

POLITICS v. PHARMACY.

(See Gladstone's Case.)

IN practice, *Dover's Powder* is exhibited
As diuretic, opiate, sudorific,
With powers of forwarding reaction credited,
For lowering purposes a strong specific.

But *James's Powder*, till now thought more fitted
To lower than raise one's corporal harmonies,
Must henceforth to new functions be admitted,
As one of the most pick-me-up of tonics!

The Toast of Truth.

At many of the public dinners which abound during this Parliamentary vacation time, amongst the various toasts drunk on those festive occasions, the health of "Ministers and Clergy of all Denominations" is included. An Emperor of China is said, whenever he fell ill, to have used to call in all his doctors to prescribe for him, have their various prescriptions severally made up, and the whole of the medicines so compounded apart then mixed together; when he swallowed the lot, supposing that, amongst them all, he must take the right one. A similar idea may be supposed to be contemplated in proposing the toast of the "Ministers and Clergy of all Denominations."

A Sweet Title.

THE *Ceylon Observer* suggests that "the PRINCE of KANDY would be a right Royal title to bestow, say on the second son of the PRINCE of WALES—the little PRINCE GEORGE." Our candid opinion is, that the little Prince himself (born June 3rd, 1865) might prefer to be PRINCE of SUGAR KANDY.



"ON THE MEND."

DR. PUNCH. "AND HOW ARE WE NOW, MY DEAR FRIEND? THERE—KEEP YOUR TONGUE IN, AND TELL ME."

MR. GLADSTONE. "O, SO MUCH BETTER, DOCTOR! THE 'DOVER POWDER' DIDN'T AGREE WITH ME AT ALL; BUT 'JAMES'S POWDER' HAS DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD!!"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



O Boulogne and back, on business, for a day or two, while kind friends in England are looking out for a horse for me.

Happy Thought.—Here I am. On the quay. Low tide. What a peculiarly unpleasant smell! Friend who knows Boulogne says it's the drains.

Friend who knows Boulogne better than the other friend, says, "No, it isn't; because Boulogne hasn't any drains."

First friend, BARNLEY, who has studied the subject, returns, warmly, that he begs pardon. No place has more drains than Boulogne.

Second friend, CHINTON, inclined to be captious, observes, "Superficial drainage."

BARNLEY, unable to rebut the argument, admits, with regret, that the drainage is superficial.

Being interested in this (having come here to see about getting lodgings for my Aunt, who says that if I succeed in getting a horse and go hunting all the winter, she doesn't see why she shouldn't enjoy herself in a lively spot, where her two little wards can learn French), I ask what do they mean by "superficial" drainage?

CHINTON replies, that it's an official term for no drainage at all.

BARNLEY denies this.

Happy Thought.—As they are both getting warm on the subject, drop it, and remark that there can be no doubt about Boulogne being a pleasant place to stop at.

"Depends for how long," says BARNLEY.

"Yes, and what sort of a place you like," says CHINTON.

"It's healthy enough," observes BARNLEY.

"If you once get acclimatised to the absence of drainage," remarks CHINTON.

"Not absence, CHINTON," interposes BARNLEY, hotly. "Not absence."

"Say 'superficial,'" I suggest; not having the slightest idea of what I mean by it.

The word acts like a magic soothing syrup on them.

Happy Thought.—The Superficial Soothing Syrup.

"Is it cold in winter here?" I ask, having noticed that, in most other places, it generally is colder at that season than at others. [Typical Developments—Notes on Climate—Vol. XIII., p. 261—as the Publishers' advertisements say, "Shortly."] "Cold?" returns CHINTON. "Very."

"How can you say 'Very'?" remonstrates BARNLEY. "It's beautifully sheltered, and there's hardly any very cold weather in the winter."

"How can it be sheltered?" retorts CHINTON, "when it's on the coast, and open to the sea?"

This does sound like a poser.

"Sheltered by the cliffs," explains BARNLEY.

"Cliffs be blown!" says CHINTON, shortly.

BARNLEY and CHINTON always travel together, and are looked upon as inseparables. I don't understand them; but, on consideration, put it down to Human Nature.

Happy Thought.—Study BARNLEY and CHINTON. By the way,

they don't seem to study one another; at least, not with any very satisfactory result.

They both go off together, promising to meet me afterwards on the Pier, where I am going to breakfast at the Restaurant, which is, apparently, the only thoroughly French place remaining in Boulogne.

Happy Thought.—Go on studying Human Nature while waiting for breakfast.

Old Gentleman enters. The *Dame du Comptoir* cheerfully salutes him, and, politely, the brisk *Garçon* takes him round the table, where the materials for breakfasts and dinners are temptingly displayed (i.e., kidneys in geraniums, chickens in parsley, sausages in nasturtiums, and a real live quail, with chickweed, in a cage like a rat-trap); but, in answer to the waiter's list, and after a close inspection with his eyeglasses, he says in English, "Nong, nong, I don't want that, I'm looking for—" And he continues his search. Lady at the counter elevates her eyebrows; waiter shrugs his shoulders. More Human Nature. Also two more Human Natures, French Boatmen taking raw spirits at a side-table.

Old Gentleman looks at me appealingly. I catch his eye. He sees in me a fellow countryman, and, as it were, clings to me.

"I have been asking them," he says, addressing me, plaintively, "for a bun."

He must be seventy-three, if a day.

I inform him that, of all things in the world, he has just hit upon the one thing they haven't got. He thanks me sincerely, and disappears. As I never again see him in Boulogne, I conclude that, either having come to Boulogne for Buns, and, having been bitterly disappointed, he left by the next Boat,—(doing everything as much as possible with the letter "B"—from Britain to Boulogne for Buns in a Boat—reminding me of the old game, I love my love with a B, because she is Beautiful; I hate her with a B, because she's Bumptious. I took her to Boulogne and treated her to Buns, and her name was BELINDA)—or he immediately threw himself into the sea. Tragic end. "What, no Buns! So he died, and she immediately married the Barber." Odd, another B!

I explain to the *Dame* and the *Garçon* what the ancient stranger wanted. In answer to their inquiries, I give it in a dictionary form, as under the letter B:—

B. Bun. *Une spécialité: Anglaise: une espèce de gâteau*—panse here to express it exactly. Everybody much interested, particularly the two sea-faring men, with raw spirits, in the corner.

Happy Thought. To continue—*Vous comprenez* (always say *vous comprenez* when a little uncertain), *qu'on ne peut pas facilement digérer*, et—

Happy Thought, for a finish. —et, en effet (this is also a useful formula) *c'est une chose qui ne fait pas de bon à l'estomac d'un vieux*.

I am publicly—or rather restaurantly—thanked for my explanation, and the sea-faring men treat themselves to another glass.

During breakfast I meditate whether *digérer* is to digest or to direct. Satisfactory, however, to find that my explication was understood.

Happy Thought.—Coffee, cigar. Nothing particular to do except to ascertain, generally, by my own sensations, how my Aunt would like it. Stroll back again to try the smells once more. Better, much better.

Very lively place. Nothing but English spoken apparently. Have always heard that "shady people" went to Boulogne.

Happy Thought.—Suspect everybody who speaks English, and avoid any place which advertises Beer and Billiards.

(Odd; among the "B's" again.) I do wonder that Buns are not understood here. Why, there's a *Hotel de Bath*, I believe. Perhaps I shall read in the *Hotel* window, "*Ici on vend les Buns de Bath*." Might start an opposition to the *Hôtel des Bains* and call it *Hôtel des Buns*. Might be an attraction to one section of society. My theory is that everybody represents a section of society. That Old Gentleman who, evidently, couldn't get on without his Bun, having, perhaps, never omitted it from childhood upwards, of course represents one section of the public. Well, the *Hôtel des Buns* would attract his section.

Happy Thought.—Start it and make a fortune. Foresee a number of imitations immediately following suit. *Hôtel des Buns aux prunes, Hôtel des Buns simples, Hôtel des Buns à la Croix chaude, Hôtel des Buns à quatre sous*, &c. &c.

Happy Thought.—Finally, only get a medical man to take up the subject, write an Essay on Buns, and start the Bun Cure. Next step, to set up an establishment by the sea-side, get in the course of two months testimonials from highly respectable people, Nobility and Gentry, who have been restored by Buns, and are deeply grateful.

Great thing to get a letter from a Bishop, saying,—

"SIR,—I have now taken one of your Buns, per diem, for three months, and have not had a return of the Thingummies" (whatever it might be) "to which I had previously been a martyr. I can now preach for three hours at a stretch, without the slightest inconvenience."

"Yours,

"BATH AND QUITE WELLS."



DOUBTFUL LUXURY.

Ethel. "WERE YOU NOT PLEASED TO HAVE SUCH A PRETTY PARTNER AS MISS MYRTLE AT CROQUET YESTERDAY, CHARLIE?"

Charlie. "WELL—ER—PERSONALLY, I DISLIKE BEAUTY. ACKNOWLEDGED BELLES HAVE A WAY OF MAKING A FELLOW FEEL HIMSELF OF SECONDARY CONSIDERATION SOMETIMES, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

Patent a peculiar sort of Bun (none genuine unless stamped with say a "T," like "Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, Baker's man") crush opposition, and make ten thousand a year easily.

Happy Thought.—Haven't got the pluck to do it myself. Suggest it to a friend who has, and take so much down for the idea. Not much capital wanted. Safe to pay. Few things, to begin with, are so popular as Buns, and it's ten points out of fifteen in your favour if you start with something popular. Ventilate the subject.

Happy Thought.—Give up literature and take to hotel keeping. Or do both. Why not? Write my *Typical Developments* in my own name, and keep the Hotel under another. Besides who's to know that I do keep a Hotel if I don't tell them?

Friends would come down, see me at the Hotel. "Hallo! you here?" "Yes," I could reply, "capital place to stop at. I've been here for some time." I could puff it, enormously, without being suspected, and, to keep up appearances, I would dine in the coffee-room, make a row about the bill, when I would always be in the wrong, and the Hotel manifestly right, and then say, audibly, "I thought I'd get 'em to take something off; but I must say they're deuced honest people, and, after all, seventeen shillings for such magnificent champagne as they've got here, is not dear." Carry out this rôle well, and here's another fortune.

That's two fortunes I've thought of this morning within the last five minutes. Wonder if that *vin ordinaire* was a better quality than usual.

Happy Thought.—Paid my bill. Go back by boat to Folkestone at night. Choose night because there's nobody up to look at you when you arrive.

QUITE UNCALLED FOR.

MRS. MALAPROP says she can't think what people mean by asking for more "adult schools" for the Working Classes. As if there wasn't adulteration enough already among the Tradespeople without putting the Working Men up to it!

EDWIN JAMES IN ERROR.

THERE are JAMESSES and JAMESSES—HENRIES and EDWINS. HENRY has just been returned to Parliament amid the general rejoicing of all who know him; EDWIN is trying to return thither, amid—we would rather not say what kind of feeling. It is thirteen years since MR. EDWIN JAMES had to vacate his seat for Marylebone, and to leave his country, for his country's good. He has now returned from the United States, a sadder man, we have no doubt, and, if we may take his own word for it, a wiser. We rather doubt this, when we find him proclaiming his intention of coming forward again for Marylebone. *Punch* doesn't like to hit a man when he is down; and he has not said a word about MR. EDWIN JAMES's unavailing attempts to procure readmission to the Bar. But MR. EDWIN JAMES must not presume too far on his own abjectness. When he ventures to stump Marylebone he must have forgotten that the House of Commons is not the House of Representatives, and that England—even in its Metropolitan Boroughs—still requires character in its Legislative Body. The man whom the Judges have unanimously refused to re-admit to the Bar, is not the man whom any English constituency can return to Parliament. EDWIN JAMES's return to England is not an event on which, as far as we can see, any person or community is to be congratulated, but his return to Parliament would be a catastrophe which we decline to contemplate as possible in even the most Marylebonish of Boroughs.

The Disease and its Remedy.

DR. SHEPPARD, of King's College, writes to the *Times* proclaiming—what, we believe, was no secret to chemists—that the worst mischiefs of alcohol arise from the fusil oil left in it by over-hasty distillation. SIR WILFRID LAWSON and his teetotal friends say that if the disease lie in the "fusil," the remedy lies in the refusal of alcohol under all forms and disguises whatever.



FLUNKEIANA. (A FACT, AS USUAL.)

"PLEASE 'M, I WISH TO LEAVE THIS DAY MONTH!"

"VERY WELL, GEORGE; BUT WHAT IS YOUR REASON?"

"WELL, M'M, EVER SINCE I BEEN HERE I'VE ONLY 'AD BUTCHER'S MEAT ONCE A WEEK!"

"'ONCE A WEEK!' WHY, YOU HAVE BEEF EVERY SUNDAY, AND MUTTON EVERY DAY; TO SAY NOTHING OF HARES AND RABBITS AT SUPPER!"

"MASTER KILLS HIS OWN MUTTON, M'M. I DON'T CALL THAT BUTCHER'S MEAT!"

Ritualism Avenged.

SOME of our Parsons talk a good deal of nonsense, but, to do anti-Parsons justice, they can meet folly with folly. It would take much Ritualistic twaddle to outweigh a bit of logic just propounded by a MR. TILLET, at Ipswich. He observed that the educated classes like to go to church, while their inferiors do not. True enough. But from this he inferred that at church true Christianity is not preached. If we might compare carnal things with spiritual, MR. TILLET would be as right in saying that because the masses prefer a music-hall song to a composition by BETHOVEN, the latter did not write good music.

MOTIVE OF MUNIFICENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, under the signature of "Observer," enumerates and sums up from its advertising columns, in a single number, donations of no less than "twelve thousand pounds from twelve anonymous donors," a thousand pounds each, to various charitable institutions, and some of those gifts from persons who have given more than once, one donation being a fifth. The happiness which these munificent persons must derive from the gratification of their benevolent desires is, of course, inconceivable by those who possess none, although they may well enough understand the blessedness of being able to afford that luxury to an amount represented by four figures, still more to an indefinite one. But persons endowed with genuine sympathy may, by means of it, partake of all that bliss, although not having a sixpence they can spare to bless themselves withal. They, indeed, comprehend the motives of beneficence; but there are too many wretches who, if asked to account for the large and numerous donations noticed by "Observer," would very likely suggest that they were prompted by atmospheric influences, some people being, like sea-weed and mortar containing a deliquescent salt, liable to give in wet weather.

ADVICE.

(Freely adapted from Herriek.)

ORDER ye Wallsends while ye may,
Though prices are surprising:
For this same coal that's high to-day,
To-morrow may be rising.

The Winter Quarter has begun,
The Sun is sooner setting,
Best coals are now two pounds a ton,
And dearer will be getting.

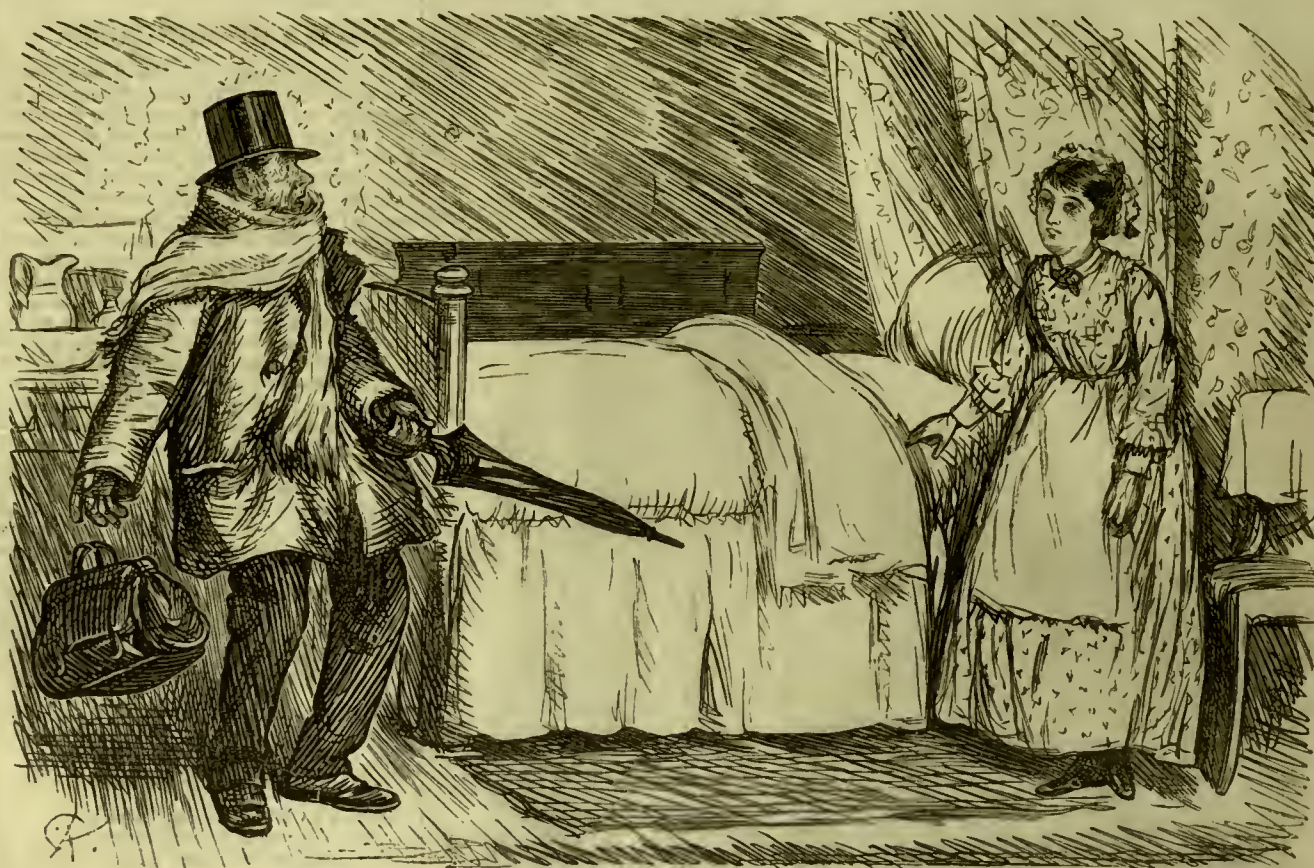
That man is blest whose cellar's full,
For days will not grow warmer:
But what we want to see, JOHN BULL,
Is some great coal reformer.

Then be not rash, but take advice—
All ye who wish to marry:
With coals and meat at such a price,
You would be wise to tarry.

TOO GOOD NEWS TO BE TRUE.

(From our Political Reporter.)

WE are privileged to announce that at a lengthened conference which took place on Tuesday last between the Right Honourable the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it was decided that their mutual efforts should next Session be directed to prepare the way in Parliament for the approval and adoption of a system of finance, which should have for its immediate object the taking of such steps as should eventually lead to the partial entertainment of a not too sanguine hope that means may some day be devised, by the aid and with the sanction of the legislative body, for the gradual introduction of a series of measures which should inaugurate such changes in our national expenditure as might in due time be considered to justify the Government in proposing a (perhaps temporary) abolition of the Income-tax.



REASSURING.

Traveller in Ireland (rheumatic, and very particular). "NOW, I HOPE THE SHEETS ARE CLEAN!"

Kathleen (the Chambermaid). "CLANE, SOR? SHURE THEY'RE JUST DAMP FROM THE MANGLE, SOR!!"

POPE AND KAISER.

DREAM we, or is the veil of time undrawn?
Have we here Guelph and Ghibelline, for fight
Armed 'gainst each other now, as in the dawn
That ushered day on the dark ages' night?

Now, in these times of question and of doubt,
When whosoever claim must prove their right,
And bring their titles to Lord Reason out,
To search and seal, or failing, cancel quite;

As then, in those old times of child-like faith,
When cowed Authority but raised its hand
For lay-belief to bow, submiss, beneath—
Lo, now as then, the old opponents stand.

Pope against Kaiser; warrior 'gainst priest;
The stalwart ruler of an Empire wide,
Among all Europe's mighty mightiest,
Strong in his own strength, and his people's pride,

Against an aged priest, who owns no sword,
Whose foot is on the threshold of the grave;
Reft of the shrunken realm that owned him lord;
Whose trust is in the alms he need not crave.

And yet this chief of millions and of men,
And this old priest, realm-reft, alms-fed, stand here
Face to face, each against the other's ken,
Bending defiant brows, and equal cheer.

Still the old challenge cried, the old gage hurled,
The counter title-deeds that own no flaw,
Still the old quarrel—ancient as the world—
Which shall rule—claim of Church or sway of Law?

And are these champions, once more brought to blows,
After their many battles in the past,
To bring the world-old conflict to a close,
Or swell it by this fight—not least nor last?

OVER-LOADED VESSELS.

THE attention of Mr. PLIMSOLL is invited to the subjoined extract from the *Times* :—

"LITERATURE EXPORTED.—There has been a large increase in the export of printed books in the last three years. In nine months of 1871 the value was £506,387; in the like period of 1872, £628,608; and in the last nine months, £660,852."

When it is considered for what quality the greater part of the works which issue from the Press are most remarkable, a question which naturally arises in every thinking mind is, what are the weights corresponding to the sums represented by the above figures? There is reason to apprehend that they are such as to render it probable that the vessels employed in the exportation of literature are too generally laden to excess, inasmuch, that a great many of them have foundered and gone to the bottom under the ponderosity of their enormous burdens.

Malapropiana.

OUR good friend, MRS. MALAPROP, has heard so many lying stories told her by begging-letter writers, that she resolves in future to persecute all such impostors, according to the laws of the Mendacity Society.

THE LATEST FRENCH NEWS.

FLEUR-DE-LYS on the Tricolor soon will be seen:
How soon to be followed by wigs on the Green?



CANDID!

Simultaneously. { Host (smacking his lips). "NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT GLASS OF SHE—"
 { Guest. "MY DEAR FELLOW, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS ABOMINABLE MARSALA?!" }

BISMARCK AND HIS BISHOPS.

IN the course of a Sermon lately preached, ARCHBISHOP MANNING referred to the conflict raging in Germany between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, and to the letters which have passed between the EMPEROR and the POPE, delivering himself in language at least remarkable for its candour. In particular DR. MANNING denied the assertion "that the ecclesiastical laws which have been passed in no way touch religion, in no way touch the conscience." Having cited the quarrel between HENRY THE SECOND and THOMAS A BECKETT, as analogous to the present German difficulty, his Titular Grace went on to reason as follows:—

"What has now been done in Germany? The other day men who refused submission to the definition of an Ecumenical Council, and, therefore, to a definition of faith, were justly excommunicated by their Bishops. These men who were excommunicated for heresy were taken up and supported and encouraged by the civil power and placed in offices of trust. By that act two liberties of the Church were violated at once. . . . It was a violation of the doctrinal authority of the Church. Next, it was a violation of the supreme judicial authority of the Church to determine who are or are not faithful, who are or who are not heretical, who are or who are not members of her communion. Does not this touch religion?"

Yes, dear DR. MANNING, it does touch religion, but not the religion originally established in connection with the Prussian State. That religion did not teach the infallibility of your Pope. It was the Old Catholic religion; and that religion has now been changed into the Ultramontane. The Ultramontane Bishops, some of them having recanted their own Old Catholicism, now pretend to excommunicate Old Catholics. They excommunicate them not merely to spiritual intents and purposes; the excommunication would carry with it civil and political consequences, if the State allowed it to take effect. But, if the State did allow it to take effect, this allowance would touch religion still, and that religion the religion originally connected with the State. The State has to choose, then, between touching your religion and touching the Old Catholic religion. BISMARCK, of course, decides that it shall touch yours. But in touching yours what does it touch? Apparently to PRINCE BISMARCK, no doubt, and certainly to MR. JOHN BULL, it touches the religion which consists simply in believing the POPE's word, and doing his will.

Still this is a religion which those who believe it have a perfect right to hold, and practise also, as far as they can without burning

BLACK "SWANS OF THAMES."

QUOTE one to the late MR. FRANK MATTHEWS, in a burlesque,

"Richmond is on the sea, my lord."

He responded.

"You lie!"

"It's on the Thames; learn your geography."

Both authorities, however, would seem to be wrong. Richmond, at low water, at all events, is on a morass, or sheet of foul mud, whence exhale fetid odours, highly profitable to the excellent medical men of the place, and to its undertakers. The Thames Conservancy is so Conservative that it declines to disestablish the muck, and the inhabitants of Richmond are appealing to the Local Authorities. MR. MAXWELL, chairman of the vestry, COLONEL BURDETT, and other gentlemen are taking action, and Mr. Punch, who hath still a delight in Richmond, spoiled though it is by improvements, is happy to watch the movement. He is for gentle measures at first, and would suggest that the Conservancy be, under pretext of invitation to a Star and Garter dinner, got to Richmond some low-water day, and haled a few times through the mud by some stalwart barge-men. If that delicate hint be ineffectual, of course rougher means must be taken, but gentlemen are usually amenable to respectful remonstrance.

IN THE PRESS.—On the Cure of Sore Throats. An Essay hitherto omitted from the works of the late THOMAS DE QUINCY.

or otherwise molesting their fellow-creatures. But what right have they to demand that the State shall encourage them in practising their Popery, especially to the molestation of others; and if they do not like connection with the State, on the State's terms, should they not content themselves with demanding to be disestablished and disendowed?

GALLANT ENCOUNTER AND SIGNAL DEFEAT.

LAST Saturday was the anniversary (every day is an anniversary of something, if people would only look at their almanac and cultivate their emotions) of the demise of the good KING STEPHEN. By a curious coincidence, our tailor's bill came in that day, and, as we looked at certain items, we could not help singing, with *Iago*—

"KING STEPHEN was a worthy peer,
 His Brooches cost him but a crown.
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 With that he called the tailor loun."

"I would not be vulgar, if I were you, Mr. Punch," said a Voice.
 "I quote SHAKESPEARE, partner of my heart and expenses."

"He could be vulgar enough when he liked."

"Then take a higher authority, and for ever hereafter hold thy peace. What saith the author of *Ecclesiasticus* touching the raiment of AARON? 'He was clothed with perfect glory, and strengthened with rich garments, with breeches.'"

"That is only the Apocrypha, and very likely translated wrong."

"Go to Jerusalem, that is, to the Jerusalem Chamber. I hate obstinacy," said Mr. Punch, shutting up.

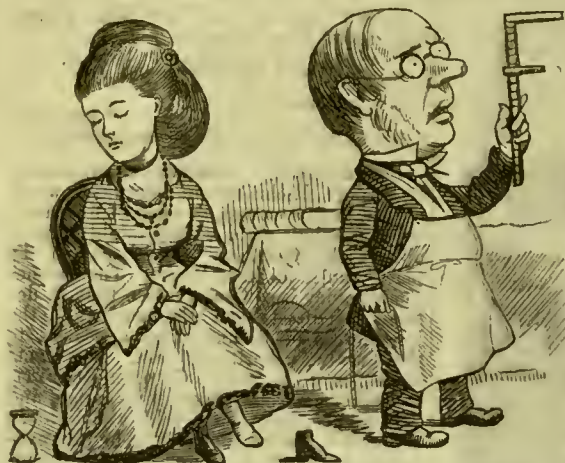
American Happy Thought.

AN American gentleman, MR. CHILD, has offered to put up, in the Abbey, a memorial window to good GEORGE HERBERT. 'Twas a generous thought. But HERBERT had earned a little attention from our cousins over the way:—

"Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
 Ready to pass to the American strand."

However, whether this did or did not suggest the graceful offer, we gladly put it on record, and are glad that the excellent DEAN STANLEY has accepted this enrichment of the temple he loves so wisely and well.

FELICITOUS PHRASEOLOGY.



FROM one whom local journalism would call a Good Samaritan, "P. J. W.," otherwise anonymous, the Manager of the Hanover Square branch of the London and County Bank, MR. T. W. WALKER, has received "the handsome donation of £1000 on behalf of the North London Consumption Hospital." Another excellent citizen of Samaria, "G. H. G.," has sent a contribution of the same amount to the Board of

Management of the East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women, Ratcliff Cross. These bounties are announced by a contemporary in a

paragraph headed "Munificent Benevolence." A distinctive precision in the employment of an epithet is remarkable in this apt heading. Benevolence is not necessarily munificent. The veriest pauper may be as benevolent as LADY BURDETT COUTTS, but in order to be munificent, he must have at least a farthing, or some other thing of some use, advantage, or value, to make a gift of, and he must actually give it away. Benevolence is the will; munificence the deed. Alas, dearly beloved, how many of us there are who can only beseech applicants for subscriptions of any kind to take the former for the latter! Whilst benevolence is boundless, munificence may be *nil*, and the benevolence which forks out a thousand pounds to a charitable institution is characterised as munificent with an accuracy unusual in any but the leading columns of the best edited newspaper.

Singular Feat of Strength.

THE other day a Railway Accident evoked this bit of evidence:—

"Having put my great-coat inside the carriage, I got upon the step to go inside myself."

We have heard people described as being "self-contained," and this epithet we fancy is the right one to apply to a person who is able to go inside himself.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(From Boulogne to Folkestone. By Night.)

I FIND that there is only one thing against returning at night, which is, that there is no Night Passengers' Boat.

There is a boat at 1 P.M. to London, all the way direct. Sea passage, about eight hours.

CHINTON says, "It's a first-rate way of going."

BARNLEY admits it, "if," he adds, "you're not in a hurry."

"And if," I say, "you happen to be a good sailor."

"Aren't you?" asks CHINTON.

"I don't know," I reply. "I don't know whether I am or not."

This indecision is the result of years' experience. I consider it safer to give myself out publicly as a bad sailor, on the chance of turning out a remarkably good one, and astonishing everyone on board; among others no one more than myself. My sea-sickness, or, to use a more cheerful phrase, my sea-wellness, depends upon all sorts of things at different times, and can't be reduced to a certainty. I have known myself well and hearty during a seventeen hours' voyage, enjoying sleep, enjoying meals, enjoying cigars or pipes (this is *very* rare), and enjoying the vessel's lurch, delighting in the waves, revelling in the breezes, and smiling in pity on the miseries of my fellow-passengers.

I have known myself—but not recognised myself at all as the bold sailor above described—well, up to a certain point. This "certain point" was where somebody said, "Now we're on the bar." I replied faintly, feeling suddenly pale and staggered, "Are we?" and, in another second, for no sort of reason that I could make out, except that this confounded man had told me "we were on the bar," I was groaning in agony, with my head in the wrong direction over the ship's side.

I have known myself (again quite as somebody else in no way related to the foregoing portraits) come on board, feel ill immediately, long before the vessel was even in motion, foresee a fearful passage, make all my arrangements, calmly, beforehand, even down to an anticipatory tip to the steward to look after me as soon as possible, and be very kind to me in particular, and then, on our leaving the harbour and being fairly started, all qualms have nearly vanished, and, finally, I have dropped off into a fitful and unrefreshing slumber, only to be thoroughly aroused by being told, "Here we are!" and finding myself at my destination without ever having been ill at all.

I have found that sometimes the place for me was "below," on a couch at once, and stay there. More often that "below" wouldn't do at all.

Sometimes I have found that reading was an excellent preventive; at others, that I couldn't read a line.

The conclusion of this is, without adducing further painful instances, the Less of the Sea the Better.

The idea of a Tunnel is charming, if quite safe, and carried out with taste.

Happy Thought.—On the model of the Burlington Arcade. Train up and down the middle: promenade on both sides with shops. To make the Tunnel itself quite secure, it should be the central part of an enormous building, a submarine palace, as big as the Royal

Exchange, and the top should be elevated several feet above the level of the Channel, forming a handsome bridge, across which pedestrians, who preferred this route, could, in fine weather, walk, merely paying at one end, as at Waterloo bridge, for example. I make a present of this suggestion to the English and French authorities who have the scheme in hand. I cannot see why this can't be done. Why isn't it feasible?

CHINTON says, "My dear fellow, if you were an engineer, you'd soon see its utter impracticability."

But I am *not* an engineer, and, if it were left to me, I should begin it—in my own way, I admit—but at once.

An engineer has his profession to think of, his rules to go by, his precedents, and so forth. None of these considerations would have a pin's weight with me. I have often found that knowing nothing of gardening, I have made such suggestions to Gardeners as have perfectly staggered them by their originality, and they have hastened to adopt them. I recollect one instance about grapes. A Professional Gardener, very high up in his art, and always on a ladder nailing something up, insisted that grapes wouldn't grow where flowers were.

Happy Thought.—I said "Try."

As it was my own garden I *did* try. The grapes grew beautifully, so did the flowers. The High-art Gardener shook his head over it, and said he'd never heard of such a thing before. It upset all his theories, all his precedents, and from that moment he went in for eccentric cultivation. He is now perfectly harmless.

"But what I mean is," I say to BARNLEY and CHINTON, to whom I propound my theory, "if the engineers won't do it, give the job to some one who will strike out a new line, or at all events give some one who has got a clear idea on the subject, and an interest in it, the entire direction of the engineers, and let them simply carry out his design."

Happy Thought.—Myself. Director of the Submarine Tunnel Co. Why not? I can tell a tailor how I want a coat made, a coat which he had never thought possible before, though I can't make it myself. I can tell a builder the kind of house I require, a house which up to that time he wouldn't have ventured on building, and he'll erect it under my guidance. There at once is the division of Labour, *i. e.*, The Director and the Erector.

This discussion takes us to the Steam Packet Boat Office. There is a boat going to-night, but it's only a merchandise boat; it takes bales, cargo, and luggage.

"No Passengers?"

"O yes, if you like to go by it."

I would like to go by it certainly, as it starts at 10.15 P.M., and arrives at 12.30 at Folkestone; and I do not object to being booked as bales, cargo, or luggage. I will, if necessary, enter myself as MR. BALES, or MR. PORTMANTEAU.

I take my ticket, and descend.

Dodge that—making you take your ticket on shore before you've seen the boat. It is *not* inviting. Packages and boxes everywhere. Sleepy dock: barely room to walk, and almost impossible to avoid puddles. Below, small, close, and dull. Evidently it is *not* intended for passengers, of whom there are about half-a-dozen, and is intended for bales and boxes, of which there are some hundreds.

Down-stairs, I mean "below," clearly won't do for me, or rather

clearly *would* "do" for me effectually. This is where the Passengers are.

Happy Thought.—Stay on deck with the baggage. Being for present purposes of freight merely a portmanteau, I will stop with the portmanteaus. When with Romans be a Roman. When with portmanteaus be a portmanteau. The large white boxes are labelled (I see by the dim lantern light) "Fragile. This side up."

That's the next question for me. I am certainly Fragile, on board a ship, and for the remainder of the direction I decide upon lying down on the top of a carefully packed pile of boxes, close to the Funnel.

Happy Thought.—Almost central position on ship; also warm. My one rule on board is "When once fixed, don't move." No matter how or where you fix yourself, once there, let nothing tempt you to alter your position. Mind this: you move at your peril.

BARNLEY and CHENTON sing out *Bon voyage* from the Quay, where they have been standing, only it was so dark I couldn't see them, and I sing out in return "Good bye!" but I do it resting on my elbow, lying on the boxes, and without stirring.

Happy Thought.—Beautiful moon appears. Lovely night. Merely a ripple. It is cold. My arm is cramped. I won't move, for I am uncertain. I can't say I feel quite well, but I am sure that my only chance of safety lies in masterly inaction on the top of these boxes.

Boulogne gradually receding from view. Very pretty place; most picturesque by moonlight. Pity about the superficial drainage. Most difficult to get into an exactly comfortable position when lying down. Elbow begins to feel like a spike, and my wrist as if it were being bent back by icy steel. Must move for a second, but only my arm. My knees are cold. Really it's so calm I might sit up on the boxes, and enjoy the night. I will. . . . No: *I don't move from my recumbent position again.* I knew it was dangerous. The ripple has, I think, increased to just the slightest swell. There's a breeze, too. I don't like to ask the sailor who is standing near me anything about it, as I am so afraid he would tell me that "We're on the bar." If he should say that, I'm off these boxes in twotwos. Even thinking of the possibility of such a reply makes me uncomfortable. O, Imagination! What crimes are committed in thy name! (or something to that effect which occurs to me suddenly, I

don't know why. I feel cold; but I fancy my head is hot.) Boulogne receding.

Sailor standing by me. I begin to hate him for standing by me. He speaks respectfully. "We shall have a beautiful passage—be in in less than two hours."

Happy Thought.—I will certainly give this man sixpence when we arrive at Folkestone; that is, if I am well the whole way. He has revived me.

He insists upon giving me his P-jacket rolled up for a pillow, and further insists upon my accepting from him a tarpaulin to throw over my legs.

"Tarpaulin!" I say, suspiciously. "Why, you don't think there'll be any sea on?" Because I know the use of tarpaulins on a steamboat.

"Sea!" he says. "Lor' no, Sir. Only you might feel cold."

"O, thank you—yes—then—if you please."

"Yes, Sir, I'll get you one."

He doesn't say, "Aye, aye, Sir." So perhaps he is not a regular salt.

I am now comfortable, that is, considering the circumstances. But I mustn't move; and I won't. Lovely night! Recollect a song of that name when I was a boy:—

"Lovely night! lovely night;
Some have called thee dark and drear!
But the light! but the light!
Is to me not half so dear."

Idiotic!—it can't be dark and drear if it's lovely, and *vice versa*. And if the light to him (the singer) is not half so dear, what price did he pay for his gas or candles? . . . Dreamy state. . . . Cramp generally . . . feel as if I were in irons . . . stiff as the Mesmerised Boy who used to sleep in the air (as I'm doing now) with his elbow supported by a stick . . . Boulogne almost obliterated: every second it is becoming . . . fainter and fainter . . .

Happy Thought (this time).—I'm quite well. Fainter and fainter, but I'm not. Sleep, gentle sleep! Wonder how much I shall have to give the sailor, on landing, for the use of his tarpaulin and P-jacket. Sleep on it. . . . "Folkestone in view," says the tarpaulin man at my elbow.

NEW COLLEGE RULES.

"The College for Women at Cambridge is now established, Girton College having been opened at Cambridge this week, and the tutorial staff, with their girl students, are now in residence, and have commenced the collegiate year."—*Echo*.



IKELY enough the public will feel an interest in knowing what regulations have been laid down for the social government of the College. Annexed are some of the more important:—

It is recommended that the conversation, at all meals taken in common in Hall, should be of a useful and edifying character, a definite subject being allotted to each day in the week. Thus, on Mondays it might be on Biography, on Tuesdays on Mental Philosophy, on Wednesdays on Physical Geography, on Thursdays

on Political Economy, on Fridays on Statistics, and on Saturdays on Hygiene. As an agreeable variation, an arrangement might occasionally be made for some book to be read aloud, combining solidity with cheerfulness.

"Caps," as an article of female attire, being usually assumed at a later period of life than that to which Students, as a rule, will have attained, their use will be optional.

The Sub-mistress and tutorial staff will be happy to furnish Students with the names and addresses of dress-makers and milliners, who are prepared to study economy in combination with

elegance, and to execute all orders entrusted to them in accordance with the dictates of taste and requirements of fashion; but, at the same time, with an especial regard to limited allowances and inexpensive materials.

Arrangements have been made with Circulating Libraries of repute for a regular supply of sound and wholesome light literature. A list of works sanctioned by the College Authorities will be suspended in Hall, and renewed every Saturday. (N.B.—Reading in bed is strictly prohibited.)

Students wishing to give a "tea" to a party consisting of more than two friends, must apply for permission to the Sub-mistress. No "teas" will be served from the Common Room after eight p.m., and no green tea will be supplied at all, on sanitary grounds.

At the Mistress's receptions Students are expected to appear in evening dress, but low bodies will not be *de rigueur*.

In their correspondence with the opposite sex Students will be restricted to fathers, brothers, and uncles. No exception can be made to this rule, without a written authority from the parents or nearest relatives of the Student, setting forth the name and address of the gentleman with whom she may interchange letters. Too much letter-writing is discouraged, as likely to interfere with study.

Students who come up to commence residence already "engaged" are requested to acquaint the Mistress with this fact, when they call upon her for the first time. Any engagement formed during residence must have the formal sanction of the Student's family.

In Hall and in the Lecture Room Students are requested to present themselves neatly and quietly dressed; and, if possible, it would be advisable to adopt some unobtrusive and uniform style in the arrangement of the *coiffure*.

The use of the piano must not be so excessive as to cause annoyance to those occupants of adjoining rooms who may not be endowed with musical taste.

The Sub-mistress and Tutors will be happy to advise any Student, as to what fancy work (if any) she should undertake in her leisure hours.

In addition to the usual newspapers and magazines, *Le Follet* and other journals of costume will be found in the Reading-room.

No Student will be permitted to use a double eye-glass, without a certificate from an oculist.

Students meeting the Mistress will drop a deep courtesy: to the Sub-mistress, Dean, and Tutorial Staff, they should make a respectful inclination.

Subscription to the Croquet and Archery Clubs will be optional.

Only bonnets will be allowed to be worn on Sundays.

No talking in the Lecture Room.



SUNDAY STORIES.

Aunt Ethel. "BUT WHEN HIS BRETHREN NEXT SAW JOSEPH, THEY FOUND HIM IN A POSITION OF GREAT AUTHORITY AND POWER."

Alice. "WAS HE A KING, AUNT ETHEL?"

Aunt Ethel. "NO. BUT HE WAS VERY HIGH—NEARLY NEXT TO THE KING."

Alice (who is fond of Cards). "WAS HE A KNAVE, THEN?"

A SPENSERIAN FRAGMENT.

THE Valley of the Shadow of Death
SIR EMPEROUR passing through,
Comes to the cave of Giant POPE,
Battle with him to do.

So, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death,
Athwart sad shapes of dolour, war, and pain,
Lopt limbs, and trunks that bled away life's breath,
Forth fared SIR EMPEROUR, his goale to gaine,
Vex'd cares to stoppe, griev'd eyes to blinde full fain,
And stalwart hearte to steele, if that mote be,
With thoughte of good that lay beyond this bane—
Of a great folk, from feare of war set free,
For the blest work of peace and law-fast unity.

Beside him strode his Squire, of massive mould,
Yelad in veste of white and helm of steel;
With steel-blue eyne, and lips that held in hold
His thoughts, lest tongue should speake what heart might feel:
An iron hand, sore stroke on foes to deale,
Or close grip change with friends; an iron brow,
With crowne of haire short-cropt and iron-grey;
A wight whom, looking on, all men might trowe
Of Blood and Iron wrought for strife and swaye—
A man after his will to cleare or cleave a waye.

And whensoe'er SIR EMPEROUR slipt or stayed,
As oft on goutes of gore his foot 'gan slide,
Or some worse wound than wont his sense affrayed,
This Blood and Iron wight was at his side,
The swerving step to stay, faint heart to chide,
And whisper "Forward! Forward!" in his care;
Whereat SIR EMPEROUR his dole would hide,

As deeming that dark Valley's outlet near,
And to that outlet prest with rais'd hearte and new cheere.

Eftsoons, as to the Valley's gorge they stept,
They saw before them stretched a broad champaigne,
Set with faire cities and great streams that swept,
Sail-studded, thorough fields of golden graine:
With halls where students plied the busy braine;
And marts where traffick urged its brisk exchange;
And forge, and mill, and mine, and laden waine
That fetched and carried betwixt field and grange—
All ordered gifts that Peace for man doth store and range.

"Lo!" quoth SIR EMPEROUR, "a sight like this
Was worth the dolours of that awful Vale;
Nor save through it was path for us, I wis,
Yonder, to Peace's fold, and Plenty's pale.
But now our waye is won: doff we our mail."
So to unlace his helm 'gan raise his hand:
But he of Blood and Iron—"In the dale
'Twixt edge of this dark pass, and yon faire land,
Lurks a fell foe: 'twere best still on our guard to stand."

Adown and on they went, descending still
The rugged way that led from pass to plain,
But ever and anon from either hill,
Above their heads, 'gan fall a rockie rain,
Small stones and greate, for crushing bone and brain,
That, but for plate of proof, to Death's dark realme
SIR EMPEROUR had driv'n, his Squire ysleine;
But, rattling now from hauberke and from healme,
Some strengthe they had to shake, but none to overwhelme.

Looking the cause of this annoye to rede,
They saw, behind a mountain-ledge, on high,
Upon whose scarp'd lip time and storm did feed,
A cave, into whose depths no ken mote spy,



KAISER CHRISTIAN AND GIANT POPE.

"SO I SAW THAT CHRISTIAN WENT ON HIS WAY; AND SET A GOOD FACE ON IT, AND CATCHED NO HURT."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

But at the mouth were scattered bones adry;
On heaps whereof sat throned a Giant grey,
Large, of shrunk limb, with bleared but watchful eye,
That, without toll to him, none mote that waye go bye.

In one gaunt hand two sorely rusted keys
He brandished like a club, from one were thrown
At wayfarers what missiles he could seize,
Rocks, papern pellets, stones, or sherds of bone,
So his shrill call to halt they would not owne,
Nor pay him tribute upon bended knee,
From Earth to Heaven as sole way-warden known,
With right to sell the pass, and let go free,
By his indulgence, such as own his empery.

And as he roared and raved and flung alwayes,
He cried, "O fools and faithless, that nor hear
The thunder's voice, nor see the lightning's blaze,
Nor own my title as Heaven's way-ward clear!

But let me rise from my cathedra here,
And come down to your level, ye should feel
How strong is still my arm, if shrunk and sere!
How crowns are fitting footstools for my heel,
How my will still is law for King and Common-weal!"

SIR EMPEROUR and his guide awhile stood still
The pelting of this silly storm to bear,
And list that aged Giant roar his fill
At the strong twain, that forward thus to fare,
Without or leave or pass from him did dare;
And all the more his keys at them he shooke,
They only smiled, or waved their swords in ayre,
As warriors that women's scolding brook,
Nor pay back railing save with courtesy's rebuke.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

After the Lyceum he Reports to the Editor.



HONoured SIR,

I REPRESENTED You the other night at The Lyceum. Never, Sir, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, who, of course, "saw MACREADY in it, by Jove, Sir," never has this wind-baggy play, *Richelieu*, been placed on the stage with such completeness and close attention to detail as has been attained under MR. BATEMAN'S management at the Lyceum. The costumes, designed by MR. ALFRED THOMPSON, are admirable from first to last, and their individual effect is never once lost by inartistic grouping. With the scenery, too, no fault can be found. What I have said of the grouping reveals to the experienced eye of Your Representative no small ability in the stage-manager, whoever that important functionary may be. So much for the frame, now for the picture. A full-length portrait of CARDINAL RICHELIEU. Perfect, as a picture: Imperfect as a performance.

Your Representative was struck by the consideration that even in his imperfections it would be but just to give such a conscientious artist as MR. IRVING the credit of having seriously thought it out, even where he seemed to Your Representative to have thought it out wrongly. The Author has throughout laid snares and pitfalls for the Actor, and 'tis difficult to avoid them all.

Much that MR. IRVING does is excellent, and evinces the most careful study. But how has he managed to allow every notion of the Great Cardinal's dignity to escape him?

Utterly absurd and false as is the language of the situation where *Richelieu* threatens *Baradas* and his companions with "The Curse of Rome," yet the situation itself demands of the actor the sublime grandeur of the Inspired Prophet of Heaven rather than the venomous utterances of a Mephistopheles stretching out his weird fingers over his terror-stricken prey.

This is the scene full of pitfalls, for the author is perpetually at the bellows, showing, not the divine afflatus, but the inflatus—blowing the puppet out, making him collapse, blowing him out again, collapsing him once more, merely to cke out the business of a scene, and give the actor "something to do."

Is it a stage tradition, Your Representative wishes to inquire, that *Richelieu*,

after stealing off to his room with *Julie* and *De Mauprat*—after having blown the lights out, and warned his companions not even to whisper, he himself the while speaking with 'bated breath, and creeping out on tiptoe, so that the Conspirators approaching by the corridor shall not hear the slightest sound—is it, I ask, a tradition that, after all these precautions, *Richelieu*, having gone thus stealthily out and disappeared, should, after one second's absence, thrust his head in between the folding-doors, and bellow forth, in a voice which might be heard from here to the Crystal Palace, "We will foil the bloodhounds yet!" or words to that effect, for I don't know the play by heart (thank goodness!), and the exact words were lost on my ear in the terrific shout? Is this traditional? that is all I want to know. Is poor MR. IRVING, whose better judgment must revolt against such absurdity, bound to do this because Great Somebodies have done it before? Is it the Author's stage-direction? Authors can be wrong sometimes when Actors are right, as I apprehend was SHAKESPEARE himself utterly in error, and that artist (whoever it was) utterly in the right, when the latter, as *Romeo*, would have whispered, "What ho, apothecary?" had it not been that the Author had made his Apothecary enter with "Who calls so loud?"

If the Author made *Richelieu* roar like a bull of Bashan at this critical juncture, then on his head be it. But if not, and if there be no tradition, what possible reason (so I argued within myself) can MR. IRVING have for behaving in such an amazing manner?

In the last scene MR. IRVING'S *Richelieu* (granting always that the Author's puppet was a very childish creation, but to be improved on considerably), when triumphant, raves, and absolutely elbows the miscreant *Baradas* off to execution; he is in such a frenzy that not even had he broken into a dance (as he probably will in the forthcoming burlesque at the Olympic) would it have at all surprised Your Representative. No; he lacks dignity—in fact, he lacks it so much that he has none at all. Yet all his tenderness for *Julie* was most pathetic, and his manner with the youth *François* (well played by a beginner, MR. CONWAY) was admirable. Finally, Your Representative frankly admits that MR. IRVING may be right in his interpretation of LORD LYTON'S Cardinal, but he fails to see the reasoning that would lead to such an interpretation.

Brief as Your Representative's notice must be, it cannot be allowed to finish without most honourable mention of MR. CLAYTON, who plays *King Louis the Thirteenth*. Not a look, not a word, not an action, but shows the thorough artist. Your Representative never had the pleasure of seeing KING LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH personally, nor does he remember having come across his portrait, but, conversant with his character, he is quite content to take MR. CLAYTON'S version of his personal appearance as a highly satisfactory detail, and heartily congratulates the artist upon his whole performance of this no longer small part.

MISS ISABEL BATEMAN plays *Julie* prettily and tenderly, was never more winning than when she sits at the stern Cardinal's feet, pleading for a smile, and calling him father. Altogether, *Richelieu* has been revived here with more care and attention than were due to its merits or to its weakness. MR. BATEMAN deserves success, and I suppose that in this venture, as in the other three, he has achieved it. YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



THE LATEST LUXURY.

SEND THE BEATERS INTO THE TURNIP FIELD ABOVE, AND HAVE THE BIRDS DRIVEN OVER THE HEDGE TO YOU.

UPHOLSTERERS NOT UPHOLDERS.

THE priests and the more foolish part of the congregation at Saint Barnabas, Pimlico, seeing no poor to help, no children to educate, and no reasonable means of laying out five or six hundred pounds, desire to expend that sum on a canopy, which is called a *baldacchino*, to be stuck up over the Table in their Church. They have been obliged to apply for leave to do this thing, and have been before DR. TRISTRAM, who presides in the Bishop's Court. He is one of the wisest as well as one of the most learned of lawyers. But the judge who ought to have heard the case is DR. TRISTRAM SHANDY.

"Humph!" replied DR. SLOP. "Why not a canopy in church, Sir?"—"Nay, I know not," said my UNCLE TOBY.—"Nor any one else, Sir," continued DR. SLOP, looking askance at my father, who instantly sent a huge puff of smoke towards the ceiling. The Doctor understood this as well as if my father had cried blockhead. "Sir," quoth he, "is not the sky a canopy?"—"A firmament, an't please your honours," quoth CORPORAL TRIM. DR. SLOP looked a little angry at this, but went on. "Is not a four-post bed a canopy, Sir?"—"Aye," said my father, "and so is the umbrella yon old Popish woman at the corner holds over her apple-stall. This clearly shows that a canopy ought to be set up over an altar in church."—"Duce take it," cried DR. SLOP; "I have burned my finger with this match. May all the — curse the miscreant that made it—may his remotest posterity —" "Sit under a canopy?" asked my father. "*Maledictus sit in totis compagibus membrorum*," roared DR. SLOP, blowing his fingers and stamping."

William on the Humber.

Mr. Reed to Col. Pease. Will you hoist sail, Sir, there lies your way?

Col. Pease to Mr. Reed. No, good Swabber, I am to Hull here a little longer.
Twelfth Night, Act i. Sc. 5.

CURIOUS ETHNOLOGICAL QUERY.

THE *Times'* Correspondent with the Ashantee Expedition says that on the coast of Sahara "there is a Tribe of Thieves, who live on milk." When did some of them settle in England?

A LAME COMPARISON.

At a Conservative Meeting in Cambridgeshire, called for the purpose of nominating a Candidate for the County, the Chairman is reported to have spoken to the following effect:—

"It had been said that the HON. ELIOT CONSTANTINE YORKE [the candidate adopted] was too young. Now he would remind them that the great PITT was but twenty-four when he was appointed Prime Minister, and Mr. YORKE was thirty."

Was it discreet to suggest a comparison between "the great PITT" and "MR. YORKE," when directly afterwards this singular acknowledgment had to be made—

"The candidate was not prepared to answer any intricate questions upon politics or agriculture, but he would give these questions his careful and close attention."

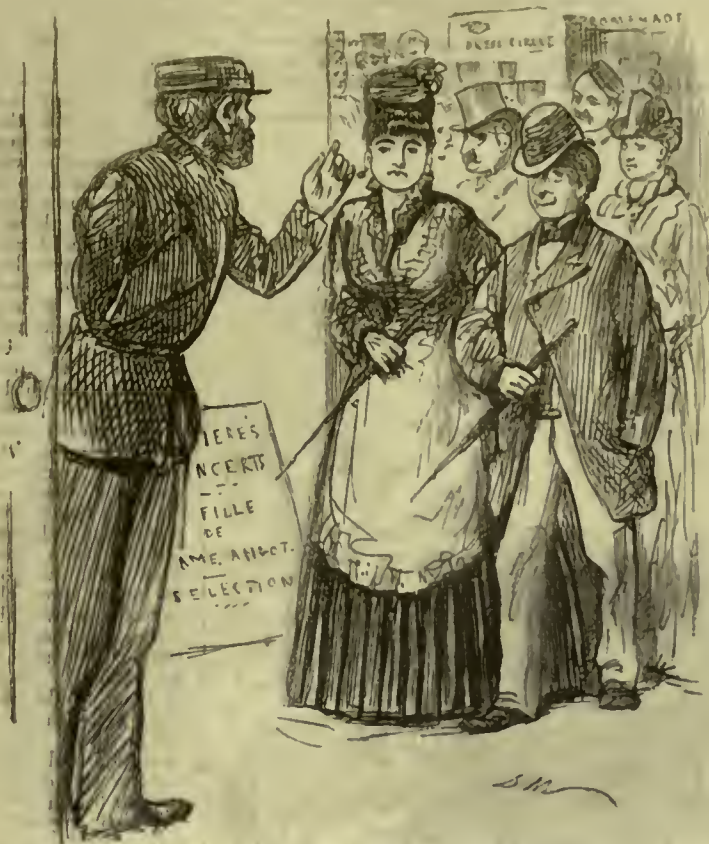
One feels tolerably certain that WILLIAM PITT, at twenty-four, much more at thirty, would have been prepared to answer any such "intricate questions" as an Election Candidate is likely to have addressed to him.

Rhyme for the National Assembly.

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November
Reveals the monarchial plot;
France sees no reason
(As geese are in season)
For keeping the freedom she's got.

SOMETHING LIKE A REASON.

M. DE CHESNELONG, in reporting his interview with the COMTE DE CHAMBORD, stated that the Child of Miracle remarked that on his entry into Paris he would salute the Tricolor *with pleasure*, "because that flag was stained with the blood of French soldiers."



UNNECESSARY OFFICIOUSNESS.

Commissionnaire. "KEE! OR KERRIDGE, SIR!"

A THIEVES' HYMNAL.

QUESTION WAS raised at the Surrey Sessions as to whether prisoners should be allowed to sing in chapel. It was thought that ingenious vocalists might manage, under pretext of psalmody, to give one another information, or signals. The objection, however, was overruled, and the evil ones are to be permitted to sing. One of them is preparing the *Criminal Hymnal*. We have been favoured with an early proof of one of the hymns, and it may be imagined that such words, sung "with intention," and varied at need, might be of great use to a delinquent.

I.
(*Loud.*) O how kind of fellow-creatures
Thus to give us books and pews,
And such nice and gentle teachers!
To be good we can't refuse.
(*Soft.*) O my pal! we're sent for trial,
We must do the best we can,
Tell your wife to smash the phial,
And to square old Squinting Dan,
(*Very loud.*) Yes, how kind of fellow-creatures, &c.

II.
(*Soft again.*) Tell her, too, when she have spotted
That young swell as see the job—
She must get the cove garotted,
Or Sam Patch might crack his nob.
(*Loudest.*) Truly kind of fellow-creatures, &c.

III.
(*Very soft.*) Them two kids as called you robber
Knows no nature of a hoath:
Still, let Paddy the pig-jobber
Walk 'em off to Dubbing both.
(*Bellowing.*) Bless you, kindly fellow-creatures,
Thus to give us books and pews,
And such nice and gentle teachers!
To be good we can't refuse.

THE CANZONET OF THE COLLIER.

COMPANIONS, come, toss off your glasses,
And put round the bottle of "fizz."
By way of a treat for all classes
Now coals is in price agin riz;
In course, for a precious good reason
Every jackass can quite understand:
The more, now comes on the cold season,
Supply must fall short of demand.

And so things will go on together
Alike, both in country and town:
Coals keep goin' up, whilst the weather
In the scale-glass to zero goes down.
The poor of this prosperous nation
From fires will be forced to abstain,
And have to put up with privation,
Whilst we shall get drunk on champagne.

The women and children a-cryin'
Will grieve feelin' 'arts to behold,
And likewise the aged folks, dyin',
As they're knocked off, like fur, by the cold.
Them shiverin' creeturs may huddle
Together for warmth, as do swine;
No reason why we shouldn't fuddle
Ourselves over jolly good wine.

We ain't without pity for others,
Considerin' we causes their grief;
But, much as we feels it, we smotherers
The wish for to yield 'em relief.
No more than we choose we won't labour,
Nor let none besides in our stead,
Whatever becomes of our neighbour,
Whose grate can't no longer be fed.

No doubt but 'tis thought very cruel,
In union for us to conspire,
So causin' a famine of fuel,
And misery for want of a fire.
But self is a consideration
As must be the first for us all;
If we was to cease combination,
The wages of labour might fall.

Give up our dog-fightin' and drinkin',
We won't to save nobody's soul,
That's shudderin' and starvin' and sinkin'
From havin' to go without coal.
Here's a health to the Friends of the Collier,
For to strike who have rendered us free,
And what Workin' Men will be jollier
In the depth of cold winter than we?

Classical Compliment.

"The two GRACES have left Southampton for Melbourne."—
Daily Telegraph, Oct. 24.

WHICH two, and who has been left behind to look after Southampton? Is the tarrier Euphrosyne, Aglaja, or Thalia? No matter, and it would be no matter, indeed, if they had all three gone, for they would scarcely be missed from among the very numerous pretty girls in the birthplace of DR. WATTS.

(This paragraph has electioneering affinities. Hush!)

Shakspeare Again.

WHEN shall anything happen whereof *Jacques Pierre* hath not writ? Mark this. We extract from the *Standard's* Paris letter:—

"Here, as far as we can judge by outward signs, it is plain enough that the great majority are convinced that the Monarchy is as good as made. In the shops you see advertised 'Chambord bracelets,' 'Chambord cravats,' and 'Chambord pocket-handkerchiefs.' The fashionable milliners exhibit 'fusion bonnets,' and the theatres are following suit."

Just so, and how wrote J. P.?

"HARRY THE FIFTH is crowned. Up, VANITY!"

PRICES OF PROSPERITY.

WELL said MR. BRIGHT in his splendid speech, after his re-election for Birmingham, that there has been a great change in this country during the last forty years. Who but admires the eloquent language in which the Right Honourable Gentleman, the CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, proceeded to say:—

"The changes have been great, I admit, but the improvements have been as great as the changes. (*Hear, hear!*) Look what a growth of content there has been throughout the country (*hear, hear!*); look what a growth of peace; look what a growth of material prosperity and comfort in every class."

The foregoing passage is quoted from the *Times'* report. They don't often make material errors of the press in Printing-house Square. Besides, other papers coincide with the *Times* as to the two last words in the above series. Otherwise those same words would, to most eyes, wear decidedly the semblance of a misprint. "Look what a growth of material prosperity and comfort in every class." Clerks of all kinds, Civil servants, fundholders and annuitants with fixed incomes, landowners, doctors, lawyers, and professional men in general, is that so? Do you find it so? What, with butchers' meat at more than 1s. a pound; fowls at 6s. or 7s. a couple; oysters at from 1s. to 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a dozen; salmon seldom so low as 1s. 7d., and coals rising £2 a ton?

When MR. BRIGHT said "every class," did he not mean to say, or, at least, should he not have said "certain classes"? It is quite true that the shoddy class, and the class of great speculators, have prospered exceedingly, to as great an increase of their material comfort as increasing wealth could procure them. A proportionate growth of material comfort and prosperity has obviously been experienced by the operatives and mechanics, otherwise called the Working Classes—although there are classes who may be said to do some

little work, other than manual labour, to be sure. Do not coal-miners for a fair day's work obtain at least a full two days' wages; do they not drink champagne: and have not they and the rest of our flesh-and-blood amongst them, drunk us out of the Alabama difficulty? They have grown in content too—the Striking

Classes. They, and the other classes that grasp with one hand and squander with the other, and go on grasping and squandering, and thereby raising prices higher and higher every day, they, all of them, indeed are without doubt increasingly prosperous and comfortable, but they are not everybody. There are a very great many other people besides, who constitute everybody else, and these, so far from being more prosperous and comfortable than they once were, can now no longer afford the luxuries, or even the necessities, they then could; but have to go without. Many of them would perhaps even shiver a little these chilly mornings and evenings for want of fuel, if their bosoms were not thoroughly warmed by an ardent sympathy with the enjoyments of their flesh-and-blood. But that fire keeps their entire frames at a temperature which defies the thermometer, and it will doubtless maintain them at a glow of generosity sufficient to support them under any further privation they may be required to endure amongst the privileged members of the community at large, who pay for the "free breakfast-table."

Robin Hood Redivivus.

MR. HIBBERT, M.P., has been defending Government in rather a singular way. He says that if, as MR. DISRAELI alleged, "plunder had been committed, it was of a class for the sake of the people, and not of the people for the sake of a class." Dear Member for Oldham, did you ever read OLDHAM, 1653-83?—

"Pull up weak virtue's fence, give scope and space
And purloin to outlying consciences;
Show that the needle's eye may stretch, and how
The largest camel-vices may go through."



"OUT OF HIS ELEMENT."

Country Gent. (to Cabman). "PRAY, IS THE BOTTOM OF LUDGATE HILL WITHIN THE SHILLING FARE FROM THIS?"

West-End Cabby. "WELL, SIR, THAT'S RATHER A NICE POINT. SOME SAY IT'S A LITTLE OUTSIDE THE DISTANCE, OTHERS— HOWEVER, IT DOESN'T MATTER, AS I SHALL HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN DRIVING YOU THERE; 'N FACT, I'D GIVE A SHILLING MYSELF TO GET OUT O' THE CITY!"



"EQUALITY."

Customer. "AW—I WISH TO BE MEASURED 'COUPLE 'PAIR O' BOOTS."

[Removes one.

Tradesman. "WELL, SIR, FACT IS, I'M JUST GOING IN TO MY LUNCHEON.
IF YOU'D CALL IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR——"

[Tableau !

DEMORALISING TALES.

THE attention of SIR WILFRID LAWSON is respectfully invited to an instructive police-case, which occurred the other day at Guildhall. Two lads, EDWARD ENGLEDEW, sixteen, shopboy, and HARRY TUCKER, fifteen, warehouseboy, were charged before MR. ALDERMAN ALLEN with stealing ten pounds in money, and watches, chains, studs, and a large quantity of goods, of the total value of about one hundred pounds, the property of their employer, MR. J. A. RUSSELL, of 37, Fore Street, City, pawnbroker. In the possession of these juvenile robbers of an Uncle was found a quantity of "trashy books," including *The Footpad*, *the Smuggler*, and *The Prison Breaker*. These boys were both respectably connected, and one of them, ENGLEDEW, had brought to service an excellent character with him. They told the constable who arrested them that it was reading those books that had led them into trouble. Now, pernicious literature, as incentive to crime, is worse than intoxicating liquors. The generous and cordial beverages, called intoxicating from their abuse, do not intoxicate if well used; then they cheer and invigorate. But pernicious literature is pernicious in itself, and necessarily corrupts the minds of its readers. They ought, therefore, to be debarred from all access to it, and what better means could the United Kingdom Alliance devise for that purpose than the enactment of a Permissive Prohibitory Bill to shut up all the booksellers' shops?

Students at Swindon.

THE Swindon Literary Institute pleaseth us much. It wants two things—a Library and a Billiard Table. "It appears to be obvious that the Institute is not in a position to start both." At a meeting, and, after a long discussion, it was resolved to buy the—Billiard Table. Evidently, the members think that it is not the Cue of a Literary Institute to read. But as a slight concession to the interests of literature, could they not hang round the Billiard Room a lot of those school labels, with texts, proverbs, morals, and the like, for the perusal of members, between the games? The national schoolmaster of the place would, we are sure, kindly select them, and thus might sport and instruction be agreeably combined.

BETTER NAME FOR THE FUSION PARTY.—Confusion.

NO SURRENDER!

To hear a brave deliverance is a rare and goodly thing;
And France has heard a gallant one from her lineal crownless King;
A King who scorns to take a crown which is other than his own.
He will wear the same that his fathers wore; he sticks to that alone.

No crown for him of modern cast, remodelled and remade;
None with rebellion's badge in it, your tricolor cockade.
His emblem is the Flag of White—that must his banner be,
And yours; or you, ye men of France, at a distance he will see!

His is the faith of other days; his faith must shape his rule.
To say so shows him a true man, and, by your leave, no fool.
The hypocrite he might have played, as kings have done before,
And getting what they got by it, of himself made one fool more.

At need he law and order to maintain would dare by force,
And his law take from the Syllabus, as St. Louis' heir, of course.
He gives you that to understand, contemptuous of disguise;
Messieurs, he might have spoke you fair, and told you winning lies.

He bides his time—which nothing can but miracle restore—
But he believes in miracle—is a happy man therefore.
Honour to faith and chivalry, for old dreams although they fight!
A Quixote as a Bayard is to the full as true a knight.

Two figures, odd and out-of-date, before the world yet stand,
And quaint they are, and queer to see; yet withal of aspect grand:
Faet in the face both fly, and each hopes on against all hope,
But they bear themselves with dignity, the PRETENDER and the POPE.

For them and theirs the world seems like to have no country soon,
Where shall they find a resting-place that's nearer than the moon?
The moon and all the stars beside might fall about their ears:
Unflinchingly these twain would stand amid the tumbling spheres.

'Tis a right valiant quality, which admiration draws,
Firmness or obstinacy called, as in truth or error's cause.
And a fine thing is the fixed belief that doubt can never feel;
And the whole hog, snout, tail, bristles and all, is a marvellous hearty meal.

FATHERS OF THE CITY.

SOME of the above gentlemen had, the other day (according to our excellent friend, the *City Press*) what might be termed, if we were vulgar, a shindy. In the Common Council there was a quarrel over certain expenditure, and MR. DEPUTY FRY, who had objected to it, was politely told that not half as much money would be spent in the way complained of as he, the Deputy, had laid out in entertaining the SHAH; and something was said about MR. FRY's being "inspired" to object. Then indeed there was a fry.

"MR. DEPUTY FRY thought it was a great pity that MR. BEDFORD could not differ from any member without making personal references. He (the speaker) did not spend money for the entertainment of the SULTAN; it was the Court who had done so. As to any one inspiring him, this was a thing he did not allow any one to do.

"MR. BEDFORD: I said it was not you.
"MR. DEPUTY FRY: You said the motion was inspired by the enemy. Where is the enemy? Let the man be produced.

"MR. BEDFORD: I distinctly said not the deputy. I said the enemy.
"MR. DEPUTY FRY: Then I say who is the enemy? I have a right to ask this. I defy MR. BEDFORD to produce him. I declare before every member of this Court that I was not inspired."

This modest disclaimer of inspiration is all very well, but the utterances of the Fathers of the City are so plainly supernatural, that we cannot accept the denial. No mere man could talk as these superior beings talk. As LORD BYRON says—

"Fie!

I thought you had more religion, 'MR. FRY.'"

BABY-CARRIAGES WANTED.

OUTHFUL MR. PUNCH,



I AM what my friends are pleased to call a "regular old bachelor," although, in point of fact, I am neither old nor regular, in either hours or habits. But, although I am a bachelor, I am not averse to matrimony, at least, for other people; nor have I that violent antipathy to babies which, I believe, is not uncommon to persons like myself, who live in single blessedness.

Still, babies are a nuisance in some cases, I confess: as, for instance, on a journey, and under such conditions

as those whereof, the other day, I found myself a victim. Returning from a holiday amid the mountains of North Wales, with mind contented and serene, and nerves tranquil and at rest, I was disturbed in my day-dreaming of the scenery and sunsets (to say nothing of the mutton), which are still sweet in my memory, by the inroad on my solitude of a Baby, and its rattle, and its mother, and its nurse. Sir, there never was a pack of hounds that equalled this small creature in the power of giving tongue. For fifty miles or more it continued in full cry, and, when its vocal clamour ceased, it began a concert of instrumental noises, which were hardly less distressing. Besides the rattle I have mentioned, it was gifted with a trumpet, and this it blew and blew, until it wellnigh blew my brains out. After this performance, it began to cry again—with hunger, the Mamma said, and thereupon the nurse produced a pint of milk and a cooking apparatus, an Infant's Patent Etna, I rather think she called it. This volcano smoked away, and made a horrid smell, and clearly contravened the law, for ours was not a smoking-carriage.

A short interval was here devoted to refreshment, and then the concert recommenced, with doubled and redoubled vigour, and was enlivened by a series of infantile gymnastics, which seemed to solve the problem of perpetual motion. "I like mortals never sleep" appeared to be the motto of this unwelcome little stranger; and, though I could not but admire the patience of its nurse, what I felt towards her charge was the reverse of admiration.

For the protection of the public from similar discomforts, I would suggest that Baby-Carriages should be specially provided, and that infants elsewhere should be rigidly excluded. It is bad enough that ladies, when travelling by train, should smuggle in their lap-dogs with them, as they far too often do, to annoy their fellow passengers, and to defraud the Company. But Babies are a far more serious infliction, and it is certainly high time that a nuisance such as this, which is certainly a crying one, should somehow be abated.

In the meanwhile pray believe me

Yours resignedly,

A VICTIM.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Return to England. Search for Horse recommendations.

12:30 A.M.—Latest bulletin from myself to myself: "Arrived at Folkestone."

Happy Thought.—"All's well that ends well." Thank goodness! ended well.

A kindly sailor is at my elbow. "Had quite a nice berth of it, Sir," he says. This really means, "Look here: you've had a jacket and tarpaulin in use all this time, and that can't be done for nothing, you know. What are you going to stand?" I reply, cheerfully, "Yes, I have had a very good berth," but ignore the implied request. He turns quite round to me, and almost whispers (adopting this sort of undertone, I believe, so as not to be overheard by the Captain), "I should like to drink your health this morning, Sir."

Happy Thought.—No public-houses open after twelve.

As I do not, however, like to confront him with an objection which would bring up vast political questions, on which he may have strong

opinions, it occurs to me—(several things often occur to me before I lay out sixpence in this way)—to ask him, "Are you the man who lent me his tarpaulin and jacket?"

Happy Thought.—Be just before you are generous.

Truth compels him to own that he is *not* the man I took him for. Then, I explain to him, he, personally, has no claim upon me. He admits the justice of my remark, and, catching sight of the Captain, I fancy, who, like "the sweet little cherub" in the nautical ballad, is perched up aloft, keeping a watchful eye on poor JACK—

—By the way, "a cherub perched anywhere is a grand instance of poetic licence. [Note.—To go into this thoroughly in *Typical Developments*, Vol. X., under "C" for "Cherub," Division A., "Artistic Theology."]

—the kindly sailor is gradually absorbed into the deep shadow, and, like a baffled spirit of evil, disappears in the gloom.

Then the real man appears. Quite dramatic. There is an Eye, too, from somewhere above on him, as he appears shuffling and uneasy, and immediately on receiving the money (two strange coins, belonging to no particular nation, and given me in change with some francs at Boulogne), he, too, glides away, and vanishes. He seemed perfectly satisfied before he vanished. Perhaps I may have given him two rare coins, invaluable to a collector.

One other passenger lands with me: a long man, in a long coat, inclined to be confidential. I am not. Lonely place, the harbour. No one in sight. Large Hotel near at hand. Remember it as first-rate when I was stopping there. Everybody civil and pleasant. Long man observes that he was *not* going there at first, but, since I recommended it, he will. He was, in fact, he says, going to the Hôtel de Paris, just on the opposite side; but since I am going to the Big Hotel, why so will he. Quite hearty and affectionate. I tell him he couldn't do better, and it occurs to me that if the Big Hotel is, as I've heard, chock full, and there's only one bed there, which of us will have it? I will, for choice, as I don't like the sound of "Hôtel de Paris" in England: it's too much like Leicester Square.

At the door of the Big Hotel. I anticipate a hearty greeting (because, when I stayed here before, I had established most amicable relations with the Bootes and Waiters generally), even though qualified by regret at their being unable to give me the best bedroom in the house. No signs of life anywhere. The Hotel has its eyes shut, its eyelids closed, and you can almost hear it snoring in the moonlight. Boots is asleep, too.

Happy Thought.—The Sleeping Booty.

Ring him up, or ring him down; depends, of course, upon where he may be. Through the glass door, we see Night Porter advancing. I notice a deep, a very deep, growl from somewhere. 'N't a sharp, short growl, with something in it of the ejaculatory brevity of a satisfied grunt, but a prolonged, steady growl, proceeding, I soon find, from something large and black underneath the hall table; a growl not to be finished properly, except by a sudden leap out upon the detested object, who, in this case, is myself, being nearer the table than my Chance Companion. This is a cheerful welcome on one's return to England! and so specially friendly in a Hotel.

"Any Rooms?"

The Porter, a very tall man, with weak knees, and only half awake, is uncertain. Growling going on. Perhaps the dog has come in late, and hasn't been able to get a bed, except underneath the table, and he's growling at that and not at us.

The uncertain young man is a Boots by day, and a Porter by night. Another Boots appears: he is a short Boots. Blucher Boots and (the tall one) Wellington Boots. Consultation between the two heroes. I foresee the result: so does my Chance Companion, who is beginning to regret that he didn't carry out his original intention of patronising the Hôtel de Paris.

Chance Companion stupidly says to Boots, "I'm only here for the night." Of course they won't care what they do with him for only one night.

The consequence of this is, that we shall be Numbers 269 and 266 in the books of the Hotel, and be stowed away among the boxes.

Happy Thought.—In order to prevent this, I will tell the Boots that, if I like the place, I will stop here some weeks, and I remark how pleasant it was when I was here some time ago.

I advance towards them in order to say this and ingratiate myself with them. Wellington Boots requests me to stop in the Hall where I am, and not approach the spot where he and Blucher Boots are deliberating.

To this (being taken aback by this unexpected rebuff from Wellington Boots, and giving up all idea of ingratiating myself with him, at all events) I reply that "I shall stop where I like." Long Boots angry; Short Boots hesitating.

"Are there any rooms?" I ask.

"That," answers Wellington Boots, irritably, "is what we're talking about, if you'll stop where you are."

I deny his right to order a visitor about, and have a good mind to ring up the Manager or Proprietor, whoever he is. If I knew which bell would summon him, I'd do it.

Wellington Boots is wild at this. "Then," says he, quite losing all the temper he ever had, "we haven't any rooms."

I insist upon it that there are rooms, and he suddenly lights two chamber candles, and tells us to follow Blucher Boots.

My Chance Companion, who has been watching this scene, and casting occasional pleading looks at me, as much as to say, "Don't, please, or I shan't get a bed, and I'm so tired," now takes up his bag, and is evidently pleased at the prospect of immediate sheets.

But I am resolute. "Where," I demand, "are these rooms?" "He'll show you, if you'll go," says Wellington, indicating Blucher with his head, and turning away sulkily.

SCENE.—Hall of Hotel. Dim light. Arch, right hand, leading to passage, where stands, pausing, Blucher with two candlesticks and candles lighted, preceding Weary Traveller with hand-bag. Myself in the centre, with bag and stick, in a sturdy Cromwellian-take-away-that-bubble sort of attitude. Wellington Boots going sulkily back to his bed somewhere on the left. Growling accompaniment at intervals from under the table.

N.B. As they say in play-books, with regard to stage-directions, the reader is supposed to be on the stage facing the audience.

"Are the rooms," I demand, "at the top of the House?"

"They are," returns the Long Boots, scowling, as though the admission had been wrung from him by my severe cross-examination.

"Then," I say to my Chance Companion, "you take 'em: I shan't. I shall go to the Hôtel de Paris."

My Chance Companion, clearly wearied by the strife, throws towards me one despairing glance, with something, too, of reproach in it, which he perhaps means should haunt me to my dying day, and follows the Short Boots as though I had ordered him away to instant execution in a private room.

"Farewell, Bravo Spaniard! and when next —", but he has walked off.

I go to the Hôtel de Paris, *Anglicé* superior sort of English tavern. Brisk person to welcome me. Room first floor. Large bed. Gigantic washing-stand. Everything thoroughly English in the Hôtel de Paris. Prints on the walls; a sufficiently rare collection to distract me for some time from going to sleep. The subject of one of the prints is the EARL OF ROXBURGH, Marquis of something, Earl of, &c. &c., with all his titles in full, fishing in view of a Bridge and Abbey; also portrait of the distinguished fish which his Grace is honouring by catching, and which is distinctly shown under the water. By the way I only suppose the sportsman to be the noble Earl in question, in consequence of the picture being dedicated to him by his GRACE's obliged servants, &c., &c. There's a glorious picture over the mantelpiece of a magnificent bird, half swan, half stork, in a Primæval Pond, lighted up with a Turneresque sunset. Then gradually off to sleep.

First morning in England.—Awake. Strange dream. Hasten to note it down while fresh, because it's so odd. I didn't dream about the DUKE OF ROXBURGH and the Swan.

My Dream.—I dreamt I was waltzing through the streets of a town (quite strange to me, yet which I felt I knew perfectly well), and was going on waltzing in perfect time, airily and gracefully (I felt conscious of the grace of my actions), yet somehow without ever turning round. This apparently impossible feat I seemed to be performing without effort, and quite naturally, to a beautiful tune, played on a barrel-organ, which, at the same time, I couldn't hear. Strange, too, I woke waltzing, and humming some tune which I couldn't catch.

Happy Thought.—Home again. Report to my Aunt about Boulogne. It won't do. Boulogne is, I tell her, a *ville sans égouts*, or, at all events, with only superficial *égouts*. She hands me several letters from friends, which have arrived in my absence, about the horse I am buying.

Happy Thought.—Think I've got something to suit me at last. Devote myself now to purchase of horse.

Frantic Intelligence.

A TELEGRAM came from Penang the other day, saying:—

"It is rumoured that the Acheenese are burning their pepper plantations."

Can it be credited that the Acheenese are such insane barbarians as to cut off their noses to spite their faces? How absurd, too, the idea of their burning their pepper plantations, as if it were possible they could think their pepper was not hot enough already!

THE CANINE MYSTERY.

RECENT revelations in Spiritualism have suggested the probability that the inevitable dog that runs the gauntlet on a race-course is a supernatural being. Opinions are divided as to whether he is the same thing as "the Spectre Hound in Man," or an apparition of the original Dog in the Manger.

LECTURES FOR LADIES.

* 85 ΦΑΗΗΤ * ΣΤΡΗΗΤ *



EARLY we have received from our very special University Correspondent the following programme of the Lectures which will be delivered during the present term, at the College for Women recently opened at Girton, Cambridge.

The Regius Professor of Costume will deliver her Inaugural Lecture on "Winter Fashions," on Saturday, the 8th of November, at 11 A.M. In order to accommodate as large an audience as possible, the Lecture will be given in the College Hall. During the Lecture patterns will be handed round for inspection.

The Culinary Professor will lecture on Mondays and Fridays, at twelve o'clock, on "The Plain Joint," and on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at the same hour, on "Soup or Fish." Students desirous to attend the first course will be required to satisfy the Professor that they can distinguish the aitchbone from the sirloin, and the brisket from the ribs; and to demonstrate on the black board the chump end and the fillet. The course "Soup or Fish" will be open to all who can name two clear soups and two white soups, and who know the difference between cod and haddock, and soles and whiting.

The Regius Professor of Needlework will deliver her Inaugural Lecture on Thursday, November 6th, at Seven P.M.—subject, "Patchwork." It will be followed by a course of four Lectures, on each succeeding Thursday, at the same hour, on "The Sewing-Machine." The machine which will be used is the "Clotho," fitted with the new patent self-satisfied centripetal treadles, combining the elegance of the Lock-Stitch with the utility of the Single-Thread, and warranted to work in all climates noiselessly, fearlessly, and well. (COTTON AND TWIST, sole agents for the sale of the "Clotho," will be happy to supply it to Students at a reduced rate.)

The Professor of Domestic Economy will deliver six Lectures on the Wednesdays and Saturdays in November, commencing on Wednesday the 12th at Ten P.M. The subjects will be as follows:—I. and II.—The Management of Servants. III.—Washing at Home; Washing put out. IV.—Meat Teas. V.—House Cleaning. VI.—Dressmaking at home.

The Professor of Hygiene will deliver an Introductory Lecture on Friday the 7th of November, at Eight A.M. Short Syllabus—Early rising—Late hours—Hot rooms—Cold passages—Evening dress—Thin boots—High heels—Small bonnets—Cosmetics—Concluding remarks on Coddling.

The Reader in Etiquette will have the pleasure of delivering a Lecture on "The Visiting Customs and Ceremonies of All Nations," on Tuesday the 11th of November at Three P.M. Students proposing to attend are requested to do the Reader the favour of leaving their cards at her rooms on or before the previous Saturday. The Reader will be happy to see any lady friends students may desire to introduce.

The Teacher of Darning is anxious to form an Evening Class to meet twice a week for instruction and practice. Students wishing to become Members are requested to call on the Teacher, with specimens of their proficiency.



THE CONTRAST.

SCENE—At a Sale of Antique Furniture.

WHEN the mirror politely stood still for a space,
And she viewed herself there in that reeking old place,
While the tribes clustered, grinning, all round her sweet face,
Such a picture was framed as one don't often see;

On our Catalogue's margin we sketched her, *pro tem.*,
And just added those lively descendants of *SHAM*
For a background—the brighter and fairer the gem,
The darker and plainer the setting should be!

NOTHING SETTLED.

IN this stupid and shop-keeping island of ours
Ere a maid lays, for marriage, her hand in a man's,
There are matters for settlement other than dowers,
And questions to pop, before reading the banns.
First, the man is expected to make the maid proffer
Of his heart in due form, as a partner for life;
And the maid must have time to think over the offer,
And to weigh "Yes" and "No" ere she's bound as a wife.

Even courtship's mad fit has its intervals lucid,
For parties to pause on the brink of the pool;
And oft "Ask Mamma," ere a girl's fairly noosed,
Cuts the halter of Hymen, and kicks o'er his stool.
For that Hymen's a hangman, needs no demonstration,—
MISS FRANCE's late husbands bear out the remark,—
From "altar" to "halter" 's a brief aspiration,
And to both men go blindfold, for leaps in the dark.

We in England provide a young pair who mean marriage
With seasons for "spoons" out of third parties' ken;
Servant-gals, or swell misses who ride in a carriage,
"Keep company," both, with their divers "young men;"
For 'tis hoped that our female and male human-natures
Thus will learn of each other what "spoons" can disclose;
Though all who have looked in a spoon at their features,
Know how strangely distorted the image it shows.

But o'er Channel—'tis practice makes perfect, I fancy—
For much-married FRANCE, "*on a changé tout cela*;"
That Grande Dame to whose matches no *finis* one can see—
May be won without wooing, like slave by pashà.

Nay, in *her* case they've even waived popping the question;
"Third parties" have settled it all *pro* and *con*;
Though, for all either knows, each would more than the pest
shun
The fetters both find they are asked to put on.

And now, after all these so confident rumours
Of the wonderful wedding about to come off—
At which, as we know Mademoiselle's shifting humours,
Though the match seemed a strange one, none ventured to
scoff—
We find, as the match-makers say—"Nothing's settled,"
If "intentions" there ever have been, they seem dropped;
While the lady, at least, has good cause to feel nettled,
For the *futur* they've found her has not even popped!

Mind and Body.

At a late meeting of the Cambridge University Athletic Club were chosen a President and a Secretary; and certain members were elected upon the Committee. Among these gentlemen one represented "Corpus," a College with an old name, which will, perhaps, acquire a new meaning. It may be questioned whether, at our Universities and Public Schools, a degree of attention is not devoted to athletic sports conducive rather less to mental than to corporeal development.

Our Little War.

It is said, by those who ought to know, that those who should have known better let us in for the Ashantee war by mismanaging their negotiations and dealings on our behalf with KING COFFEE to such a degree as to amount to provocation, of which they have given Coffee grounds.



THE COLLAPSE.

BRITANNIA. "THEN THERE'S TO BE NO WEDDING AFTER ALL, MY DEAR!"

FRANCE. "AH, NO, MADAME! OF COURSE I SHOULD NOT HAVE ACCEPTED HENRI, HAD HE ASKED ME EVER SO MUCH; BUT, IN FACT, I WAS NEVER ASKED AT ALL!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



an awful few minutes, for we were watching the writhings of a guilty soul in the Inferno, and worse than guilty, hopeless in its terrible remorse. We, the audience, were for that brief period grouped, as it were, with the physician and the gentlewoman on the stage; we were hearing "what we should not," and sat horror-stricken at the confession of that most repulsive of all inhuman criminals, a Murderess. Before the curtain rose on that short scene, we knew we were to see, what we had come to see, MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI as *Lady Macbeth*: while the curtain was up we saw only *Lady Macbeth* walking in her sleep: when the curtain had descended, and had once more risen in answer to our call, it was MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI gracefully acknowledging the most fervent applause of a house crowded and crammed in every part. This was on the second occasion of her performing the part in English: she had done it for her benefit on Tuesday: then, without puff or advertisement, the report mysteriously spread about, that this of RISTORI's was the most wonderful piece of acting that had been seen for years; and, long before seven o'clock on Thursday night, it was almost impossible to get a seat for love or money. Your Representative was a little nervous about her accent; however this might have been on the first representation. I can answer for it (as Your Representative, being Truth itself) that, on the Thursday night, her foreign accent was only perceptible twice; that, moreover, her articulation was perfectly distinct, and that finally, in my very humble opinion, there was not, from first to last, one single fault to be found with this most remarkable performance.

It is only when witnessing such a rendering of so critical a situation as is this of the sleep-walking scene, that one is aroused to a sense of the boldness of SHAKESPEARE's genius. And to think that he himself could never have seen his creation realised! at least it seems impossible to imagine a youth, a mere lad, in this part; and yet so it must have been. Was there ever a more dangerous situation devised by Dramatist? Think of the costume; think of the chamber-candle, of the physician and the chambermaid up late at night and whispering in a corner; think, too, how the very slightest over-acting would upset the balance, and render the actress, and the whole scene, utterly and hopelessly ridiculous. Man or woman walking in sleep is, in reality, a ghostly sight; but not so the mimicry of it on the stage, where we are not only prepared for its unreality, but are ready to criticise its inartistic defects as an imitation. Yet, Sir, when I recall that pale face, the glassy set stare, the restlessness of the guilty hands, the stertorous breathing of the Dying Woman in her last illness (for this is the last we see of her—the next we hear of her is of her death)—I pretest I shudder again, and feel as though I, personally, were now an accomplice, *ex post facto*, in the murder of the old man Duncan, of *Banquo*, and the wife of the Thane of Fife.

Sir, this was a thirsty performance, and even to write of it, earnestly, parches the lips and dries the throat of one, who, though deeply affected and unable to write on any other theatrical subject this week, because this was really too much for him, remains now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE OXFORD "UNION."—Church and State.

EMOTIONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

"Every day is an anniversary of something, if people would only consult their almanacs and cultivate their emotions."—*Mr. Punch*, Nov. 1.

NOVEMBER 5, Wednesday. Guide Jesters. Read up the history of this Blessed Martyr.

"GUY FAUX, GUY, with wicked companions contriv'd
To blow the King and Parliament up alive."

"Contrived," in the beautiful poem from which we quote, is used in the sense of framing or devising a plan to do a thing; the word is derived from the French *controuever*. For he did not accomplish his purpose. Write an Essay, showing what would have been the consequence if JAMES and his Parliament had gone aloft. Set down memorandum never to make a Guy of yourself.

6. Thursday. St. Leonard. You never heard of him. What has that got to do with it? A well-informed person is always reminded of something by any name. Think of St. Leonards, and the delightful walks you took there with MARIA, and when she had thrown you over, with JESSIE; and when you had thrown her over, with BLANCHIE. Think how dear the lodgings were, and how bad the eggs. Think of LORD ST. LEONARDS, and recall anecdotes of him when he was MR., or SIR EDWARD STODEN, and his rows with BROUGHAM. Name Leonard derived from Leonatus; read up *Cymbeline*, and write essay on the character of *Imogen*. Look up St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, in the *Handbook of London*, and drop a tear over WILL SOMERS, the BURBAGES, G. SPENSER, killed in duel by BEN JONSON, and various other persons buried in the church. Then go on to St. Leonards, Foster Lane (it is gone, and the Post Office is on the spot, but that is a detail), and weep over FRANCIS QUARLES, who was buried there. Come, you get a deal of emotion out of a name you thought unpromising. But such is genius!

7. Friday. Last Execution at Tyburn, 1783. Out with your handkerchief; but just let us see whom we are going to blub for. Where's *Haydn's Dates*? He doesn't say. Never mind; dare say the fellow deserved it. Quite sure the last man hanged at Newgate did, 26th May, 1868, BARRETT the Fenian, who helped to blow in the prison wall at Clerkenwell. Write essay on public and private executions, and on Fenianism. Then write about all the remarkable criminals who have died at Tyburn, where Connaught Place now is. JACK SHEPPARD, JONATHAN WILD, MRS. BROWNRISE, DR. DODD, PARSON HACKMAN. Hal! the last hanged there was named AUSTIN, but his crime is not stated. You can weep for grief that there should have been so much wickedness in the world, or for joy that we are now all so good.

8. Saturday. John Milton died. Take the opportunity of reading *Paradise Lost*, which you dare not, with your hand on your waistcoat, say you have perused from "Of" to "way." That will be emotion enough for one day.

9. Sunday. Prince of Wales born. We should not think of suggesting the sentiments with which our reader, and therefore a loyal personage (or party), will hail this day. It is also the anniversary of the judgment (1868) by the Common Pleas, that apprised Miss LYDIA BECKER that neither she nor any other lady had a right to vote at elections. You can scoff at Woman's Rights, or gush for them, according to your taste, or your idea of what will please the company.

10. Monday. Dr. Cumming born. Remember that, in 1861, he delivered a lecture at Manchester (*cide* your *Punch* for October 26th in that year), and stuck to it that 1867 would see the World out, in some way, or would, at least, be the end of all chronology. He also stated that he did not desire to be an Angel. Compare his utterances with MR. DISRAELI's, who wished to be on the side of the Angels. ("As if the Doctor didn't know he was already an Angel. Ask the ladies of your flock. Flap your wings, ye ould deluder," said *Mr. Punch*, with sweet playfulness.)

11. Tuesday. Half Quarter Day. There's a ready-made emotion here, as to-day one usually pays up the rent to last quarter day, or is invited so to do. But this is a painful sentiment. Anniversary of the election of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, as Rector of Edinburgh University, 1865. He defeated MR. DISRAELI. Now comes MR. DISRAELI's turn to be a Scotch Rector. Moralise on the vicissitudes of life, and on the law that brings everything to the man who knows how to wait. And now listen. On this day in 1868, Parliament was dissolved—then came the elections, and the splendid Party Majority. "Vere is dat Barty now?"

Come, dear boy, if you don't shine as a writer, or in conversation, or in both, next week, *Punch* must disinherit you, and never call you JACK again.

COMPARATIVELY WELL OFF.

You hear people saying, "I've half a mind." Lucky folks to possess even so much as this! Many of us seem to have none at all.



“TO OBLIGE A LADY.”

DELIGHTFUL TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A GATE OFF THE HINGES FOR HER; BUT NOT SO PLEASANT SHOULD YOUR HORSE GET AWAY, AND LEAVE YOU TO WALK HOME!

HERCULES-WATERLOW.

THERE is a modern Hercules, and WATERLOW his name is,
And more than labours twelve himself this Hercules has set,
The least whereof sufficient to hand him down to fame is,
As valiantest of all Lord Mayors in Guildhall written yet.
If Waterloo of military victories in story
Stands famousest of famous names on England's battle-roll,
Of Civic victors WATERLOW may claim an equal glory,
As combatant 'gainst odds that ask a high heroic soul.

'Twas one chief task of Hercules to cleanse the Augean Stable,
Whole centuries' heaps of foulness to sweep out in a day,
And the grandly simple means by which to do this he was able,
Was through the reeking stalls to turn a mighty river's way.
But WATERLOW, our Hercules, has ta'en in hand the cleaning,
Not of one Augean Stable, but of all that he can find—
So must first expose their foulness, and then pull down the screening
That Augias's agents have set up for a blind.

The first Augean Stable our Hercules has tackled,
Above its portal, “Charity” shows carved in letters fair,
Whence “Give, give, give,” is whined, and roared, and brayed, and
cried, and cackled,
By strange masked forms, with many mouths, and hands out-
stretched in air.
But that fair-lettered frontal hides as much abomination,
As any sink that ever asked a cleansing river's flow,
The fruits of all those loud appeals, and brazen iteration,
More to the craving horse-leech, than the silent sufferer, go.

And through that Stable's twilight aisles, and in its dark recesses,
Flit, dimly seen, the crowd for whom the Stable finds employ,
Men, round of paunch, and bland of mien, and unctuous of ad-
dresses,
Brazen-faced in collecting, in appealing nowise coy;

And who can tell what shapes beside, that, shrinking from the sky-
light,

In a congenial darkness like bats prefer to dwell,
And ply mysterious industries, that prosper best in twilight—
Players as shy to show their hands as game or gains to tell.

Think how, when HERCULES-WATERLOW declares his plan for
turning

The River of Publicity through that dark, uncleansed room,
What a foul odour, from bats' wings the stagnant vapours churning,
What shrieks, and yelps, and hisses of dim things that haunt the
gloom!

Even Hercules may pause on the threshold of his labours,
To find of threatening sights and sounds this fierce and dense
array,

And pause to ask, what's the amount of good done to one's neigh-
bour,

That all this dire annoyance to oneself can outweigh?

As matters stand, we fear, that for *this* Augean Stable,

Whose odour as the essence of Charity is claimed,
'Tis doubtful if the Hercules of Guildhall will be able
'E'en to begin the cleansing at which he boldly aimed;
At all events, the river to be used those stalls for sluicing
Must be one whereof the water is high, the tide-way strong,
A weak attack's the surest way of strong defence inducing,
And to use your stream at low water, my WATERLOW, is wrong.

Divine Right and Wrong.

WOULD Italy have anything to fear from the restoration of French
legitimate monarchy in the person of the COUNT DE CHAMBOARD?
Perhaps not. The Sovereign of France might well be content to
regard the Kingdom of Italy as an accomplished fact. His Holiness
the POPE was pleased to recognise the Empire under NAPOLEON THE
THIRD, and HENRI CINQ may be of opinion that one good turn
deserves another.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Granny (who forgets that Grandchildren grow up just the same as other people).—"GOOD BYE, AND BLESS YOU, MY SWEET PET! AND DON'T YOU THINK, AS IT'S GETTING RATHER DARK, THAT COOK OR BETSY JANE HAD BETTER WALK AS FAR AS THE STATION WITH YOU?"

DISTILLERY DRINKS.

UNDER the heading of "Poisonous Spirits," the *Times* publishes a communication from MESSRS. BRETT, the eminent distillers, concluding as follows:—

"Essential oils and acids are present in all spirits, which hence require rectification to become pure. The ananthic ether, or the essential oil of wine, in spirit made from the grape, is as deleterious as fusel oil, which is found in spirit made from cereals. Cognac brandies are not rectified, for if the essential oils were not volatilised the bouquet would depart."

Of course the bouquet would depart if the essential oils were volatilised, and would remain if they were not. The latter word, above, must surely be a misprint. MESSRS. BRETT proceed:—

"Undoubtedly French spirits contain a large portion of amylic alcohol, and on this account are less wholesome than the scientifically rectified British spirit, where the production of acetic acid and empyreumatic oil is carefully avoided."

If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, that of the brandy is no less in the drinking. Has the experience of diners in general convinced them that Cognac is a less wholesome spirit than British brandy? Perhaps not; because few of them may have ever given the latter any trial if they knew it. A *petit verre* of the former spirit, however, has certainly a stomachic reputation not enjoyed by common *eau-de-vie*, most of which is understood to be nothing but a corn-spirit, rectified and flavoured. If MESSRS. BRETT are correct in their medical chemistry, as above expounded, to make spirits out of grain is very foolish extravagance. Cannot "scientifically rectified British spirit," perfectly free from acetic acid, empyreumatic and fusel oil, ananthic ether, and all the rest of it, be manufactured a great deal cheaper out of potatoes?

AVOID ANACHRONISM.—Protestant Boys! Be sure not to bring out Guy Fawkes with a box of lucifer-matches. Be just, even to Catholics.

PLUNDER FOR THE PEOPLE.

In an article on the special representation of mechanics, the *Morning Post* truly observes:—

"In the reduction of taxation the Working Classes have been the principal gainers. To exempt them from imposts which they are well able to bear the Income-tax has been retained upon the class immediately above them, whose circumstances are not by any means so prosperous, and who have not been able to enforce a higher payment for their services to meet the increased cost of living."

As excellent Mr. HIBBERT says, this is the plunder of a class for the sake of the People—with a great P. But so far from being a robbery of the rich to give to the poor, it is, on the contrary, robbing comparatively necessitous people in order to make things pleasant for others very much better off. It is also robbing the few and weak to curry favour with the many and strong.

Clerks of St. Nicolas.

A MEETING, in furtherance of the "St. Nicolas College System of Middle-Class Education," was held the other evening at Willis's Rooms. St. Nicolas has, until comparatively of late, been understood to be the Patron, not of the middle-class, but a certain one of the inferior classes. The special clients of St. Nicolas, according to popular tradition, were identical with those whom *Faust* calls "Diana's foresters; minions of the moon," and over whom, of old, Mercury presided. Nevertheless, the system of education pursued at Saint Nicolas's College appears to be altogether different from the tuition which Street Arabs were wont to receive at the private academy of Mr. Fagin.

Nominal Nonsense.

THE Russians, according to the *Moscow Gazette*, have laid the first stone of a fortress to be erected under the name of Petro Alexandrovsk, and to harbour a garrison of Cossacks on the Oxus. It may reassure some persons interested in the Eastern Question to consider that the Oxus is very far from flowing, as they might surmise it from its name to do, into the Bos-phorus.

APATHY.

"RESIGNATION OF A DISSENTING MINISTER.—The REV. . . . , for upwards of sixteen years minister at the Independent Chapel, . . . , has given notice of his intention to resign his post, owing to the general apathy of his congregation."

MR. PUNCH would not hurt anybody's feelings, so he has excised names, therein proving himself nobler than DR. JOHNSON, who defended himself for "throwing a snail into his neighbour's garden": "Sir, the dog is a Dissenter." But Mr. Punch must call attention to the above announcement. What does it mean? "Apathy." This means insensibility to pain. Well, if the Reverend Gentleman can't manage to hurt his flock, and make 'em miserable, he should send to Mr. Punch. That gentleman would furnish him with a list of Boanerges Thunders, which would make this apathetic congregation miserable enough in the twinkling of a sermon. The idea of giving up a pulpit because one cannot afflict one's sheep! Sooner than be beaten like that, Mr. Punch, had it been his happy lot to be a Dissenting Minister, would have dusted the pew-cushions with extraordinary fine pepper every Saturday night. He'd have waked up his beloved people. But mark the superiority of the Church of England as by law, at present, Established. Did you ever hear of a clergyman resigning a living because the congregation did not seem to care what he said? We trow not. However, we do not think that the minister in question needed to resign. We seem to recollect that we have read of a very great teacher indeed who did not leave off preaching a long sermon, though one of his audience carried apathy to the extent of tumbling out at the window.

New Meat Market.

"River Plate Meat is the newest addition proposed to our food supply."

So the poor "Plate," after having been exposed for years to much idle jesting on its name, is at last likely to do something for the supply of the table worthy of that name.



DESPERATE!

Medical Man (gingerly). "I THINK—PERHAPS—YOU MIGHT—DROP A LINE, AND HAVE YOUR WIFE UP."

Patient. "O, DOCTOR, YOU'RE ALWAYS FOR SUCH EXTREME MEASURES!!"

AN OLD BALLAD RECAST.

'Twas a Prince on the Salzburg road did chance
To meet a fair maid, MAMZELLE LA FRANCE;

His face 'neath her bonnet he ventured to poke,
Though modest, and thus the maid bespoke:—

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I wish you could tell me, *mon Prince*," she said.

"Your friends say I'm going, as fast as I can,
To the bottomless pit of the big black man;

"But GAMBETTA swears, take his advice,
And I'm bound for the Earthly Paradise,

"And M. THIERS tells me, but follow *his* clue,
And the land of Cockayne 'twill lead me to—

"Where the trees ready-roasted chickens grow,
And the rivers run Burgundy and Bordeaux."

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"A wardrobe of caps, besides that on my head:

"Of caps, and cockades that belong thereto,
From red *pur et simple*, to red, white, and blue."

"What of the white one, my pretty maid?"

"Out of the question, Sir," she said.

"But white is *my* colour, my pretty maid."

"Your colour's not mine, then, Sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."

"I never asked you, Sir," she said.

"There's mistake between us, my pretty maid."

"You've your friends to thank for it, Sir," she said.

A HARD NUT.

A RESPECTED contemporary, reporting a concert, says:—

"The third performance was the fugue in D major, by G. S. BACH, the peddling part of which, abounding as it does in difficulties, was powerfully executed."

Might we ask what is meant by "peddling"? WEBSTER defines the word as meaning "travelling about and selling small wares;" also as "trifling and unimportant." We fail to see how either meaning applies to a fugue, and certainly the second does not apply to any work by BACH. The word Peddler is held to be derived from "ped," a little basket; also from *ped*, because the merchant in question goes on foot; also from "pedules," the worsted socks worn by the monks, and sold by the chapmen. And yet we are not happy. SHAKESPEARE tells us of "wit's pedlar who retails its wares at wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, and fairs." And yet we are not happy. What is the peddling part of BACH's fugue in D major (which we suppose means drum major, BACH was partial to the drum), we want to know. The *Musical World* is requested to solve the problem.

Two Words.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Rome—

"Another letter has been sent by the POPE to the EMPEROR WILLIAM, but it is stated that His Holiness does not intend publishing it."

Perhaps, however, His Majesty does. We should, were we he. "O that mine enemy had written a—letter," is a pregnant saying and a spiteful.

CERTAIN CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

EAT and drink as much as ever you possibly can of all sorts of things without any restriction whatsoever, except only that they are perfectly insipid, or else unsavoury.

PARLIAMENTARY IMPROVEMENT.



Y the Scotch Striking Classes a large demonstration was made the other day at Glasgow against the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the criminal clauses of the Masters and Servants Act, and the application of the laws of conspiracy to questions of labour. For, although the laws of conspiracy leave the Striking Classes at liberty to conspire in strikes, that liberty is not so perfect as they wish. It does not enable them to carry conspiracy to the extent of rattening, still less of maltreating

non-Unionists, and independent workmen who choose to accept employment on other than Unionists' terms. The Striking Classes are so far from being free to punish such offenders, that, if the Council of a Trade Union ordered that the house of one of them should be blown up, or himself should be shot, and their sentence were carried out, they and their agents in its execution would be liable to be tried for murder, and might even, perhaps, be executed themselves.

The demonstration by which the justice of the demands above indicated was made clear was quite as logical as could be expected even at Glasgow, in Scotland. "The people were marshalled on the Green, and marched through the principal streets with banners flying and bands playing." The reasoning of the drums and trumpets, no doubt, was irresistible, and even the most prejudiced ears must have succumbed to the syllogisms of the bagpipes. Numbers, or the arithmetic of multitudes, rendered the demonstration mathematical. "The processionists numbered about 23,000, and the line of route was crowded." If further proof were needed, it was amply supplied by superabundance of stump-oratory. "On the return to the Green, speeches were delivered from four platforms." The rationality of all this eloquence is patent from its results. "Resolutions were adopted demanding the total repeal of the first of the Acts of Parliament above-named, protesting against the obnoxious clauses of the other, "and pledging the meeting to support only those candidates for Parliament who will give effect to their wishes."

This pledge, if generally adopted and acted upon by Trades' Unionists, may tend considerably to improve the representation of Great Britain. Suppose free and independent voters, generally, resolve to vote for those candidates only whom they sincerely believe to be the best and ablest men.

If, then, the Trades' Unions, the Teetotal Societies, and the confederacies of all the other platforms, will severally vote, each band of them, only for "those who will give effect to their wishes," the votes of the main body of the constituencies will probably return a sensible majority, unfettered by class interests, and exempt from crotchets, to Parliament. As the Brethren say, "So mote it be."

A GENTLE LECTURE.

To be learned by every Visitor to the Brighton Aquarium.

"OCTOPUS" you know how to say,
Whether you're fou or sober,
The *to* accented in the way
You sound it in "October."

But when the plural noun you want,
What's that? "Octopi," Looby!
You very clownish, ignorant,
Uneducated booby.

"Octopuses?" O, knock him down,
Upbraiding him with cusses,
That wretched ead, we'll bet a crown,
Calls Omnibuses "busses."

"Octopods." Thank you, *Daily News*,
That seems refined and Greeky,
Though unto ultra-classic views
Perhaps a trifle streaky.

Yet "tripods" we perceive in use
By CHAPMAN and by DRYDEN,
So say "Octopods," gabbling goose,
On pain of a good hidin'.

THE ALLIANCE LOVING CUP.

On Monday last week the Lord Mayor elect was, according to ancient custom, presented, and described to the LORD CHANCELLOR by the RECORDER. To the description of the Heir Apparent to the Civic Crown, given by the Hon. and Learned Gentleman, an appropriate and complimentary reply having been duly returned by the noble and learned Lord; according to the newspapers:—

"The Loving Cup was then passed round, and the Civic dignitaries retired."

The time at which the ceremony thus concluding commenced was about half-past eleven A.M. The Loving Cup, therefore, was passed round a little before noon, in accordance with the more early than abstemious habits of our ancestors. Whereas the contents of that goblet is a sort of negus, that is, an "intoxicating liquor," what will become of the Loving Cup in case the Aldermen of London should ever grow so unmindful of their traditions as to elect a consistent Total Abstinence Lord Mayor? Will the Loving Cup in that case hiss with sherbet, or foam with ginger-beer; will it be charged with sparkling or still lemonade: or is it even possible that the Loving Cup will be reduced to toast-and-water?

Bobby Black-sheep.

SOME persons complain that the organisation of the Police Force has become too military. In one particular it is not military enough. Of late, unworthy members of that generally well-conducted body of men have been disgracing their corps by brutal assaults, by taking people into custody for speaking to them, by locking up sufferers in fits of apoplexy for drunkards, and by false swearing in Courts of Justice. Military discipline is not, at present, as it ought to be made, applicable to exceptional Policemen. Be it enacted that all such offenders shall be liable to be flogged and drummed out of their division.

ON DIT.

THE notion of Special Services for the Metropolitan Constabulary in Westminster Abbey has been started. On the first occasion the entire Police Force will be required to take up the Nave.



PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Teacher. "JESSIE BROWN, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE LATE?"

Jessie. "WHICH YOU HAVE, MISS. BUT, LOR! I'VE HAD *SUCH* A JOB WITH MY 'AIR!"

WORKS AND VANDALS.

OLD Holland House a book about
Some stupid people praise.
That ugly building—how much out
Of date in modern days!

An opportunity was lost
For alteration fine,
Through Holland Park when might have
crossed
The neighbouring Railway Line.

But Progress, at so fast a rate,
Insures the growth of Town,
That structure, surely, soon or late,
Is destined to come down.

A row of villas shall, anon,
Be built upon its site.
Who cares for JOSEPH ADDISON,
And where he used to write?

Or else, perhaps, upon the spot
Where Fox did once carouse;
Where met the literary lot;
Shall rise a public-house.

Down comes, to clear the way for shops,
The PERCERS' lordly hall.
The House of Holland, when it stops
Improvement, too, must fall.

Historic monuments be dashed!
You'll soon have none to see.
By all your censure unabashed,
What jolly Snobs are we!

Good Security.

WE think we have at last found a public company to whose keeping we shall entrust our little savings, when the baker, and the butcher, and the cheesemonger, and the coal merchant, and the dairyman, and the greengrocer, and the poulterer will permit us to put by something for the rainy day—"The National Safe Deposit Company."

QUESTIONS FOR SCHOOL-BOARD CANDIDATES.

HAVE you made yourself acquainted, by reading and personal investigation, with the educational systems adopted by (a) ancient nations, (b) foreign countries, and (c) England and her dependencies, from the earliest times to the present day?

Are you conversant with the principal educational theories which have been propounded, both at home and abroad, since the beginning of this century?

Have you read all the Blue Books and other Parliamentary documents which have been issued on the subject of Education?

What system are you prepared to support in this country? Do you advocate a denominational education for an undenominational child, or would you train up an undenominational boy or girl on denominational principles? Can you suggest any plan which would be likely to prove satisfactory to contending sects and parties, rival public meetings, the parents of the children, the children themselves, and the ratepayers?

Have you read and studied the Education Act under which you seek election, and can you quote the famous 25th Clause?

What sort of education did you receive yourself, and can you point to any prizes or distinctions gained at school or college?

Will you be good enough to describe the plan you have adopted in the education of your own family?

Have you had any practical experience of teaching?

Please to give an outline of the Bell, Lancaster, Pestalozzian, Kindergarten, Moravian, Jesuit, Port Royal, Privy Council, British and Foreign, and National Systems of Education; and to state which you prefer.

Would you confine education simply to reading, writing, and arithmetic; or extend it to such branches of knowledge as mensuration, political economy, perspective, chronology, modern languages, chemistry, counterpoint, and international law; or are you disposed to recommend the happy medium?

What are your views about holidays?

Are you married or single?

Will you pledge yourself, if elected, to attend all Board and

Committee Meetings, to make no lengthy speeches, and to avoid contradiction, interruption, and personality?

Are you fond of statistics?

In any future legislation on the subject of Education, are you of opinion that it would be desirable to make it compulsory on all those who avail themselves of the opportunities for mental improvement afforded by schools supported out of the public funds, to present themselves with clean hands and face; or would you consider an enactment of this character an unwarrantable interference with that liberty of action which is the pride and boast and birthright of every British subject, and a dangerous disregard of time-honoured prejudices, such as ought to be treated with the utmost tenderness and respect?

Is it your chief desire, not to help on the triumph of Secularism, or Voluntaryism, or Denominationalism, but to see every ragged, miserable, and neglected child taken out of the streets and sent to school?

ELECTRIC SHAVE.

THE idea of "Ajax defying the lightning" is rather strongly suggested by a telegram which came the other day from Sicily, contradicting a previous telegram, thus:—

"The news published by an English journal of an earthquake having occurred in Sicily, of an eruption of Mount Etna, and of the destruction of some sulphur mines, is completely unfounded."

Ajax may be considered as represented by the author of the telegram which announced the thing that was not. He, whoever he was, lied in defiance of an electric current. That is regularly defying the lightning in a small way. Might not this fellow be called the Lesser Ajax—without prejudice to the fair fame of Oileus? His telegram announced a destruction of sulphur-mines to an extent which, had it really happened, would have created a famine of sulphur. Perhaps this intelligence was calculated to affect the sulphur market, and thus make defying the lightning to the cost of a telegram pay a speculating rogue.



ORNITHOLOGICAL.

Swell ("cast away" in unknown Suburb). "AW—WHAT CAN I HAVE FOR DINNAR!"

Waiter. "WHATEVER YOU——"

Swell. "CAN I HAVE A BIRD, OR——"

Waiter. "BIRD, SIR?" (Dubiously.) "I'LL SEE, SIR." ("Happy Thought.") "OUR HANNUAL GOOSE CLUB HAS JUST RE-MENCED, SIR—IF YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE A TICKET!"

["Aw" declined, with thanks.

AD ROBERTUM (MISBEHAVIENTEM).

PUNCH has still been true to his Bobby: still, like a brick, has backed him;

Punch's bâton for Bobby has ever been raised and 'gainst those that attacked him;

To the merits of his Bobby *Punch* has always very kind been;

To the failings of his Bobby *Punch* has always very blind been.

For *Punch* has always borne in mind his Bobby's sore temptations,
As, Cooks and their cajoleries, Roughs and their aggravations:
His long-drawn hours of duty, in defiance of wind and weather,
His weary tramps, whose dust and dampe tax spirits, strength,
and shoe-leather;

Sly drams from artful publicans' taps to be stoically waved off,
Snug tips from breakers of hours and rules, to be indignantly
staved off:

Good tempers to be kept against mobs and aggravating chaffers,
Superior smiles to be paid for the scoffs of Christmas Pantomime
laughers.

And *Punch* has found that his Bobbies on the whole will stand
comparison,

With any force e'er yet enrolled as Order's civic garrison;

And has been proud to endorse the praise of his Bobby by the
foreigner,

For his conduct in our streets and courts, before Judge and Beak
and Coroner.

So *Punch*, with allowance duly made for a reas'nable proportion
Of Black-sheep Bobbies given to lies and bullying and extortion,
To the Home Office and HENDERSON has felt our gratitude
owed is

That we've had so little cause to ask, "Quis custodiat custodes?"

But, my Bobbies, if you'd have in *Punch* a protector still to
rely on,
Some little games you've lately played you must really cease to
try on;

For instance, that all incapables aren't drunk the caution scorning,
Till the man charged as dead-drunk overnight, is found only dead
in the morning.

Or treating as a "disorderly" whoever the pavement cumbers,
And running in on charge of assault whoever dares take your
numbers:

And when any of you've made a mistake, attempting bad to better,
By backing, till you're black in the face, each the other's tale to
the letter:

If the Black-sheep who play these little games should multiply
among Bobbies,

Till that Bobby must be a Black-sheep, because one of London's
Bobbies,

Then *Punch* will find, though he hates a cry, and to cant of the
day ne'er truckles,

Ho'll have to take up his *bâton* and come down on his Bobby's
knuckles.

Which is a treatment of Bobbies that *Punch* would grieve to be
forced to,

Aware how the Roughs would rejoice to see their abuse by *Punch*
endorsed too;

And how those who long for disorder would laugh to see Order's
Guards discredited,

As my Bobbies must be, if their Black-book by their Black-sheep's
left to be edited.

MEDICAL QUERY.—Would inoculation with scarlet fever be a pre-
servative against yellow?

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

In Search of a Horse.

IND, on my return home, the report has suddenly got about that I am looking out for a horse.

When I say "got about," I mean within a radius of at least ten miles.

I ask my Aunt if she has mentioned it to any one.

"No, my dear," she replies, "I've not said a word on the subject."

She seems as hurt and annoyed as if I had accused her of having divulged a most important secret.

I can't go anywhere in my own neighbourhood without hearing about the horse

that "I'm looking out for." People seem to think I want to raise a private cavalry troop.

At the Railway Station, for example, the Station-Master—the last person I should have thought of, as connected with horses (unless he has a grudge against the Railway, and wishes to encourage driving)—smiles pleasantly, but still knowingly—I can't help remarking this universally, that whenever a person, no matter who he may be, has anything to say or do about horses, he instantly becomes more or less knowing in his manner—I believe the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY himself would cock his shovel-hat, and smile learily ("learily" is the word) if he had anything to say about a horse,—Well, the Station-Master smiles in this way, and observes—

"I hear you're looking out for a horse, Sir."

I say "Yes, I am," as unconcernedly as possible, as I have a sort of idea that he'll suddenly produce one from the engine-house, or the porters' room, or some unexpected place, by way of taking me by surprise, and say "Here he is, Sir; here's the very thing for you!" and expect me to purchase it on the spot.

So I am reserved, and suspicious. As I go on, I become more reserved and suspicious. My nature is, I am sure, originally frank and trustful; but looking out for a horse will, I am sure, even at this early stage, embitter my life.

I almost begin to expect men jumping out at me, from behind trees, or palings, with "Here you are, Sir! here's the thing to suit you!" and I am aware of being perpetually, and painfully, on the alert.

The Station-Master seems to be thinking the matter over. I don't go away and leave him, as I see he has something more to say. Perhaps, not being professionally a horse-dealer, he doesn't quite know how to put it, or it may be his first attempt at this sort of thing.

He frowns to himself, as it were, and appears to be going through either some violent mental effort of memory, or a struggle with his better nature and his early religious education.

I ask him, "Have you heard of anything?"

"Well," he replies, slowly, the struggle evidently not being quite over—"Well, no—not exactly. Only—" (I see he's coming out with half the truth)—"there's Mr. FOSSIT of Barntree was saying, the other morning here, as he had something as he thought would do for you. I don't know it myself," he adds, cheerfully; "but he was saying, as he thought it was about the sort of thing as you wanted. And," he finishes, with increasing cheerfulness, as though he had relieved his conscience at last, and turned Queen's evidence against FOSSIT of Barntree, who had tried to make him an accomplice, "I said to Mr. FOSSIT as he'd better speak to you about it himself. Up Train for Lon'on!"

By the time he has ended he has resumed his own natural honest and pleasant manner, and is at his work again, with the air of a man who has successfully combated a fearful temptation.

I can imagine, that is my increasing suspicious nature can imagine, what will take place at the next meeting between FOSSIT of Barntree and the Station-Master.

FOSSIT (whom I don't know from ADAM) will come up with the usual deep smile and begin,

"Well, have you seen him since? Eh?"

The Station-Master, perfectly aware that he is alluding to me, but morally afraid to admit that he has thrown FOSSIT over, will pretend that he doesn't quite catch his (FOSSIT's) meaning.

FOSSIT will then continue, cautiously, "Have you seen Mr. THINGUMMY about that horse, as I was—"

"O!" the Station-Master will cut in, to avoid further explanation. "Yes, and I told him he'd better see you about it himself."

And so he will go off, leaving his companion to understand that he, the Station-Master, won't be a party to any duplicity about this horse, and isn't, to put it plainly, going to stand in with FOSSIT of Barntree.

Again, in the village, I hear of it from the Post-Master. In partnership with his mother, he is proprietor of a cheese, bacon, and grocery shop, and this, and the post-office, they manage between them. He is a long young man, loosely put together, as if he'd been made up gradually, and added to at different times whenever there might have been some large bones to spare. His face, which is broad and round, and with a very uneven surface, is expressive of chronic astonishment at everything and everybody. I don't believe he was always like this.

I fancy the telegraphic arrangements have frightened him, and that every arrival, or sending of a telegram, conveys a fresh galvanic shock to his nervous system, taking effect on his hair, which is very dry, and of the colour of one of his own pale Dutch cheeses. He has a desk to himself in one corner, where he attends to the Money Orders, occasionally disappearing, when the customer's back is turned, to come up again in the character of a Telegraphic Clerk, in another corner, where the wires work among sides of bacon, sacks of dog biscuits, soap, cheeses, and red herrings. From this operation he emerges quite red in the face, as though they were saying *such* things by telegraph that no respectable young man could listen to without blushing. I drop in to buy some stamps.

Happy Thought.—Object for a walk, to go to the village and buy stamps. Must have some object in view, or should never take any exercise. When my horse is here I can ride in and buy stamps; or ride to all sorts of villages for miles round to buy stamps. Could (for the sake of making a necessity for exercise) invent for myself a pleasant fiction as to their selling better stamps at one village than another. The farther the village, the better the stamps. Besides, there's something of the genuine countrified idea about this: it's like going about marketing: it suggests the pillion and my Aunt up behind with a basket: Old Dobbin, jog-trot, top-boots, heavy-handed whip, low-crowned hat, and dialogue along the road. "Well, Fayrmer, 'ow be'est this marning? an 'ow be yew mam?" and then we say we're going to buy some stamps, and trot on. Of course, this is fanciful, but still there is a pastoral sort of idea about it.

"A shilling's worth of stamps, please," I say.

The Young Post-Master, astonished as usual, appears to be taken aback by this demand, and as he cannot at the moment lay his hand on the stamps, an animated discussion ensues between himself and his mother, who is having tea in the little room behind the glass-windowed door, and won't come out.

The Young Post-Master won't open the door and show his mother. He seems to keep her in there as a secret, and, as he speaks through the door, and turning a little away from me (his audience), its effect is to remind me of a Ventriloquist's entertainment, where the performer pretends to be holding a conversation with some one on the other side of the wall, or outside a door.

"Mother, where didyer put the stumps?" he says, in his own voice.

Ventriloquist's mother (I mean Post-Master's mother from within), "You'll find 'em in the drawer o' the left and side, JOHN."

Post-Master rummages in the drawer, and calls out, "No, th'aint there." Then he goes to the door again, turns the handle, and holds it the slightest bit ajar, which is exactly what I've seen Ventriloquists do, only without a real mother on the other side—ordinarily some imaginary acquaintance called "TOMMY," who has got somehow into a gas-pipe, or some eccentric stranger in the chimney, who is usually addressed with the utmost courtesy on the part of the Ventriloquist, as "Sir;" each sentence beginning in this way, "What are you doing up there, Sir?" to which Eccentric Stranger in the Chimney replies, rudely, "What's that to you, Sir?"

I have noticed that the Eccentric Stranger in the Chimney is invariably rude, while the Ventriloquist is most markedly polite. The Man in the Chimney refuses to move, and asserts his right to stay there as long as he likes; the Ventriloquist, still polite, warns him that he is lighting a fire, when the Eccentric Stranger becomes abjectly piteous, and only asks for time to be allowed to reach the top and make his escape. By the time he has gained this point the Eccentric Person's character has quite changed; he has become less and less rude, and finishes (from the top of the chimney, and supposed to be out on the roof) by wishing the entertainer "Good night," to which the amiable Ventriloquist below

replies, "Good night, and mind you don't let me catch you in the chimney again, Sir," which remark elicits a faint reply, in a very distant voice, almost three houses off by this time, "All right, Sir, good night."

This passes through my mind, while the entertainment is being given by the Post-Master and his mother in the shop.

He finds the stamps under the butter, which surprises him less than I should have thought, and, having carefully wrapped them in brown paper, hands them to me, saying, at the same time,—

"Thank you, Sir."

Then he has to find change for half-a-crown, which causes another entertainment with his mother in the back parlour, as to where the change is that some one brought in just now, and was put by mistake into the Money Order drawer.

This being found, he gives it to me, and observes, "Are you settled yet, Sir, with a horse? I heard as you were looking about for one a while ago."

I tell him I am not suited, and he calls out to his mother,—

"I say, Mother, where was that as Mr. Holt's Coachman said as he knew there was one to be sold?"

"GRANGERY'S," answers a voice from within.

"At GRANGERY'S," repeats the Post-Master, explaining to me the answer of the Oracle in the back room.

(Note for *Typical Development*, Vol. XIV. O. *Oracles*, how they were done in old times. O. O.—Old Oracles. Never hit on the subject before.)

"GRANGERY'S; it's the builders, Sir, along here, top o' the hill. I think it's the sort o' thing that might suit you, Sir."

Why should a builder's horse suit me? Why should the Post-Master think so?

Happy Thought.—What does he want for it?

The Post-Master doesn't know; doesn't suppose much. I pretend to take a note of GRANGERY'S address, and thank the Post-Master.

Happy Thought.—GRANGERY'S is too near at hand; no excuse to go to GRANGERY'S. Besides, what's a builder to do with horse-dealing? Suspect something wrong here. No. As I originally intended, I'll call on CLUMBER, the Flyman; he, as it were, lives among the horses, and it's his line. Besides, it's a walk to get to him.

Happy Thought.—Take a walk. To CLUMBER'S. Off.

A WEIGHTY MATTER.



RULY SYMPATHETIC
MR. PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH still quite a young man (for I have really not reached fifty yet), I regret to see the progress I am making towards corpulence, which, blemishing my youthful symmetry of figure, imparts to my deportment a somewhat middle-aged, or, to speak more gently, mediæval look.

I can't help noticing the fact, because my friends are so continually, by pantomime or

otherwise, directing my attention to it, and, by word of mouth, or postscript to their notes of invitation, prescribing rigid rules of abstinence in diet, which, although they would undoubtedly make my life a burthen, might possibly succeed in diminishing my weight.

Weight! yes, that's the word which is ever ringing in my ears, and never absent from my thoughts. "Try your weight, Sir!" is the mandate I hear everywhere addressed to me, and to think I try in vain to turn my deafened ear. "Try your weight, Sir, only a penny!" Ha! ha! ha! only fancy one's weighing only a pennyweight! "Try your weight, Sir! Tell yer 'xact weight!"

Haunted by the cry, I am continually yielding to the cheap temptation, and squandering my pennies in attempts to ascertain whether my progress towards pinguitude be really so alarming as my bosom friends assert. And in this way comes my grievance. Sir, the scales, with velvet-bottomed chairs, which are provided for the public, though certainly convenient, are sadly incorrect. This scrap of scientific knowledge has been dawning on my mind for many a month past, and a day or two ago it burst into full light. Coming from the Crystal Palace, where I had spent no less than fourpence in the terrible amusement of going to the scale, I managed in my journey homeward to lay out ninepence more in the like attractive torture. Sir, my patience and my weight were tried precisely thirteen times that afternoon, and I find by the tickets, which I carefully preserved, that I varied nearly two pounds seven ounces in my weight. Such incorrectness in the scales may be of direful consequence to corpulent and nervous people like myself, who are mentally tormented by visions of obesity, and go to scale continually to relieve their anxious fears. Surely, Sir, the Government ought to interfere in such a really weighty matter, and order its inspectors of public weights and measures to examine, in due course, these "try-your-weight" machines.

Making you as low a bew as my infirmity permits, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours in deep humility,

A MAN OF SUBSTANCE.

BOOK ADVERTISED.

Who's Your Lawyer? Evidently there can be but one answer to such an impertinent question. In these days we don't exchange cards and fight duels, but we give the addresses of our respective Solicitors. "Who's your Lawyer, Sir?" "Who's yours?"

THE RAILWAY AND COAL RING.

As if the cost of coals had not been raised too high by the conspiracy of extortionate and lazy colliers, the Railway Companies, it seems, must needs combine with the Coal Merchants to enable each other to fleece the public at their mercy. According to the *Post*, Railway Directors refuse to carry coals for private purchasers at the pit's mouth. In this refusal they are warranted by a judicial decision, perverting the Railway Act of 1854, which forbids them to give greater facilities to one class of the public than to any other. This prohibition has been ruled in a Court of Law to mean that they may decline to carry coals when they please.

Is it not, then, indeed, high time for a dissolution of Parliament? Railways, and Railway Gentlemen are far too strong in the House of Commons. Britons, countrymen, and householders, you are continually invited to vote for this candidate or that, the one who will or who will not pledge himself for or against the twenty-fifth Clause of the Education Act, or something else of equally vast consequence. If you know your own interests, but do not know whom to vote for, you may at least know whom not to vote for. Among these latter candidates, the Railway Companies are doing all they can to place all who stand for them. You will be very blind if they do not soon succeed in making you see that the candidate not to vote for on any account is a Railway Chairman, Director, Official of any kind, or any other person who, if returned to Parliament, will represent not you, but those who plunder you under legal sanctions, and get the sanctions legalised, in the capacity of Railway Members. Study the published lists of the Railway Men in view of the coming Election.

FOLK LORE AND FASHION.

A SLEEPING Beauty in the wood,
Now slumbering on her mossy bed,
Would half a yard of chignon, good,
Have piled aloft upon her head.

On Beauty's crown a hair-riek towers;
A thing of grace, O Christian friends!
Adorned with artificial flowers,
And sprigs, and shreds, and ribbons' ends.

Forms of the smaller fauna, some,
Would in her topknot find a lair;
The little birds and dormice come,
And build and nestle in her hair.

Malapropians.

AN esteemed friend of ours, and occasional Contributor, has been terribly alarmed by a prediction in her newspaper, that MR. GLADSTONE means, next Session, to interview a Bill for the division of the country into equal electrical districts. The news has given her such a shock that she says she feels as if she had been frightened by a ghost from the borough of Old Searum.



A TURK!

The Colonel. "AS FOR WHAT THEY CALL 'INTELLECT,' AND THAT SORT OF THING, WHY, WHAT I SAY IS, THE LESS OF IT IN A WOMAN THE BETTER, MY BOY!"

Little Tomkyns. "MY SENTIMENTS TO A T, SIR! INTELLECT, INDEED! AS FOR ME, I'VE ALWAYS LOOKED UPON WOMAN AS A MERE TOY!"

A WARNING AND A WARMING-PAN.

"Now, pray, my worthy MADAME FRANCE, your bed pray let us warm;

Believe me, if it isn't done, you'll come to grievous harm:

With fever fits, hysterics, delirium, and the shakes—

Do let's put in this warming-pan—now do, for all our sakes!

"'Tis the safest, easiest, warming-pan that ever yet was tried—

Of the best old brass, set off with the face of a *vieux moustache* outside,

And it's warranted not to burn the bed, or smother you with its stythe,

And 'twill make you sleep so sound all night, and awake so brisk and blythe!

"There *was* another treatment that we doctors thought of late

Better suited for a patient in your alarming state—

A course of miraculous waters with *Sels de Bourbon* strong,

To repair the Constitutional shocks you've suffered from so long.

"But the *Enfant du Miracle* of that spring, to our annoy,

Has by his right divine refused its waters to employ;

And till that Child of Wonder bear its balm to give you rest,

We've concluded, of all substitutes, this warming-pan the best."

"But, really, my dear Doctors, I don't feel what you dread—

This strong determination of blood towards the head.

Tout au contraire, I'm better of my nasty shooting pain,

Since DOCTOR THIERS relieved me of Bismarck on the brain.

"And I feel my circulation is ever so much more free

Since that discharge of yellow stuff, which bred such bile in me:

All I want is regular regimen, repose and quiet life,

To rid my body politic of evil humours rife.

"But as for this old warming-pan, *mes chers Docteurs*, I vow, I always *did* hate warming-pans, and never more than now. They're much more like to raise my pulse than to reduce its beat, And to send the blood up to my head, than to allay its heat.

"Besides, as it was I who made, and must lie in, the bed, And as I am the mistress of the house, when all is said, You surely will admit that I a right of choice have got, Whether I must be sentenced to a warming-pan, or not.

"Perhaps, as I was fool enough to let you be called in, You *may* say, 'Patients' rights expire when Doctors' rules begin;' And with that calm insistence that belongs to the M.D., Maintain, if *you* say warming-pan, it warming-pan must be.

"But I too have *my* notion that M.D.'s are oft a chouse, That a woman should be mistress inside of her own house: And, patient as she is, may show impatience of the man Who tells her, willy-nilly, she must swallow *his* warming-pan.

"So, *chers Docteurs*, take my advice: don't try my temper more, Lest I should take the liberty of showing you the door: And if you thrust your warming-pan into my bed, I doubt, I may take to insisting, *moi-même*, and kick it out."

A Good Time Coming.

It is understood that the most advanced section of the Ultra Liberals, consisting of the advocates of social progress to the utmost extent, and in particular to the extent of establishing the community of property, contemplate holding a torchlight demonstration in Trafalgar Square, to demand the Abolition of Purchase in its universal sense, so as to be made applicable to commodities, in order that all persons in want of any may be enabled to help themselves.



“CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS!”

MR. P. “AH, THEN, I SUPPOSE WE SHALL ALL BE GOING BY THE 11:45?”

RAILWAY DIRECTOR. “EH? WHA—AT!!—YOU DON'T SUPPOSE, I HOPE, THAT I, AND THE WIFE, AND THE YOUNG 'UNS, ARE GOING BY *RAIL*?” (*Shudders.*) “NOT IF I KNOW IT, MY DEAR FRIEND!—NOT WHILST FOUR POSTERS AND AN OMNIBUS CAN BE HAD FOR MONEY! I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T READ YOUR ‘*ACCIDENTS*’?”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Regrets and Reports.

FRIEND OF MY SOUL,

LIFE is full of regrets. For your sake, for the sake of the public, I do regret my inability up to this present moment to visit the Alexandra Theatre, near Regent's Park.

Day after day has my eye fallen on the advertisement, "See APHDAL,"—and ah! Sir, I have not seen her. Every morning as I opened my *Times*, there it was, growing more and more reproachful in its aspect—"See APHDAL."

"APHDAL!" I exclaimed. "I come!"—but I didn't.

Pleadingly the advertisement has lain before me. And now I see, that ere these lines shall have fallen in pleasant places, APHDAL will have vanished for ever, for the Opera wherein she was performing (I have ascertained that APHDAL was of the femi-



nine gender) will have been withdrawn. Ah! APHDAL, gentle APHDAL, who gave you that name? How sweet, how soothing, how uncommonly like ROBER, The Tea Spirit. Strange! I believe that APHDAL in the Opera was a Water-Spirit, and if she were but a Hot Water Spirit what an affinity then between the timid APHDAL and the heroic ROBER. There at once is your fairy story for Christmas. Ah! Why was it withdrawn? Do you not see, Sir, how ROBER would have loved APHDAL, and after a brief period of mundane trial as Harlequin and Columbine, they would have been married, and lived happily ever after?

And another Regret. The Persian ZULEIKA, described as "the Country-

woman of the SHAH," has from the present moment of writing only four or five nights more of stage existence, at the Charing Cross. Then she, too, will have vanished, like a bright meteor, and have joined the Resplendent APHDAL in the land of Spirits.

I cannot be everywhere at once. I often wish I could be somewhere else when I'm where I am. I saw *Sour Grapes* at the Olympic. I looked at it through a fog. The fog had penetrated into the house—had filled it. It was very foggy on the stage that night. MR. ANSON was very good as the Country Bumpkin; and so was MR. CHARLES NEVILLE as the Villanous Aristocrat. There was the Farmer and the Farmer's wife—honest couple (at least I believe so, only the fog was so thick I could not get clearly at the story), and the Farmer's daughter—virtuous, and in love with a Lord. And there was the Lord in love with the Farmer's daughter, and disguising himself in order to court her. And there was the usual *Charles his Friend*, and the dashing young lady (Miss FOWLER), in a riding-habit, looking so bright in spite of the fog, and having a telling exit speech, which brought me down, and, after me, the house; and then there was the Lawyer, with the will in his pocket, to be produced at the right moment; and then there was the Haughty Lady of high rank, who wouldn't consent (strangely enough) to the marriage of her son, the noble Lord, with a Farmer's daughter; and there were the two "little bits of character" thrown in because the Manager wanted to show "the strength of his company;" and, in fact, there was everything and everybody that could be wished for by any student of the pictures and plots in the *London Journal*. How pleased and delighted I was!

And then there came a good bit of fun called *Richelieu Redressed*, written by MR. R. REECE, wherein there were "hits of the day," from the rise of the curtain to the fall. The day was hit very hard indeed. It was not exactly a parody on *Richelieu*, and MR. IRVING was only occasionally imitated. Perhaps it was at one time hoped that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN would have interfered, and made the harmless satire a colossal success. But his Lordship knows a trick worth two of that now. The theatres have their licence: let them enjoy their liberty. Good taste is the best censor; and if there is a question as to what is and what is not good taste, I shall refer the question to you, Sir, my, chief, as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—In the Press—Yesterday's Tablecloth.

A HEATHEN UNDERTAKING.

A REMARKABLE instance of the vast inferiority of the Hindoos to ourselves, in point of civilisation and enlightenment, is recorded in the *Times of India*. According to that journal, there lately died at Bombay one of the principal inhabitants of that city, MR. VENAYECRAO JUGGONATHJEE SUNKERSETT. The remains of this benighted Hindoo were disposed of by his equally benighted relatives after the barbarous fashion of the no less benighted antique Romans. They were subjected to the unphilosophical process of cremation. This was preceded by various ceremonies, of course more or less absurd, and by superstitious recitations, which Brahmins are pleased to call prayers. Some money had necessarily been expended on the pyre provided for this heathen funeral; but an English undertaker would be shocked by the mean simplicity of the article of its furniture thus described:—

"A word about the bier: it seemed to us to be a rather shabby affair, consisting only of split bamboo sides and arms, and with a rush bottom; but as the bier itself was subsequently broken to pieces and burnt, it perhaps served its purpose as well as a more ostentatious one would have done, and at no expense worth mentioning."

This was indeed worse than rather a shabby affair. It was a very shabby affair indeed; altogether the reverse of "respectable," as our undertakers expressively call the expensive but necessary furniture which we do not burn and waste at once, but inter to moulder in due time.

When we think of the advantage, derived by this country, in point of ornament, use, and sanitary progress, from the continued extension and encroachment of cemeteries on commons and open spaces, we cannot fail to see how much more wisely we dispose of our dead than those who do so as follows:—

"Then the flames shot up into the air, a canopy of smoke overhung the

spot, and all was over; the mourners dispersed, and by midnight nothing remained of our well-known citizen but a handful of white ashes and a few calcined bones."

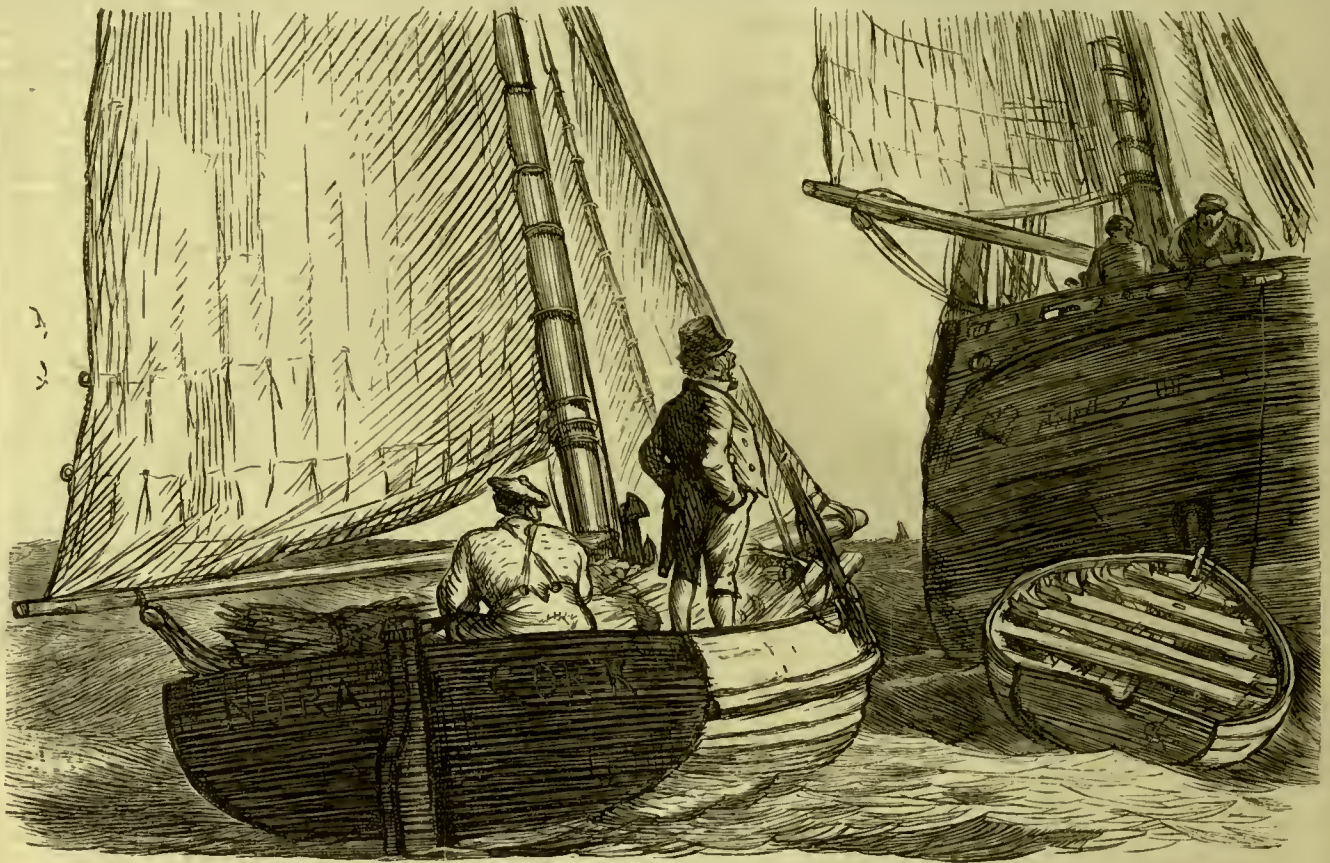
That is how the votaries of Juggernath use the form of organic matter relinquished by the spirit of a Juggonathjee. They reduce it in a few hours to phosphate of lime and other earthy salts, having, in the meanwhile, driven off its combustible portion aloft in the form of gases into the atmosphere. Thus they practise what MR. O'BALLAGHAN calls atmospheric interment. We more reasonably allow derelict organisms to decompose at their leisure, and the products of their decomposition to mingle, some of them, with the air which we breathe, whilst others leak away into our wells and constitute ingredients of the water which we drink. We have no heathen prejudices.

RUSSIAN SCANDAL.

RUSSIAN Scandal is an amusing game. The *Nord* contains a letter from St. Petersburg, and here is a slight extract. The Correspondent states that the marriage of the Grand Duchess is fixed for January, and that on the occasion the Court of the Czar will receive the visit of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES,

"du duc de Cambridge, oncle de la Reine Victoria et généralissimo des armées anglaises, et enfin de l'archevêque de Westminster et de son épouse, dame d'honneur de la Reine d'Angleterre."

We all know that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is the QUEEN's uncle, of course, and that the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER has the honour of crowning our royalties. But we did not know that DR. MANNING was married, and, therefore, could not be supposed to be aware that MRS. MANNING is *dame d'honneur* to our QUEEN. But a continental journalist's haughty contempt for facts is part of the nobility of his character.



GRANDILOQUENCE.

Captain of Schooner. "WHAT 'A' YOU GOT THERE, PAT?"

Pat (who has been laying in some Firewood and Potatoes). "TIMBER AND FRUIT, YER HONOUR!!"

PERSECUTION IN PRUSSIA.

THE persecution now raging in Prussia presents a modified resemblance to that which the early Christians from time to time suffered under the heathen Emperors. By accounts from Germany it appears that the Prussian Government has been persecuting ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOVSKI with peculiar barbarity. No less than forty-three lawsuits have been instituted by that heretical Administration against that faithful Prelate.

"The total amount in which the Archbishop has been hitherto fined is 1,300 thalers. The first 200 thalers are covered by the sale of his carriage and horse. For 900 thalers the Archbishop is offered the alternative of six months' imprisonment. The remaining 200 thalers have been imposed in punishment for MONSIGNOR LEDOCHOVSKI's refusal to appoint a legally qualified priest at Filehne in lieu of the unqualified one for whose institution he has been fined the first 200 thalers. It is said that a second carriage and pair will be seized in satisfaction of this debt."

None of the primitive Confessors and Martyrs ever underwent anything exactly like this: neither IGNATIUS, nor POLYCARP, nor CYPRIAN, nor any of the rest of them, are related to have suffered the seizure of a carriage and pair. Some were mutilated very barbarously indeed; but whether under NERO, or TRAJAN, or DECIUS, or DIOCLETIAN, or any other of the persecuting Emperors, at any rate Bishops used not to be deprived of their carriages and horses. Perhaps, to be sure, though they kept their consciences, they did not keep their carriages, as ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOVSKI does, or did, before he had all of the latter taken away from him by the tyranny of a Kaiser WILHELM, whom ecclesiastical historians will perhaps denounce as a persecutor exceeding in atrocity the worst of all the Roman Cæsars. In the meanwhile, let us hope that LEDOCHOVSKI will find some *modus vivendi* under his country's laws which will enable him to keep his conscience and his carriages too.

QUAKER TO COSTER.

FRIEND, crying "Warnuts ten-a-penny!" cease. Walnuts, not "Warnuts," offer men of peace.

AN ARMY OF FOURTEEN THOUSAND.

AN announcement of the very gravest importance has been made public within the last few days. It is one which affects the comfort, the peace, the pecuniary interests of—it is no exaggeration to say—a large proportion of the inhabitants of these isles. From John-o'-Groat's House to the Land's-End there is hardly a town, a city, a village, an extra-parochial place where it will not be received with mingled and varied feelings. The peer and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the married and the single, are all alike concerned by it. There is not a rank or class in society which it does not involve; there is not an hour in the day, there is not a day in the year, when its influence will not be sensibly felt.

To come at once to the point—we felt that without some prefatory words of preparation and warning, it would be unadvisable to give still further publicity to a statement so momentous both to present and future generations, heirs in tail male, and children yet unborn, at a time, too, when there is already sufficient depression from the weather—the announcement we refer to is that "as many as 14,053 Attorneys, and Solicitors, Writers to the Signet, Proctors, and Notaries, took out the annual certificate authorising them to practise, in the financial year 1872—3."

This is not all, there is something more to come—"The number is 229 more than in the preceding year."

Have we exaggerated? Who can wonder at the Bank Rate?

A Congenial Taste.

It is a remarkable fact, which has hitherto escaped notice, but will now meet with universal recognition, that Dairymen, when they take to reading, are generally found to prefer rather a milk-and-water sort of book.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

A "Husband with an Incompatible Wife" has evidently been misled by a misprint. We have heard of "Elastic Webbing Bands," but never of Elastic "Wedding" Bands.



WITH OUR APOLOGIES TO THE LAUREATE.

Maud (reads):—

*"Then that same day there past into the hall
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes, and lightly was her slender nose
Tiptilted like the petal of a flower—"*

—YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO A WORD, LIZZIE! YOU CAN THINK OF NOTHING BUT THAT HIDEOUS LITTLE WRETCH OF A PUG!"

Lizzie. "I AM LISTENING—AND IT ISN'T A HIDEOUS LITTLE WRETCH! IT WAS A LITTLE DUCK, IT WAS; AND ITS DARLING ICKLE NOSEY-POSEY WAS TIPTILTED LIKE THE PETAL OF A FLOWER!"

NOTICE TO THE HIGHLANDERS.

Whereas Mr. Punch, through his "Bilious Contributor," did on the 7th November, 1863, offer a prize of Fifty Guineas to the best Highland Player at Spellikins, in the Games for 1873. And whereas Mr. Punch has had the money, with ten years' interest, quite ready, and waiting to be claimed. And whereas no Highland Player at Spellikins appeared at the Games of 1873. This to give Notice that Mr. Punch has irrevocably confiscated the money to his own sole and peculiar use, and intends to use it in bribery at the next general election. He begs to remark to the Highlands, in the words of his ancestor, ROBERT BRUCE, at Bannockburn—"There is a rose fallen from your wreath!"

PUNCH.

7th November, 1873.

* Of course the King said nothing so sweetly sentimental. What he did say to EARL RANDOLPH was, "Mind your eye, you great stupid ass, or you'll have the English spears in your back directly." Nor did the Earl reply, "My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade. Follow, my household!" but, with an amazing great curse, "I'll cook 'em. Come on, you dawdling beggars, and fulfil the prophecies!" But so history is written.

RANSBOTHAMIANA.

THE DOWAGER RAMSBOTHAM says her Grandson is now at the University studying medicine. His course is to draw draughts, and read CICERO'S Epidemics in three volumes.

THE TWO CHAIRS.

THE LORD MAYOR never dies—at least
Unless he should expire
Some time before that annual Feast
When Civic Kings retire;

Ere citizens could, in his stead,
Have chosen them an heir,
And so say, "The LORD MAYOR is dead;
Long life to the LORD MAYOR!"

Now, when the POPE OF ROME departs
This sublunary state,
The Faithful must, with anxious hearts
For his successor wait.

An interregnum there must be;
Meanwhile, which may be long,
Where is Infallibility,
The rule of right and wrong?

The Civic with St. Peter's Chair
A link should thus connect:
Let this, as that has a Lord Mayor,
So have a Pope-Elect.

Then, when a Pontiff's reign is o'er,
The Faithful may profess:—
The Holy Father is no more;
Long live His Holiness!

PRECIOUS WORDS.

ACCORDING to the estimate of a provincial newspaper, Mr. BRIGHT's late speech at Birmingham is "worth its weight in diamonds to the Liberal cause."

This is a fine-sounding, though scarcely novel phrase, and is, doubtless, meant to mean that the words of Mr. BRIGHT are words of priceless value and considerable weight. But a critic might remark, without unseemly levity, that words are light as air, and, in reality, imponderable. Regarded from this unpoetic point of view, speeches worth their weight in diamonds may be of precious little value, unless the speaker be permitted to throw into the scale the thickest of the newspapers which happen to report him.

Legend for Licenced Victuallers.

ST. BONIFACE, according to a tradition, kept the "Red Lion." Under an effigy of the animal so named, depicted on the board hung out above the door of his public-house, the good Boniface caused to be inscribed the legend, "*In hoc signo vinces.*"

ARTICULATION IN ARTICULO.

THE PRINCESS MARIE LIECHTENSTEIN's delightful account of Holland House contains the following passage with reference to the closing scene of the distinguished Author of *Cato*, and contributor to the *Spectator*:—

"We would like to believe DR. YOUNG; but whether he" (ADDISON) "died 'as a Christian,' or whether he died 'of brandy' in what is now the gay dining-room of Holland House, there the great man died."

Away with the groundless supposition that ADDISON died otherwise than a Christian! At the same time, it cannot be denied that saying, "See in what peace a Christian can die," is quite compatible with dying of brandy-and-water. The force of those words, which are capable of expressing totally different meanings, may depend altogether on the manner of their enunciation.

A Suggestion in Season.

IT is understood that the marriage between the DUKE OF EDINBURGH and his Russian Princess will be celebrated according to the ritual of both the Greek and English Churches. Now is the time, then, for ARCHDEACON DENISON, or some other such steadfast champion of Anglican orthodoxy, to press, in the proper quarter, the suggestion that, when the Royal Pair are married in the form which that orthodoxy prescribes, the Athanasian Creed should be introduced into the Marriage Service.

BONNETS AND CHIGNONS.



THE following extract from the *Times* affords *prima facie* evidence of the moral and intellectual advancement of Woman:—

"CHANCE OF FASHIONS.—Only £29,525 was the declared value of hats or bonnets of straw imported this year, whereas in the year 1872, in the same period, the amount was £48,714."

The difference between these figures apparently corresponds to a saving in ostentation on the outside of the head indicative of a great expansion of the faculties and their organs within. According to Phrenology, the average female brain should have grown considerably larger in the course of last year; at least in the intellectual region. But, before we deduce from the diminished value of bonnets imported the gratifying inference that women during the past twelve months have risen in the scale of reason, let us ascertain the sums

which, for the same period, represent the consumption of false hair.

EMOTIONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

"Every day is an anniversary of something, if people would only consult their almanacks and cultivate their emotions."—*Mr. Punch*, Nov. 1.

NOVEMBER, 12, *Wednesday*. Charles Kemble died, 1854. He was a fine actor and a fine gentleman. If you knew him, you will not want any hints. But if you did not, yet have seen him, you have a splendid pull in all companies where the talk is theatrical. If you know a young actor, who desires your opinion of himself, say, encouragingly, that acting is an art not to be learned in a day, and that CHARLES KEMBLE was rather a stick at first, and was made a great artist by his brother and sister, and close study. Tell people who never saw him that they have not the least idea of what high comedy means, and then smile to yourself, as if recollecting his stroll into Angiers (*King John*), his pulling the nose of the ruffian (*Inconstant*), and his vexation when his scented handkerchief was taken from him (*Much Ado*). Imitate his habit of unconsciously speaking very loud indeed (being deaf in late years), when his gentlemanly instinct made him endeavour to whisper, lest he should pain anybody present. If you shout loud enough, the whole table will have an emotion, but whether it will be altogether in your favour "depends." If to-day you are in the company of gentlemen of business, remind them that it is the anniversary of the Panic of 1857, and as perhaps some of them may have been hit, either by that or last week's, there will be more pleasant emotions. You can allude to the capital article in the other day's *Times*, explaining the Share Market, and making it clear to the most humane that the immediate execution of every member of the Stock Exchange is the first trifling detail towards reformation.

Thursday. Bank Charter Act Suspended, 1857. This followed the smash of the Western Bank of Scotland, and the various disasters it inaugurated. The preceding hint about commercial gentlemen, and what would please them may be again available. LORD PALMERSTON and SIR GEORGE LEWIS acted in the matter—you can easily diverge into anecdotes of both—tell your friends sayings of "PAM"—you must know plenty. "Dirt is only matter in the wrong place." "All children are born good." "Better attend to your drainage than ask for a Fast." And quote SIR G. LEWIS's remark that life would be very pleasant but for its pleasures, and then poke the lady next you in the side and ask her, with a loud laugh, what she says to that. Possibly there will be a good emotion aroused.

Friday. St. Sernutus. B. Another of the unknown immortals of the Romish Church. We dare say that you will find him in Butler, if you like to look him up. We shan't. His name suggests a joke on sternutation, and that lets in all the stories about sneezing. Be classical, and cite

"His nose is so long he cannot hear his sneeze,
And therefore never doth he say, Heaven bless me!"

Tell of the man who was inside the theatrical elephant, and sneezed so violently that he shook the trunk off—pantomimes are coming on.

Tell of the lady who hid in the clock to learn the secrets of a Mason's lodge, and sneezed, so the brethren dragged her out and put her to death—affirm solemnly that it was done at the Freemasons' Tavern, and that you have been shown the room, and the marks on the floor, like the Rizzio ones at Holyrood. Appeal to a Mason, if you happen to know that one is 'present—the outside he will say is that he has never been in that room. If you want to create a strong emotion, show the company how to stop a fit of sneezing, by tying a string (which you will have taken with you) very tight round your next neighbour's forehead.

Saturday. Prince of Wales returned from America, 1860. If there is an American at table, your course of compliments is clear. If not (but be sure), you can be as sukkastic, at the expense of our hospitable and warmhearted cousins, as many people think it very fine to be. Do not forget the young lady who sang the first line of a then popular American ballad, "Let me kiss him for his mother." Remember that at one of the balls the carpet was nailed down by some workmen who forgot that some others were hermetically sealed up in a hollow space below, and how the poor fellows' cries were drowned by the music, but that they were ultimately released, at the PRINCE's request, the managers of the ball decidedly thinking that the men might just as well stay below till next day. Of course, the name of H.R.H. will introduce any late anecdotes, and you can put his name to anything you invent (everybody does it) as nobody can contradict you.

Sunday. Fenian Leaders sentenced, 1867. Here, naturally, is afforded a capital text. We assume that you go only into civilised society, and therefore are not likely to meet anybody who would desire the release of these wretches. You will therefore express the sentiments of all around you in hoping that MR. GLADSTONE will continue firm. You may remind your hearers that one of the fellows was very violent in the dock, and declared that he would not give 37½ cents for the something British Constitution. Recent demonstrations will afford you an opportunity of being glad that some of the Irish Communists are safe under lock and key. With other remarks which may not be novel—we do not want novelties in political matters—but which are to the purpose, and as this is Sunday a certain seriousness is laudable.

Monday. Suez Canal Opened, 1869. There's a splendid opening for you, if you have ever been in the East. In fact, if you have, and you do not take the whole talk to yourself, you have mistaken your vocation. If you have not, look up *Eothen*, cram a little, and if you object to telling a downright One (which you should not mind in the interest of your fellow-creatures), say in a superior manner that any man acquainted with the East knows, &c. If anybody ventures to ask you whether you have been there, say, "Have I?" with an ineffable smile, and look round at the others as much as to entreat their pardon for such an ignoramus as the questioner. Then go it—give first-hand, if you have it, if not, second-hand. Sound the Oriental names in the new-fangled way—call Aladdin, Al, ah, Deen. We need not enlarge on this hint, an intelligent man must be able to tell enough lies about his Oriental experiences to secure himself a dozen invitations. If the other folks would stand it, imply that you bought a choice assortment of beautiful Circassians, but this you will introduce with careless tact, and then you will glide from the subject.

Tuesday. Funeral of the Duke of Wellington, 1832. This is not a promising subject. All the anecdotes of the DUKE (and a great many more) have been told to death. But the date is twenty years back. If you go in for middle age, you were an interesting young fellow in '52. It rests with yourself to tell of a most singular thing that happened during the funeral, and of the protection you afforded to a lady in the mob, and—and, in fact, how you created an impression—and just what you please—but the next time you met her was at a grand dinner at a house of a nobleman "whom, perhaps, I need not name," and you took her down, having utterly forgotten her, and how she said that was not the first time she had been indebted for your arm. This is a skeleton outline of a story—fill it up—we have seen a much stupider one (if possible) interest a whole table. You don't know how good-natured the world is—it is only boys who fancy that people are cynics.

Fifth and Second.

THE French Republicans are of opinion that it is enough for France to have been conquered by one HENRY THE FIFTH.

The Newdegate-Manning Problem.

(Possible Solution.)

You said I praised DICK TURPIN, N.;
That falsehood I have smartly peppered:
I shall not tell you where or when
I praised—not TURPIN, but JACK SHEPPARD.



URSA MAJOR.

Cabman. "LET'S PASS YER, WILL YER, OLD 'UN'!"

Black Bear. "PASS, IF YOUR BRUTE CAN GO; BUT IT'S NO GOOD. THERE'S NO GROWLERS WILL BE ALLOWED TO JINE US: NOTHIN' BUT RESPECTABLE AFFLICTED VEHICLES, WITH RESPECTABLE ATTIIRED DRIVERS."

A POINT OF PRUDENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, "T. A.," relates in what manner he was once seized and locked up by the Police, and brought before a Magistrate at Marlborough Street on a false charge of assaulting them in the execution of their duty. All this annoyance "T. A." says he incurred by simply following a crowd, which crowd was following some policemen who were conveying two drunk and disorderly women to the station-house. In company with a friend he followed this crowd "to see what was going on." Having gratified his curiosity by seeing the women put inside the station-house, he encountered a surprise at the hands of a policeman, who rushed out of it and collared him.

Never follow a crowd merely "to see what is going on." That can generally be seen at a safe distance from the crowd, and is then always seen to be not worth seeing. What is going on is very seldom anything new. It has gone on innumerable times before, and will continue going on repeatedly for ever. A million to one you will be none the wiser when you shall have seen what is going on. Almost certainly you will be none the better; very probably something, and perhaps a good deal, the worse. You may get hustled and bonneted, have your clothes torn or your hat beaten in, or your head punched, or your toes trodden on, or your pocket picked. All these misfortunes together even may befall you. Having seen what is going on, say a row, you may find yourself nailed to describe it, in a witness-box; first at a police-office, and then at the Central Criminal Court, or the Middlesex Sessions, or some other sessions or assizes, at which you will be kept dancing attendance for a week, having, in the meanwhile, had this nuisance for some months before you to look forward to, destroying your peace of mind. Lastly, you may get yourself collared by the Police, as "T. A." did. By following a crowd to see what is going on, you constitute yourself one of the crowd. Joining a lot of foolish people, you make yourself like unto them, are then confounded with some-

THE COMING ELECTION.

IN two or three of the Metropolitan School Board Districts, Ladies—well qualified for the office they are willing to undertake—are offering themselves for election. This is proper Woman's work—far more suitable for her than walking the hospitals, or interfering in borough elections, or addressing excited Female Suffrage meetings; and we cordially wish that Marylebone, and Chelsea, and Greenwich may all return lady representatives. Miss BECKER has already been chosen on the New Board at Manchester, where there would seem to be ample scope for her energies in providing for the education of her own sex; for taking part in the election in that city "there was a considerable number of women voters, among whom the illiterates were largely found." It is too late to improve the present generation, but the next may be made happier and better, if there is not too much squabbling over clauses and systems. Vote for the Ladies, all you noble disciples of *Philosopher Punch*.

Distinctive Spelling.

THAT appliance of a Railway Train which serves the Engineer to pull it up short is called a Brake. Why? Before Railways were, a brake meant fern, brambles, an instrument for dressing linen or flax, the handle of a ship's pump, and a baker's kneading-trough. None of these things arrest progress. A contrivance to break speed, if denominated from its use, should be named a break. Orthography, perhaps, is violated to mark a distinction between the Railway Brake and the Railway break-down and breakage of bones which the brake too often proves inadequate to avert.

Escape of a Lunatic.

A PLAN for the improvement of the harbour and approaches of Whitby, at a cost of £105,600, has been approved of by the local authorities, and an early application will be made to Parliament by Mr. ELLIOT, the excellent and clear-headed Member for North Durham, for authority to carry it out. An inmate of Colney Hatch, allowed to read newspapers, remarked, on meeting in one of them with the foregoing intelligence, that the abundance of jet at Whitby would render it an easy matter to provide the harbour with a jetty.

body else among them, and taken into custody for that other; the Police pouncing on the wrong fool.

If, with all these consequences before your eyes, and your eyes open, you deliberately follow a crowd for the purpose of seeing what is going on in order to interfere with it possibly for the public advantage, or the protection of some fellow-creature or creatures unknown to you, at the risk of being maltreated, manled, robbed, subpan'd, or locked up, that is another affair. Well and good; then you are no more a fool than a knight-errant was. You go in for self-sacrifice; you are taken to a station-house here, but hope to be rewarded for it hereafter. This expectation may sustain you in the cell you are thrust into among the thieves and drunkards; but be quite sure of your motive before you follow a crowd at the risk of incurring confinement in that society.

The crowd that follows policemen walking off prisoners in charge, resembles the flock of small birds commonly seen at the tail of a hawk skimming along with a chicken in its talons. By-and-by the hawk suddenly turns round, perhaps, and snatches off one of its troublesome attendants as well. The fate of the little bird in this case is just such as that which appears to have been experienced by "T. A." Do you wish to avoid it? Then respect yourself so much as not to allow a gregarious instinct, like that which actuates the lower creatures, to impel you to follow a crowd of people for no wiser purpose than to see what is going on.

Italian Imagery.

SPEAKING OF COUNT CAVOIR, the Mayor of Turin said:—

"Thanks to him the star of Savoy had become the sun of Italy."

A brilliant metaphor, no doubt, but of questionable novelty. Had the orator descended from astronomy to horticulture, and simply remarked that the Cabbage of Savoy had grown into the full-blown Cauliflower of Italy, the observation would have been immensely more original, and hardly less poetic.

COIFFURES AND CANNIBALS.



LOOKING over a summary of an account of the manners and customs of some natives of the Cannibal Islands in the South Pacific, by CAPTAIN C. H. SIMPSON, of Her Majesty's ship *Blanche*, we find it is stated that:—

"In some of the islands CAPTAIN SIMPSON observed the men have long hair, which

they wear in fashions like those adopted by the other sex in Europe, the favourite modes being the ordinary chignon, or loose down the back."

These distant relations of ours sleep in trees among the branches in huts, thus keeping themselves at night out of their neighbours' way, "as the great object in life among the people is to get each other's heads." They preserve the heads, having first eaten the bodies:—

"CAPTAIN SIMPSON, in returning, visited a chief's house on the beach, and found a row of twenty-five human heads, captured in a recent raid, fastened up across the front, like vermin at a barn-door."

Closely as the male head-dress popular among Cannibal Islanders may resemble that fashionable amongst ourselves, there is, however, one very important difference between these anthropophagous gentlemen and our fair carnivora, whose consumption of animal food is, like our own, limited to ordinary butchers' meat. It appears that the former wear their own hair, and no other; that their chignons are not in any proportion composed of materials derived from the heads of their species, although they are accustomed to hang them up in front of their habitations, after they have eaten the bodies.

Startling Intelligence.

VARIOUSLY diverse are the customs of religious worshippers, but they possess in certain points a marked similarity. For instance, see this statement:—

"Madras possesses one hundred and twenty-four Hindoo religious castes, who will neither eat together nor intermarry."

The statement may seem strange, but we believe it to be true, that there are places in the world where people calling themselves Christians resemble very closely, in the matters above-mentioned, the Hindoos of Madras.

EMOTIONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

"Every day is an anniversary of something, if people would only consult their almanacks and cultivate their emotions."—*Mr. Punch*, Nov. 1.

NOVEMBER 19, Wednesday. Nicholas Poussin D. If you get into the society of well-informed persons, you may cause emotions of various kinds by insisting that there was only one *POUSSIN*—leading up to the name (a picture over the fireplace, you may say, reminds you of him, only, don't select a portrait of George the Second's time as your hint)—who alternately called himself *NICHOLAS* and *GASPAR*. However, it may be better to allow that the artists were two persons, brothers-in-law, because you can touch on the sentimentality of affection which made *GASPAR*, whose real name was *DUGHET*, call himself *POUSSIN*. Remark on the infrequency of family affection, and, if you can remember the words, say *Gratia fratrum rara est*, and mention that you detest your own brothers and sisters—you will shock somebody of the conventional sort. Quote about savage *ROSA* dashing and learned *POUSSIN* drawing, and tell the lady next you that *ROSA* was an angry young woman. People do not like to be sold. If there are painters at table, you hardly need to be told to say that, of course, any one picture of *POUSSIN*'s is worth ten exhibitions of the Academy. Perhaps you may excite some testy artist to demand why. Get out of that scrape as you can, and have an emotion all to yourself.

Thursday. S. Edmund, King and Martyr. You may find it difficult to introduce this personage into your conversation, and, when you have got him in, there is not much to be done with him. We dare say you do not know that he was King of East Anglia, and that he was killed in battle with the Danes—we didn't, until we looked him up in Pinnerock. Remark on the absurd things put into almanacks, and say "for instance, this day I notice is given to *ST. EDMUND*. Now, who was *he*?" That criticism will commend itself to so many commonplace people, that you will pass for a very thoughtful young man. Then say that if the names of *EDMUND SPENSER*, or *EDMUND BURKE*, or *EDMUND KEAN*, had been inserted, there would have been some use in it. If anybody asks you what use, you may find a reply for yourself.

Friday. Crown Princess of Prussia D. To this, of course, there can be no difficulty in alluding—it is rather good style to remember Royal birthdays—looks as if you had some sort of connection with the Court. You will have no difficulty, either, in praising *H.R.H.*, except that everybody will be eager to agree with you. It might be well to express a hope that she will not catch cold in going to St. Petersburg to her brother *ALFRED*'s wedding. The remark may not be brilliant, but it will show that you have a good heart,

and as *HER M—Y* did *not* say to *LADY*—about her exemplary husband, "How much better it is to be good than clever!" The mention of the wedding will afford you other opportunities of distinguishing yourself, and you may say, as it is the fact, that though we cannot expect a second beauty in our family, like *H.R.H.* the *PRINCESS OF WALES*, the *fiancée* of the Duke is one of the most charming figures in Europe. This little bit of knowledge will make people (if they have not yet read *Punch*) believe that you have access to extraordinary channels of information. Remark that *DEAN STANLEY* is going over to celebrate the English marriage, and not the *ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER*, as stated by the *Nord*.

Saturday. St. Cecilia. Introduce as previously suggested, or as you please. If the company would like a mild pun, say that you asked a man for a debt due to you, and, as he did not pay it, you marked it in your book as "*Owed on St. Cecilia's Day*." It may be well to lead the laugh at this, as some laughs want leading. The story about this Saint and the Cherubim is too well known for repetition, unless you can couple it with some addition—say, the Cockney firing at the owl in the churchyard, and falling on his knees in terror, believing he had shot a cherub. In few societies will any praise of *POPE*'s poem be appreciated, but you may say that heaps of men of the present day could write as well—that will be appreciated in most societies for a reason which it would be uncivil to offer. You can say, too, that *SIR JOSHUA*'s cherub-heads are much over-praised; and the same reason will make your remark acceptable.

Sunday. St. Clement. We fear, young man, that this name will be of small avail to you. The Saints are very kind, but they will seldom help a gentleman to conversation at a dinner-party. You can, however, express a wish that the Church of St. Clement Danes (which marks the site of a Danish camp, but who cares?) were taken away from the Strand, as it is in the way of the trams and omnibuses; and this observation, especially if you add something about our fathers having been very worthy people, but that they must not be allowed to hinder the march of progress, will procure you great credit—among Philistines.

Monday. Lord Melbourne D. 1848. You will not easily find memorials of him that will aid you to anecdotes. But we will tell you of one of the latter. He got up all the reading on a question of theological history, and then he invited four Bishops to dinner, and reverently asked them questions on the subject, in the presence of a cynical set. None of their Lordships knew anything on the subject, and *LORD MELBOURNE* inhumanly enjoyed their floundering. "Can't you let it alone?" was one of his wisest sayings, but it was only *WALPOLE*'s favourite Latin phrase, translated. Do you know what that was? No. Then find out.

Tuesday. St. Catherine. More saints—quite a holy week. Well, what is to be said about this sainted lady? Do you know that she was broken on the wheel, and that hence come Catherine Wheels? That's all that can be done with her, but the mention of those things will allow you to go off yourself on the subject of fireworks—Crystal Palace—old Vauxhall (if you don't mind remembering so far back), the Great Show in Rome, which you may say is finer than anything ever seen here (it is not, but no matter), and the Peace-with-Russia fireworks. Or, remark on the prettiness of the name

CATHERINE, and mention persons who have borne it—this will show your reading and your memory, but don't confound CATHERINE or ARAGON with CATHERINE of RUSSIA, as there may be young ladies at the table who are awfully well up in history. *Ita, missa est*, not that you understand that. N.B. If we seem to have addressed you this week in a slightly uncivil, not to say rude tone, please to understand that we have been seeing some comedies of drawing-room manners, and we desire to keep pace with the age, which the stage always mirrors so faithfully.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the French Plays to begin with, the Opéra Comique to go on with, and a quotation to finish with.



TRIFLED-MINDED SIR,
Les Sceptiques was produced the other evening at the Holborn Theatre, and I, "in all my glory," like the Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, "was there"—only that, as usual, I shone with a reflected light as representing You. *Les Sceptiques* is, as far as dialogue goes, admirably written. The plot is weak, and what is intended to be the situation of the piece, is brought about by the most

old-fashioned machinery. This is its only fault, and this fault is more than condoned by the even flow of the very natural conversation throughout, and the brilliant flashes with which it is occasionally illumined.

Were the subject more to our English taste, *Les Sceptiques* would be precisely the play for MR. and MRS. BANCROFT's company at the little Prince of Wales' Theatre. It indeed points a moral, but by questionable means: it preaches faith by exhibiting infidelity: it teaches love by exhibiting passion: it suggests that it is better to trust everyone, by showing how miserable in life and death is the man of universal scepticism. Such is, generally, the negative teaching of M. MALLEFILLE's play. He follows closely in the footsteps of M. ARSÈNE HOUSSEY (by whose *Les Parisiennes* he seems indeed to have been inspired), and those who believe the latter to be a true painter of life in the highest ranks of Parisian society, will be ready to accept *Les Sceptiques* as a veritable reflection of the same style of life, an exact reproduction of its manners and customs, toned throughout by the misty atmosphere of scepticism.

The comedy ends tragically: we sing in the morning, we cry at night. RICHARD (*Duc de Villepreneuse*), one of the chief sceptics of the play, blows his brains out—or, rather, I should say, shoots himself; the former description being really an impossibility with M. RICHARD—because . . . well, the motive does seem absurd, but here it is—because the young wife of his oldest friend—his master, indeed, in scepticism—has refused to accept the position of his mistress, having been told that she is perfectly free to do so, by the aforementioned oldest friend, her husband, should she choose that line of life, and because his oldest friend, the Comte d'Apremont, having heard this virtuous decision of Madame la Comtesse d'Apremont, wishes to know what guarantee M. le Duc de Villepreneuse will give his oldest friend that, for the future, the domestic happiness of the Apremont family circle shall remain undisturbed. "The Duke will return," says the Count. "Never," replies M. le Duc. "My dear Sir, who can trust your word?" says the sceptical Count, naturally enough.

"I'll take good care this time, at all events," answers M. le Duc, "to compel those who would doubt me most to believe me now." And, in about two seconds, he has put his hand in his pocket, and rushed out of the room.

Bang goes a pistol in the adjoining apartment (for the Duke is mindful of HORACE's stage dictum concerning horrors), and M. le Duc staggers back into the room he had just quitted, and there, in the presence of the Apremont family, of his cousin and friends, the unhappy young nobleman dies, exclaiming with his latest breath, "*On me croira peut-être maintenant!*" and down comes the curtain.

Yet, in spite of this sombre finish, all the characters, except, perhaps, Madame la Comtesse (carefully played by Mlle. EMMA PUGET), belong distinctly to pure comedy. All the men, except Pierre Froment (capitally played by that most versatile of comedians, M. DIDIER), are sceptics. When, Sir, I think in what eccentric low comedy parts I have seen M. DIDIER—parts to be played by MESSRS. BROUGH or TOOLE—and how good he is as this honest young gentleman moving in the best society, I begin to look round and wonder whether we have a M. DIDIER on the English stage. The only instance that occurs to me is that of MR. HARE playing the gas-fitter in one piece and the

old nobleman in another. But then MR. HARE is not naturally a low comedian, and I suppose M. DIDIER is.

Handsome Mlle. WILHEM, too, looks charming, and acts perfectly as *Sidonie Landurel*, the flirting wife of the rich City snob. "Flirting," by the way, is a mild term for a lady, about whom, her friends, were she in English society, would ask, with Mrs. EDWARDS, "Ought we to visit her?" Her scenes with her husband (whose "make-up" was the *beau idéal* of the parvenu Croesus, played to the life by M. MERVILLE), with her lover, with her friend *Pauline*, with *Pierre* her sworn foe, and with the Duke, were excellent.

More than a word of praise must be given to M. LÉPREVOST for his nice appreciation of the small part of *Le valet de pied*. This Footman appears once, and has about five good telling lines to deliver. It is a character-part, and requires a good man in it. Now M. LÉPREVOST is a good man—good enough, at all events, to play a part written for HYACINTHE of the Palais Royal—and though he would be a principal in another piece, yet here he is a subordinate. His reward was in the laughter which greeted his every movement, and every good line which the author had given him, and finally in the applause which followed his exit. M. BILHAUT, as the young *Marquis de Trenignan*, in dress and bearing was the model of a *jeune Parisien*.

It may be urged that as MM. VALNAY and PITRON's company is a small one, therefore it is that an actor of recognised position must, of necessity, accept parts, for which, otherwise, he not only would not have been cast, but which, from his antecedents, he would have been justified in refusing. Your Representative is in no position to deny the proposition. It may be so; perhaps it is so; only if so, how good for the actor and the public, and with what discretion must the *entrepreneurs* of these French plays have chosen their company from among those who were willing to work as hard as actors in small provincial theatres where the bill is changed from night to night, certainly from week to week, and to depend for success upon the versatility of their powers. Managers and artists are to be sincerely congratulated on the result, and Your Representative heartily advises all playgoers to see *Les Sceptiques* on the first opportunity, and, having seen this, to pay as many visits as possible to the French Company in order to see what, in spite of many difficulties, among which must be placed, first and foremost, insufficient time for rehearsal, can be achieved by a small compact band of clever actors playing into one another's hands.

As Your Representative, Sir, that is, as representing You, I may be allowed to congratulate another, not small but most efficient company on their decided success with *Little Tom Tug* at the Opéra Comique—a success for which, as Your Representative, Sir, I may say the author of the libretto of that *Opératio Extravaganza* owes them a debt of gratitude, which he can only repay in thanks. It is seldom that a librettist meets with such cordial assistance from Stage Manager, Musical Director (whose trained chorists and thoroughly rehearsed *morceaux* have already been justly praised), and company generally, as has evidently been given by all concerned in the latest production at Mx. HINXSON's theatre—perhaps the prettiest in London.

This is lengthy, but I have finished. Forgive Your Representative, Sir, if by a passage that occurred in the scene between M. le Duc de Villepreneuse and M. le Comte d'Apremont, I was reminded of our relative positions. The Duc goes everywhere—sees everything: the Count doesn't.

"Que faites-vous?" asks the Duke. To whom the sceptical Count replies, "*Je fume, je lis les journaux, et je traduis HORACE.*" I should have added, "*et les œuvres d' HORACE WALPOLE.*"

I remain, Sir, now as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



A TRUE ARTIST.

Lady's-Maid. "PLEASE, MA'AM, I WISH TO RESIGN!"

Lady. "WHY, PARKER? YOU CAME HERE ONLY YESTERDAY!"

Lady's-Maid. "I'VE BEEN LOOKING OVER YOUR DRAWERS, MA'AM, AND FIND YOUR THINGS ARE NOT UP TO THE MARK, AND WOULDN'T DO ME CREDIT!"

CLAUSE XXV.

THERE is much talking and writing at the present time about this famous Clause of the Education Act, some insisting that it should be repealed, others as stoutly urging that it should be retained. For the benefit of all those who have not the Act of Parliament at hand to refer to, we will here set out this much-debated Clause at full length:—

"And be it further enacted that from and after the passing of this Act—an event which may or may not be celebrated by dinners, fireworks, illuminations, and other public rejoicings—any School Board, whether composed of Denominational or Undenominational Members, or of six of one and half a dozen of the other, or such other number as may have been assigned for its constitution by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education by public advertisement in the *London Gazette*, may, if they think fit, after prolonged discussion at several adjourned meetings interspersed with divisions, re-openings of the question, and considerable excitement, from time to time proceed to elect at any meeting composed of a legal quorum, and by the votes of at least three-fifths of the Members then present, should there be more than one Candidate for the appointment, a proper and suitable Person, at such salary or wages as shall appear reasonable and sufficient, to clean, cleanse, wash, scour, scrub, black lead, and polish the floors, forms, desks, and other furniture and fittings, grates, fire-places, and stoves, in any room or rooms, chamber or apartment, used as a Public School, and being under the control, authority, and management of the said Board, without requiring from the Person so appointed, as the necessary condition of her election, any declaration, either oral or in writing, of her theological opinions, or of those of her present or late husband, should she happen to be a married woman or widow."

Is it worth while to make all this fuss and stir about such a simple matter?

WHAT OUR ARTICLED CLERK SAID.

THE chief Lawyer of Turkey can never be a Weak man, since every new law there is established by a Firman.

[We have transferred our A. C. to a provincial firm.]

RATHER TOO RICH.

IN a report on the Adulteration Act, lately presented to the Paddington Parish Vestry by their analyst, DR. HARDWICKE, occurs the somewhat surprising statement that:—

"With regard to the samples of milk brought to him officially, he found one to contain an enormous quantity of cream—viz., thirty-five per cent. having been added to the milk in order to deceive the analyst."

If there is any kind of adulteration that a purchaser could be reconciled to, it would certainly, one thinks, be the adulteration of milk with cream. Indeed, by far the greater part of the milk that is sold would, to the taste of most consumers, be considerably improved by that particular adulteration. An excess of cream in milk is generally regarded as merely too much of a good thing; yet it is, if not easy to see, quite possible to conjecture, how it may pay rogues to adulterate a sample of milk with cream "in order to deceive the analyst."

"Gentle Hope in Gentle Sigh."

"A deputation from Peterborough last week waited upon MR. THOMSON HANKEY, asking him to offer himself in the Liberal interest at the next election, and he consented to do so."

"BE WHALLEY'S colleague, MR. HANKEY?"

You'd think he would have answered "Thank ye,"

And to his footman shouted "Door!"

But, maybe, in the invitation

That word is said, by implication,

To WHALLEY, and he'll cease to Bore.

AMEN!

FROM AIR STREET.—The Aëronautical Society have been holding a general meeting, and reading and discussing papers. The one which excited most interest was on "Castles in the air."



THE LATIN SISTERS.

ITALIA. "MY DEAR GALLIA, AND MY BELOVED HISPANIA, LOOK AT ME—HAPPILY 'UNITED' AND COMFORTABLY SETTLED! WHEN WILL YOU FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF YOUR YOUNGER SISTER?"

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.



at the Opera, which is too remote, only, for that. The wages they receive should preclude the apprehension that any of them may, in the meanwhile, verify the adage about setting a beggar on horseback.

A COURT OF ABLUTION.

A QUESTION now of many years' standing will, there is reason to expect, be submitted to a legal tribunal. At the Court of Exchequer, on Thursday last; sittings in Banco before the LORD CHIEF BARON, BARONS BRAMWELL, PIGOTT, and POLLOCK, according to the Law Reports, proceedings commenced with the installation of—

"THE TUBMAN OF THE COURT.—MR. R. E. WENSTER, at the invitation of the LORD CHIEF BARON, took his seat as tubman of the Court."

Few of the general public, probably, are aware that the Court of Exchequer has a tubman attached to it, and still fewer have any idea of the functions performed by that officer. Under an impression that they are analogous to those of either a bath-man or a laundress, some junior member of the Bar may possibly feel called upon to make an application to the Barons of the Exchequer to be allowed, in connection with the duties of their tubman, to ask them how he is off for soap.

THE INFINITESIMAL IN MODERN CHEMISTRY.—Given a number of Spanish War-despatches: required to extract the Truth from them.

GUILDHALL DISCOURSE AFTER GUILDHALL DINNER;

OR, VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

THE Lord Mayor's Banquet has been spread
In the Egyptian Hall,
But with no death's head in the midst
The feasters to appeal,
And warn, as it warned guests that filled
Egyptian Hall of yore,
How life is certain to be short,—
Nor merrier, therefore.

The Ministers ate, drank, and talked,
And buttered toast passed round;
The music in the Gallery,
In fault of sense, gave sound.
Only LORD GRANVILLE held aloof,
Whom Gout had ta'en in toe,
So GLADSTONE for him vouched the calm
That rules serene F. O.

CARDWELL his rounded periods spun
About our gallant troops;
ÖBSCHEN for all our Navy spoke,
From monster rams to sloops,
And begged the public not to send
Its tremors and its ire,
To frighten British Admirals,
Through the electric wires.

And LOWE the spectacle displayed,
Which all should blush to see,—
A great and good man struggling with
Unpopularity.
And calmly prophesied the day
When time his worth should show,
And he should stand in favour high,
As now he stands in low.

And GLADSTONE for the future twined
A wreath, *couleur de rose*,
And with the oil of eloquence
Anointed friends and foes.
And paid back Dizzy's rough Bath brick
With mildly merry chaff;
And—not so difficult, perhaps,—
Bore off the Guildhall's laugh.

And in the most words possible,
And pleasantest to hear,
Contrived least meaning to convey
That e'er reached Guildhall's ear.
"How not to do it," DICKENS called
The Public Office way:
But GLADSTONE shows the Public Man's
Dodges "how not to say."

I wonder what the Guests would feel
If some Lord Mayor took hint
From Ministerial Guildhall talk,—
(As weighed, when put in print)—
And mocked them, *à la Barmecide*,
With meats that, seeming fair,
When set upon with knife and fork,
Dissolve in empty air.

Let's hope that in the Cabinet
That met before Guildhall,
There was more meaning in the words
By Ministers let fall,
Than in the chaff wherewith they fed
The City's anxious mind;—
Ulysses-like, at least in this,
That both loosed bags of wind.

Rayther Different.

By advertisement in the *Athenaeum* (guaranteeing a capitalist with a certain number of thousand pounds) is offered a share in "one of the most promising theatrical properties in London." We would hint to intending investors that the value of theatrical properties depends less on their promise, than on their performance.



"THIS BOLDNESS BRINGS RELIEF."—MASSINGER.

Irish "Boy" (to benevolent Old Gentleman). "MAYBE YER HONOR 'LL GIVE A POOR BOY SOMETHING. SURE, IT'S A DISSOLUTE ORPHIN, AND DEAF AND DUMB, I AM!"

Absent-minded Old Gentleman (putting his hand in his Pocket). "POOR FELLOW!"

OUR LETTER-BOX.

MR. DISRAELI, the POPE, and the EMPEROR OF GERMANY, have recently appeared as Letter-writers, with more or less glory. They are not the only persons from whom we should be glad to hear. We will suggest a few more letters which might be written with advantage:—

From the leaders of the Home Rule Association, expressing their intention to dissolve that Society without further delay.

From those Clergymen of the Church of England who signed a petition in favour of Auricular Confession, acknowledging their error, and pledging themselves to desist from all Romanising practices.

From the Archbishops and Bishops, declaring their resolve to grapple with Treason in the Church.

From the HOME SECRETARY, conveying the long-desired intelligence that a Bill for the Municipal Government of the Metropolis will be introduced next Session into Parliament.

From the Head Masters of our Public Schools, to the effect that, after the Christmas Vacation, proficiency in modern languages (including the English tongue), mathematics, and physical science, will be recognised as of equal importance with ability to construct Latin verses, and explain Greek Metres.

From the Managers of the various London theatres, announcing the instant, total, and unconditional abolition of all fees and gratuities.

From the First Commissioner of Public Works and Buildings, informing the public that he has commissioned MR. FOLEY, R.A., to execute a duplicate of the equestrian statue of SIR JAMES OUTRAM, now (but, unfortunately, only for a time) one of the chief ornaments of London.

From the Trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery, notifying the opening of those Institutions every week day to the public.

From the Lords of the Treasury, granting an increase of salary to the members of the Civil Service.

From the proprietors of Church livings, unanimously agreeing to discontinue the practice of offering cures of souls for sale by public auction.

From certain very Strong-minded Women, publishing their good resolution to give up anatomy, electioneering, female suffrage, platform agitation, and other extraordinary pursuits and projects.

From the writers of *Middlemarch* and *Old Kensington*, with the delightful news that they are engaged in the preparation of new novels.

PAPAL PLUCK.

THE Roman Catholics, at the instance of the POPE, are about to establish a University of their own, to correspond, with differences, to that of London. Its growing body will consist of the thirteen English titular Bishops, including the Archbishop, with MONSIGNOR CAPEL for first Rector, and His Holiness at the head of the concern. This institution is designed to supply the Roman Catholic superior classes with the learning which Rome forbids them to acquire at Oxford and Cambridge. The foundation thus prescribed by the POPE proves, perhaps more strongly than anything else has proved, that PIUS THE NINTH has the courage of his opinions. It is a bold experiment; for its success, if answerable to its aims, will be more undeniably miraculous than any picture or statue that ever winked: whilst, should it fail, its failure will sorely discredit Infallibility. The Holy Father confides in the results of competition with Protestantism in the field of learning and science; he expects that the Papal Church, in its new University, will triumph by degrees. His pluck is so high as to be regardless of any plucking which may be sustainable in competitive examinations.

STRANGE SORT OF BUSINESS.—Lawyers sometimes take a different view of things from other persons; so perhaps they may understand how a Stationer can think it is to his advantage to give this public notice in his window,—“Deeds abstracted.”



GRANDPAPA'S GRAMMAR.

"I SAY, GRAND'PA, I CALL IT VERY UNFAIR! YOU KNOW MY LITTLE SISTER, EVA? WELL, WHEN SHE GOES OUT, EVERYBODY ALWAYS COMES UP AND SAYS HOW PRETTY SHE IS; AND NOBODY NEVER COMES UP AND SAYS HOW PRETTY I AM!"

"YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR SUCH OPEN FLATTERY, MY DEAR! THEY SAY IT TO ME, INSTEAD!"

"O, COME, GRAND'PA, YOU'RE NOT PRETTY!"

OUR MAYORS.

THE reports furnished by our Special Correspondents in all parts of the kingdom—from Abingdon to Aberystwith, from Saffron Walden to South Molton, from York to Yeovil—prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the election of "Our Mayors" on the ninth of this month was commenced and carried to a successful issue with all that pomp and circumstance, that spirit and enthusiasm, that tenacious adherence to custom and ceremony, which the wisdom of the Legislature, by a happy thought, purposely reserved to brighten and dispel the gloom and darkness of November.

In those municipalities where it has been the immemorial custom to have fireworks in the market-place and bonfires on the surrounding hills, and to illuminate the Town-Hall, the Police-Station, and other Public Buildings, the oldest inhabitant, on being questioned with much tact and kindness, could not recollect any previous display of the same brilliancy and magnitude, except, perhaps, in the year 1826, when the evening was remarkably fine and clear.

In different parts of England the flags floated from many an old church tower, and ivied castle keep, and venerable guildhall; and merry peals of bells, and merry groups of girls, combined with public dinners and an unusual consumption of excisable liquors, convinced the passing stranger and the commercial traveller that the day was one of exceptional importance.

In those boroughs where long usage has associated this anniversary in the minds of the oldest burgess and the youngest apprentice with the appearance of a particular dish on the dinner-table, it is gratifying to be able to record that the continued prosperity of the country was substantially indicated by the large increase in the number of families who partook of roast goose and apple-sauce.

At Barnsley the Council combined two seemingly impossible results—they re-elected the Mayor, and at the same time chose a Newman. At Barnstaple it will be May all the year round; at

PRIESTS AND KING.

PRAY that the Bourbons' Heir, of France
May shortly mount the throne;
His legions upon Rome advance:
The POPE regain his own.

Word to the Faithful of command
From Altar thus is given;
And there are terms, you'll understand,
On which you shall be shriven.

But now what Priest's less free to shrive
His people than before?
Cannot each penitent alive
Do penance as of yore?

As freely doth not Mass remain,
As ever, said or sung.
To preach the Faith what curb or chain
Forbids the priestly tongue?

Why do the Priests and Prelates rave?
The truth would they confess,
Think they, through change at Rome, they save
A single soul the less?

Those holy men with wrath and grief
Regard another thing.
How fine for spiritual Chief
It was to have a King!

No wonder if a CULLEN's words
Should truculence evince—
A Pope-King makes his bishops Lords;
Each Cardinal a Prince.

Imperium in imperio:
That Empire looking down
On this, as on a realm below
The universal Crown.

This is the stake for which they play;
This end have they in view,
Your Priests, who bid you Faithful pray
That slaughter may ensue.

THE REAL ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

THE Stock Exchange, considering the place filled in by the movements of Bull, Lion, and Bear.

York, March. Batley and Huddersfield are supplied with a Brooke; Wisbeach is accommodated with a Ford; and Gravesend has a Lake all to itself. There is a Narrows at Bideford, a Greenway at Warwick, a Brownhill at Walsall, and a Ridge at Grantham; Rhodes at Bradford, and a Walker at Liverpool.

The new Mayors are not all selected from one class or calling. The interests of Newcastle-on-Tyne are cared for by a Potter, a Turner is responsible for the demeanour of Northampton, a Mason has the charge of Stamford, and a Glover fits South Shields. Arundel has found a Duke, Ipswich a Chevalier, Birmingham a Chamberlain, and Wallingford a Champion.

The Mayor of Berwick is Young, the Mayor of Evesham is New to his duties; but as they are both Aldermen, Berwick and Evesham will probably not repent of their confidence. Rye pre-eminently happy Rye, is again gladdened by a Meryon. Who does not at once see that Sheffield (the capital of Hallamshire) could not have made a more appropriate choice than Hallam? Who does not hear the Round of applause greeting the new Mayor in the Council Chamber of Colechester, and taken up by the natives outside? The Corporation of that town, when assembled round his Worship's mahogany, will recal the days of the Knights of the Round Table. There will be a Hunt all through the winter again at Bath; and Boston—is it famous for cricket?—sticks to its Bailes. There is a Story connected with Lancaster, and we sincerely hope that Harvey's "Meditations" at Newark will not fail to be satisfactory throughout his term of office.

We trust we shall not be thought guilty of undue familiarity if, once more taking the Loving Cup in both hands to drink to the health and prosperity of "Our Mayors," we call upon Gregory at Dorchester, and Godfrey at Romsey, and James at Preston, to respond to the toast.

"ARKWRIGHT'S WIFE."—Mrs. Noah.



"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM," &c.

Visitor. "O, 'PARDON! I RAN UP,—THOUGHT YOU WERE ALONE—"

Swell. "ALL WIGHT—COME IN, MY BOY. IT'S—AW—MY MAN'S JUST AIRWING MY TOP-COAT!!"

HIS GRACE AFTER LUNCH.

(A Trifle from Margate.)

THE PRIMATE went to Margate last week, and enjoyed himself very much. His next visit will possibly be to Rosherville, where he'll "spend a happy day." The PRIMATE alluded in his after-luncheon speech to the importance of Margate as a place visited yearly by "vast numbers from the Great Metropolis" (the Railway and Steamboat Companies missed a good opportunity for special advertisement), which vast numbers of there-and-back-fer-so-much excursionists "keep up," said His Grace, "the connection between the extreme limits of the diocese of Canterbury and the capital of this kingdom." The excursionists will henceforth remember their high mission, and the Ethiopian Serenaders will do well, if converted by next summer, to come out in larger white ties than usual, and set their jingling melodies to the sublime words of TAIT and BRADY, or of TAIT without BRADY. Out of compliment to the Archbishop's visit, the first mate of the Margate excursion-boat will henceforth be called the Pri-Mate.

Model Reporting.

(For Instruction of, and Imitation by, young Barristers.)

Nov. 14, 1873.

GREAT Judge upon the Bench had said,
"Ask the full Court, 'Shall things be stayed?'"
Small Judge then stays them. Menitory
Decision thunders from C.P.,
"Such conduct really seems to we,
Presumptuous, Prothonotary."

"STAND NOT ON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING."

AN amiable Manager says the Orders which he issues for the Pit and Gallery are what in his opinion constitute "the lower Orders."

COOKERY AND CHURCH-GOING.

Is there some occult connection between piety and pastry? Can roasting have directly a dependence on religion? May the noble art of cookery be influenced by an adhesion to the tenets of the Church? The following advertisement will explain why we ask this:—

AS COOK, a good Churchwoman, and regular Communicant. Understands made dishes, soups, jellies, &c. Country not objected to.

The precedence which she gives to her religious profession implies a doubt if this good Churchwoman be likewise a good Cook. The knowledge of her worldly trade is seemingly regarded as a secondary matter, although it is apparently the means of her subsistence, and certainly the cause of her intrusion into print. There may be people in the world who may approve of pious phrases being publicly paraded, and made use of by a maid-servant as a good word in her favour when applying for a place. Such people may be glad to have the chance of hiring this good person; and, in virtue of her excellence, would doubtless very readily excuse her for adding, as a postscript—"N.B. No Dissenter, or any Low Church sort of mistress, need apply."

Nothing New.

THE "Block System." It was known in mediæval times. Other than Railway Kings found it highly convenient for getting rid of people. But they used it only in the case of the First Class. We have abolished that odious aristocratic rule, and kill all round. King Block is no King Log.

Post-Office Fireworks.

"MR. MONSELL, P. M. G., is succeeded by DR. LYON PLAYFAIR."

THE Doctor's birthplace for this joke gives handle,
"A Bengal light vice a Roman candle."



THE SERVANTS.

Mistress (to new Servant Girl from the Country). "NOW, ELIZA, MAKE HASTE AND DRESS YOURSELF, AND MAKE YOUR HAIR TIDY BEFORE YOUR MASTER COMES HOME."

Servant Girl. "YES, 'M. WHERE SHALL I FIND THE COMB, MUM!!!!"

RESULTS OF "REFLEX ACTION."

SUNDRY muscular movements, nearly, or quite, mechanical, can be caused by an impression travelling along sensitive nerves from without to within, and returning as an impulse from within outwards. This influx and efflux of nervous force our physiological friends call "reflex action." It, though transmitted to and from the seat of sensation, appears to be in some cases unconnected, and in others connected but slightly, with consciousness. In a lecture on the Functions of the Brain, lately delivered at St. George's Hall, DR. CARPENTER adduced the following apt and striking illustration of the latter species of reflex action—that of which the consciousness is hazy:—

"How purely automatic, even in man, those movements may be, which, originally dependent on the will, have come to be habitual, is shown by their continuance when the attention is entirely absorbed by an internal train of thought; the body of a philosopher, who is mentally working out some profound question, being carried along his accustomed track by the reflex motion of his legs, which are guided through his visual sense, so that he arrives at his place of destination without any knowledge of what brought him there."

When the process of reflection goes on in the mind, and that of reflex action, as above described, simultaneously with it in the body and limbs of a peripatetic philosopher, the results of this double working of his organisation, physical and corporeal, are sometimes such as to interest the physiologist much less than the caricaturist and the buffoon. Arrived at the place of his destination on his legs, without any knowledge of the means that brought him thither, the sage, who has been walking absorbed in thought, or rather who has unconsciously been walked along, by reflex action, will exhibit phenomena at his lower extremities which will show that he has been walking, for example, through puddles. Reflex action may, occasionally, have marched a profound thinker, whilst immersed in thought, into the midst of a quagmire, and plunged him therein up to his own middle. It does not always steer such an one clear of

FRAGMENT.

(Found in an Irish Court of Justice.)

CHRISTIAN talks about O'HAGAN,
As if CHRISTIAN were a Pagan;
CHRISTIAN's own idea what 's Christian,
Must be, we submit, a misty 'un.
Punch beholds with grunt and pain,
Strife 'twixt Irishmen with brain:
Squabble, mewlers, squabble, pulers,
Cad Repealers, wild Home-Rulers,
Biting suits that kind of vermin.
But for you, who grace your ermine,
Keep your tempers under lock,
Or vent 'em on the rogues in dock.

Warm Work.

THERE is a project—American—for keeping the Erie Canal open all winter by means of artificial heat. Should the enterprising proprietor succeed in converting the Canal into a magnificent warm bath—tickets to residents on the banks and their friends at reduced rates—he hopes afterwards to be able to do something to make the North Pole a little more comfortable; and in time, perhaps, to raise the temperature of some of our highest mountains, so as to put an end to glaciers, avalanches, perpetual snow, and other trying accompaniments of an elevated position. He has our warmest wishes for his success, and we shall be glad to hear that he has managed to keep out of hot water himself.

Appropriate.

ACCORDING to the description given of MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND's new Restauration, near Regent Circus, there is "an entirety of counter length protected by a kind of cored baldacchino richly dight in gold and colours." Now this cuts both ways for the parties who do and don't want to have a baldacchino up in St. Barnabas', Pimlico. The spirited Proprietors of the above-mentioned refreshment place have furnished the ecclesiastical Judge in this case, if not with a precedent, at all events with a Criterion to go by; though no doubt they would rather he dropped into than went by their particular Criterion.

stones and other similar obstacles, which, tripping up a learned and meditative Professor, as stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence, cause him to fall, thereby bringing his nose in contact with the earth, and impressing his countenance with the appearance vulgarly styled "gravel-rash," which his friends ascribe to excess in intoxicating liquors.

It is said that persons in a state of intoxication, lying under a table, will sometimes try to hold on to the floor with their hands. Perhaps this effort is caused by reflex action.

It does not appear that persons of the unenfranchised sex are much subject to that reflex action by which deep thinkers are apt to be impelled, and brought to grief. But, in the first place, none except the very strong-minded are given to lose themselves in thought, and, in the next, still fewer are accustomed to walk when they can possibly ride.

A case of reflex action sometimes comes perhaps before a Court of Justice. An impression made on the retina by a watch-chain is conveyed through the optic nerve to the brain or spinal cord, and thence transmitted to the muscles of the arm and the fingers' ends, causing them to grasp and tug the chain, and thus abstract a watch from a pocket. Here abstraction, in two senses, would be combined with reflex action. This combination might be pleaded on behalf of a philosopher, but the plea of reflex action in an abstracted mood as an excuse for abstraction of property, would hardly avail an ordinary prig.

The Conservative School.

IN his speech at the Glasgow banquet MR. DISRAELI made graceful reference to his position as the Conservative Leader. On a festive occasion celebrating his installation as "the Lord Rector of a famous seat of learning," he might opportunely, and therefore, without appearing to extol himself in any degree above measure, have at least hinted at the services which he has rendered his Party in the capacity of their Educator.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



OLLO! Winter's getting on. Must get this horse, or where's my exercise? Can't do my little exercise without a horse; but fancy trying to do an exercise on a horse!—say a German exercise! I should soon find I had committed in Berthum, and I from my *Pferd* should have to *Wunntergehen*.

Dislike the German character—I mean characters of the German Alphabet. It looks like a sort of nutcracker language.

Happy Thought.—Kind of language the Welsh might talk in Flintshire.

Talking of languages, everyone says Italian is so easy, because everyone has learnt Latin. But Italian would be very much easier if the Italians had only stuck to their Latin, and not tried to

better it. Don't tell me that "*giorno*" is in any way suggested by "*dies*." There's an *i* in both words, but, for the matter of that, there's an eye in a needle.

Happy Thought.—It suddenly occurs to me that I've invented a proverb. "He has an eye, and so has a needle," must be a companion proverb to "He has a head, and so has a pin." As some one said (forget who, but look him up), "Let who will make the nation's songs, I'll do the proverbs."

This suggests rules for making a nation. First, begin with inventing a set of proverbs. Then—I don't quite see the next step at present; but to anyone who wants to start a new nation (and there must be some wanted by this time) it's well worth consideration.

These ideas occur to me while I am on my road to call on CLUMBER, the flyman, about that horse he's got, which, I've heard from SPOKER, the carriage-builder, or carriage-mender (I think he must be a carriage-mender, as I've often seen him at work mending a carriage, but never caught him building one), tells me, is, in his (SPOKER's) opinion, "Just the very thing to suit me."

Must be on my guard in dealing with anyone about a horse. Can't get out of my head the rhyme that first occurred to me when I thought of calling on CLUMBER, the flyman. As I must get it out of my head at some time or other, so as to allow the brain free action for other subjects (*Note.*—Most important to read up Dr. CARPENTER's Lectures on Brain. I think I see something new for *Typical Developments*, Vol. II., Thirteenth Edition, revised, corrected, and with considerable additions, under "B" for Brain), I put it into my pocket-book thus:—

"Simple SIMON
Met a flyman
Coming through the gorse,
Said Simple SIMON
To the Flyman,
'How about that horse?'"

This verse might lead on to a story. Perhaps this is the way most poetry is commenced. If so, is this an inspiration, or not? If not, what? Write, and ask TENNYSON. By the way, *à propos* of national songs and proverbs, I don't think, on reflection, that when I was once starting in the latter line, as proverb-maker, I would ever say to anyone else, "Let who will make the songs, I'll do the proverbs;" because, why shouldn't I do both? Songs pay better than Proverbs. Get SANTLEY to sing one Song, and the fortune of composer, versifier, and publisher is made. But there's nothing to be got out of some one's delivering a Proverb. There may be, as the *entrepreneurs* say, "money on it," but I don't see it, at present.

Happy Thought.—To ask SPOKER something more about CLUMBER's horse. SPOKER as a carriage-builder (or mender) must know something about horses. If he doesn't, he looks like it. There's something about SPOKER's hat, which he always wears, and his trousers that suggests to my mind a knowledge of horsemanship. While at work the line where his upper half terminates is clearly defined by apron-strings round his waist; his costume being long apron, no coat, and very well brushed hat, and the ends of his sporting trousers seen below, so that when he steps into the road

to see me, with a pen behind his ear and an order-book in his hand, the idea occurs to me that he represents a sort of out-of-door greener who's had a successful bet on the Derby. A vague description, but if you can imagine somebody, in the above-mentioned costume, ready at any moment to give you long odds, against anything, in currants or preserved ginger, and book it at once, there's SPOKER down to the ground: I mean, in appearance.

Happy Thought.—Riddle for SPOKER; to put him in a good humour. Where ought a wheelwright to live? Answer: in the wheel-lage.

It doesn't put him in a good humour, as he can't or won't understand it: and clearly thinks I'm laughing at him. I explain that I mean *Village*. He is evidently still of opinion that I'm only trying to get out of it, after deeply wounding his feelings. I must try and restore his temper by hinting that I shall soon be in want of a large carriage. At this he brightens up. I go largely into the subject of coaches and carriages, and I feel I've made SPOKER happy for the rest of the day. I can imagine the way in which he'll rub his hands when he goes in to dinner (all the little SPOKERS round the table, and MRS. SPOKER at the head), and say, "Ah! I think I'm in for a good thing now. Mr. So-and-So wants two or three new carriages, and has come to me to ask about them. Thank you, my dear, yes, I will take a little of that beef, it looks capital."

SPOKER strongly recommends CLUMBER's horse, in fact, if SPOKER himself were in want of such a thing, CLUMBER's is what he should get. "What does CLUMBER want for him?" I ask. Ah, that SPOKER doesn't know; in fact he doesn't quite know whether Mr. CLUMBER intends selling him or not. "Here," says SPOKER, pointing to a dog-cart, "is the trap he was drove in yesterday—it's just the sort o' thing for him, and did ten miles in half an hour, easy. I'll see if Mr. CLUMBER's in, if you like, Sir?"

Yes. Thank you. SPOKER goes round the corner. I follow. Perhaps it will be as well not to let SPOKER and CLUMBER be too long together before I join them. Really, horse-buying *does* make me very suspicious.

CLUMBER, the flyman, is a square-built, trim-whiskered, very respectable, yet unmistakably horsey-looking man, dressed in a greyish suit, presenting a compound of a Quaker, a well-to-do farmer, and a superior Hansom-cab driver, all in one. He has a sharp eye, and so quick a way of constantly turning his head from one side to the other, without moving his body, that it appears as if he were, as a coachman, perpetually hearing the cry of "Whip behind!" and was an adept in flicking a boy neatly on the spokes.

Having time, I look CLUMBER all over. Considering his low-crowned hat, very much turned up at the brim, his stuff gaiters, and the preponderance of the respectable Quaker and farmer elements over that of the Hansom cabman, I begin to think that he might stand for an ideal portrait of a Rural Dean.

Happy Thought.—Apart from CLUMBER, what a charming subject for a picture! One can see it, at once, in the Academy List for next year, "No. 299. 'A Rural Dean,' by MILLAIS." There he'd be reclining in a meadow, on freshly-made sweet hay: lambkins, with blue ribbon, frisking by his side: flageolet in his right hand: garlands and flowers all about him anyhow: an overturned bowl of syllabub on the short-cropped grass: and one of his shoes off, with a garter strap loose, showing the cotton work and pattern (a great chance for an artist) of the stocking. Laughing girls, with roses and posies, might be seen in the distance dancing towards him, accompanied by boy-choristers in white surplices, and there should be a church (as a background) among the old rook-inhabited trees, so as not to lose sight of the ecclesiastical character *au fond*.

I freely make a present of this beautiful idea to any R.A., or to every one of them, for they could all treat it from their different points of view. For instance:—

63. "Rural Dean, with his celebrated Sheep-dog, Toby."—R. ANSDALL, R.A.

87. "Broken Adulteress."—P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
"Behind the hedge she sobbed unseen,
And heard her faithless Rural Dean."

The Cure, Book iii., Canto 4.

105. "The Boulogne Bout. Landing of the Rural Dean at Folkestone."—W. P. FRITH, R.A.

4. "The Rural Deanery."—J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.

"The apartments, five in all, were *en suite*, leading into one another by a succession of doors, and through the most remote, when all were open, as on this occasion, might have been seen, very much in perspective, and thrown somewhat into a haze by the flood of sunlight streaming in through one of the old square end windows, the anxious face of the Rural Dean peering forth from the half-open jam closet."—*Diversions of Burly*, vol. ii. chap. iii.

208. "Old May Day. Mummers saluting the Tooral-rural Dean."—H. S. MARKS, A.R.A.

28. *Portraits of the Rural Dean, with Effie and Jeannie Deans and Mr. Dummy at Whist.* (Presentation Picture.)—J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

311. "Je dîne à la Campagne."—J. L. MEISSONIER.

152. "Rural Dean going to Bath."—F. LEIGHTON, R.A.

I jot these down as what might easily be done with the subject if the idea were once caught up.

SPOKER, having interviewed CLUMBER, who is now engaged with a stableman, tells me that the Rural Dean Flyman will attend to me in one minute.

Happy Thought.—Wait one minute, and finish jottings.

RENDEZVOUS FOR HOME-RULERS.



ENIANISM made late announcement that an "Amnesty Demonstration," for which preparations were "being made on a most extensive scale," would come off at Dublin on the following Sunday, the anniversary of the execution of ALLEN, LARKIN, and O'BRIEN, who were hanged at Manchester, for the murder of SERGEANT BRETT. The public were informed that:—

"It is understood that Mr. BUTT will address an enormous assemblage of people in a field adjoining the cemetery, where memorials have been erected to the memory of the executed men."

Unless Mr. BUTT has disappointed the friends of Home Rule, he has, doubtless, pointed out to "an enormous assemblage" of Irishmen the enormity of seeking the dismemberment of the British Empire by the murder of policemen. No fitter spot could have been selected for an harangue to that truly patriotic purport than one adjoining the cemetery "where memorials have been erected to the memory of the executed men" above-named. Those criminals were interred within the precincts of a prison; and, in these days, there remain standing, to answer the purpose of a Reformer's Tree, no gibbets upon which, as in the days of our ancestors, murderers have been hanged in chains.

Abd-el-Kadir.

So, the old hero peacefully expires,
 Mecca's muezzim cry upon his ears,
 He'd heard of lost Sedan, of Commune fires,
 Did he recal French ravage in Algiers?
 If so, life's eve had smiles, though somewhat grim,
 For SIDI-EL-HADJI-OULED-MAHIDDIM.

THOUGHT ON HORSEBACK.—We none of us like to lose the proficiency to which we may have attained in any art, accomplishment, pastime, or pursuit, least of all to fall off in riding.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

Of the Tourists who this autumn have been travelling in Switzerland, sixty-six per cent. have purchased Alpenstocks with branded names of mountains they have never dared to dream of attempting to ascend: thirty-three per cent. have joked about the Rhine having run into the rhino; and only twelve per cent. have sensibly abstained in their letters to their friends from making any comments on the cooking or the scenery.

It is feared that out of nearly half a million of young Ladies who indulge still in the luxury of reading novels when in bed, only one in every thousand is provided with a safety lamp, in order to prevent the curtains catching fire in case by any accident she chance to fall asleep.

Since the recent rise in coal more than twenty thousand rats have been purchased every month by the Pitmen of Northumberland for the use and recreation of their favourite bullpups.

No fewer than eight hundred and ninety-seven Hair-pins were picked up by the broomsman at the Crystal Palace at the close of the last Saturday concert and promenade. This, we learn, exceeds by as many as one hundred and eleven the number found upon the corresponding Saturday last year.

A professional Diner-out in extensive West End practice estimates that at forty-seven out of every fifty dinner parties the saddle of mutton is served round without any currant jelly, and that at nineteen out of twenty the vegetables are either cold and underdone or else boiled into a pulp. He calculates, moreover, that at only one house out of eighty, even though the claret has been worth at least a guinea a bottle, can he rely on getting a sixpenny cigar.

The young Ladies of sentiment, who keep up the old practice of pestering their friends to scribble nonsense in their albums, amount, it is believed, in Middlesex alone, to thirteen thousand and sixteen.

It has been calculated lately, by a careful statistician, that the Servants without followers, who reside in London, have increased in number lately, and may be estimated now at nearly one per cent.

The vagrant Musicians, who infest the quiet streets of the Metropolis, now earn, upon the average, a halfpenny an hour more than in the corresponding quarter of last year.

JOKES WITH PRAYERS.

OUR Ritualistic contemporary, the *Church Herald*, contains the following edifying anecdote, to which it has been pleased to prefix the very last heading we should have thought applicable:—

"HAPPY THOUGHT.—On Sunday evening a Clergyman at the West End, whose name we would record if we knew it, as that of a staunch Tory, after announcing that 'the prayers of the Church were desired on behalf of a sick person,' commenced the appointed Prayer for the present Parliament. We heard it ourselves."

And if we knew the name of the parson who played this antio in the reading-desk, we also would record it, with a hint that the BISHOP OF LONDON might reasonably object to "larks" with the Church Service. Does the man know what a prayer means, and to Whom it is addressed? Does he think that a bad joke ought to be let off during Divine Service? We feel charitably inclined to try to believe that there is some mistake. That such an accident, if it were one, or that such a levity should delight a Ritualist, is natural enough. The sort of creature who would be horrified if a few crumbs of bread had fallen on the floor near the Table, and been left for the church mice, is naturally incapable of real reverence, and would see "fun" in what was (if designed, which, again we say, we are reluctant to believe) the most indecent thing we have heard of for many a day of Ritualistic idiocy.

Civic Benevolence.

THE pleasures of the Lord Mayor's Dinner are not confined to Guildhall. Neither do its benefits end with the intercourse of the City and the Cabinet. The poor as well as the rich will have an agreeable recollection this year of the festivities of the Ninth of November. A kind thought has led the Banquet Committee to forward "a large quantity of turtle-soup and some choice fruit for the use of the patients of the London and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals." One of the best City Feasts on record.

APPROPRIATE PHRASES.

THE business of a Soldier is called the Profession of Arms, and that of a Dancer might be styled the Profession of Legs; only the latter description, if applicable to the Ballet, considered as an employment, might perhaps, with equal justice, be applied to the Turf.



A CONTRAST.

Since our Picture of the Fair Lady at the Furniture Sale, published three weeks ago, a great change has taken place for the better.

Auction Rooms, where mirrors are sold, are now *exclusively* haunted by fair Ladies (led there possibly by some vague hope of meeting Mr. Punch, and being immortalised by his discreet and not unflattering pencil).

On the other hand, those less ornamental beings, who have hitherto been the principal frequenters of such places, have altogether vanished from the scene—with the exception, however, of *one*, whose manners, obliging, yet unobtrusive, and polite, without obsequiousness, lead one to the conviction that he cannot be what he seems, and that his apparent calling and unmistakably Semitic aspect are part and parcel of some cunningly assumed disguise.

GREEK AT GLASGOW.

"Cassius. Did CICERO say anything?"

"Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

"Cassius. To what effect?"

"Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you in the face again, but those who understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me."—*Julius Cesar*, Act i., Sc. 2.

THE *Times* gave Lord Rector DISRAELI's concluding quotation in its original Greek. Most of our other contemporaries translated it. But one hits a happy medium, and gives us Greek in English, thus:—

"Egō men oun, kai tauta, kai ta pant' aei,
Phaskoim' an anthropoi si mechanān theous.
Otō de mē tad' estin en gnome phila,
Keinos t'ekaina stergetō, kagō tade."

It really looks very pretty in our type, and it is to be hoped that no pedant will object to this Hamiltonian process. We subjoin the translation in English:—

"These things and all things at all times I say,
My faith is come straight from the gods to men;
Whoso deems other form of doctrine true,
He has his creed, let me adhere to mine."

Now may we, in all good humour (for the brilliant orator was at his best, and could excite no feeling but that of admiration), offer another version:—

"This thing once again into language I shape,
Belief in oneself is my faith and evangel:
If any man likes to go in for the Ape,
He can. I prefer taking side with the Angel."

EXIT HEENAN.

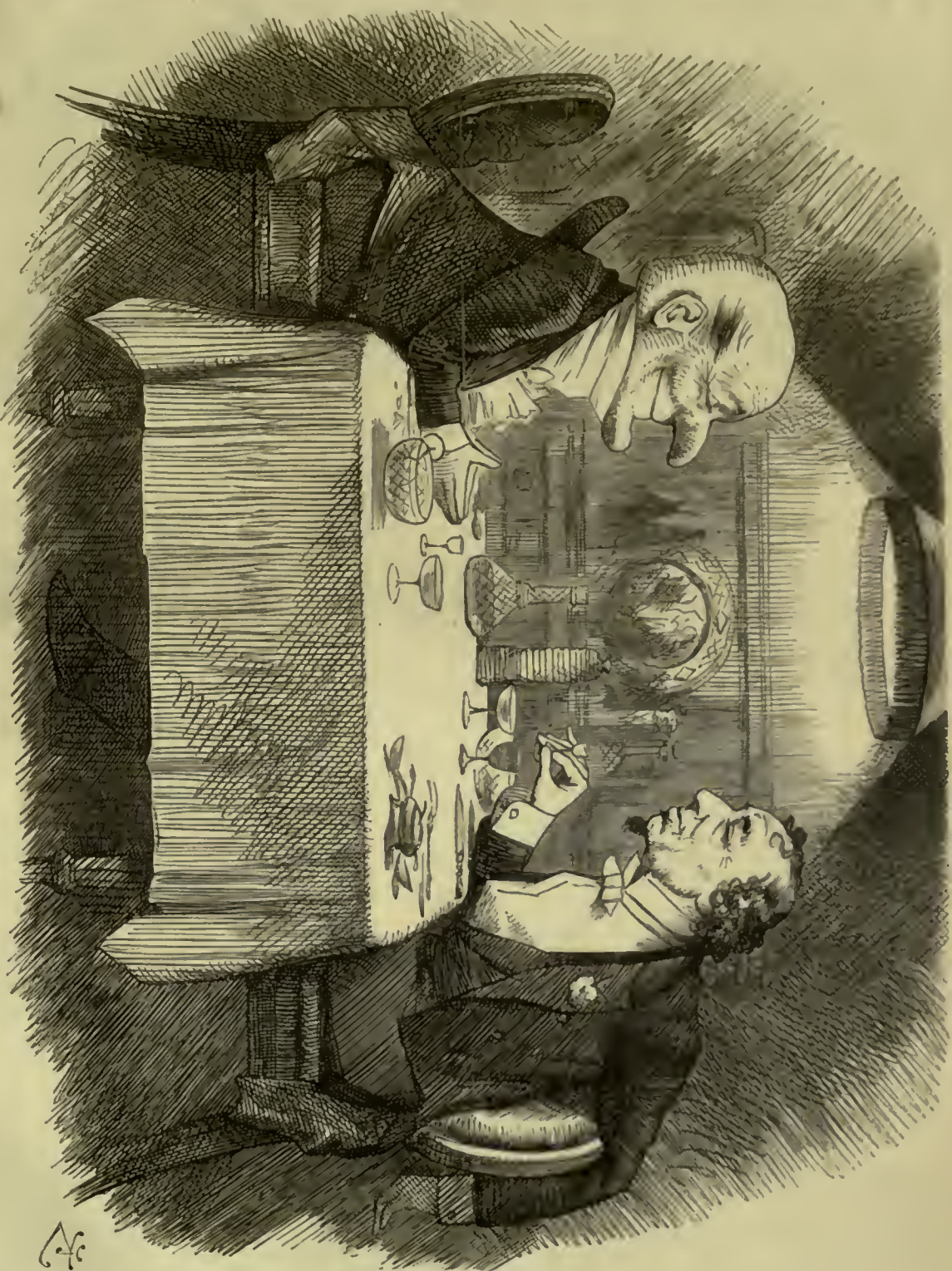
[From America has come news of the death of HEENAN. An eminent sporting Nobleman has been inspired to write the hero's epitaph, and to send it to *Punch*. The latter can hardly help printing it, and would exceedingly like to know who gave his Lordship the names of the Virgilian heroes.]

HERE HEENAN lies, the stalwart son of Troy,
But better known as the "Benicia Boy."
With him, in '60, bold TOM SAYERS fought—
The battle ended as it didn't ought.
HEENAN was beaten blind, and TOM, instead
Of his maimed right, took blows upon his head.
Then Peelers came. Each champion got a belt;
Which course unsatisfactory was felt.
Now both are gone; (so's MENKEN, HEENAN's wife),
Let's hope to meet where there is no more strife.
But this we do say, both was noble fellows,
As good as VIRGIL'S Dares and Entellus.

Who Can They Be?

"THE LORINERS' COMPANY.—A livery dinner of this ancient guild, which existed as a mystery in 1245, was held at the London Tavern yesterday."

WHAT is a Loriner? Is he to be found in the *Post-Office Directory*? Does he pay Income-tax and serve on Juries? Has he views about Education Boards and Epping Forest inclosures? Does he ever become Lord Mayor? Give the reins to your imagination, Reader, and try and fancy what a Loriner is. You will, probably, end by thinking that what was "a mystery in 1245" is quite as much a mystery in 1873.



“HOW NOT TO SAY IT,”

MR. D. “KING LOTIS PHILIPPE ONCE TOLD ME, MR. PUNCH, THAT HE ATTRIBUTED OUR GREAT POLITICAL SUCCESS TO OUR TALKING POLITICS AFTER DINNER.”

MR. P. “ULYSSES WAS WISE, MY DEAR LORD RECTOR; THEREFORE FAVOUR ME WITH A SLIGHT IDEA OF THE CONSERVATIVE POLICY.”

MR. D. “PARDON ME, DEAR FRIEND, I SAID ‘POLITICS,’ NOT ‘POLICY.’ TAKE SOME MORE MARASCHINO!”

[See Speech at Glasgow.

A LIBEL ON BEER.



BIRMINGHAM Fanatics connected with the United Kingdom Alliance have addressed a frantic letter to Mr. BRIGGS, invoking him, as a member of the Government and the House of Commons, to support their mad project of a law to limit personal liberty. In this insane document they describe beer as "an article which leads to the destruction of the wealth, the happiness, the health, the morality, and the well-being of the people." Is it possible that persons who know what they are talking about and mind what they say can speak in terms like these of beer? Are these expressions of the would-be imposers

of compulsory temperance the words of truth and soberness? Could the zealots of the total abstinence platform, who rave at this rate, rant more outrageously if they were drunk themselves? The Secretary who wrote down the foregoing vituperation of beer had, no doubt, a steady hand, but could those who dictated it have themselves written it legibly, and, in dictating it, were they articulate? They could not have said worse of gin; themselves under the influence of gin. But suppose when they name beer they mean gin, is

what they aver borne out by facts? Can anyone truly say, after the Moral Poet, the Swan of Southampton:—

"Where'er I take my walks abroad
How many drunk I see?"

Do inebriated wretches stagger against us as we walk the streets? Are we encountered and jostled by so many drunkards reeling zigzag along the pavement that we are prevented from walking straight ourselves? Experience of this kind alone can warrant the assertions of agitators such as Mr. BRIGGS's Birmingham correspondents about our national drunkenness. In private society, we know what to think of anybody who keeps telling his companions that they are all drunk.

There is, indeed, a drunkenness which is not of drink, the drunkenness engendered by a spirit of dictatorial domination, which expresses itself in passionate and violent demands for permission to control other peoples' appetites and desires.

But as to beer, are not the enthusiasts who abuse it as above aware that beer is not the drink of the drunken classes, the poorer of whom drink spirits, and the more wealthy something better than beer? Everybody knows that the colliers now drink champagne, and other skilled workmen, in the North, at least, not beer, but "red port wine, out of the wood," as they say, and "roof in the mouth." Beer! Why beer is, in these days, the beverage of agricultural labourers, clerks, and curates, and that only occasionally, by way of a treat, when they can afford it, and the beer very small beer then.

Our "African General."

WE win in this Ashantee duel:
Our GARNET proves indeed a jewel,
And when we close the fane of Janus,
Shall be our SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

SIR,

I HAD had my eye on the Princess's advertisement for some weeks past, and so, when *Griselda* did appear, there was I, at the front door, representing You, and singing gaily—

Up, Rousby, then,
My merry, merry man,
For 'tis your opening day.

And so it was, as far as the new piece was concerned. Being in lyric vein, let me proceed:

And let me say
That clever Miss BRADDON
Has written a play,
And not a bad 'un.

That's rhyme and reason. There are some fine lines in *Griselda*, quite as good as any one of the above taken separately. Seriously, most of the writing is very good, so much so that I was sorry to hear how a couplet was lagged in to be impatiently delivered by *Griselda* (who ought to have been so patient, but wasn't), quite out of character with *Lady Grizzle's* character, and which could have been only intended as a trap for the applause of the happy gods in the Gallery. Mr. ROUSBY came out very strong in the furious love-making scene, where the entrance of Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD, in full armour, from the Lord Mayor's Show of the period, is an admirable dramatic situation most artistically led up to. Mr. ROUSBY, in voice and manner, forcibly reminded Your Representative of CHARLES KEAN on this same stage.

Of Mrs. ROUSBY, and of the piece, there is still much to be said beyond how well she looked and how the part seemed to suit her, and all this I must reserve until after a second visit, when it will play closer, and there will be new strings put into the harp of that unfortunate Minstrel, at the back among *Gualtiero's* musicians, who (the Minstrel, not *Gualtiero*) produced, as interpreted by the Orchestra, the most dulcet sounds, including an occasional castanet accompaniment, out of the most dilapidated instrument ever permitted in a nobleman's private stringed band. But this is a detail, and I dare say "the harp that once" was all wrong is now all the other thing. All I've to say at present is, that I would Miss BRADDON had got hold of a better subject, and that *Griselda* is no more the patient *Grizzle* of my early childhood than You, Sir, are what I am—

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

REGULATIONS FOR SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTIONS.

EVERY Ratepayer (including gas and water) is entitled to as many votes as there are members to be returned; and these he may distribute amongst the candidates who have been least troublesome to him with their cards and circulars, or give them all to one—or none.

The Election will be by ballot—one black ball to exclude.

The voting is cumulative, that is to say, there will be a heap of people at the polling-booth.

On entering and leaving the booth, the Act requires the Ratepayer to make a respectful inclination to the Returning Officer (who is not necessarily a naval or military man), or his deputy; but there must be no attempt to draw the officer into conversation about the state of the weather or the poll.

When the Ratepayer intends to vote for a Lady-candidate (which, we trust, he will have the sense to do wherever he has the opportunity), he must remove his hat while he fills up his paper.

Women are entitled to vote at School-Board Elections, and, as a rule, will pay some attention to their personal appearance, particularly to the hair, before they come to the poll.

No Ratepayer is to divulge how he has voted, except (if he is a married man) to his wife, and only then under a solemn pledge on her part not to disclose the secret to Mrs. PRIDLE or the Miss RUMMAGES.

As a fitting preparation for the responsible duty he is about to discharge, every Ratepayer is recommended, before he leaves home on the morning of the election, either to read a chapter in the *History of England* since the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, or to commit to memory the dates of the more remarkable battles in the Seven Years' War. This, however, is not compulsory.

Suitable vehicles for the conveyance of the Ratepayer to the poll (at his own expense) will be provided by the different cab-proprietors and livery-stable keepers.

The poll will close at 8 p.m., and the result will be transmitted by the electric wire to India, America, Australia, the Cape, &c., with as little delay as possible.

Many Happy Returns of the Day.

MR. DISRAELI lately spoke at Glasgow of "the spirit of the age." He need not mention that yet awhile, as he spoke with all the spirit of his youth. Brayvo, Codlingsby! You will be young in your old age, as you were Grey—*Vicinia Grey*—in your youth.



ALWAYS SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.

Jenkins (five foot nothing). "TALL WOMEN ARE ALL VERY WELL, BUT THEY DON'T DO FOR MEN OF OUR HEIGHT, MY BOY! FANCY YOU AND ME DANGLING IN THE WAKE OF TWO FAIR GIANTESSES!—HE! HE! HO! HO! HO! HA! HA!"

[Smothered indignation of Tomkins, who is nearly five feet five!]

AN ULTRAMONTANE IMPERIALIST.

M. ROUHER, the other day, in the French National Assembly, created some excitement by a speech, in the course of which he demanded that the prolongation of MARSHAL MAC-MAHON'S power should be only for three years. Hereupon a member exclaimed, aptly enough, "So as to await the majority of the Prince?" M. ROUHER recommends another *plébiscite*, expecting, perhaps, that it would result in the establishment of a Third Empire, and a Fourth NAPOLEON. That the Napoleonic dynasty may not be re-established some-when nobody can be sure. Italy has gone to Rome, although an eminent Imperial statesman declared she should get there never. The French sometimes give their leading men nicknames. If the opponents of M. ROUHER in the National Assembly, where the reign of order and manners is not absolute, wished to shut him up, they might possibly be tempted to endeavour to cry him down, by saluting him whenever he gets upon his legs as "MONSIEUR JAMAIS." They deserve credit for not being so rude.

The Festival of the Sons of FancY Bakers will be this year held at St. All-bun's, Hobun.

BIG BEN.

"The great clock of the Houses of Parliament is stopped for a day or two, in order that the 'going train' may be cleaned by MESSRS. DENT. During the present month its accumulated error has on no occasion exceeded a second."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

BIG BEN, that beats from BARRY'S Tower
The march of time and tide,
To Britain's Commons, and the world
Of London far and wide,
Stops—and the town that marked the
hush
Of his deep voice with pain,
Is glad to hear 'tis but a halt,
To clean his "going train."

We who—nor DENTS nor DENISONS—
But ask of clocks the hour,
Read with surprise of "going trains"
Up there, in BARRY'S Tower.
And think, if "going trains" in air
As, upon earth, be rash,
A merey 'tis that, long ere this,
Big Ben 's not gone to smash!

But with more wonder still we learn
That, in the month gone by,
A face of such ideal truth
Big Ben has shown on high,
That the accumulated slips
Which in his black book show,
On no day of the thirty days
Beyond a second go!

O, brave Big Ben, that keep'st true step
Thus with the tide of time,
Long may'st thou to the Commons set
Example so sublime;
That England, both of House below
And Clock above, may say,
'Tis no vain boast that to the world
She shows the time of day!

May headlong Wits, that on the seats
Under that Clock may show,
Learn by its even beat above
To tune hot brains below.
And never hold up hands, unless
The voice of truth to swell;
Nor strike, except at the right hour,
And then strike strokes that tell.

Ne'er may we give the seoffers cause,
Comparing House and Clock,
Big Ben's month's time, to second true,
To turn to Commons' mock.
And question wherefore is Clock's due
To House's credit set?
Since the month thus from error free
Was when no House was met.

Besides its dial, BARRY'S Tower
A signal lamp doth rear;
This shines but while the Commons sit,
That tells time all the year.
The Lamp alternate fades and flares
With intermittent heat;
Big Ben, Old Time's policeman, moves
Steadily on his beat.

Let other Legislatures take
The shifting Light for sign;
But England, may'st thou keep the Clock
For symbol, still, of thine.
So owning faith in steady truth—
Though measured 'tis and slow—
Rather than in the flashing light
That shifts 'twixt gloom and glow.

THAT'S THE TICKET.—BACH'S Great Pas-
sion Music has lately been announced for
performance somewhere. Tickets to be
issued—"There and BACH, two-and-six."



A PRUDENT SWELL.

Client. "I WANT 'EFFECT AN INSURANCE—SIX POUNDS A WEEK IN CASE OF INJURY, AND THAT SORT OF THING."

Clerk. "RAILWAY ACCIDENTS, SIR?"

Client. "AW—NO, POLICE."

WARNING FROM THE VATICAN.

WILLIAM, be warned; take heed unto your ways.
Look out, you BISMARCK, and your Kaiser-King—
The penalties which LEDOCHOVSKI pays
On your own heads calamity may bring.

Mind how upon the Church you lay your hands,
And check a Bishop's liberty to ban,
Or fine obedience to the Pope's commands,
When they are contravened by laws of man.

There was a King of Naples; Dukes there were
Of Modena and Tuscany; and all they,
Though faithful, came to grief; as they did fare,
Beware, ye faithless, lest you likewise may.

The Church's succedaneous Eldest Son
Did all he could to help this Holy See; .
Oft Our paternal benediction won.
It were a joke to ask you where is he.

Our most dear daughter, sometime Queen of Spain,
Received Our blessing with the Golden Rose.
Lo, what a portent follows in its train!
Her people mutiny, and off she goes.

So now, We say, just mind what you're about.
Pray for enemies of course We do.
But, by Our slippers, if you don't look out,
We will be blest if We do not bless you.

Railway Securities.

In the City, the other day, "Railway Stocks opened with firmness." It is to be wished that there were in existence Railway Stocks which would shut as well as open, and could, having been opened out, be shut on the legs of certain persons. There are wanted on every line of Railway as many stocks as, in case of accidents from mismanagement, would suffice to hold all the Directors.

CO-OPERATION AGAINST COLD.

It is probable that an uncommonly mild November will be succeeded by a winter of more than usual severity. The customary appeals on behalf of soup-kitchens and of arrangements for the distribution of blankets and coals will then supply the want of news. Benevolence and Forethought will resolve themselves into a Committee of Ways and Means to provide the funds needful for those purposes out of the personal Exchequer. The cases, however, in which a surplus can be found available are limited. Enormous opulence is in general balanced by corresponding expenditure, necessitated by ostentation, the condition of credit in business, or at least of position in society. Professional persons, and small proprietors, have mostly quite enough to do to pay their bills at Christmas, and too many of them consider that they already bear more than their share of the burdens of their poorer neighbours, and of their richer too, in paying income-tax. Unable to provide sufficiently for their own families, or against their own misfortune, they cannot be reasonably expected to lay by anything whatever for the rainy day of other people. Besides, the mite of the widow blesses those who give very considerably more than it does those that take it; and, effectually to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, the deed must equal the will.

The relief of the destitute will naturally devolve on those who can best afford it—the prosperous working people. Through a series of strikes they have been blessed with a superabundance of means, illustrated by the fact that oysters are half-a-crown a dozen. Their luxury is unlimited by any necessity of splendour. As they drank us out of the *Alabama* difficulty, so, it is to be hoped, they will drink us out of the Ashantee trouble. But, in the meanwhile, by the exercise of moderation in drinking for a few weeks, they will be enabled to spare quite as much money as may be requisite to supply all the necessities of their own order. Effectually to succour those who are stricken with age and poverty, or struck down by disease and want of work, none are so truly competent as the Striking Classes.

At St. James's Hall.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW has made a decided hit on the piano. This is not a Thumper: nor is *he*. So deftly does he manage the keys and the pedals, that, dropping the VON, the Professor should be named HANS and Feet BÜLOW, or HANS Above and Feet BÜLOW. In the absence of MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD (now enchanting the Antipodes) it is most gratifying to hear so admirable a performance as is that of DR. HANS V. BÜLOW. So able an interpreter is he of the Great Musical Abbé's pieces, that in England he might head one part of his programme with the adopted Shakespearian motto, "Liszt, Liszt, Oh Liszt!" And we suggest that when he wants an epitaph—some hundred years hence, or more—it should be—

"Faithful Bülow he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

The Serenade of the Storm.

How sweet to hear, as you lie snug in bed,
The wind howl outside, and the drifting rain,
Whilst you have your own roof above your head,
Dashed by the blast against your casement's pane.

So should I, stalled in some fat sinecure,
Which clamour by no rage could wrest away,
Peruse, at breakfast, with enjoyment pure,
The papers railing on me every day.

Change for a Sovereign.

THE KING OF ITALY declares that Rome is free from Papal rule, although the Sovereign Pontiff still contrives to live in it. He takes the liberty to hint that the liberty enjoyed there is greater than it used to be, and that he will not permit the priests to try to lessen it. The KING OF ITALY for one, and, *Mr. Punch* may add, the King of Fleet Street for another, clearly differ from the dictum that—

"*Nuquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub rege Pio.*"

Beware the Bailiffs!

MACMAHON has seven years' lease.
Marshal, be your tenure peace.
So shall you and France no Men
In Possession see again.



TOO TRUE.

Cabby (after a squabble, pocketing his overcharge.) "JUST MY BARE FARE, THIA'S WHAT IT IS!"

Old Gent. "IF IT WASN'T SUCH A BAD DAY, SIR, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT, I CAN TELL YOU!"

Cabby. "NO; 'CAUSE YOU'D A GONE THIRD-CLASS BY TH' UNDERGROUND, AND THEN WALKED UP THE ROAD!"

THE NEW RAILWAY OATH.

MR. FORSYTH'S victory over one Railway Company, which has been compelled to pay the expenses he incurred through the said Company's not conveying him according to contract, and the menacing notice which the Board of Trade has given to all the Companies, touching Railway Accidents, have aroused the haughty Directors to a sense of the situation. An extraordinary meeting of the authorities is about to be held, and we understand that it will be proposed that an Oath, in about the terms following, shall be administered by the ticket-clerks to all intending passengers, after they have paid their money, and before the tickets are flung at them. In the event of refusal to take the Oath, the money is to be detained, and paid over to the "Testimonials Fund":—

"OATH.

"I, ****, of &c., do hereby solemnly swear that whatever may happen on the journey I am about to take, I will bring no sort of action against the **** Railway Company, and in the event of my being killed, I charge my representatives to abstain from all proceedings, and to write a letter to the management, exonerating it from all blame, and thanking it for the courteous letter in which it announced the news of my demise. So help" &c.

Mill and Miller.

FROM the Autobiography of the late JOHN STUART MILL it appears that his father, JAMES STUART MILL, taught him Greek when a child of tender years, and crammed him besides with all manner of knowledges. Of the two MILLS the elder one seems the more worthy of the name, from the prodigious grinding with which he exercised his son's genius. MILL Senior was the grinder; MILL Junior the ground. When MRS. MILL presented her spouse with an heir, she brought, in fact, grist to the Mill.

THE KING OF FRANCE.

HEALTH and Salutation to MAGENTA THE FIRST, King of France! The "cool old Sworder" has won the game, and reigns more absolutely than HENRY CINE ever hoped to do. Homage to the Sabre! We have no doubt that he will be a very good King, but the French Assembly has shown a generous and trustful spirit in taking him without any conditions whatever. A "King," as MR. CARLYLE has informed us, is a man who "can Do," and His Majesty KING MAGENTA has shown his energy and ability in the battle-field. When we read of the blind fury and frantic scenes which have marked the change of Government, and when we see how the little majority of ten has gone up to sixty-eight, nothing succeeding like success, we feel a profound contempt for our ancestors and their cautious, cowardly, deliberate method of transferring authority at the Revolution. The Assembly has gone more bravely into action, and we only hope that its work will last as long as that of our ancestors, with their slavish adherence to precedent, and their exaction of Royal guarantees. *Vive le Roi MAGENTA!*

An Intoxicating Liquor.

MR. WALTER BURTON, lately an Officer of Her Majesty's Customs, states, in a letter to the *Times*, that the average strength of Sherry, as imported and passed into consumption, is not less than from thirty-seven to fifty per cent. of proof spirit. So spirituous a liquor as this should be called, not Sherry, but Sherry-brandy.

Warning.

EXCEPTING British Lions, it is rare To find the "Lion" (*felis*) "playing fair." Jokers on Names, your noddles will lack plaster If you send jokes about the new Post-MASTER.



OUR AUXILIARIES.

Fusileer (on the Gold Coast). "HOUSSAH!—BY GEORGE, YOU'D LOOK A RUM 'UN AMONG THE 'HUSSARS' AT ALDERSHOT!"

Houssa (responding cheerfully). "DAM' COFFEE! YAH, YAH, YAH!"

PROOF OF PROSPERITY.

At a meeting of the Cardiff Board of Guardians, on Saturday last week, a remarkable circumstance came under consideration. It was that of a revolt in the workhouse, which had occurred on the day before among the female paupers. This outbreak was provoked by the retention in the workhouse dietary of Australian meat, notwithstanding the disapproval of it, when first introduced, expressed by those invited to consume it. Their refusal of the meat had induced the Guardians to try it themselves; an experiment which proved it to be, in fact, exceedingly palatable. So, therefore, says a contemporary:—

"The Guardians resolved to continue its use, but their decision resulted in a novel kind of outbreak among the more rebellious paupers. On Friday morning, when the nurse entered the Lock Hospital for the purpose of giving the inmates their breakfast, she was assailed with a shower of spoons, bread, and other missiles. The Master was sent for, and order was temporarily restored. Subsequently, however, seven of the women jumped out of the window, got into the garden, and conducted themselves like lunatics, until the police were sent for. They were taken before the bench, and sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment."

The dietary which these ladies will have experienced by the end of their three weeks will probably have left them with such an appetite that they will be ready to devour Australian meat eagerly, as much so as they could if they were the daughters of clergymen, solicitors, medical men, or clerks in the Civil Service. But this by the way. It is to be remarked that the objection to eat Australian meat was not confined to a section of the inmates of Cardiff Workhouse. They, those who actually mutinied, were indeed the more rebellious of the paupers; but all were more or less rebellious. The whole of them indignantly objected to eat Australian meat. And, no doubt, how naturally! Had they not, probably, most of them, been accustomed to eat regular butcher's meat, and that three or four times a day? Did they not belong to the class whose consumption of it has raised it to its present prices? Whilst they were in the receipt of high wages were they not accustomed to eat their fill of it, regardless of expense, or the expediency of making any provision for the future? And, now that they have come to want, are they not very naturally repugnant to the idea of food which they imagine inferior to that they have been used to? We cannot wonder that paupers at Cardiff, or anywhere else, should turn up their noses at Australian meat;

we should rejoice that they do, though glad enough to eat it ourselves: their contempt for it is a gratifying proof of the general prosperity of this great country, and the progressively increasing standard of comfort and luxury amongst the industrious classes.

AMANTIUM IRE.

(ON A LATE BATTLE.)

See the Law Report "Gilbert (Author of 'The Wicked World') v. Enoch (Publisher of 'Pall Mall Gazette')," in the Common Pleas.

PALL MALL attacked *The Wicked World*,
The Wicked World arraigned *Pall Mall*,
And in the Court of Common Pleas
To legal loggerheads they fell.

Seeing how much this Wicked World
To *Pall Mall*'s rich purveying owes,
For newest mots and keenest squibs,
And all that in Club channels flows,

'Twixt two such natural allies
This sudden internecine jar,
How furious soe'er its wrath,
Must take the form of civil war.

So, HENRY JAMES, with polished sword,
Stood champion of *The Wicked World*,
While KARSLAKE'S spear as smooth as sharp
Home in *Pall Mall*'s defence was hurled.

With such a civil war, no doubt,
A civil end most fitly squared;
And so they that the *Kriegspiel* judged,
Drawn battle, not drawn blood, declared.

And thus on London's listening ears
Serene the all-round judgment fell,
"Innocent is the *Wicked World*,
Innocent, also, is *Pall Mall*!"

This soothing syrup from the twelve
Relief on smart and sores bestowed;
And to the Common Pleas, for once,
We that uncommon pleasure owed.

Then, though the judgment gave to him
Of damages not e'en a farden,
Let it vexed GILBERT satisfy,
While ENOCH owns 'tis not an 'ard 'n'n;

And, led by JAMES's gentle hand,
And KARSLAKE, pattern of his sex,
To better understanding come,
And fall on one another's necks!

Lie down, with journalistic lamb,
Dramatic lion, in communion,—
Included, for all future time,
In a harmonious "Gilbert Union."*

* For an account of this effective, though rough and ready, organisation, and its working, see the Poor-Law Reports.

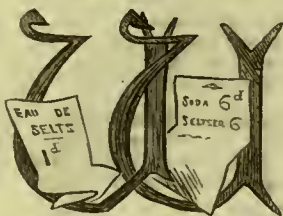
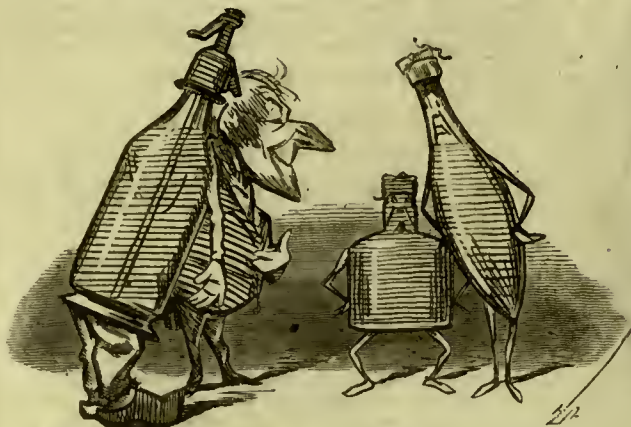
A Good Test.

A RECENT visitor to Oxford, with statistical tastes, desirous of ascertaining to what extent the three great parties in the Church were respectively represented in that University, drew his own conclusions, as he walked through the streets, from the fact that, while he could see "the High" and "the Broad," he could nowhere find "the Low."

Parochial Poem.

ON the School Board, as for me,
Guv my vote for nobody.
Education's name I hates.
Them three R.'s all means more Rates,
Which, as I objects to pay,
I should wish to do away.
Don't for School Boards see no call;
Wouldn't vote for none at all.

THE JOVIAL VEGETARIANS.



ORK of the dullest kind must be a Teetotal feast, unless there be a little harmony to enliven the proceedings. There cannot be much jollity in making speeches over tea, or drinking toasts in toast-and-water. Public dinners, as a rule, are sadly dismal merry meetings, but how mournful they must be when abstinence enforced is added to publicity! Nor, we fancy, can a banquet whereat meats are all tabooed be a pleasant sort of gathering. One cannot well imagine people making merry over cabbages and carrots. A pleasant song or two would very much increase the chances of conviviality, and so, by way of illustration of the sort of thing we mean, we beg to recommend the following as a drinking song to cheer our jovial Vegetarians:—

AIR—"A Bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me."
A peck of potatoes go peel, peel for me,
A few guests I've invited to dine,
Rare relish for carrots and turnips have we,
And good cabbage we seldom decline.
Carnivorous diners their venison may boast,
And may brag of their beef and their mutton.
But give me asparagus served upon toast,
And for juicy green peas I'm a glutton!

The cabbages and carrots would surely taste the sweeter if a cheerful stave like this enlivened their consumption. And pray why should not a song like the following be sung to cheer the cook to do her best whenever a Vegetarian banquet is in prospect?—

AIR—"Fill a Bumper Fair."
Fill the saucepan fair,
Friends are asked to dinner,
Shred the beans with care,
Slice the carrots thinner.
Mash the turnips well,
Cream improves their flavour;
How nice yon pea-soup's smell!
How dainty is its savour!
Chorus. Fill the saucepan fair, &c.
Celery you have bought,
Clearly you have reason,
'Grass I would have sought,
But 'tis not now in season.
Cabbage?—by all means,
Brussels sprouts we'll give too:
Men who live on greens
A green old age may live to!
Chorus. Fill the saucepan fair, &c.
Sweet is the seakale,
Stew it slightly quicker,
Draw us Adam's ale,
'Tis the best of liquor.
Potatoes please to steam,
For every one a plateful;
And prithee do not dream
The guests will not be grateful.
Chorus. Fill the saucepan fair, &c.

Now for the bouquet
Cut a cauliflower,
Sweet as new-mown hay
Sprinkled with a shower.
Then with cheerful smile
Go and mix the salad:
I at ease the while
May warble you a ballad.
Chorus. Fill the saucepan fair, &c.

A dish of parsnips, too,
May make the board more festive,
Although there may be few
Who find the root digestive.

WHY EDUCATE GIRLS?

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,
ANYTHING unpractical is shocking to me. I cannot see the sense of this movement for the higher education of women. Our object is to get married. To attain that object we must make ourselves agreeable.

Now, here is a faithful report of a dinner-table conversation which brought on a desirable engagement. Will you do two things? Will you come to my wedding? And will you tell me how much education of a high sort was wanted for the dialogue I send you?

Your affectionate reader,

ANGELINA.

P.S. How I am able to report it so accurately is no business of yours. Perhaps I am a Spirit Medium. But come, there's an old dear.

SCENE—Dinner. A large Party.

EDWIN has been introduced to ANGELINA within the last ten minutes, and has taken her down. They sit.

Edwin. You have plenty of room, I hope. (*Sotto voce.*) We are rather closely packed.

Angelina. Plenty, thanks.

[*They take up the menu.*]

Edwin. I think my picture is prettier than yours.

Angelina. Perhaps it is. I don't know. This is a dear little fat child with the roses.

Edwin. Nothing to compare to my fat child swinging. O, don't you take soup?

Angelina. Only sometimes.

Edwin. A fine clear soup is the best possible beginning of a dinner. Anything heavy is simply a barbarism—that is, unless one's going in for a turtle dinner.

Angelina. I have tasted turtle-soup, and I suppose I have no taste, for I really do not like it.

Edwin. It is an acquired taste, like that for olives, virtue, and children, but it is soon gained.

Angelina. O, but I love children.

Edwin. Many little brothers and sisters?

Angelina. Only two brothers.

Edwin. Awful little bores to you, I suppose?

Angelina. No, indeed. They behave very well, and I am very fond of them.

Edwin. Ah! They'll grow out of that, and you will grow out of the other.

Angelina. Well, I hope not. How sweetly pretty these flowers are!

Edwin. Yes; and they are put low—no ridiculous *épergne*, or anything to shut us out from our opposite neighbours. This salmon with the Hollandaise sauce is excellent. Do not pass it.

Angelina. See how docile I am.

Edwin. Most amiable trait. Seen IRVING in *Richelieu*?

Angelina. We are going on Saturday: we could not get stalls earlier. Is it very good?

Edwin. I like it very much—immense deal of go about it. My Governor, and other old fogies who have seen MACREADY, won't have it at any price; but then the Governor says he used to be insulted for praising MACREADY to people who remembered KEAN, and so on. I recommend the *vol-au-vent*.

Angelina. Ah! but I like *quenelles*.

Edwin. Docility has limits.

Angelina. Certainly. Perhaps it is your theory that Woman should be a slave.

Edwin. It is, most decidedly; but I seldom ventilate it.

Angelina. I shall remember. Were you on the Continent this Autumn?

Edwin. Was I? Let me see. O yes, I went to Vienna—that's on the Continent, isn't it? (*Both laugh.*) Afterwards I went to Scotland, and had horrid weather.

Angelina. I think it always rains in Scotland.

Edwin. Not always. It sometimes snows. (*She laughs.*)

Angelina. But they say the seasons are all changing from what they used to be. Some day we shall skate in June, I suppose.

Edwin. You skate?

Angelina. A little. Only on our own lake in the country, of course.

Edwin (to himself). Papa's got a lake. Good. I should think you would skate well—you are the figure for it, and you have courage, I should say.

Angelina. O dear, no. I am the most timid thing in the world—except on horseback. I can ride any of Papa's horses.

Edwin (to himself). Papa has several horses. Hunt?

Angelina. I have been out two or three times, but Papa does not like my hunting. He sets great store by me, as the only daughter, you see.

Edwin (to himself). I do. I respect the elderly gentleman unknown. Your Papa is not here to-night, I think? *(To himself).* Or I might be civil to him.

Angelina. No, he has had to go home to his electors—constituents, I mean—on some business. I came with my Aunt over there, on Mrs. WILDERSPIN's left.

Edwin (to himself). So; M.P., and country M.P., too? Mrs. WILDERSPIN might have told me, but she never thinks of anything but how she looks, and nobody else ever thinks about that. And do you understand politics?

Angelina. Ought one?

Edwin. I think not. But everybody goes in for knowing everything in these days, you know. Not that I do. I'm quite content to be thought for. This is as good champagne as I have tasted lately—somebody has been educating our friend—it was not always so. Don't be afraid of it. Heard Von Bülow, of course?

Angelina. Of course. I admire him. Isn't he wonderful?

Edwin. Musical fellows say we are not to admire him too much. I know nothing about it. Only I don't see what's got by playing without book.

Angelina. I wish he didn't. I am always nervous for fear he should break down, and that takes away one's pleasure. Did you see that darling RITSON in the scene from *Lady Macbeth*?

Edwin. No. Was it—

Angelina. O! There! Good's no word for it.

Edwin. Friend of mine said that to an author about his play the other night, and author went off complimented. My friend meant that the word should be bad.

Angelina. How awfully good!

Edwin. Read many novels? Can you tell me of a good one?

Angelina. No, I do not read many. You need not think I am strong-minded, but I think they waste time, and most of them are so stupid—same thing over and over. Of course I enjoy a good book, like any of GEORGE ELIOT's, or TROLLOPE's.

Edwin (to himself). Awful sensible girl. Wonder if it's true. Here comes *caille*—let me advise it.

Angelina. That shows your good-nature, after I rejected your other advice.

Edwin. I am about the most good-natured person of my acquaintance.

Angelina (to herself). Not you. And I should not care for such a person. Well, I have told him enough. Do you know our part of the country—Worcestershire?

Edwin. Yes, pretty well. I have been down several autumns for shooting at my uncle's, SIR WIGGERY SCURP's. Know him, perhaps?

Angelina. He is on the other side of the county, but Papa has met him at Magistrates' meetings, and I think likes him much.

Edwin. Shouldn't think so—he's a bumptious old bird—but he has neither chick nor child, so he tolerates me.

Angelina (to herself). That sounds well. You spend a good deal of time at his place, I suppose.

Edwin. Not so much as I ought, for he is a—well, he does his duty to me, so I won't say it.

Angelina (to herself). A good heart, perhaps. I dare say he is very fond of you.

Edwin. Why should you think that?

Angelina (simulating embarrassment). Well, I don't know, because—*(boldly)* Well, I should think you might be liked, if you chose to be. Mrs. WILDERSPIN told me that you were rather amiable than not.

Edwin. I should like to know what you will tell her.

Angelina. Are you vain enough to think we should mention the subject?

Edwin. Quite. Won't you have some ice-pudding? It's the very worst thing in the world after dinner, the doctors say.

Angelina. But they take it all the same. I like deeds, not words. Yes, I will.

Edwin. I like firmness, in reason, that is.

Angelina. O, I can be awfully firm, when I know I am right. Only, you know, it's so hard to know that.

Edwin. Not for you. If you wouldn't think me impertinent—

Angelina. But I like impertinence, in reason, as you say.

Edwin. Well, then, it strikes me that you have about as sound a judgment as anybody I ever knew. *(To himself).* Knows she's pretty—I think she's silly—nothing like praising a woman for what she hasn't got.

Angelina. But where is the impertinence?

Edwin. Telling the honest truth, from one's heart.

Angelina. I will forgive you this once, then. No, not any more wine.

Edwin. Some preserved cherries?

Angelina. Two or three. I suppose you will come up-stairs?

Edwin. I had not meant, for there is to be a lot of music. But I have changed my mind.

Angelina. Don't you like music?

Edwin. Hate it. But, I suppose, I ought to say just the opposite.

Angelina. What for?

Edwin. Talking to a lady, you know.

Angelina (seriously, with mingled resignation and severity). I am sorry that men are taught to treat us as foolish children. It is not our fault if they make us so. See, we are to go. If you can endure a little music, I will introduce you to my Aunt—she likes anybody connected with her beloved county. *[Exeunt the Ladies.]*

AN INCENTIVE TO VALOUR.



FESTING. That gallant officer, describing an engagement with the enemy in the bush, remarks that:—

"The Anamaboos fought well, and perhaps the same may be said of another tribe, but, as a general rule, more than verbal persuasion had to be resorted to to make the natives

EXPEDITE more men to SIR GARNET WOLSELEY. He and his brave handful of British troops find themselves unable to follow up their successes against the Ashantees owing to "the untrustworthy character of our native allies." Of this an idea somewhat comically suggestive is intimated in a despatch addressed to the Chief of the Staff, Head Quarters, Abak-rampa, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

fight at all, whilst great numbers carefully abstained from taking part."

There is a delicate reticence in a part of the foregoing passage which relegates the mind of a reader to *Richard the Third*, and recalls the lines in that tragedy concerning JULIUS CAESAR:—

"With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live."

By felicity of literary expression, as well as by subduing barbarians with disciplined valour, COLONEL FESTING reminds one of the noble Roman. "As a general rule, more than verbal persuasion had to be resorted to to make the natives tight at all." This is a very neat way of putting it; the *ris à tergo* that is to say, which, whether with the point of bayonet or boot, had to be applied in order to compel the advance of our native allies. The impulsive power necessary for this purpose is, in the above-cited words, described in language quite explicit enough to convey a vivid idea of it. RICHARD BAXTER himself could not have expressed it more perspicuously.

QUESTION OF KIN.

IF you are your deceased Wife's Sister's Brother, is she not just as much Niece to your Uncle the Pawnbroker?

A GOOD FIGURE-HEAD.—An Arithmetician's.



KNIGHTS OF THE TABLE SQUARE.

SCENE—A Scotch Inn.

Affable Elderly Stranger (addressing *Person waiting at Table*). "COULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME HOW FAR IT IS FROM HERE TO LOCH MCGILLYCUDDY?" (No Answer.)

[*Affable Elderly Stranger* repeats his Question still more politely, but with the same result.

Mr. Cadby (in *Velveteen Knickerbockers*). "I'LL—A—TROUBLE YOU NOT TO ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THIS PERSON! HE IS NOT A PUBLIC WAITAW, BUT A PRIVATE SERVANT OF MINE!"

[*Affable Elderly Stranger* apologises with excessive courtesy, and retires. *Cadby* and his friend *Snobbington* enjoy his discomfiture; but when they discover, as they subsequently do, that he is a noble Marquis, both *Cadby* and his friend *Snobbington* could tear *Cadby's* tongue out of *Cadby's* mouth.

MORAL.—Always be civil to strangers. First, civility costs nothing; secondly, it is a virtue in itself; thirdly, strangers may at any time turn out to be noble Marquises, or even better.

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE."

OUR GARNET's a jewel—'twere sad, in the snout
Of a swine such a jewel to see ill-invested,
As methinks it will be, if paid carelessly out,
To get COFFEE upset and some nasty grounds wasted.

Don't let red-tape triumph, in sense's despite;
Oust General Routine—that old genius-upsetter;
And we haven't a doubt that our WOLSELEY in fight,
Will turn out a WELLESLEY, to all but the letter.

He has stores in abundance on shore—or at sea—
Not yet past the chances of troopships and packets;
And, in absence of red-coats, his best trust must be
In a few—would he'd more—of brave British blue-jackets.

Of advisers at home he has more than enough,
And of critics in newspaper-columns and clubs;
And—as many cooks' broth, to a proverb, 's sad stuff—
It won't be *their* fault if the 'Shantees he drubs.

In short, he has all things a General should have,
And a great many things which a General should not;
But, while rubbish in tons we sent over the wave,
One trifle—an army—we somehow forgot.

In our deep penny wisdom, and horror of waste,
We shipped off the General minus his men,

So that if in a fix he should find himself placed,
He might merely lose time writing home back again.

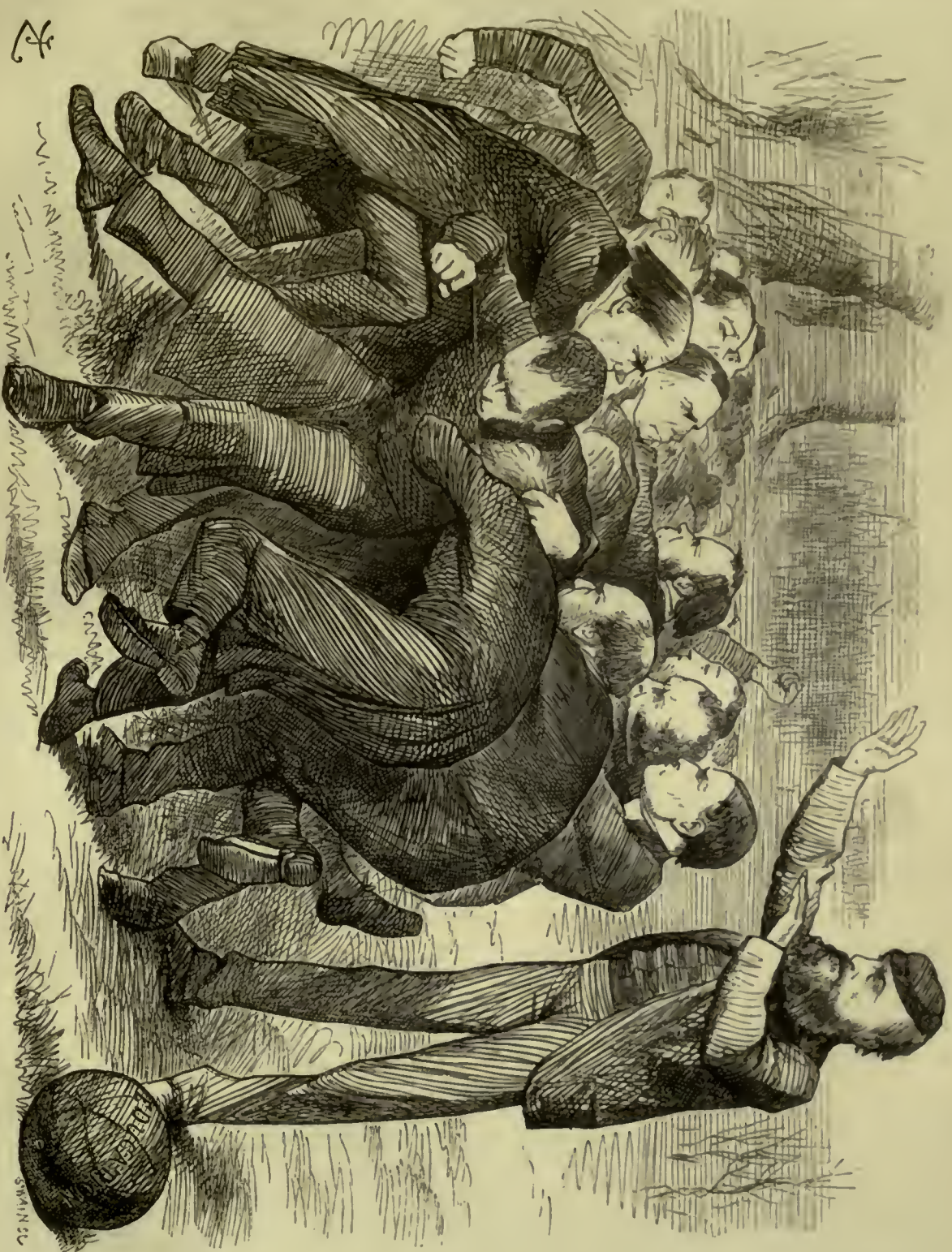
But if we have kept back the red-coats awhile,
Till the Fantees have been undeniably whipped,
En revanche, railway sleepers and rails by the mile,
In advance both of General and troops we have shipped.

So SIR GARNET, at sweet Cape Coast Castle arrived—
'Mid fever and Fantees and flounders and fuss,
Finds the rails he don't want on the beach snugly hived,
And to whistle is left for the red-coats he *does*.

We're a practical people—that truth 's rooted deep—
And the work of our practical War Office wights,
Is to pile all the blunders they can in a heap,
And then ask our Gen'ls to set them to-rights.

Underground.

Two Inspectors of Coal-Mines are required. They will be elected by open competition. That intending candidates may not be in the dark as to the requisite qualifications, they are frankly told that they "must have been employed within the last five years for at least two years underground in a coal-mine." The salary ought to be large to compensate men for passing so much of their lives underground. Never to come to the earth's surface, never to see the light of day, for two whole years! Enough to undermine the strongest constitution.



THE SCHOOL (BOARD) MATCH.

MR. F-ST-R (Umpire). "BOYS, BOYS, THIS IS FIGHTING, AND NOT FAIR PLAY! YOU'VE LOST SIGHT OF THE BALL!"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HE Cob is brought out into CLUMBER'S Stableyard. We—Mr. SPOKER, CLUMBER, and myself—eye it in silence. Being nervous about committing myself on the subject, I do not intend to be the first to speak.

"Beautiful Cob, that!" says Mr. CLUMBER, finding that he must say something. He is standing by me, with his legs wide apart, his hands clasped behind his back, and his head very much on one side, eyeing the mare, not me. "Be-auty, she is! Be-auty!" he repeats, as if he really couldn't get over the fact of her overwhelming loveliness.

The Ostler, who is holding the mare's head in a rope halter, sniffs assent, and relieves his feelings in a slight cough. He squints so horribly that I don't know whether he has his eye on me, or CLUMBER, or SPOKER, or one eye on CLUMBER and myself, on the left-hand side of the horse, and the other on SPOKER, who is on the horse's right.

He is a capital man for CLUMBER to have out to show the horse, as it is impossible to tell from either of the Groom's eyes, whether everything is going on in a straightforward manner or not.

I am inclined to think everything is *not* quite straightforward, and have a vague idea of being done by CLUMBER, SPOKER, and the Squinting Groom, who, I fancy (it's only fancy) are all "standing in."

"A be-auty," repeats CLUMBER, apparently so rapt in the contemplation of the animal's perfections as to be lost in an ecstasy, and to be rather delivering himself of a soliloquy, than addressing anyone of whose presence he is at all conscious. "A little 'orse like her ain't to be met with every day of the week; no, nor yet in a whole year, go all over England and give what you like for 'em. She's a little 'orse as don't mind work,—the more the work, the better she does it,—and a free goer as it's a quite a pleasure to see along the road. None of your dancing-master toe-and-trip-up; no, but a good flat, firm, light, and yet-as-you-may-say, solid tread, that don't come down in the same place as where it went up, but takes you over the ground, and ull do her fourteen mile an hour in a dog-cart any day, with a fair country. Why, she's as high-couraged as a thoroughbred," he says, as if he was anticipating some objection, which, perhaps, he thought I looked as if I were going to make—not that I have been able at present to collect any definite ideas on the subject, except that I am still haunted by the one notion that I am being done—that CLUMBER is doing me, and that SPOKER and the Groom are "standing in," and secretly taking a lesson in the art of selling a horse from CLUMBER, to whose speech they listen with undisguised admiration.

Not that the Groom's eye expresses anything except squinting; but his mouth does, and he's evidently enjoying CLUMBER.

I seem to hear the Squinting Groom murmuring to himself, "Lor, ain't Master a winner at gammonin' a gent into buying a 'oss as he knows nothin' at all about."

"She's better than a thoroughbred, she is," says CLUMBER, who is warming with his subject, and is clearly not going to stiek at a trifle. "For my part, and I know something of horses, I wouldn't have a thoroughbred at a gift. Now there!" he adds, quite defiantly, as if again detecting me in the act of making another objection. "I wouldn't! No, not if a thoroughbred was hofferred to me, I wouldn't."

CLUMBER throws in an occasional aspirate with considerable effect. He expects some observation from me. So I say, as if surprised at what he has told me, and as if it were quite the last thing I should have expected of him, "No, indeed? Wouldn't you, really?"

"No, I wouldn't," he repeats, emphatically, and then, as if afraid of a digression interfering with present business, he resumes his theme. "But here's a horse as is a credit to a gentleman. She'd just do for you. A thorough gentleman's horse, she is; that's what she is; a thorough gentleman's horse."

He has evidently hit upon the right phrase at last, for he repeats over and over again that she is "a thorough gentleman's horse, that's what she is," and evidently means to stereotype this happy expression for future use. He can't get beyond it: there it is. You can't (it seems to imply) be more than a thorough gentleman, and

she's the very thing for such a thorough gentleman as you (meaning myself as the intending purchaser) are. Or, if you are not quite the thorough gentleman, then put this horse into your dog-cart, and your reputation will be made.

I'm aware that I ought to do something now. I feel that my turn has come. I ought to ask about her "points." I think, too, I ought to examine her mouth; I know that one tells the age of a horse by its mouth. But how? False teeth? Stupid of me not to have read up the subject before I came here.

Happy Thought.—To appear as if I could judge of her age without bothering myself about the mouth. I say, in a horsey and knowing manner as I can assume (though I feel the Squinting Groom sees through me in every direction),

"She's not very young, tho', eh?"

SPOKER takes upon himself to reply to this.

"She's not over five I think, Sir."

I can't help remarking what a fine horse she is for five years old. It really seems no age. I wish I'd read up all about the ages of horses, how long they live, and how long they're good for work, in "Stonchenge" or some other authority. *Mem.* Buy a book on "The Horse," and come out prepared.

The Squinting Groom opens her mouth, and the horse tosses her head.

"Woa lass, then! Woa beauty!" says the Groom.

CLUMBER, who has apparently been absorbed in thought during this colloquy, now addresses SPOKER.

"She's rising five; yes, rising five, that's what she is."

"Rising five?" repeats SPOKER, inquiringly.

"Rising five," returns CLUMBER, as though anxious to be most careful and particular on this point.

As I have no means of contradicting this statement, I accept it. Still I can't help thinking that if the mare is really a grandmother (and as far as I can tell I don't see why she shouldn't be), how they must all be laughing at me in their sleeves.

Happy Thought.—To pass my hand over its hind-quarters.

This evidently is a horsey and knowing sort of thing to do, as it seems to interest the Squinter, and makes the horse a trifle restive. I haven't the smallest idea what knowledge of the horse's soundness I am to gain by passing my hand thus over her hind-quarters; but as she herself rather appears to resent it, I am led to ask, dubiously, and quite as if I were on the very brink of discovering her one weak point, "Is she quiet?"

CLUMBER doesn't seem to have heard my question. SPOKER repeats it loudly to him, and CLUMBER puts his hand to his ear.

"The Gentleman asks if she's quiet?" SPOKER shouts.

"Quiet?" repeats CLUMBER, softly—his voice is tender and husky—as though he scarcely realised that such a question would have been put by any one in his senses.

SPOKER nods.

The Groom takes the opportunity to inform me that Mr. CLUMBER is "a bit 'ard o' 'earin' on one side."

CLUMBER, having mastered the question, turns to me, and replies, "Quiet! Why a child might drive her!"

Happy Thought.—To inquire whether, as a matter of fact, a child has ever driven her. I pass on, however, to another subject. "Any tricks?" I ask, as though she were a conjuror.

SPOKER shouts this twice to CLUMBER. This process gives CLUMBER time. (By "tricks" I mean, plainly, "Will she kick me off, or have me off somehow, directly I get on, or soon afterwards?")

"Tricks!" exclaims CLUMBER (always huskily), as surprised as if this was the first time he'd ever heard such a thing even hinted at about a horse of his. "Tricks! Not one that I know of. No vice. She's quiet in the stable, ain't she, Tom?"

"As a lamb," replies the Groom, gruffly, squinting all round the horse's head: "you can do anythink a'most with her. I don't think as I ever comed across such another quiet oss as she is. Woa, beauty!"

As the peaceful animal begins at this moment to show signs of restiveness, CLUMBER, quite equal to the occasion, says,

"Walk her up the road, Tom." Then, as she is led out, with great caution on the part of the diplomatic Tom (I notice that she goes out of the yard with a nervous jerking back of the head, as if she were expecting some one to hit her over the eye), CLUMBER explains her impatience to me, reasonably enough, by saying, "You see she's been standing here in the cold some time, and she's a high-couraged horse, she is."

I watch her performance on the road with much interest. The Groom runs with her, and she trots, admirably it seems to me. He runs back with her, and she canters, also admirably, with perhaps, just such a hint of kicking up as makes me, standing where I am, feel a trifle nervous about my knees. I generally feel nervousness in my knees. (Note for Typical Developments. Knees and Nervousness. Their connection. Vol. xix., chap. 8.) CLUMBER observes that she's a bit fresh now, but there's no vice—none.

"Take her in, Tom," he says.

Tom disappears with her into the stable, and I hear what sounds



CONSOLATION.

Housemaid. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE LOST YOUR UNCLE, MARY."

Mary. "YES, IT WAS QUITE SUDDEN. BUT—AIN'T IT A REAL COMFORT AS I GOT THAT BLACK DRESS, INSTEAD OF THE GREEN ONE YOU WANTED ME TO BUY?"

to me uncommonly like kicking and prancing, and Tom's voice saying, angrily, "Get up, carn't yer!"

I look at CLUMBER, who doesn't hear these sounds.

SPOKER does, and draws his attention to it.

"O," says CLUMBER, "that's the old grey. She's fidgety in the stable. The little mare's right enough."

We enter the stable, and certainly there is the little mare in the stable "right enough."

To come to the point, I ask what CLUMBER wants for her. SPOKER repeats this to him, when he replies, to SPOKER, not to me,—

"Well, I don't quite know as she ain't already sold to a gentleman in Devonshire, as was very sweet upon her."

Now that there is a chance of *not* getting her, I say, "O, never mind the gentleman in Devonshire," and I at once begin to feel that she is (particularly after all this trouble), just the thing to suit me.

"I'd like to part with her to *you*, Sir," says CLUMBER, pathetically, "'cos I know as she's sure of a good home."

He evidently doesn't think much of the gentleman in Devonshire. He speaks of her having a "good home" with me as though I should keep her in the drawing-room, and, by implication, that the gentleman in Devonshire would put her out in the dust-hole. I appreciate the compliment to my humanity. In CLUMBER's eyes I am the merciful man who is merciful to his beast. I am flattered by his preference. Come, let him name his price.

"Well," he says, as if deliberating a nice point, "I can't exactly say *now*, because she don't belong to me altogether, as you may say—she belongs to my Father-in-law, and he won't come back till the day after to-morrow, and I don't quite know what he'd say about it if I'd parted with her while he was away. But," says he, brightening up, and becoming a trifle less husky than usual, "if he don't want to keep her—and he's very fond of the little mare, 'cos she's so gentle with children," (quite touching this: the tender side of CLUMBER's character)—"I'll let you know the day after to-morrow."

Good. Agreed. *Mem.*—To hear from CLUMBER; day after to-morrow.

TREMENDOUS SELF-SACRIFICE.

AMONG the regulations respecting Temporary Writers in the Public Departments, recently put forth in the *London Gazette*, the following noble and generous proviso must command admiration:—

"9. No service, however much it may happen to be prolonged, will confer any claim to superannuation or compensation allowance."

Yes, this is noble; this is generous, not, indeed, as a stipulation simply considered, nor yet if taken in connection merely with the other ordinances concerning writers and candidates for writerships in the Civil Service. For it and they, even those which are in a measure concessionary, are all so worded as to seem to have been conceived in the spirit of a Board of Poor Law Guardians, with a Beadle for their amanuensis, and a view to a crowd of casual and vicious paupers, begging for employment, besieging the workhouse door. The nobleness and generosity characteristic of the notice that no service, however much it may happen to be prolonged, will confer on the miserable wretches discharged from it at last any claim to the allowance which, at the close of a life occupied with official labour, must be needed to save them from destitution, consist in the intended self-denial implied by that arrangement on the part of other Temporary Public Servants than poor Writers. A high-minded Government will not be harder upon indigent subordinates than they are upon themselves. Have they not already given up the old accustomed Ministerial Whitebait Dinner? Of course, Her Majesty's Ministers mean to decline Retiring Pensions.

Rude City!

THE City of London is foremost in deeds of hospitality, charity, and munificence, but it is sadly behindhand in acts of gallantry. Alone, of all the Metropolitan Constituencies, the City did not allow the Ladies to vote at the School Board Election. The Corporation may tremble in their shoes and boots. The energetic female will now be clamorous for reform.



SKOLASTIKOS.

GAZING AT SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAIR LADIES, DR. M'CLUSKIE REGRETS THAT WOMEN SHOULD EVER GROW OLD;—"FOR," HE OBSERVES, "WOMEN DIFFERENTIATE ESSENTIALLY FROM MEN IN THAT THE FORMER, HAVING LOST THEIR YOUTH, ARE OFTEN APT TO FOREGO THAT MINUTE CARE FOR EXTERNAL APPEARANCE AND PERSONAL ADORNMENT WHICH GOES SO FAR TO RENDER ONE SEX ATTRACTIVE IN THE EYES OF THE OTHER."

A Happy Family.

THE new School Boards are some of them of a very composite character. Much curiosity is felt to know how one, in particular, will work, with four Churchmen (two High, one Broad, and one Low), three Wesleyan Methodists, two Congregationalists, two Presbyterians, one Quaker, one Moravian, one Swedenborgian, one Sandemanian, one Latter-Day Saint, and two Secularists, as its Members.

FROM *LE FOLLET*.—The prevailing colour in Paris since MARSHAL MACMAHON'S re-election, —Magenta.

AN APOLOGY AT GLASGOW.

BEN, excuse not truth's transgression,
Own that what you said was wrong.
"Blundering" was a fair expression;
"Plundering" is a word too strong.

Liberal Ministers may blunder.
Some have done so now and then.
Thieves and Tories only plunder;
Mark that observation, BEN!

"Plundering" is, instead of labour,
Picking purse, or forcing till,
So as to deprive your neighbour
Of his goods against his will.

"Him as prigs wot isn't his'n,"
Ran the street-boy's artless lay,
"Ven he's coteh'd he'll go to prison:"
Those who plunder, so will they.

Of the few for class taxation,
Which the many's votes may nail;
For that legal confiscation
Statesmen can't be sent to gaol.

Thus, to bribe the working classes,
What although they cheapen tea,
Coffee, sugar, and molasses;
So the breakfast-table free?

What is property's invasion,
Meant to gain a faction's aid,
Though it failed, on one occasion,
To destroy the tapster's trade?

Call it "policy," not "plunder;"
Very different things, look you.
As for blundering, you did blunder.
How could you confound the two?

PUBLIC NOTICE.

MR. PUNCH, as Inspector-General of Nuisances, hereby gives notice that from and after the date of this warning, the introduction into any newspaper, magazine, or review, public speech, or address, of any of the persons, objects, or things specified in the Schedule hereunder written, will be visited with the infliction of the severest penalties known to the Code Punch.

85, Fleet Street,
December 6th, 1873.

SCHEDULE.

ARISTIDES, the Just.
CÆSAR'S Wife.
DR. JOHNSON, as the Great Moralist, &c.
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.
Cerberus.
The British Lion.
Gog and Magog.
"Every School-boy."
The Schoolmaster now abroad.
The Medes and Persians.
The Kilkenny Cats.
The Three Tailors of Tooley Street.
Bow Bells.
The Upas Tree.
MAHOMET'S Coffin.
Two Birds and one Stone.
Glass Houses.
BEAU BRUMMELL'S cravats, SIR JOHN CUTLER'S stockings, and *Cinderella's* slipper.
Sour Grapes and Apples of Discord.
The Old Man of the Sea.
The New Zealander.
And a great many other old and notorious offenders.

ALLEGED ADULTERATION OF SHERRY.—
"You rogue, here's lime in this sack too."
—*Falstaff*.



DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

Lady (to Jeames, who has brought up a Note). "DID YOU ASK THE YOUNG PERSON TO TAKE A SEAT?"

Jeames. "BEG PARD'N, M'LADY, SHE'D HEVIDENTLY BEEN EATIN' O' ONIONS; SO I AS'D HER TO BE S'GOOD AS TO WAIT OUTSIDE!!"

SCOTCH REVENGE AGAINST WIT.

THE *Inverness Courier* informs us that two young Scotchmen recently perpetrated a joke of the most telling kind. There was a fair at Fordyce, in Banffshire. After dark the gay young wits fastened a wire across a road,

— "so as to entirely obstruct the traffic. Soon after, a dog-cart, containing three men, came along the road, and the horse, coming against the wire, tripped and fell, upsetting the machine, and dashing its occupants to the ground. The men were all more or less injured, the dog-cart was broken and damaged, and the horse cut and bruised."

We have not often laughed so much as at this outbreak of true humour. We regret to add that wits, like prophets, have no honour in their own country. The light-hearted fellows were laid hold of by the cold, stern hand of Law, and SHERIFF GORDON (whose name should go down to posterity in company with that of SIR THOMAS LUCY) sentenced them to thirty days' imprisonment, without the option of a fine. Wit is a fatal gift in a prosaic land. In England, now, where there is much more real appreciation of mirth, we allow farmers and other landowners to do about the same thing without any hindrance or punishment. We let them conceal wires in their hedges, and break the necks of man, woman, and child unsuspectingly engaged in the pursuit of harmless and healthy sport.

Dearlly as he loves pleasantries, however, *Punch* wishes there were Sheriff GORDONS in every hunting county in England.

Nonconformity and Knowledge.

PROFOUND thinkers sometimes overlook facts lying on the surface. Among all the disputants for and against religious instruction in national schools, there is not one to whom appears to have occurred the question how much religion is ever taught in any school whatsoever? Might not Dissenters safely rest satisfied that denominational teaching would be perfectly irreligious if they would leave it alone?

UTILISATION OF PROSE.

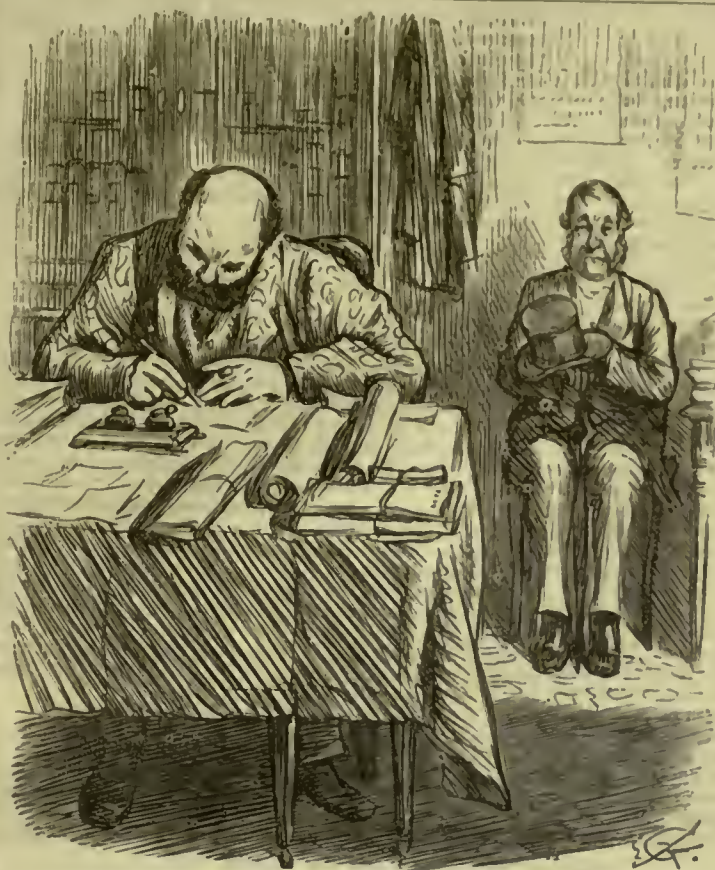
FIGURED Shirts have of late come extensively into wear. A neat thing in this kind of under-clothing has been brought under our notice. It is denominated the School Board Shirt, and its speciality consists in its being printed all over with leading articles and speeches on the subject of Education. This is designed not only with a view to ornament, but also, and indeed rather, to utility. The peculiar recommendation of the School Board Shirt is that it constitutes an efficient preservative against cold, rheumatism, and other disorders that are apt to be caused by damp linen. Whensoever and howsoever the School Board Shirt may come from the wash, the print of which forms its pattern remains reading of such a nature as to keep it always thoroughly dry.

A Black Diamond Drop.

THE best news we have heard of late is that coals have fallen suddenly three shillings a ton. Still eight-and-thirty shillings is a terrible price for Wallsend—which is not really Wallsend, and indeed in many cases is hardly more combustible than the stones, or bricks and mortar which its name seems to imply. With coals at such a price, we are not surprised to see that "The Diamond Fuel Company" has been started to supply us. We never sit by our fire-side now without thinking what we pay for such a precious luxury. Our black diamonds are gems wellnigh too costly for combustion. Haply we may live to see them set in necklaces and bracelets, like other members of the brilliant family whence sprang the Koh-i-Noor.

ONE CHEER MORE FOR THE LADIES.

MR. PUNCH offers his hearty congratulations to the Ladies who have been elected members of the School Boards—he wishes they were not so few—and takes leave to apprise them that they will find some most useful scholastic information in a little publication (now ready), entitled *Punch's Pocket-Book for 1874*.



LAVISH!

Absent Man o' Business. "O, Mr.— (forgets his Name), WILL YOU EXCUSE ME ONE MINUTE? TAKE A SEAT—PRAY TAKE A CHAIR—TAKE A——"

Meek Client. "THANK YOU, I HAVE ONE——"

Man o' Business. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, —TAKE ANOTHER!!"

FACTS AND FIGURES.

For the use of our own Statistical Society.

A GENTLEMAN, in easy circumstances, residing in Belgravia, has made the computation that Society at present owes him sixty-nine Umbrellas, of the value in the aggregate of £53 8s. 6d., which he has left at various houses, or which on various pretexts have been borrowed or abstracted from him, since he first set up housekeeping a score of years ago.

Notwithstanding the admirable Lectures upon Cookery, which have excited such sensation in the fashionable world, it is believed that at the present time only one (so-advertised) "professed" Cook out of fifty, wanting forty pounds a year, besides her tea and beer, knows how to fry a sole crisp, or to dry-boil a potato, or to serve a savoury omelette, which tastes of anything but mildew, garlic, grease, and superannuated eggs.

The worth of Wedding Presents has been variously estimated. In certainly not more than thirteen cases in a hundred, the ornamental nick-naeks which have been selected have proved to be constructed of sufficient durability to last above a twelvemonth: while the gifts which have been chosen for their positive utility have been found upon the average scarce exceeding two per cent.

Out of five-and-twenty Cabmen, privately examined, eighteen have alleged that, when they think it practicable, they always charge for babies; six have stated that their rule is not to smoke inside their cabs while waiting for a lady; eleven have declared that they expect no extra pay for carrying in the luggage when there is a footman present; thirteen have protested that they never pawn left articles, not even silk umbrellas; and not fewer than seven have professed their perfect willingness to depose on oath that under no temptation ever have they overcharged a foreigner.

A Railway Guard computes, as the result of his own personal experience, that the fines which should be levied upon ladies of good family, who fraudulently manage to smuggle in their lap-dogs,

beneath their cloaks and wrappers, without paying for a dog's ticket, exceed, upon the average, twenty thousand pounds a year.

At a Circulating Library of extensive reputation it has been shown that ninety-three per cent. of novel-readers always turn the leaf down when they want to mark their place, and that only two per cent. of them have sufficient education or mental self-command to abstain from under-scoring, or making foolish marginal reflections on the text.

At the Cattle Show last year there were present at one time a dozen Vegetarians, who had never since their babyhood tasted a beefsteak.

It has been calculated lately, by a careful Statistician, that the value of the bouquets thrown last season at the Opera, in round numbers, amounted to eleven thousand pounds.

The Lodgers having Latchkeys at loose in the Metropolis amount, it is believed, to one hundred and fifty thousand, seven hundred and sixteen.

Guesses have been made as to the value of the "perquisites" claimed yearly by the Cooks at the West End; but it is feared that the Police are, at present, too much interested to permit of their collecting statistics on the subject.

London and Elsewhere.

THE omnibus- and cab-men have held a meeting to deprecate the further employment of asphalt as a pavement for the streets of London. Among comic Irish melodies once popular there was one in which occurs the protestation that

"London, agra! is the devil's own shop."

The asphalt pavement was designed for the abatement of noise; but the horses go down on it. It was laid with good intentions, but thus, so far as it extends, the pavement of London appears to resemble that of the locality referred to in the foregoing line.

OUR NATIVE ALLIES.

Wasn me white, Sar, if I knows
Which am wussar, friends or foes.
'Fore, foe charge me in de wind;
Friend, him prod me on behind.
Guns ahead, but pistol near,
Pointed to dis nigger's ear.

Shot hit harder dan a pebble:
Hurt 'um like de berry debble.
P'rupa de brains at once him scatter.
'Pose de shin him smash and shatter?
Den de punishment more bitter
For a miserabobble critter.

Wot 'a de nigger's consolation
For him death or amputation?
'Cause him fight well here below
Goin' whar good niggers go?
Yelly! fust make dat thar out
Berry saro beyond all doubt.

Dogs, and white inferior races,
'Cause dem don't tink, danger faces.
Nigger, he foresees objection,
'Cause him gifted with reflection.
Dat 'a de reason him skedaddle
Fast and far as him can straddle.

Ob all critters, wot got most
Desprit curridge am a post.
Plant a post, and dere him stay.
Post him nebber run away,
'Cause why post him noways clebber:
Can't tink nohow wotsomedebber.

Nigger man, possessed ob reason,
Turn him back in danger's season,
'Cept when danger 's in de place
More at back dan in de face;
Pistol bully, bagnet-pick,
Or uncomfortable kick.

Nigger fight instead ob fly,
Sartain if him bolt him die.
Dere 's a chance for him in front;
Den him brave de battle's brunt—
—Intellect am so much bigger
Dan de passiums in de nigger.

COMING EVENTS.



Ancient Mariner in the Enchanted Lighthouse of the Frozen Pole; or, Harlequin Paul Jones and the Flying Dutchman in chase of the Great Sea Serpent in High Latitudes, although perhaps at first sight it may look a little lengthy and complicated, seems to promise endless diversion. The same may also be said of The Goblin Gnome of the Palace of Black Brilliants and the Mottled Mandrake of the Spangled Glen; or, the Shah, the Strike, and the School-Board. The concluding tableau of this spectacle, representing the Realms of Radiant Rapture and the Phantom Sprites of the Gem-bound Coast, is said to surpass in lavish splendour and boundless ingenuity all antecedent scenic displays. Those who

N delightful anticipation, both old and young are looking forward to Boxing Night—to the Christmas Pantomimes and the Extravaganzas which immemorial custom and the wisdom of our ancestors have for ages associated with that time-honoured evening. That a treat of no ordinary description is in store for us this year will be sufficiently apparent from the merest glance at the titles of one or two of the novelties now in active preparation.

The Old Man of the Sea and the

find an inexhaustible stimulant in fairy legend and nursery lore will, we have reason to believe, not be disappointed with Harlequin Jack and Jill and St. George and the Dragon and the Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds; or, Oberon-Aladdin and the Forty Thieves in the Great Bed of Ware in the Castle of Otranto.

Many more promising titles might be indicated, but enough, perhaps, has been said to stimulate a seasonable curiosity and satisfy the most inordinate expectations. When we have seen the pieces themselves we will say more on the subject.

ROB ROY MARRIED.

On the recent occasion of the marriage of JOHN, more widely known as "ROB ROY" MACGREGOR—not the cateran—the canoeist pioneer of canoe exploration, and founder of the Canoe Club, and, better still, hard-working member of the London School Board, and staunch and generous friend of the Shoeblack Brigade and the training-ship boys, his club-fellows—we are informed by the *Daily News*—have presented him with a claret jug and goblet with an inscription "in recognition of his efforts to improve canoes, promote canoeing, and unite canoeists."

MR. MACGREGOR's services to the great canoe-cause are all very well, but his canoeing comrades would do well to remember that his best credit has been won not "by paddling his own canoe," but by pulling a labouring oar among the skulls engaged in getting way on the good ship "Education." In honour of his services in that ship, *Punch* is glad to sing:—

Hymen's Happiest Voyage to you,
ROB ROY MACGREGOR, O!
Ne'er may tide or breeze undue
From its fair way sideways slue
Your connubial canoe,
ROB ROY MACGREGOR, O!

CERTAINLY EDUCATE GIRLS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR Correspondent, ANOELINA, last week gave you a pleasant but frivolous conversation, in support of her view that no high education is wanted by a girl, whose business it is to make herself pleasant, and to get married.

I concede the latter proposition, but there are men who are not to be won by twaddle and an incessant use of the word "awful." I beg leave to subjoin a report of the conversation that led to my engagement, and I am,

Yours affectionately,
VANESSA.

SCENE—Dinner. A large Party.

CADENUS has taken VANESSA down, having been introduced to her ten minutes previously. They sit.

CADENUS. You have plenty of room, I hope? (*Sotto voce.*) We are rather closely packed.

VANESSA. Plenty, thanks. (*Examines menu.*) Who was it said, "What a number of things there are here that I do not want"?

CADENUS.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

But we are going to have a long dinner, anyhow. However, I am the gainer.

VANESSA. Why?

CADENUS. "Situated as I am," as MRS. GERMAN REED sings.

VANESSA. Please don't begin to be civil, especially before you know whether you are a gainer or not.

CADENUS. One of the old dramatists makes a young lady say—

"Give me him dare love
At first encounter."

VANESSA. Very likely. You know we mustn't read the old dramatists. But I like the word encounter—it takes fighting for granted.

CADENUS. Our natural state is one of war, says HOBBS of Malmesbury.

VANESSA. But there is a classical condemnation—I'm afraid I was going to say curse—upon anybody who quarrels at meals.

CADENUS. Tell me where that occurs.

VANESSA. Ah! You think I don't know. Well, I won't quote, but wasn't there a MISS HIPPODAMIA, at whose marriage—

CADENUS. The Centaurs and the Lapithæ took too much wine. I am glad to find that you care about old stories.

VANESSA. Surely that is better reading than our modern wedding descriptions—how the bride looked lovely in lace and silver, and each of the bridesmaids had a beautiful locket, with her monogram. CADENUS.

"On her white breast a sparkling gaud she wore,
Which Jews might guess cost, bleth me, four-pound-four."

VANESSA. Don't! I hate parodies. And I do love POPE. Don't you think that the editor of the grand new edition is very hard upon him?

CADENUS. Nobody can be too hard upon anybody. It is a wicked world, and the fewer people we praise the better.

VANESSA. There is an excellent paper in the *Spectator* which advises us to praise people, on the chance of their being stimulated to deserve the good opinion they think we have formed of them.

CADENUS. Very well remembered. But it is of no use lauding folks who have gone *ad majores*.

VANESSA. And yet, *de mortuis*—

CADENUS. *Nil nisi verum.*

VANESSA. You would not get your living by writing epitaphs, I think.

CADENUS. Derivation of "epitaph"?

VANESSA. *Epi* upon, *taphos*, a tomb. Do you take me for a charity girl, or a writer of modern novels? Or is this a competitive examination?

CADENUS (*tenderly and with intense meaning*). No, there is no competition?

VANESSA. I rather fancied you not the sort of person who needs to be told a thing twice.

CADENUS. *Bis repetita placebit*, when some people say it.

VANESSA. Well turned. And as that darling girl, *Miss*, in *Polite Conversation*, says, "Another turn, and I should have turned away from you."

CADENUS. She says no such thing, and you know it. Yes, *Miss* is a darling, and didn't she want her ears boxed?

VANESSA. Not half so much as those dreadful matrons. Mind, I read a copy which a friend had edited, with great blottings out, but the awful vulgarity of the women is inextinguishable. By the way, *did* DEAN SWIFT write the *Last Years of Queen Anne*, or not?

CADENUS. I am ashamed to say I never considered the question. But MR. DISRAELI's father was a rare authority, and if he told his

son that the book was the Dean's, it was. How amused your brother there seems to be!

Vanessa. "Eternal smiles his emptiness betray.
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

Cadenus. I suppose that's the solution, though he is your brother, for he has certainly got a very "gracious Silence" next him, as *Coriolanus* says.

Vanessa. A descendant of *Master Justice Silence*, perhaps.

Cadenus. How do you know that the eminent *Beak* was a married man?

Vanessa. Well, he sings

"Be merry, be merry, my wife has all."

Cadenus. Go on.

Vanessa. Why not?

"For women are shrews, both short and tall."

—If you will look into *Richardson*, you will find that "shrew" is a compliment. It belongs to "shrewd," and means "keen," "penetrating," and "sagacious." There's research for you! Don't look alarmed. I never heard of the book till I read the *Quarterly's* article on "Dictionaries," and that sent me into Papa's library to examine for myself.

Cadenus. You would make an invaluable wife to a literary man. Oblige me, and do not marry a *Nignoramus*.

"She did not waste on fops her beauty's dart,
But boasts the triumph of a lettered heart."

Vanessa. Similars for friendship, opposites for marriage. Is not that doctrine sound?

Cadenus. Sound and fury, signifying nothing—worse, nonsense.

Vanessa. You think, with *Tennyson*, "As the husband, so the wife is," and that the nobleness of her nature will not have strength to drag him up.

Cadenus. Yes, I do, and that he will be like *Gibson*, when he could not rise from his knees, on which he had fallen to the blue-eyed *Agnes*.

"He was heavier than the Income Tax,
And twenty times more difficult to raise."

And there's very high authority indeed against being unequally yoked together.

Vanessa. He might admire one so much, you know, and that is nice.

Cadenus. Admiration is a feeling *qui ne désire que finir*, the French tell us.

Vanessa. Has it begun, in your case, with your opposite neighbour?

Cadenus. It has not begun, in my case, with my opposite neighbour. It is permitted, I hope, to answer a question with exactitude.

Vanessa (smiles). She is considered very beautiful.

Cadenus. I admire her dress's semidiaphanity, which suggests a better arm than it covers. But I can understand her finding favour in the eyes of sundry persons.

Vanessa. Who would find none in yours? However, she is engaged to "some gentleman who fights, or writes, or drives."

Cadenus. Fights, if I were to guess. Her intellect would probably be dangerous to a heavy.

Vanessa. You are not to laugh at the military. I have several relations in the Army, and they are not at all heavy. An educated soldier, who is a clever man, and has seen service, can talk well, is a most delightful companion.

Cadenus. Subknocko. I agree with you to the fullest extent, and I am sure that all your combative relations deserve such a description. Everybody's relations are delightful, you know.

Vanessa. I don't. *Gratia fratrum rara est.* I wonder whether you dislike a girl for speaking good Latin. If she spoke bad French you would tell everybody that she was a most accomplished linguist.

Cadenus. Quis vituperavit?

Vanessa. I am not *Hercules*, come.

Cadenus. Who educated you—who taught you? Or, as *JOHN KEMBLE* said to *LADY MORGAN*, "Little girl, where did you get all those hard words?"

Vanessa. She was not *LADY MORGAN*, then, Sir, but *MISS OWENSON*. And I make you her answer, "Out of the Dictionary, Sir."

Cadenus. *MRS. MERRYDEW* is collecting eyes. If I make myself agreeable to your brother, and he asks me to call, are you ever at home?

Vanessa. I don't know. Very likely. Sometimes. Wednesday is Mamma's day. He is very much interested in some new invention for improving the central fire in guns. Do you know anything about it.

Cadenus. Luckily, I have a brief about it—that is, about a patent. Many thanks.

Vanessa. But don't try to persuade me you read your briefs. That's a Parthian shaft for you. [Going.]

Cadenus (with immense expression of eye and voice). *Hæret lateri letalis arundo.* [Exit the Ladies.]

RAILWAY SUFFERERS.



the travelling Public, which owes not only facility of locomotion, but also nearly absolute security therein, to the minute, costly, and spontaneous precautions against accidents which endanger life and limb, uniformly taken by Railway Directors, will grieve to hear of the severe pecuniary losses incurred by unfortunate failure to avert casualties of that nature, in two instances, which

have been sustained by two several Companies, the London and North-Western, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire. Against the former of these an action was brought last Wednesday by a Wesleyan Minister named *TELFER*, in the Manchester Assize Court, for loss of livelihood as a preacher and lecturer, through injuries received in a collision at Widnes in November, 1872. A jury, evidently estimating both the value of a Wesleyan Minister and the resources of a Railway Company at an equally high figure, awarded *MR. TELFER* damages to the amount of no less than £1250. At the same assizes, *MR. KENYON*, a potato-dealer, sued the latter of the above-named companies for serious injuries from an accident at Salford. The potato-dealer, rated even more highly than the Methodist preacher, obtained the compensation of £2500. These are heavy sums for poor Railway Directors to have the discredit of losing, but though deserving of every sympathy, they will, it is to be hoped, only redouble their exertions to prevent the occurrence of those lamentable mishaps too often occurring to litigious persons, and subjecting companies to lawsuits resulting in damages which make large holes in dividends.

Apprehended Outrage.

CANON KINGSLEY, the other evening, in the chair at a meeting held at the Jews' Infant School, Whitechapel, to promote the reopening of certain Baths and Wash-houses, delivered some felicitous observations on water, associated, no doubt, by his fascinated readers with Water Babies. Other speakers having otherwise instructed or entertained the assembly, resolutions were adopted; the first of them being:—"That it is highly desirable to reopen and place upon a permanent footing the baths and wash-houses in Goulston Square." As the word footing means a ground for the foot, it is too probable that its occurrence in the above connection has occasioned some desperate offender to perpetrate the atrocity of calling the baths to be placed on a permanent one foot-baths; thus putting his own foot in it.

A Professor's Oversight.

PROFESSOR MAX MILLER is something more than even a profound scholar, so that one thinks once, twice, thrice, four, five, and six times and more before questioning what he says. Yet, when holding forth on Intercension Day in Westminster Abbey—thanks to broad-minded *DEAN STANLEY*—he told the people that "a religion must sooner or later cease to exist if it ceased to be missionary," and that "the three religions which were alive were the three missionary religions, the Buddhist, the Mahometan, and the Christian religions," one cannot help so far demurring to these statements, which imply that every other religion besides those three religions is dead, or has only a nominal existence, as to ask what *MR. SOLOMONS* would say?



EARLY GRAMMAR.

"O, MAMMA! DO MAKE MISS LINNET DON'T LEAVE OFF. SHE SINGS SO VERY NICELY!—NICELY THAN YOU DO, EVEN!!—NICESTLY OF ANY ONE I KNOW!!!"

LAWRENCE'S BEST LORDSHIP.

THERE'S life in the old British Lion still;
When he, who late held the Vice-regal helm,
O'er the thrice fifty millions that fill
The brimming borders of our Indian realm,
Lays down more potent power, more royal rule,
Than e'er was swayed by Khalif or Mogul,
For London's School-Board chair, and patient sits,
Through infinite debate, and weary war
Of words with words, or, rarer, wits with wits,
Seeing, through stour of strife, the good afar;
And finds his earned rest, not in idle hours,
But in new battle with more hideous powers,
Than those whose idols stretch their sheafs of hands
O'er the bowed blindness of the Indian crowd,
Prostrate before them on the wide waste sands
Upon whose marge beats the Black-water* loud—
Devilish powers with light and love at war,
Whose empire, than our Indian realm more wide,
Whose sway, than Kallee's,† blacker, bloodier, far,
Asks wills as firm, their will to over-ride,
Hearts as stout, heads as clear, their way to bar,
As India asks of the Vice-regal Lord,
Who, for her good, sways sceptre and bears sword.
Then, not less green the wreath for LAWRENCE wound,
The first to guide the Board that guides the School,
Than that we twined those sad, stern brows around,
Worn with the iron crown of Indian rule.

* The Indian name for the Ocean.

† The Indian Goddess of extermination and wrath.

NICELY BOUND.—We are all familiar with "best calf" in another form besides excellent veal, but perhaps it may not be equally well known that "coloured sheep" (not to be confounded with blackfaced mutton) is also to be found on our tables.

WINTER FASHIONS.

"*Polonaises*, if made of cloth, may be very plain. . . . The pockets which are so much worn, add very greatly to the style; they are made large, and placed in front, on the hips, or at the back. Sometimes there are five—two in front, two behind, and a small breast-pocket."

It is unnecessary to name the publication which gives us this valuable information. It is known all over the world, wherever a Milliner has found a show-room, or a Dressmaker displays her patterns. But what can a lady want with five pockets—five large pockets? Let us see. Supposing her keys, her purse, her handkerchief, and her card-case all require separate accommodation, there will still be a pocket to spare. Is it reserved for a smelling-bottle, or for the volume of *Shakspeare* or *Milton* which is now the constant companion of the women of the present day? If she is a young lady, and engaged to be married, we can understand the use of the fifth pocket. She may naturally wish to carry about with her, in some safe receptacle, a cabinet portrait with the hair accurately parted down the middle, and the precious locket well displayed on the manly waistcoat—and for this purpose the breast-pocket seems admirably designed.

Do not, dear Ladies, imitate vulgar Man in one more respect. Do not thrust your dainty hands into these tempting front pockets—an ugly trick, which all the laws and traditions of good society dis-countenance and condemn.

Economy of Fuel.

WE'LL be merry yet, old fellows.
Never mind the price of coals!
Sing old Rose and burn the bellows;
Thence with warmth to cheer your souls.

We no more again to blow them
Can afford; shall ne'er require.
Fit for fuel only, throw them,
Therefore, on our winter's fire.



CARDWELL THE DAUNTLESS. (AT HOME.)

"WHAT'S HE THAT WISHES FOR MORE MEN FROM ENGLAND?
MY GARNET WOLSELEY? NO, MY FAIR GARNET!
IF THEY ARE MARK'D TO DIE, THEY ARE ENOW
TO DO OUR COUNTRY LOSS; AND IF TO LIVE,
THE FEWER MEN THE GREATER SHARE OF HONOUR."—*Shakspeare (slightly altered).*

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Happy Thought.—To call at Mr. TROTT's, the Veterinary Surgeon.

Here's another object for a walk. A variation on Stamps. One day a walk for Stamps; another, walk to Veterinary Surgeon. Awkward word, Veterinary. Can't say it well, without shaking your head.

I can get TROTT, who bears the highest character as a Vet (jaunty abbreviation this) and a Dealer, to go and look at CLUMBER's mare. TROTT will tell me if it is "Just the sort o' thing I want."

Mr. TROTT, a long man, in tight trousers, hard gloves, and a loose, weather-stained overcoat, is starting, in a lofty gig, for a round of professional calls.

"If you don't object to stepping up here, Sir," he says from the box-seat, "and won't mind my calling at Flipster's Hatch on the road, I'll go on straight to CLUMBER's afterwards. It'll be all in my way."

I accept, and climb up into the gig.

What strikes me about TROTT's gig, is, considering TROTT's profession, its remarkable appearance of carelessness.

It has, evidently, soon a great deal of wear and tear. The wear being in the wood part, and the tear in the leather.

TROTT's horse—which he drives apparently so negligently, that I've half a mind to ask him whether it wouldn't be as well to hold the reins a little tighter, only that he's a Vet, and *must* know what he's about—is a long-backed, anyhow-jointed animal, slinging along as negligently as TROTT drives, with his head straight out in a lolling way, as if he were over-weighted in the nose. I notice, too, that he moves with an occasional hitch-up of his hind-quarters, reminding me of a stage-sailor's action, when he says, "Ay, ay, Sir!"

Happy Thought.—Evidently an animal for a Horse Marine. Suggest to TROTT to send him out to the Gold Coast, as a first instalment towards a Mounted Contingent.

I tell TROTT what I want him to do, and he is of opinion that I am quite right to call him in.

"It's worth your while to wait," Mr. TROTT says, "and to give a ten-pound note more for a horse that won't come down on his nose within a week after you've bought him."

Quite so. My sentiments exactly. I say, "Yes, as long as I get something that *suits* me, I don't mind a ten-pound note either way." By which I mean ten pounds less, if possible.

"Just so," says Mr. TROTT.

We turn in at a gate. A tumble-down house, dirty, sloshy road, and dilapidated-looking outbuildings.

Flipster's Hatch.

A boy, in a smock, stands at the horse's head, and TROTT, saying he won't be five minutes, gets down, and disappears into a dirty yard.

I suppose this is a Farm. "Flipster's Hatch" as a name is not suggestive of anything in particular, except, perhaps, Chickens. "Colney Hatch," of course, is a Lunatic Asylum, but not all Lunatics are kept under Hatches. There's such a neglected air about the whole place, that I think it must be a Farm in Chancery.

Happy Thought.—Or a "Homestead" when the people are not at home.

A shabby man, with a shirt that ought to have been sent to the wash three days ago, and with a black frock coat, black waistcoat, black tie, and grey trousers, not a bit like a farmer (but more like an undertaker who'd not quite finished dressing), comes out from a side door, and, looking up at me, says,

"Come, and have a look at the Cow."

This takes me so by surprise, that I can't help showing it.

"I beg your pardon. What?"

"Come, and have a look at the Cow."

Perhaps he means this for hospitality. Or perhaps it is something curious which he wishes me, as a visitor, to see.

Not to offend him, I reply, "Thank you, yes, with pleasure."

I like being shown over farms. That is, I like getting up as

quickly as possible all the information I can on any subject whatever. It occurs to me as strange (now I come to think of it) that this is the first time in my life I ever *have* been specially invited to "look at a Cow."

We pick our way (I mean I pick mine, and he trudges) through a very dirty yard (this is evidently not a model farm, where you could "eat your dinner off the floor of a pigsty," as a model farmer once said to me), and come to a low, shed-like sort of stable. A very mucky place.

Happy Thought.—All-Muck's.

I wonder the Drainage Commissioners (or somebody) aren't down on this mucky farmer.

Happy Thought.—Good name for a dirty Scotch Farmer, Mr. MUCK ISTYRE. Don't say this to my companion for several reasons. Firstly, because I think he wouldn't understand it. Secondly, because if he understood it he wouldn't like it. Thirdly, because he, probably, isn't Scotch, and wouldn't care much about it. Fourthly, because, if he is Scotch, his Highland (or Lowland, or Midland) blood will be up. Fifthly, because he is now drawing my attention to the Cow.

I thought he was going to show me a magnificent Alderney, or a splendid Something-or-other (I forget what other sort of cows there are, and at this moment I can only remember that the Southdowns are sheep not cows), and here I find a dirty-white, fly-bitten, over-sized Cow, lying in a loose box on heaps of straw, moaning, blowing, rolling, and, I should say, if I were asked at once what I thought about her, as mad as a hatter. [How about "Flipster's Hatch" now? Asylum for Lunatic Cows. Why not? Wouldn't vaccination from a Lunatic Cow account for a great deal of ———— *Mem.* *Note this for Typical Developments under L. C., Vol. XVII.]*

The Farmer, or whatever he is (for the more I see of him the less he comes up to my notion of a farmer—then, of course, my notion of a farmer may be wrong), goes into the loose box, and regards her with a puzzled expression. I stand at the door, looking in like *Paul Pry*, when he says, "I hope I don't intrude," and my companion says, "I can't make her out."

I don't quite understand at first what it is that he can't make out about her. Whether he means, "Is she a cow or not a cow? Is she mad or sensible?" As a safe course, I observe, with sympathy, "She seems in rather a bad way."

"Yes," he continues, "she is that. We followed out the directions, though: gave her the mashes and the brandy."

"Brandy? When?"

"Why," he replies, as if a little hurt at my question, "as ordered, this morning. A pint."

Happy Thought.—Then I can explain the symptoms. The Cow's drunk. Evidently not "Mad as a Hatter," but "Drunk as a Fiddler."

By the way, I must note this (and do now) for *Typical Developments*, Volume something, and see where the subject will fit in. I fancy under "Peculiar Proverbs," or "Social Similes." ("S. S.," don't think I've done much under the letter S at present.) Why should certain stigmas be affixed to certain trades?

Query.—Was the first Hatter considered a lunatic by people who, till then, used to go about bare-headed? Just as the inventor of Steam was looked upon as a maniacal visionary, because he thought he could do something a little out of the common with boiling water.

Second Query.—Was the first Fiddler (evidently an object of envy because he played first fiddle) looked upon as inebriated? Perhaps so. I put an instance to myself. Supposing I met HERR JOACHIM fiddling his very best for the first time—supposing, also, that I'd never seen a fiddle in my life, and suddenly came, in a street, or a wood, or on the sea-shore, on HERR JOACHIM, hard at work practising for a concert that evening, what would be my opinion of HERR JOACHIM's condition? I think I should be, at first sight, inclined to take a Policeman's view of the matter, and say Drunk and Disorderly. Very good. Then, supposing this to have happened any number of thousand years ago, this would be crystallised (good word this) into a proverb, which would naturally come to be "Drunk as a Fiddler."

Of course I select HERR JOACHIM as the present distinguished representative of the height of good fiddling.

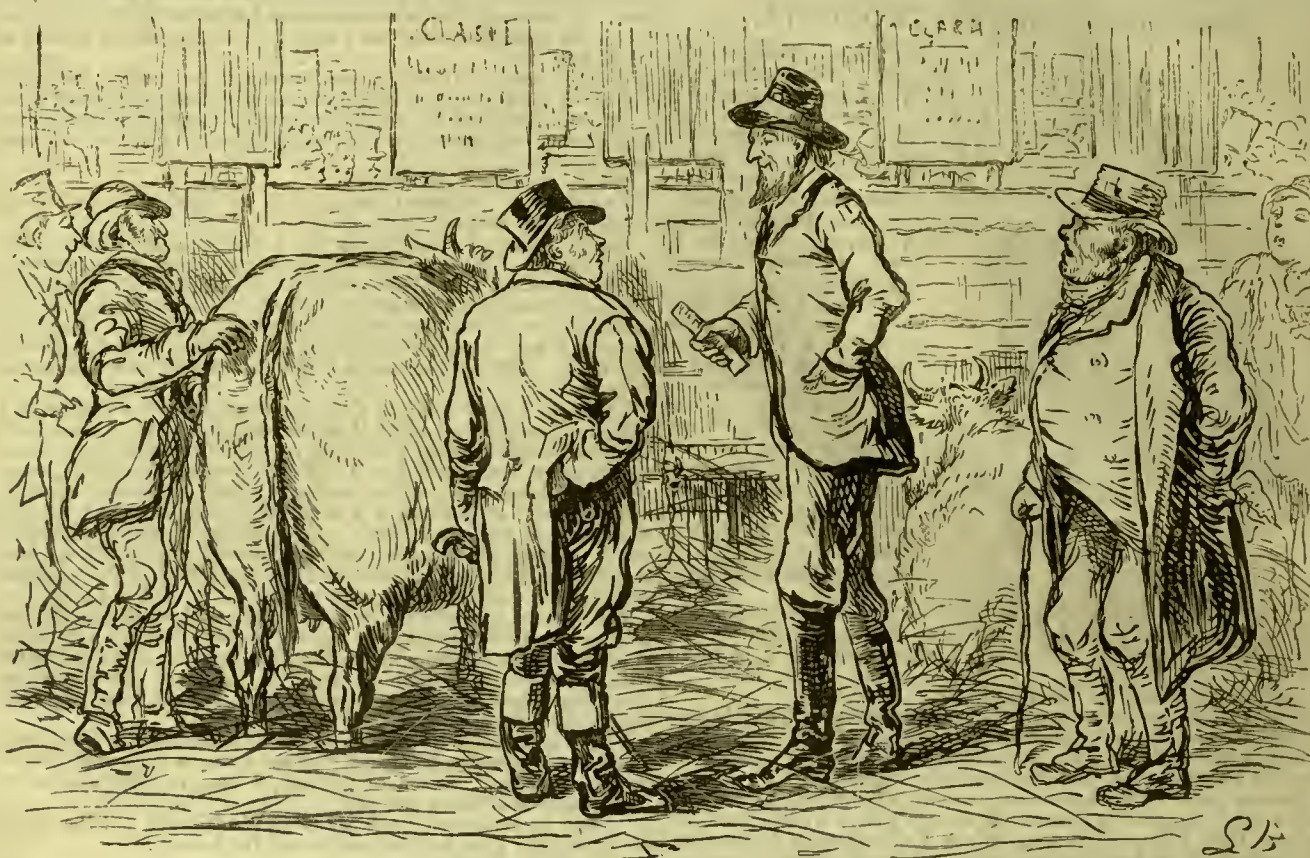
Then, while on the subject, I might make a series of similes for trade and professional purposes: thus, Mad as a Hatter, Drunk as a Fiddler, Comio as a Cobbler, Mild as a Milkman, Bold as a Baker, Short as a Shoemaker (short, referring to his temper), Terrible as a Tanner, Fierce as a Photographer, Charitable as a Chandler.

For "Drunk as a Fiddler," I would substitute, alliteratively, "Tight as a Trombone-player," or would supplement it, without the alliteration, with "Screwed as a Flautist."

The Sort-of-Farmer notices me making notes. "You're writing a prescription?" he asks.

"A prescription? No. What for?"

"O, I thought you might be. Your Guv'nor gave us one t'other morning, an' I was going to tell you as 'twarn't hardly of no use." Here Mr. TROTT steps up.



OUR COUSINS AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

British Farmer. "THERE! THAT'S THE ONE I FANCIES—'CLASS ONE—HIGHLY COMMENDED—SHORT-HORN COW—SOLD FOR SIXTY GUINEAS.'"

Yankee Friend. "SIXTY GUINEAS! WHY, WE THINK NOTHING ON 'EM IN OUR COUNTRY UNDER EIGHT THOUSAND!"

"Your young man don't seem to make much out of the old Cow," says the Sort-of-Farmer.

He has mistaken me for Mr. TROTT's assistant.

The error being explained, the man only laughs, doesn't apologise, and says, "I thought he didn't seem to know much about a Cow."

Whereat Mr. TROTT smiles too.

Now, here would be a first-rate opportunity for a repartee, and I should make it, if I didn't, luckily, look well ahead, and realise what he'd say in reply. In one flash of thought I figure to myself the dialogue thus:—

Farmer (jeeringly). You don't know much about Cows?

Myself (pointedly). No; I know more about Donkeys.

[Meaning, that I know him, the Farmer, to be a Donkey.]

Farmer. Ah! I should ha' thought as that was more in your line.

And what could I reply to this? There ends the repartee. You can't have anything after this. It would be an anti-climax. Consequently, as it stands, the Farmer would get the best of it, which is not my idea of a repartee exercise with a farmer.

TROTT, it seems, is calling, professionally, on the Cows.

Spirits of the People.

'DIPPING into Spiritualist Newspapers occasionally, you may have noticed that the Spirits accustomed to "manifest" their presence at séances usually express themselves in remarkably colloquial terms, and are called by names and diminutives of names the most common and domestic, as "John King," "Katie," "Peter," and "Jack." Ghosts, by those who thought they saw them, used to be treated with respect. Perhaps that was because they did not make themselves cheap. The communications obtained through "mediums" appear to proceed, not exactly from ghosts, but a low order of Spirits—from familiar spirits, which, embodied or disembodied, encourage familiarity to such a degree as to illustrate the saying that "familiarity doth breed contempt."

SCOTCH ECONOMY.

THE student of jocular literature has, in the course of that reading, been presented with many illustrations of Scotch economy, but here is one which perhaps beats all that have ever yet been related. It is extracted from a newspaper:—

"THE PREVENTION OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The Caledonian Railway Company have resolved to discourage accidents on the line by putting a handsome premium on discriminating carefulness and zeal in their servants in future. Every engine-driver in their employment who can show a bill of twelve months' running without preventable casualty, is to receive a reward of £5; and in the same way every guardsman and breaksman similarly circumstanced will get £3."

Clearly there could have been devised no better way to "discourage accidents" on Railways than that of encouraging carefulness and zeal on the part of Railway Servants. There can be no doubt that it is to the discouragement, by the under-payment, of servants employed on Railways, many, if not most, of the accidents which occur are owing. The contrary of this false parsimony may be confidently expected to result in great comparative gain. That of the Caledonian Directors is true parsimony, Caledonian parsimony, canny Scotch parsimony, the parsimony of those who understand what parsimony is—the parsimony that pays. What they lay out in rewards for careful service will be a light insurance against heavy damages, and the "parsimonia" of those truly economical Scotchmen will, no doubt, prove "*magnum rectilab*" indeed.

SPIRITUAL.

A PLACARD extensively posted about is surmounted with the heading "Save your Coal!" This must be suggestive to the Religious Tract Society. The wayfarer will soon, perhaps, have thrust into his hand a serious little treatise, bearing, with a slight orthographical alteration, the above title.



FAIRPLAY IN A DILEMMA.

Conscientious Party. "NOW, THEN, DROP YER GOOGLES, WILL YER! 'OW THE BLANK AM I TO 'IT YER WITH THEM GLASSES ON!"

Nearsighted Party. "HOW THE DEUCE AM I TO 'HIT YER IF I TAKE 'EM OFF!"

A NEW EXTRAVAGANCE.

MANY persons deriving enormous incomes, in these prosperous times, from business, will, no doubt, jump at the idea of making an addition to their expenditure on ostentation, suggested by the following passage in *Le Follet's* "Fashions for December":—

"The robes 'Princesses,' without tunics or upper skirts, are much worn for dressy occasions. The skirt is then made with a train or half-train. It is somewhat difficult to indicate the length this should be, but, for a lady of ordinary height, the skirt should be from a yard and a half to a yard and three-quarters at the back for the half-trains, but still longer for the trains for full evening dress."

At present, the wealthy contractors' daughters, the gorgeous factory-girls, and the other ladies of the plutocracy, who emulate those of the aristocracy in wearing "Princesses" robes, do no more than rival them, except in the costliness of their apparel. They do not, otherwise than in that respect, surpass them, or, as the elegant phrase is, cut them out. Now the trains of the above-named robes, which in point of length approach those of railways, afford occasion for a further extravagance of display, which, for that matter, would place the wearers of the "Princesses" on a perfect level with the royal personages so denominated, in point of attire, as these appear on State occasions. Their fathers or husbands should provide them with suitable pages, young gentlemen of some degree above that of the common "Buttons," to hold up their trains behind them as they move about in the assemblies of the opulent, and particularly whilst they are going down-stairs, when the trains of ladies are so apt to get trodden on and torn. The institution of train-bearers for fashionable females would thus be not only a considerable comfort to them, but also a great relief to numerous men, who are continually having the misfortune, in descending a staircase, to tread on the train of the lady they are walking down behind. These are of two kinds—the few whom some necessity has involved in a sumptuous party, whose minds are elsewhere, and their eyes elevated in states of thought, and the majority staring in the same

ANDERSON AND CLEOPATRA.

A Ballad composed expressly for Miss WALLIS, the talented Drury Lane Cleopatra, to be sung to Mr. J. ANDERSON, as the classic Antony, on any night during the last week of the present Season.

JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo, JIM,
When we were first acquaint,
Your looks were like the raven,
Your cheeks were health, with paint.
Without your Roman bearing
Would this have been "a go"?
Then blessings on your lovely wig,
JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo!

JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo, JIM,
We've charmed "the Lane" together,
You've brain, and muscle, too, JIM,
Clear voice, and lungs of leather.
Wi' ENOBABUS RYDER, JIM,
We two must pack and go,
Now comes the time for Pantomime,
JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo!

JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo, JIM,
'Tis sad such classic folks
As you, and I, and RYDER, JIM,
Should abdicate for VOTES.
Why, 'PHELPS must come, as Pantaloon,
To RYDER's Clown, you know,
And I'd be thine own Columbine,
JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo!

Self-Emancipation.

MORE or less sensation was created the other day by the arrival of the following telegram from Pesth:—

"At yesterday's meeting of the Council of Ministers M. SLÁVY announced that he persisted in his determination to resign office."

Poor SLÁVY! No doubt he is thoroughly tired of official drudgery.

"LE MOT (NON PAS) POUR RIRE."—The situation in France, under the Ministry of M. DE BROGLIE. An Im-broglio.

direction at a splendid ceiling. Of course it vexes them, and especially the former class of them, to find that they have stepped on a lady's train and made her tear it; besides which they are liable to get themselves tripped up, and so to tumble on the tail of guests on the steps below, or even simply down the steps headforemost. As soon as long trains were acknowledged to necessitate trainbearers, the trains would have to be discontinued by most ladies but those of the mercantile millionnaires, and a nuisance would be abated in general Society.

MOSQUITOS' MAGIC MUSIC.

PROFESSOR MAYER, at the Stevens Institute, has been describing a series of experiments on the *antenna*, or horns, of the Mosquito. He finds these horns in the male Mosquito vibrate sympathetically to the sounds made by the female.

But the Professor concludes that the highly organised nervous apparatus in these hitherto imperfectly explained appendages is meant to enable the insect to detect in the dark the position of sonorous centres, and to make for them. Now, this sonorous centre may be the horn of the female, sounding an amorous invitation to the male; but it may also be the nose of the sleeper, playing its unconscious trombone accompaniment to his slumbers. The nose-organ plays—the air vibrates to its stertorous base—the hungry Mosquito's antennae quiver, and guide him through the night to the centre of sound. He settles, stabs, and sneaks. And thus we see how beautifully and economically Nature provides even this awfully aggravating little insect, in his antennal apparatus, with a guide, at once, to the satisfaction of his two strongest appetites—that for his female, and that for his food!

In short, this interesting, but irritating, *Hymenoptera* is all his life—all its nocturnal half, at least—playing a perpetual game of magic music, of which now beauty now blood is the prize, and at one time his wife's horns, at another his victim's nose, the guiding instrument of music.



"QUALITY" HOURS.

Old Party (to Tomkins, whose Pug has been seized with a Fit). "IT STRIKES ME, SIR, YOUR DOG HAS HAD TOO MUCH DINNER!"
Tomkins. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; MY DOG DOES NOT DINE TILL HALF-PAST SEVEN!"

BONDS BETTER REPUDIATED.

MEXICO has been going further in what the POPE considers the broad way that leads to destruction—that is, in the teeth of the Church—than either Russia, Italy, Spain, Austria, Switzerland, or any other of the Church's lost sheep in the Old World's family of nations—if they should not rather be called, in the language of Papal allocution, abomi-nations. The anti-clerical majority in the Mexican Congress have decreed marriage a civil contract, have abolished the obligations of monastic vows, the right of religious corporations to hold property, and the celibacy of priests. In short they have completely severed the bonds between Church and State, in the vast domain which CORTÉZ conquered for the Church.

Prosit. All Mexican bonds have hitherto been a proverbially bad investment, but the Mexican bonds between Church and State are the first whose repudiation seems likely to increase the credit of the repudiators.

An Improvement.

WE observe a pleasing novelty in a notice of a recent marriage. Instead of the officiating Clergymen being announced, with wearying monotony, as the brother-in-law of the bride, or the second cousin of the bridegroom, they were simply styled "friend of the bride," "friend of the bridegroom." We are hopeful now that "the Venerable the Archdeacon of Buntingford" and the "Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Banbury" will in time both disappear.

The King and the Ballet-Girls.

THERE was a queer KING OF BAVARIA,
 Who played on his fiddle an *aria*;
 He sent for his valet,
 And ordered a Ballet,
 This Lunatic KING OF BAVARIA.

THE ROASTER ROASTED.

ROAST COOK.—A young Man required at once for a Large Establishment.

THIS is from a British, a Liverpool, paper. We are ready to make an affidavit in support of the fact, if required. Is another *ism* to be added to those by which this country is torn and distracted? Is Cann-b-lism openly practised in the second town of the kingdom? What are the Ministers of all Denominations doing? What steps are the Local Authorities taking? We fear it is too late to prevent the sacrifice of a useful member of society in the present instance—a victim has probably long ere this been found of proportions sufficient to satisfy the perverted appetites of "a Large Establishment;" but we trust the beneficial operation of the School Board and the spread of Education will be traced in the disappearance of such distressing advertisements in the future. Nothing now can astonish us any more, not even Boiled Butler or Stewed Footman.

Quite Superfluous.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been publishing an article headed "What Railway Passengers may do for themselves;" and MR. MARTIN, a Lombard Street banker, proposes to form a "Railway Travellers' Protection Society," based on the article. What strikes us is the superfluousness of the leading idea suggested by the title. How can there be an opening for Railway Passengers to "do for themselves," considering the vast variety of ways in which the Railway Companies "do for them"?

AT THE ANTIPODES.

THEY seem to have cheerful names for places in New South Wales, if we may take as a sample one which lately appeared in the first compartment of the first column of the *Times*—"Merri-Merri-gal." But it was a boy.

GOOD NEWS FOR CHRISTMAS.



ANDIDLY, *Mr. Punch* detests travel. London, as has been well said, is the best place in the world for summer, and the only place in the world for winter. But Christmas is the drawback. There is a good deal to endure at Christmas, and indigestion is not the smallest of its afflictions, while relations, extortions, fogs, sham congratulations, and general boredom are among its biggest. Now, he has always admired *Mr. THOMAS COOK*, considering him one of the benefactors of mankind. If one must leave home-comforts, the best thing is to place oneself under the care of one who has "seen men and cities," and will make a pilgrimage as little like a penance as possible. But *Mr. COOK* has now established a claim not merely to admiration but to veneration. He has provided a way of escape from

Christmas Home Joys. He has organised an expedition for men who will abandon London bores and slay German boars. *Mr. COOK* has engaged a large track of land in the Eifel Mountains, and he proposes to lead thither a gallant band of hunters who, while folks at home are slowly recovering from one fit of dyspepsia in order to bring on another, will do battle with the Wild Boar,

"Strike thro' the ravine
At the foaming Behemoth,"

and, just as Christmas is over, will return vivified and glorified, and laden with the spoils of the chase. *Mr. Punch* thinks the idea so bold, so novel, and so humane, that he has ordered half-a-dozen rifles, ten new spears, and a brandy-flask, and will speedily be heard on the deck of an "Antwerp's package," lustily carolling (better than raucous Christmas Carols) with *WAKTOS*,

"Boars of Elfel, grunt and weep,
English *Punch* he ploughs the deep."

A CALL TO SIR SAMUEL.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, in his speech the other evening, observed, that the Exeter Hall notions, about the Darkies being "Men and Brothers," were rather mistaken ones. He instanced a case, where, after touching an old Chieftain's heart with some Christian philanthropy, the old Chieftain, having mastered his emotion, offered to sell his own son for a spade. Perhaps the son wasn't much of a fellow after all, and *SIR SAMUEL*, had he accepted the offer, might have found that, in exchange for a useful spade, he had only received a stupid spoon.

Let *SIR SAMUEL* come and preach to the old Chieftains and Chieftainesses in the West End, during the Season. There is, in our Metropolis, a large traffic in sons and daughters going on. He would earn the gratitude of many could he prevent even a few of these Living Human Sacrifices. Here is a field for Missionary Enterprise. To play such a part in the Drama of High Life, would be, indeed, a rôle worthy of a great *BAKER*.

EFFECTS OF THE FOG.

BESIDES killing numbers of the beasts assembled at the Cattle-Show, the fog last week occasioned many singular mishaps, some of which may turn out serious. By the zeal of our reporters, we can here record a few of them:—

MR. FLITTERTON made an abortive attempt to shoot the moon under cover of the darkness. But his landlord appeared suddenly with a policeman at his heels, and *MR. FLITTERTON* abandoned his idea of lunar sporting.

MR. DODGE declined to meet a bill drawn, payable at sight, alleging that the fog made it impossible to see it.

MR. JOLLIPOCK was discovered by his anxious wife a long while after midnight, vainly trying with his latch-key to open the front door. He stated for excuse that the fog was so shoth-hic-tha' he c-couldn't seeekeyhole.

MR. SHIRKER found the fog so dense on starting for his business that he stayed prudently at home, and played all day at billiards with his pretty cousin *POLLY*.

MRS. LYNX found a Policeman on duty in her area, and was told he thought it right during the fog, as there were many thieves about, to keep a close watch on her premises.

MR. PHEEBLE tried his best to pop the question to *MISS GADABOUT*, but the fog so choked his utterance that, when he had screwed his courage to the popping point, he found himself unable to stammer out a syllable.

MASTER NOBLEBBY, indulged in a pipe at his Aunt's, trusting that the smoke would not be smelt in such foul atmosphere.

MR. CRYFAKE did a fairish stroke of business in the fog, by helping timid people to find their way about, while he helped himself by finding his own way into their pockets.

MISS McFLIRTER somehow managed in the fog to miss her party at the Cattle-Show, and was gallantly escorted home by *CAPTAIN SLIPBOOTS*, to whom she is engaged now.

MR. JONES's mother-in-law contrived under cover of the darkness to pay his house a visit, and is now quite comfortably quartered for some six weeks on his larder.

MR. LARKINGTON, in the fog, tied a string across the pavement from the lamp-post to his neighbour's door-knocker, at an altitude to catch the hats of passers-by and project them on the pavement.

MR. HARDUPP, who has been in hiding for some weeks, took

advantage of the fog to take a little exercise, and did so unperceived by any of his creditors.

MR. RORY O'RAFFERTY, a Goody Templar, strayed into a gin-shop while strolling home from work, having by sheer accident, in the denseness of the atmosphere, mistaken the establishment for a coffee-shop.

CHORAL.

TO CARPENTERS and WHEELWRIGHTS.—A good CHURCH SINGER is WANTED for a Small Village; eight acres of Land.—Apply by letter only, &c.

This is from a local paper, not amongst the "Varieties" or the "Facetiae," but in the midst of the business advertisements. It may fairly rank with the most ingenious Christmas puzzles and riddles. Hitherto it has baffled the acutest intellects to which it has been submitted, and defied the most vigorous understandings to unravel. Why, asks the bewildered reader, in mingled accents of defeat and despair, are Carpenters and Wheelwrights especially singled out as likely to prove good Church Singers? Why is the preference given to them over Attorneys and Solicitors, or Chemists and Druggists, or Bricklayers and Masons? Is it because they are exceptionally free from the taint of Nonconformity? Again, why the reference to "eight acres of land?" Will the fortunate carpenter or favoured wheelwright be entitled to the rent they bring in as his yearly stipend, or will his musical services be acknowledged by permission to cultivate these eight acres free of charge or tax, or will they become his property, his own absolute freehold in fee simple for ever, if he gives satisfaction in the village choir?

Such are a few of the questions which this unique advertisement suggests, and up to the hour of going to press nothing approaching to a satisfactory answer to them had been offered. Perhaps when the fog has gone, the intellect may recover itself, and be able to grapple with "To Carpenters and Wheelwrights." It was wise to restrict the applicants to letters, otherwise such a levy of carpenters and wheelwrights, all singing at the top of their voices, and bent on viewing the eight acres, might have burst upon the "small village" as would have dismayed the stoutest incumbent and daunted the staunchest churchwarden.

MEN OF THE TIME.—Chronometer Makers.



THE COSTUME BALL.

Little Brown (who thought himself irresistible as Mephistopheles). "FAIREST MARGUERITE, WHY LOOK UPON ME AS A TEMPTER?"

Miss Synical. "YOU, MR. BROWN! CERTAINLY YOU ARE ABOUT THE LAST PERSON I SHOULD THINK OF IN THAT CAPACITY."

[The Demon is exorcised, not to say "shut up."]

TEMPERANCE TAXATION.

FANCY a society of compulsory Teetotallers meeting in a public-house. Fact. On Monday evening, last week, "the London Auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance" held their annual meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel. Of what magnitude soever, a public-house is a public-house. Cordial and invigorating liquors were consumed under the same roof as that which extended over the set of meddlers assembled to conspire for the purpose of depriving other people of these comforts. The usual cant having been vented by various declaimers,—

"MR. J. H. ROPER moved a resolution, which urged that it was the duty of all temperance electors to bring their influence to support those Candidates who were willing, by their votes in Parliament, to give to every district the power of self-defence against the pauperism, crime, and taxation, resulting from the liquor traffic."

This resolution is one unusually good of its kind. Temperance electors are therein invoked to support Candidates prepared to vote for a law which will tend to destroy the liquor traffic, in order that through its destruction they may get themselves defended from the taxation which, amongst other evils, results from it. This is capital. The Working Classes, almost entirely untaxed except as to their liquors, voluntarily tax themselves by consuming them, and thus "drank us out of the Alabama difficulty." Some twenty-eight millions of optional and insensible taxation accrue to the Revenue from the consumption of exhilarating liquors. Therefore, vote for Candidates who will vote for a law by which the consumption of these liquors will be put an end to. Do that wise thing to defend yourselves from the taxation resulting from the liquor traffic. A hopeful step to self-defence from taxation, truly, for everybody who pays Income-tax! If the United Kingdom Alliance succeeded in destroying the liquor trade, would they wish the abolition of excise to be replaced by increased duties on tea and sugar, and not, on the contrary, shout for the swindle of a "free breakfast table"? Would they have the hole which they desire to get made in the

PHYSIC FOR THE FOG.

Fog blanks all vision. Frost completes
The wintry gloom mid which we shiver.
Each within doors, who can, retreats;
Stopped is the traffic in the streets:
The boats cease running on the river.

He finds it hard who dares to pace
Suburban ways; mist, sight confounding,
Veils e'en the post before his face.
On railways, whilst, in every place
About, fog-signals are resounding.

Now heap the coals upon the fire.
No matter though 'tis burning treasure,
Within, too, warmth since men require,
Their hearts with comfort to inspire,
Of cordial drink draw forth full measure.

Besides the supplemental leg,
Put, therefore, on the cheery kettle,
In order unto making grog,
Out of the throat to drive the fog,
That on the lungs it may not settle.

Rum, brandy, whiskey, shall it be?
Or gin? Fanatics, ultra-seber,
Would, in such weather as we see,
Have us all limited to tea,
Apart from tea's new spirit, Robur.

O, may we never see the day
When Britons shall, their heads grown thicker,
Their liberty have thrown away,
Their souls, that sink for want of stay,
To fortify with generous liquor!

Convertible Terms.

ON the 22nd instant, according to a telegram from Rome, the POPE will hold a Consistory, and deliver an Allocution. That is, he will give his hearers a talking-to, which, however, will probably rather be a talking-at, and not at them, but at other people—at everybody but Ultramontane Papists, and, those only excepted, a talking at mankind in general, and the EMPEROR WILLIAM and PRINCE BISMARCK in particular. Papal allocution, in fact, is Papal invective.

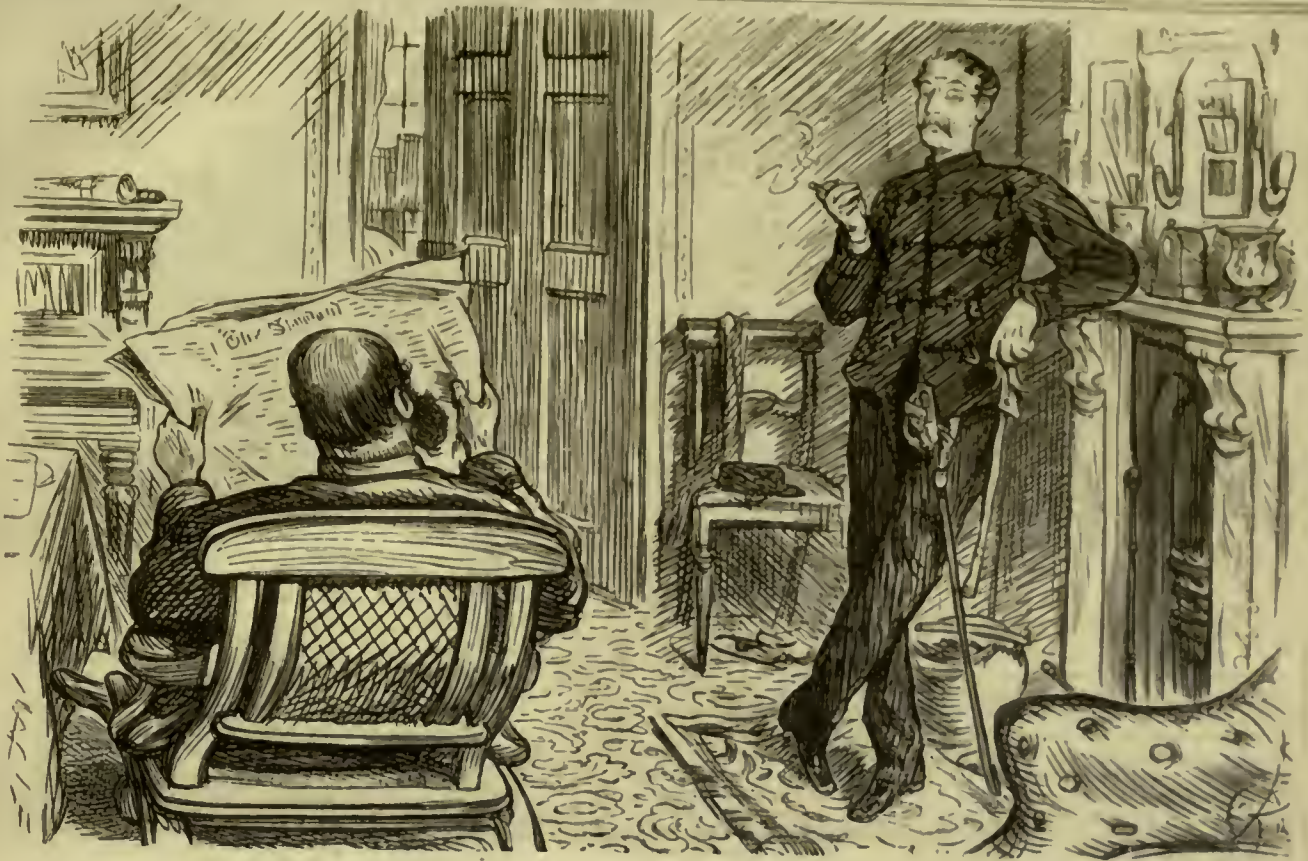
Revenue stopped by direct or indirect taxation? Whichever method of ways and means were adopted, it would be an addition to the taxes of all electors who do not contribute to drink the nation out of its expenses; and those are the electors invited to vote for Candidates such as SIR WILFRID LAWSON, and his "Band of Hepe," in order to defend themselves from the taxation which they are subject to already. The tax-paying electors will, probably, rather elect to bear the taxation which they have, partial and heavy as that is, than fly to other, which they know will be much worse, by electing the nominees of the United Kingdom Alliance. To the Allies against the freedom of the United Kingdom, the eye of the tax-payer must present an appearance of verdure. A great deal will be patent in reality there, if, after reading such a resolution as that above-quoted, every taxable person do not immediately pass a counter-resolution, in his own mind, by all means carefully to vote against any Candidate of theirs.

THE LABOUR MARKET.

"MILLINERS WANTED, mourning and coloured."

MOURNING Milliners, we presume, are sought for, as likely from a feeling of sympathy arising from their own recent bereavement, to display greater care and industry in the preparation of all the deeper descriptions of female mourning apparel. The demand for Coloured Milliners is not so easily explained. Young persons of the Negro or Mulatto type, who have gained a knowledge of millinery and dressmaking in their own genial country, and then made a voyage to follow their calling in England, must be few and far between, like "angels' visits," or unexpected legacies. So far as we have been able to pursue the inquiry, there is no lady in the circle of our acquaintance whose experience can point to more than the rarest examples of such a phenomenon.

Perhaps one of the learned Societies, the Statistical or the Anthropological, will take up the investigation, and by their researches throw light on a subject which is wrapped in obscurity.



OFFICERS' GRIEVANCES.

Lieutenant De Bogeyns (of the Eleventh Half-Dozen N.B. Bouncibles, ordered to the Gold Coast). "PLAGUY NUISANCE, YOU KNOW, MAJOR! 'TISN'T THE SCWIMMADE ONE MINDS—ENJOY THAT—IT'S THE SEASTLY CLIMATE. AND WHAT I DO COMPLAIN OF IS, THAT A WICH COUNTRY LIKE OURS CAN'T SHIP THIS BLANK FELLOW—WHAT'S 'S NAME, CHICKOWY—AND ALL HIS NIGGERS OVER HERE IN THE AUTUMN, AND LET US POLISH 'EM OFF QUIETLY ON SALISBURY PLAIN IN THE MANŒUVRES!!"

PHYSIC IN THE TEA-POT.

"*Te veniente die—te decedente*"—"Tea, morning and evening" is the prescription of a great many ladies for most of the ailments female flesh is heir to. They assure all who dare to be sceptical of the benefit of the infusion, of its "electrical effects" on the system. Some light is thrown on the point by DR. LETHBRIDGE at a recent interview of a deputation from the City Commissioners of Sewers with MR. STANSFELD, to press the want of some power for sanitary authorities of dealing with spurious and adulterated teas, which are constantly imported by millions of pounds. DR. LETHBRIDGE informed the President of the Local Government Board that 41 per cent. of a sample he exhibited was composed of iron-filings, sand, and colouring matter, and that on applying his magnet to it, the whole mass of the so-called tea was attracted. Now every one, thanks to FARADAY, know the close relations of magnetism and electric action, so no wonder if the tea that so exhibits the one should produce the other.

Then again iron is a well-known tonic, and it is only natural that, taken into the system in large doses of morning and afternoon tea, it should brace up the nerves and stimulate the blood. But, as we have a right to ask that coffee-drinkers should be allowed to buy their chicory and their coffee apart and mix for themselves, so we think ladies in want of a pick-me-up should be allowed to "exhibit" their tea and their iron separately. They would thus have a chance of ascertaining how much of the bracing effect they claim for the tea is due to the theine, and how much to the iron-filings so liberally mixed with it. And thus the divine Tea—a goddess and beverage of goddesses—and tonic iron, would each, as vegetables and minerals ought to do, stand on their own merits; and the ladies of England be no longer doctored in disguise by the "Heathen Chinee;" for it appears that these adulterations come from JOHN CHINAMAN, prompted, it is true, by the demand of our markets for showy samples at impossible prices, and not from JOHN BULL, except in his capacity of tempter.

RIGHT ROYAL PRESENTS.

THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF HAMILTON—their two Graces—must have been really delighted with the overpoweringly handsome Wedding Gifts, presented by Home and Foreign Royalties. The list would be incomplete without the following particulars:—

From H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF GERMANY, a pleasing Photograph of His Imperial Self (price 10 s. gr. apiece—a large reduction made on taking a quantity), in a neat and tinsel-gilt frame and glass complete, valued at 100 cents. French money.

From His Majesty the KING OF BAVARIA, a Tune of his own Royal Composition, arranged by HERR WAGNER for the Violin, and written on one sheet of printed music-paper. Unique.

From the SULTAN, a quarter of a pound of real Turkish Tobacco, with the motto round the tin-can, "Many Happy Returns."

From the KHEDIVÉ, one Share in a new Speculation of LESSETS'. Nothing paid up. First call in January, 1874.

From KING VICTOR-EMMANUEL, his Royal Autograph, postage not paid.

From the American President, Congratulations (by wire) on his Grace's becoming a citizen in a United State.

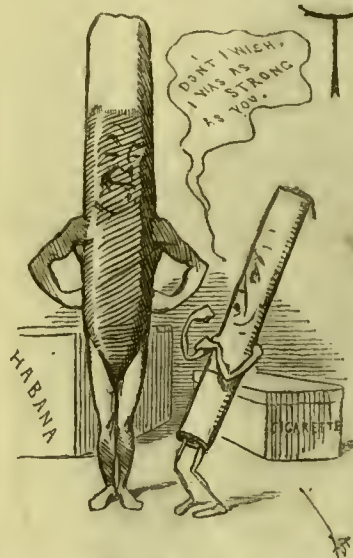
From H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, Note-Book, bound in real Russian.

But what's in the value of a Present? Nothing. 'Tis the heartiness wherewith 'tis given. So, three cheers for the Duke and the Duchess, and, like the hero and heroine of a fairy story, may they "live happily ever after."

Nine to One.

WE are indebted to a country journal for making us acquainted with the existence of an "Amalgamated Tailors' Society." This looks like a confirmation of what we have hitherto been accustomed to regard as a vulgar error and popular delusion; namely, that nine Tailors make a Man.

BUTTS AND BOBBIES.



THE time is now fast approaching when the guardians of public order, under the diminutive of "Bobbies" will be held up to derision on the stage. This is as it should be, if Christmas is a season in which there is any peculiarity rendering it fit to be celebrated with outrageous buffoonery. Besides, burlesque is based on veneration, and policemen are made fun of just as we parody SHAKESPEARE.

It is not likely that the complaints which have lately been alleged against the conduct of the police will effect any diminution of the extent to which the Force will be introduced into the forthcoming pantomimes. In some cases it may be feared that those complaints may have had a little too much foundation, and the misbehaviour of exceptional

officers may possibly be attributed to a change for the worse in the authority by which they are regulated. It may, however, have a different, or at least another cause. Recent legislation has rendered this once free nation a grievously police-ridden people. The police have been constituted a sort of prefects of public-houses. They are posted to enforce petty regulations on the public at park gates, and intrusted with an amount of arbitrary power which has naturally tended to inflate them. Very much has been done to place them in the same relation to the people at large as that of beadles to little boys. Thus, in fact, Bobby has, in some instances, become exceedingly puffed up. The only wonder is that they are not more numerous.

Of course the LORD CHAMBERLAIN may be trusted to take care that the jocularities of the *Clown* and *Pantaloön* with respect, or disrespect, to the Police, shall not exceed the bounds which ought to limit the excitement of mirth at the expense of Society's preservers. That reverence for a policeman, which foreigners sneer at and Englishmen cherish, must not be outraged. This feeling prompts a suggestion which some illustrious personage will perhaps adopt the next time he presides at a public dinner, by taking occasion to say that our constables are social soldiers, and, accordingly, to propose the toast of "The Army, Navy, and Police."

TALK OF A TUNNEL!

"The French Conseil and Rapporteurs of the project of a Tunnel under the Channel between France and England, lately entertained the English engineer and Directors of the Company for carrying out this great undertaking, at a splendid banquet at Boulogne."—*News of the Day*.

"MR. PRESTWICH lately read before the Geological Society a paper on the geological conditions of the strata between the French and English shores, with reference to the feasibility of a tunnel under the Channel."—*Scientific Report of the Week*.

WELL, you are pleasant people,
HAWKSHAW, GROSVENOR, & Co.,
With your grave scheme of a Tunnel
'Neath the Channel sea to go!
Yes, a *bonâ fide* Tunnel
'Twixt Cape Grisnez, say, and Dover,
To carry *bonâ fide*
French and English traffic over!

We thought it was a bubble
To be blown and then to burst,
After the usual offering
Of capital at first.
But behold a serious project
Of a serious engineer,
And for capital a Lordling
Of the House of Westminster!—

Westminstère, whose head should
Be something *like* a nob,
With a rent roll (when fall leases!)
Of two millions, if a bob!

But e'en that mighty rent-roll
Drained dry methinks will be,
E'er they have run this Tunnel
Beneath the Channel sea.

Spite of Chairmen and Committees,
Conseil and Rapporteurs,
These papers and these dinners
And all this fuss and stir,
Though HAWKSHAW, and LORD GROSVENOR,
At Boulogne they have dined,
Have toasted them and buttered,
And spoke all but their mind—

Drank good-speed to the Tunnel
'Neath the silver streak of sea—
As well he may that wishes
With England to make free—
And making free with England—
Strip of her wall of waves—
Means—what thus far they've failed in—
Of Britons making slaves.

So please let 'a keep the Channel,
And the waves we've learnt to rule,
And with projects of a Tunnel
Don't let us play the fool.
Sea-sickness is a nuisance,
In a Channel—sea and squall,
But better sea that sickens,
Than ne'er a sea at all.

All Britons know the blessings
We owe that silver streak;
Or let the ass who doesn't
Hear Father Neptune speak.
"Tis like you British donkeys,
Planning to make away,
With the shield your breast that's guarded
Since my trident hath held sway.

"The wall that keeps your borders,
Still sacred from the foe;
Makes your isle an asylum,
Girt with my faithful flow;
Of wars and woes of Europe,
Bars out the baleful stress;
Goes far to make your Britain,
The Britain Britons bless.

"Nor Britons most, or loudest,
For all that are oppress,
Of all shades, in succession,
Within my guard find rest.—
But if I went on yarning,
All day from ebb to flow,
I could not sum the comforts
You to your Channel owe.

"And 'tis this source of blessings,
Which at your door I lay,
That I hear these wiseacres
Propose to do away!
Well, my hearties, there's one comfort,
Long though their purse may be,
Through it they will have tunnelled,
Ere they have tunnelled me!"

LONDON FOG RULES.

FIRST.—Should the Fog be very dense, withdraw half the Police from the thoroughfares. Remember their lives are valuable to the community at large.

Secondly.—Let none of the Street Lamps be lighted until the usual time (if then); they are of very little use, and the shops must have more blaze than usual. Never do for yourself what you can get some one else to do for you.

Thirdly.—In the neighbourhood of St. Paul's and the Bank, where the traffic, like the Fog, is at its thickest, let care be taken to secure the absence of all light and all Police. Surely everyone who is out on such a day ought to be old enough and wise enough to take care of himself. As to omnibuses, waggons, carts, cabs, and carriages, they ought all to have lamps, and, when they haven't lights, they have lungs, and can ward off danger by continuous shouting.

Fourthly.—No extra Gas must be used at Railway Stations, and great care should be taken that all the carriages may be left without the usual lamps. When the Fog has entirely cleared off, the Lamps may be lighted, and the Police may resume their duties.

AN EDUCATED GIRL.



R. PUNCH,

You have heard two ladies, now perhaps you may be so good as to hear me. The following is a report of a dialogue which induced me to think that one of the parties to it would make a suitable wife for the other. I regret to inform you that the result of the step taken by the latter has been altogether unsatisfactory. Sir, the Lady can talk very fluently, very impertinently, and very foolishly. I do not, for an obvious reason, give our names, but I borrow those of a gentleman and another person made famous by BEN JONSON.

Yours discontentedly,
UNCLE MOROSE.

SCENE.—A large Dinner Party. MR. MOROSE has taken down Miss EPICENE, having been introduced to her ten minutes before.

Morose. I hope that you have room. (*Sotto voce.*) We are closely packed.

Epicene. Thanks. Plenty.

Morose (*to himself*, as he reads the menu). What am I to say to her? She's nineteen, and I'm fifty! We've a deal in common. However, I must say something, I suppose. (*To her.*) They hardly wanted a fire to-day. I hope that you do not mind being so near it. Shall I ask for a screen for you?

Epicene (*in a quiet voice, preserved throughout*). Thank you, no; I do not mind it.

Morose. Have you been to see the play they were talking about up-stairs—the adaptation from BEN JONSON'S *Silent Woman*?

Epicene. We go very little to theatres.

Morose. A sign of good taste in your family, for no rational person can take much interest in the stage in its present condition. I do not know which is worst, the plays, the acting, or the criticism.

Epicene. No, indeed.

Morose. What does she mean by that? And what does Mrs. BLIBBER mean by giving me a goose of a girl to sit by? (*To her.*) Those engravings are not bad, on that wall. They are from pictures in the Dresden Gallery. Perhaps you know them—have you been to Dresden?

Epicene. No, never.

Morose. Travelled on the Continent much? People go about so much now that everybody has been everywhere.

Epicene. We travel very little.

Morose. Then you are to be congratulated, because you have all the more to look forward to, and there is no pleasure like anticipation.

Epicene. I suppose so.

Morose. I should like to give her a good slap. And yet I shouldn't, for she is certainly very pretty, and you don't see that sleepy kind of eye every day. She's like what ROSA CLAROS was in 1845, and isn't now, by Jove. For ROSA'S sake I'll give her another chance. (*To her.*) I noticed signs of a severe musical evening by-and-by. Do you sing?

Epicene. A little. Chiefly to please Papa.

Morose. Come, that's a good trait in her. Then perhaps you do not care violently for going to Operas, and all that sort of thing.

Epicene. Not much. I would rather read to Papa, and hear his remarks.

Morose (*to himself*). That I like. She has sense and is only shy. I will encourage her. An exceedingly kind as well as exceedingly sensible way of looking at things. It is so rare that I hope you will forgive my venturing to admire your taste.

Epicene. It does not deserve admiration. Surely, it is only my duty.

Morose. And, I am sure, a pleasure. Your Papa is much to be envied.

Epicene. Ah! but he is so good, so kind.

Morose. Goodness and kindness do not always ensure the affection and gratitude of the young. I have myself found—(*to himself*)

—what the deuce was I going to be idiot enough to say? I have myself seen that parental fondness is not always rewarded as it should be.

Epicene. Surely yes, where children have been properly trained.

Morose. A very sensible girl indeed, a very right-hearted girl, and I thought she was a goose. But I have made mistakes once or twice in my life. (*To her.*) You do not live in town, I think?

Epicene. At dear, quiet Clapham.

Morose. Ah, you like quiet?

Epicene. Dearly. I own to liking a little garden and flowers; but even if I could not have those, I hope I could be content.

Morose. This is a she-Phoenix. But stop, stop—no fool like an old fool—well, I'm not old, but when we begin to admire at fifty we get on very fast—*festina lente*. What kind of books do you read to your Papa? Novels, I suppose.

Epicene. O no. Except SIR WALTER'S and MISS EDGEMORTH'S, very few. He likes thoughtful books, and he teaches me to like them.

Morose. If I do not ask too many questions, would you mention a book or two?

Epicene. We have gone together through LORD MACALFAY, CARLYLE, all SIR ARTHUR HELPS' works, FROUDE, and many others, and he is kind enough to point out meanings to me, and beauties that would escape me.

Morose. I can imagine nothing more charming to a man of advanced life being so assisted by a young lady, and in return giving her the benefit of his reading and experience.

Epicene. But it must be somebody whom she cares very much about, and implicitly trusts.

Morose. Yes, a father, as in your case, or a much elder brother, or a husband—only a husband of such a different age does not come in among the things young ladies dream of tolerating.

Epicene. Perhaps you have known more young ladies than I have. But any one who has a father like mine would wish her husband to resemble him, and would hardly feel sufficient respect for a much younger man.

Morose. I have seldom or never heard a wiser sentiment, and I must really make an effort to become acquainted with such a father. Is he here?

Epicene. That is he, dear old thing, on MRS. BLIBBER'S right—he took her down: she is very fond of him.

Morose. I will ask her to introduce me, or manage to do it for myself when we come to elaret.

Epicene. You will like him so much, and if you talk to him about old books, you will win his heart.

Morose. They happen to be a slight craze of mine. What does your friend, SIR WALTER, say, "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old books to read, and old friends, yes, and young friends, to converse with."

Epicene. I remember that, in the *Antiquary*.

Morose. Have you a good memory?

Epicene. Not what I wish it were, but I try to remember things.

Morose. Try to remember—you see you are called away—that you made a not very young man say, and say truly, that he never so much regretted that the shortness of a dinner—

[*Exeunt the Ladies.*]

In the Drawing-Room.

Mrs. Blibber to Miss Epicene. You did very well, dearest girl. I watched. He is a retired Lawyer, as vain as a peacock and as rich as a Jew. The only thing against him is a most abominable temper.

Epicene. If it should ever become necessary, dear, we will hope to be able to bear that, if not to conquer it. (*Demurely.*) We have choice of those duties, you know. He wants to know Papa.

Mrs. Blibber. O, haven't you managed well! I will see to that. Play a little when they come up.

Epicene. No, dear. I told him, &c. &c.

[*Rest told in Mr. Morose's letter.*]

Popular Advancement.

A HEADING very commonly prefixed to newspaper paragraphs is that of "Temperance Movement." It naturally suggests the opposite idea of "Intemperance" movement; namely, that of advancing, like a besieging army, in a zigzag line. This, happily, is now much less frequently observable in the streets than it once was; a fact which must be gratifying to all friends of genuine progress.

RITUALISM ON ALL FOURS.

A HORSE to falling on his knees
Must entertain a strong objection,
How much soever it might please
Donkeys to practise genuflection.



JUDGED AT SIGHT.

Mr. Cadby (to youthful Heir of the House). "JUST TAKE AND RING THAT BELL FOR ME, LAD."

Reginald Guy Plantagenet (quietly). "I WAS GOING TO RING. I LIVE HERE. BUT IF YOU'VE COME FOR THE FOOTMAN'S PLACE, WE WERE SUITED YESTERDAY."

"HUNGRY, AND YE FED ME."

GAUNT, giant hands of Famine and of Plague
Uplifted over India's cowering head,
And their black shadow broad'ning, vast yet vague,
More awful for the doubt blent with the dread!

Between the cloudless heavens, like brass, on high,
And the baked earth, as iron hard, below,
From Ryot's up to Viceroy's, every eye
Wanders, athirst, for rain that will not flow.

How many woful watchers through the land
Pray in *his* hope, that saw; from Carmel's brow,
Rise from the sea a cloud like a man's hand,
That brought black clouds and wind and rain enow!

Till many hearts are loosed with a great fear,
And many hardened with a dark despair:
'Tis hard to see God's love and leading clear,
Athwart this foodless earth and parching air!

Yet sure His love is working, in the glow
Of brotherhood that stirs the nation's heart,
In the resolve of all men, high and low,
With hand or brain or purse to hear their part—

That none, whom we can feed, unfed shall go,
No life, that care of ours can save, be lost;
That e'en if purblind doctrine thrust her "No"
On helping hands, we will not count the cost,

But stoutly press, with wealth's and wisdom's aid,
Betwixt poor India and His doom of dearth,
Knowing great means for great occasions made,
And power God-given to show man's helpful worth.

And when this misery has past away,
And men look back upon this year of woe,
As now on famines of an earlier day,
Some seeds of good, sown now, and ripening slow,

May blossom into blessings unforeseen;
Some work now set on foot such fruit may bear,
That men to come may see how it hath been—
Love in the grim mask that now looks despair.

"TWIN CAN DO 'T."

Antony and Cleopatra.

AGAIN we have, as JACQUES PIERRE observes in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

"Twain, at large discourse;"

but, as the same eminent Frenchman says in the *Winter's Tale*,
'twill be only a case of

"Mark, a little while."

In fact, the distinguished humorist's stay is to be so brief that if we were not now upon such extraordinary sweet terms with America, we should write unpleasantly about such autoschediastic treatment of us. But for a few times MR. MARK TWAIN is to be visible to the naked eye, (fog permitting) in Hanover Square, and because his visit is so short, *Mr. Punch*, who extracts something good out of anything objectionable, performs the philanthropic act of hereby encouraging and inciting his friends to go and hear MR. TWAIN's new lecture.

TIP FOR THE NEXT DERBY.

A GENTLEMAN, well known in Sporting Circles, was lately seen in the neighbourhood of Epsom exercising his Discretion. Knowing ones, look out.



“MENDING THE LESSON.”

POLITICAL ECONOMY. “TAKE CARE, MY DEAR JOHN. DON’T INTERFERE WITH THE LAWS OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.”

JOHN BULL. “I DON’T, MISS PRUDENCE. SHE DEMANDS AND I SUPPLY!”

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



UDDENLY to TROTT, when we are once more in the gig: "Now, what is the matter with that Cow?"

I put this to him confidentially, as much as to say, "Look here. Now I'm driving about with you I'm one of yourselves; and, *entre nous*, though you told FLIPSTER something about that Cow, you didn't tell him everything. Now then, TROTT, my boy, out with it, and mum's the word."

I think he is taken with my confidential air, as he inclines his head sideways, still keeping his eye in a negligent sort of way on the careless mare, and, without turning to me, he replies almost in a whisper,

"Well, Sir, my idea is that it's apoplexy."

I look at him to see if he's joking. I am prepared to laugh if he is, and am ready to say "Indeed!" quite seriously, if he isn't.

He is *not* joking. When he says "Apoplexy" he means apoplexy.

How one's mind can be enlarged in a single morning! indeed, in a minute! (This subject alone, I note down, ought to occupy a volume; i.e., *On Enlargement of Mind*. Think it out.)

Till now I had associated apoplexy only with red-faced old gentlemen of the last century, who would over-eat themselves regularly, take their three bottles of fine old port every night, and then, one evening, suddenly disappear under the dining-room table in a fit of apoplexy.

Happy Thought.—Quite the idea, in verse,
The Fine Old English Gentleman
All of the apoplectic time.

But as to a Cow being liable to such an attack, such an idea had never entered my head. I should as soon have thought of a Cow having the Chicken-pox.

Being in the vein for this sort of thing this morning [Note down *Happy Thought.*—When ought one to write for *The Lancet*? Answer—When you're "in the vein." Arrange this.] I ask TROTT, "Can a Cow have the Chicken-pox?"

"Well," says TROTT, deliberately, and for a second taking his eyes off the horse to look at me, only without turning his head—a movement of which the careless animal seems perfectly aware, as he takes that opportunity of making such a stumble as very nearly brings him down, whereupon I interrupt TROTT, to say, in a surprised tone, "Hulloa!" to intimate that TROTT ought really to hold his reins tighter. He doesn't, however; he only says,

"She's all right: never came down yet, and never will. It's a slouchy way she has, but she's as safe as the Bank. You were saying, Sir, about a Cow having the Chicken-pox. Well, I s'pose you've heard of the Cow-pox?"

Of course I have; but, at this minute, I can't recollect when or where, or how, or in connection with what. I have heard of it, and so I reply to TROTT, as though a new light had broken in upon me, "O, that's it, is it?"

"That's it," says MR. TROTT, drily. He looks so straight before him at the careless horse's ears, that I cannot see whether he is slightly smiling, or not.

If smiling, why does he smile?

I knew, and at the same time I arrive at the reason of his comparative reticence on the subject of animals and their peculiarities. This branch of knowledge is his stock-in-trade, to gain which he has had to attend Horsey, Cowy, and Piggy Lectures, to pass an examination, and come out with a degree.

Happy Thought.—"B.A."—Bachelor of Animals.

Or, if not with a degree, with a Diploma. Well, all this has cost him money, and, evidently, why should he give me, *gratis*, because I'm riding in a gig with him, such information on Horses, Cows, and other quadrupeds, as would enable me (after one drive with

him, with a note-book and a good memory) to set up as a Vet in a small way myself?

Of course he won't.

Could I expect a Solicitor to give me his opinion? Wouldn't he be justified in replying, "No, my dear friend, if you are in want of six-and-eightpence, here it is, but I keep my opinion to myself." Could I expect a Barrister to give me the benefit of his experience? or a Doctor?

No, I am convinced that questions, put to a professional man, in a friendly and confidential way, on purely professional matters, are unfair.

Though, for the above-mentioned reasons, which I fairly think out to myself as we drive along, I am going to drop the subject, yet I can't help inquiring,—

"Is it only short-necked animals that are subject to apoplexy?"

I feel that it is an unfair question for me to put, as it really might have been one of the chief tests in MR. TROTT's examination papers when he was a Veterinary Student.

Giving the loose reins a slight check, he returns,—

"Short-necked, or short-horned?"

Short-necked, I meant; but, if I'm wrong—

"Yes," he says, "all short-necked 'uns—Bulls, Cows, and sheep."

Happy Thought.—Not Giraffes, then? They're well out of the way of apoplexy.

I suggest this to MR. TROTT, who seems to look at me sideways for a second, and then, distinctly, smiles, as if this were something new to him.

After all, he has not lost by his information, as I've presented him with an idea, of which he can make what use he pleases. On it he might build up a Theory, on the Theory a Practice; then call at the Zoological Gardens, mention Giraffes and apoplexy before a Committee meeting, and be elected Special Surgeon and Medical Attendant-in-Chief to the Zoological Collection. Then there would be an additional attraction besides "Feeding Time," which might be (well advertised) "Medicine Time."

However, the point now is to talk about CLUMBER and his horse before we get to CLUMBER'S.

"CLUMBER'S honest and straightforward," says TROTT; "I've never heard anything against him." He admits so much, as though there might be something, *not* to CLUMBER'S knowledge, which had not, as yet, reached his (TROTT'S) ears.

"But," continues MR. TROTT, "when it's about a horse I wouldn't trust my own father."

"That's why I called you in," I say, complimenting MR. TROTT'S professional skill and my own cleverness. Connecting my answer with TROTT'S previous observation, I am aware that I seem to represent CLUMBER as my father, or something like it.

"You're quite right, Sir," says TROTT. "What does he want for it?"

"Forty, I think—at least, judging from what MR. SROKUR said."

"Um!" says MR. TROTT. "If he's a good 'un, at that price it's a bargain. If he ain't, there must be something precious queer about him, and it 'ud be a dead loss of the money, besides danger to life and limb."

"Quite so." My sentiments to a turn.

"Does CLUMBER expect me?" asks MR. TROTT.

"No, he doesn't." MR. TROTT smiles. "The fact is," I go on, "it only occurred to me to come to you about it this morning."

I am about to, what the lawyers call, "spring" TROTT on CLUMBER. Here we are.

The Vizier's Last.

"WHY," asked the Grand Vizier, "is the *Turkish Wedding March*, composed by KIZIN ALI KHAN, like some part of ornamental drapery?"

"Because," he went on, seeing that nobody spoke, "it is a *Fec-ton*."

The SULTAN clapped his hands, and immediately a thousand ebony slaves dragged the too daring Vizier from the presence. His sentence was, to be first Bambood and then Bamboozled. After this they won't know what to do with him.

From Ashantee Land.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

As yet we seem to have mastered scarcely the A B C of war in spite of our latest A B Cinnian experience.

[*• *To the Public.*—This is all that our Correspondent on the Gold Coast has sent us since he has been out. He means "Abyssinian." But is the joke worth eight thousand a year for life, with a guarantee to his widow? Now, we really do not think it is. If he does not send something else, the contract will be considered as broken.]



STRETCH OF PRIVILEGE.

Daughter of the House (to a Privileged Old Friend of the Family). "DEAR MR. LUPUS, YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELF. I SHOULD SO LIKE TO HAVE YOU WALTZ THIS ONCE WITH ME."

Privileged Old Friend. "MY DEAR CHILD, I DON'T DANCE; BUT, IF IT SUITS YOU, I WOULDN'T MIND SITTING HERE WITH MY ARM ROUND YOUR WAIST, WHILE THE OTHERS ARE MAKING THEMSELVES DIZZY."

BA! BA! BLACK SHEEP!

A Lay of Ashantee.

Ho! Newsboy! bring the paper!
It is all the same to me—
Times, Telegraph, or Standard.
What's the news from Ashantee?
For Politics I care not—
Hang the Trial of BAZAINE!
Home Rule! and DISRAELI!
And the Telegrams from Spain!
This is no time for trifling:—
All our prices may increase;
All my friends be smashed on Railways,
Or abused by the Police!
I am one whose business habits
Cannot dull his martial soul;
And my ardour burns within me—
It's a substitute for Coal!
Though my scuttle may be empty,
I imagine in my glee
A vicarious perspiration
When I read of Ashantee!
For there no dreaded enemy
Brings Science to the fight;
No needle-guns to shoot our sons
Before they are in sight;
But cheap and nasty weapons
(How I love to think of them!)
Bad powder, and worse barrels
Of time-serving Brummagem!
And the greatest satisfaction
In our modern British eyes
Is, to think we're only hitting
At a man not half our size.

So our Valour is Discretion;
We can boldly cross the sea,
Send out our Cracks to make the Blacks
Behave in Ashantee!
Through the land the tale is thrilling
Of the Stores so thickly sent
(Let the cargoes all be useless,
But our money must be spent)—
Many thousand bales of blankets
Are suggested by the wise,
And unnumbered pairs of trousers,
To impede our bare Allies;
Traction-Engines, that with whistle
Shall strike terror to our foes,
And some fifty tons of pekera
Are thrown in by "One Who Knows."
Twice a hundred miles of Railway,
When our Troops would onward push,
Neatly packed in pic-nic baskets,
To be laid down in the Bush.
A small fleet of patent lifeboats
To be used across the plains,
If advance should be retarded
By the unexpected rains.
Worst comforters, goloshes,
Strapless skates of newest plan,
Kalydor to give our soldiers
An immunity from tan!
Of all that Art can furnish,
Of all that Wealth can buy,
We'll have no lack—against the Black
We'll not work niggerdly;
Load all our ships to fulness!
Send out any one but me!
At home in bed I'll back the Red
To win in Ashantee!

Twaddle not to me of fevers,
Of malaria on the plains;
Even here in modern London
We have trouble with our drains.
You may prate of savage cunning,
Urge KING COFFEE is no fool,
Make much cry about this Black sheep,
And respect his Royal wool;
It is easy (from this distance,
Which lends strength to all my views)
To upset his pig-stye palace,
Burn his city of bamboos—
Where this grand Imperial Savage
Boasts Palm-oil his end in life—
And for sceptre wields a thigh-bone
Of a late lamented wife;
Where his babies ply for rattle
Fantee ribs, as ready toys,
And the skulls of conquered chieftains
Are the footballs of his boys!
Is the picture black I've painted?
Do you doubt the likeness true?
Go! and judge yourselves, my heroes!
That's the work I leave to you.
For Improvement is the motto
That rules mankind to-day
(We've published Maps, that no mishaps
May make you lose your way).
Go! improve this noble Savage.
I can prophesy his lot.
What's in a name? But all the same
KING COFFEE goes to pot!

WHAT MILLIONNAIRES SMOKE.—Golden Returns.



NUDA VERITAS.

Mrs. Debonnair (urged by an irresistible Impulse to ask a plain Question). "TELL ME, MRS. VERJUICE, WHEN YOU COME TO SEE ME, WHY, WHY DO YOU SO PERSISTENTLY SING THE PRAISES OF MRS. WHATSERNAME?"

Mrs. Verjuice (urged by an irresistible Impulse to answer the plain Truth). "WELL, MRS. DEBONNAIR, THE FACT IS, I AM NOT FORTUNATE, GOOD-LOOKING, POPULAR, AND BELOVED AS YOU ARE, AND, CONSEQUENTLY, HATE YOU. I CANNOT TELL YOU SO IN SO MANY WORDS, BUT I CAN INSINUATE BY MY EXTRAYAGANT PRAISE OF MRS. WHATSERNAME (WHOM, BY THE BYE, I HATE ALMOST AS MUCH AS I DO YOU) THAT I RATE VERY LOW THE GIFTS WHICH YOU ENJOY, AND WHICH I SO BITTERLY ENVY YOU. IF YOU BUT KNEW HOW INFINITELY MORE YOUR POSSESSION OF THESE GOOD THINGS PAINS ME THAN MY IMPLIED DEPRECIATION OF THE SAME CAN POSSIBLY PAIN YOU, YOU WOULD FEEL FOR, PITY, AND FORGIVE ME!"

REVIVAL FOR RAILWAYS.

THE Railway Accident at Wigan has been ascribed by a Coroner's Jury to the system of management pursued on the London and North-Western Line. Yet the Directors of the London and North-Western Company inform the claimants of compensation for injuries thence received that they—

"Have given the matter their best consideration, and deeply sympathise with the sufferers; but as they cannot see that any blame is attached to them, they decline to entertain any application made to them for compensation, and further, that they have instructed their solicitors to defend any action brought against them."

The verdict of a Coroner's Jury may convey a groundless imputation, and the London and North-Western Company's Directors, when they assert that they are not to blame for the Wigan accident, may say what is true. Which of these two possibilities is the case another Jury will decide if any sufferer is bold enough to try conclusions at law with a wealthy Confederacy. Litigation on questions of this kind would perhaps be lessened by a partial re-enactment, with a little modification, of the old law of deodand. Under that law anything of the nature of property which had been instrumental, though casually, to the death of a human being, became forfeit to the Crown.

If, therefore, a passenger train running into a goods train had killed any person or persons, the goods train and the passenger train would both have been forfeited, the passenger train for having run into the goods train, and the goods train for having been in the way. Suppose deodand were so far re-established as the commutation of the forfeiture for a sum of money, to be assessed, in every case of fatal Railway Accident, by a Coroner's Jury, and divided amongst the kindred of the slain. Then, perhaps, Railway Accidents, fatal or not, would soon become very considerably less frequent than they are now, and consequently the cases in which unfortunate persons would have to sue Railway Companies, in order to wring compensation from them for maims and mutilations, would be very much fewer.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—Warm weather.

A SALVO FOR OUR SCHOOL-BOARD.

BRavo, London School-Board!
You have started fair,
Like a band of brothers
Voting REED your Chair.

Thus—sing O be joyful!—
Leaving in the lurch
That worst cause of causes,
Chapel *versus* Church.

Kicking from your Board-room
That sour Discord's apple
Which bears, writ on one side,
"Church," on t'other "Chapel."

Though a Nonconformist,
Churchmen had the wit—
Seeing REED the fittest
In the Chair to sit—

With Dissenting Colleagues
Wisely to combine,
And so to all School-Boards
Give a lead and line!

Such should be the School-Board
First ruled by a LAWRENCE—
Worker who of idle
Words must feel abhorrence.*

Be each Churchman—leader
On the Board a fixture,
While this is the working
Of a GREGORY's mixture.

Thank you, CANON CROMWELL,
For good sense so rare,
Worthy your profession;
And the name you bear.

One can see the giant
Whose blood you inherit—
With a change of letter,
But no change of spirit—

In his voice of thunder
On this School-Board brabble,
Coming with decisive
"Take away that babble!"

Thanks, p'raps, to the CROMWELL
Reckoned in your ranks,
Taking hence that "babble,"
School-Board, take our thanks.

Ushered in by concord,
May your work succeed,
And deserve a Chairman
Of the name of REED.

Till each small street-Arab,
Leaving gutter-fun,
For a spell of schooling
Unto REED may run.

Till into the School-fold
Our stray sheep we lead,
And the happy time comes,
All that run may read.

* "The mortal enemy of words
full of sound and fury, signifying
nothing." "Tod-feind der wort-
schallen," as Goethe described him-
self.

ANOTHER NEW MEAT MARKET.

BOTH importers and consumers
will be glad to hear that large sup-
plies of preserved beef are hourly
expected to arrive in this country
from the banks of the Oxus.

A STRING OF QUESTIONS.



How many people can say what Political Economy really means?

How many people know what is the object of expeditions to the North Pole?

How many women could tell you the difference between the Lord Chancellor and the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

How many parents are looking forward with unmixed joy to their boys being at home for the six weeks of the Christmas Vacation?

How many messengers, porters, errand boys, crossing-sweepers, and beadles, pew-openers, and servants, commissionnaires, &c., are now displaying extraordinary civility, alacrity, and attention, stimulated by the near approach of Boxing-Day?

How many people have carefully read the Pope's Eneyeclial through?

How many amongst us have enjoyed the midnight open-air instrumental concerts of the Waits, and are ready to volunteer a substantial acknowledgment of those performances?

How many turkeys will be eaten within the next fortnight?

How many persons have a distinct notion of what DEAN SWIFT wrote (besides *The Four Last Years of Queen Anne*)?

How many "well educated" people could describe the geographical position of the Gold Coast?

How many of the inhabitants of London could give a clear account of the causes of London fogs?

How many tens of thousands are anticipating, with delight, the publication of *Punch's Almanack*?

A REAL BLOCK SYSTEM.

It has been proved that Railway Accidents for the most part are preventable, and it is believed that what is thought to be economy prevents the introduction of such preventive measures as might lead to their decrease. In autumn time especially the Signal-men and Engine-drivers are too often worked to death, and the loss of life which follows is not merely their own, but that of sundry of the public, whose fate it is to travel by the trains under the guidance of these over-worked officials. The engines, too, break down, being also worked to death, and when the line is blocked in this way a fast train rattles up, and carriages are smashed, and people who are in them. To put on extra servants, or to keep a closer eye on the rolling stock, would doubtless cost some money, and decrease the rate of dividend; so the Directors, in their wisdom, decide to run the risk of having to pay damages for accidents, so called, which are the fruit of their economy. Mere flesh and blood weighs nothing in their selfish estimation, and while they think it pays to work their line on the cheap and deadly system, we may be certain they will stick to it, regardless of the suffering and sorrow it may bring. But cannot Parliament protect us? some poor innocents may ask. Why, yes—of course it can; but that it won't is pretty clear, so long as some three hundred of its Members are Directors of our Railways, and band together in a body to squelch any endeavour to obtain railway reform. If the public wish for this, we may wish that they may get it, but, with the present House of Commons, we fear they have small chance of it. When the general election comes, let them bear the fact in mind, and, when canvassed for their votes, say, No Director Need Apply.

An Habitual Offender.

OUR friend 'ARRY, who has returned from the Continong, perusing a newspaper, read out the following telegram from Constantinople:—

"At yesterday's sitting of the Tonnage Commission, EREN PASHA stated that the Porte warmly approved of the idea of a compromise, and hoped it would be successful."

"EREN PASHA!" cried 'ARRY. "I thought Pashas was Ma'ometans, and not 'eathens."

DENIABLE INTELLIGENCE.

LEAVE to winter in the *Serpentine* has been conceded by the Admiralty to the whole of the Swiss Fleet.

The chief Brewers at Burton are erecting by subscription a handsome public Drinking Fountain.

The President of the New York Cattle Club has just become a member of the Vegetarian Society.

MESSIEURS NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY have left England on a visit to His Holiness the POPE.

The London School Board have determined that plain needlework and cooking shall be taught upon alternate days at each of their girls' schools.

The Foreman of the Jury in the pending monster trial will be raised to the Peerage with the title of LORD SATITOUT.

From a manuscript in the possession of a descendant of his tailor, it appears that PETER THE GREAT measured barely five feet and two inches in his highest-heeled dress boots.

The Royal Horse-Marines at Portsmouth will be supplied with spurs and saddles on the first of April next.

With a view to Christmas feasting, the KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS has recently been making mince-meat of his enemies.

Upwards of Ten Millions are bespoken of *Punch's Almanack*.

Something to Rejoice Over.

(See *Athenaeum*.)

HOOHAY, hurrah! Let bells resound!

Amends for fogs, dear coals, trade slackness!

Keen MR. FURNIVALL has found

That CHAUCER's mother's name was AGNES.

PRETERNATURAL PROCEEDINGS!

CONVERSION OF A THIEF!

KINDNESS OF A PROSECUTOR!

GENTLENESS OF A JURY!

MERCY IN A MAGISTRATE!

GRATITUDE IN THE GUILTY!

LAST week, at the Surrey Sessions, before MR. HARDMAN, Chairman, WILLIAM BROAD was charged with stealing two half-sovereigns, the property of his master, MR. GODWIN-AUSTEN, of Shalford House, Surrey. It appeared that many complaints had been made of losses by visitors and others staying in MR. GODWIN-AUSTEN's house, and therefore, under direction of a detective, marked money was put into a pocket-book, which was left in a room to which the prisoner had access. Later, the marked money was found in BROAD's box. The culprit was defended, but his advocate had scarcely begun his speech when,

—"without any warning, the prisoner fell violently on the floor of the dock in a fit. His struggles were very severe, and it took several persons to hold him. The surgeon of the prison net being at hand, the Chairman directed the nearest doctor to be sent for, and adjourned the Court.

"At the expiration of three-quarters of an hour the prisoner was sufficiently recovered to admit of the case going on. He then expressed, through his counsel, a wish to withdraw his plea and plead guilty, throwing himself on the mercy of the Court.

"The jury recommended him to mercy, and MR. GODWIN-AUSTEN said he had only prosecuted the prisoner on public grounds, and expressed strongly his wish not to press hardily on the prisoner, who was an orphan, and who had recently lost his sister, which loss had affected him greatly.

"The Chairman said that, taking into consideration all the circumstances, the age of the prisoner, and the recommendations to mercy, he thought the justice of the case would be met by a sentence of three months.

"The prisoner, who had evidently anticipated a very much heavier sentence, was then removed."

The above dramatic, suggestive, and affecting scene would be interesting in itself. But, when we give one of the answers of a witness, and show how all these miraculous results were produced, and what influence threw the prisoner (for his good) into a fit, turned his heart and made him penitent, bade the benevolent prosecutor intercede for him, the jury recommend him to mercy, and softened the excellent magistrate's heart, causing him to astonish the guilty one with a mild sentence, the universe will indeed be ecstatic.

MR. ALFRED GODWIN-AUSTEN (son of the prosecutor) said that it was in his pocket-book that the marked money was placed.

"By MR. HARDMAN—The pocket-book was not usually kept in the drawer. I carry it about with me. IT IS A PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK."

Comment would be an insult to all who are capable of appreciating supernatural agencies, and who will instantly rush forth and purchase *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1874.

[Advertisement.]

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



TRACTLY in pursuance of an arrangement made with him by the Council of the Society of Arts, Mr. FRANK BECKLAND intends to deliver, in the beginning of January, a short course of lectures, for juvenile hearers exclusively, "On the Structure and Habits of Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, as showing Beauty and Design." An accomplished naturalist will not fail to both instruct and entertain a youthful audience in pointing out examples of beauty and design in the habits as well as in the structure of the lower creatures. He will doubtless be able to adduce plenty. Are there as many instances of design and beauty, discernable by a competent philosopher, not only in the structure but likewise in the habits of a higher race? Its structural beauties, especially as exhibited in the female face and form, are numerous no doubt, and the habits of human beings of the softer sex, in the sense of personal ways and usages are, some of them, beautiful in so far as they are fascinating. Design, too, is exemplified not less in their habits, as above considered, than in

their structure; the design, that is, of attracting admiration. In these respects they manifest beauty and design to the meanest capacity. But, in respect to their habits and structures considered as apparel, what is to be said about design and beauty? For instance, wherein is the beauty, and what is the design, of long habits which drizzle in the dust? and what design and what beauty can be made out in that structure of false hair, shreds, and patches, called a "chignon"? Immense beauty for a wild Indian very likely, and apparently a design to captivate a native of that description. A course of lectures on "Beauty and Design, as conspicuous in the Feminine Toilet and Fashions," might be given with much benefit to wives and daughters, and more to fathers and husbands, and men about to marry, by an Anthropological Professor imbued with just ideas of Art.

FROST AND FOLLY.

Frost came, and straightway ice began
To form on ponds and pools.
Frost went, and baulking many a plan
Of skating, saved some fools.

Boats, drags, and men, did the Humane
Society prepare ;
All which precautions were in vain :
But do not yet despair.

Of winter there are weeks to come ;
A month, and maybe more.
The Serpentine may yet, in some
Short time, be frozen o'er.

Still so that, doubtless, here and there
The ice will be too thin
Advancing simpletons to bear ;
And they will tumble in.

They, if not drowned, a death of cold
May catch; at least, will get
A ducking. Blockheads, be consoled—
You may be happy yet!

TO THE KITCHEN.

WE recommend to the notice of all domestic servants a work entitled *Not to be Broken*. They like a novel. Let them read this, and show by their future conduct that they have profited by its perusal.

PERAMBULATORS AND PEDESTRIANS.

It is said that a Deputation is being organised to wait upon the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS, and, if possible, obtain from him the recall of the subjoined order, of which he has caused notices to be posted on boards in all the walks and avenues in Hyde Park leading into Rotten Row:—

"Bath chairs and perambulators may not be brought into these walks between the hours of 4 P.M. and 7 P.M."

A Deputation organised to remonstrate with a Minister against the exclusion of Perambulators from public ways, may be supposed to be one of a peculiar composition, consisting largely, if not entirely, of ladies and nursemaids. Yet, if Perambulators are anywhere compatible with the safety of pedestrians' toes and shins, it is in the Parks. One would think that the walks in Hyde Park were almost wide enough for them and their infant occupants. If they are excluded from those paths, they ought, *a fortiori*, to be ordered off all the pavements. Otherwise, their exclusion from the approaches to Rotten Row will produce an effect like that of closing a chapel-of-ease. Thus it will render them a greater nuisance in the streets than ever. Dangerously obstructive in any of the arteries, they are comparatively innocuous in the lungs of London.

Wanted a Faculty.

DR. TRISTRAM has refused the application of the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, for a faculty to erect a "Baldachino" in that Church. What those applicants really want is a faculty to do nothing of the kind; that is, the faculty of common sense.

WHAT RURAL DEANS SMOKE.—"Churchwardens."



HAVING THE BEST OF IT.

Foxhunter (condescendingly). "YOUR NAG LOOKS FRESHER THAN MINE TO-DAY, PIPKIN!"

Pipkin (a fast-driving Baker). "NOTHIN' LIKE KEEPIN' HIM IN CONDITION, I SAY, SQUIRE. ME AND MY PONY GOES TWENTY MILE A DAY WITH A CART, AND WE'RE ALWAYS READY!"

SITTINGS IN ERROR.

It may be judged by some people rather a grand thing to serve on a Grand Jury; but that Grand Jurors themselves are not so very much impressed by the grandeur of their service would appear from the following memorial, which *Mr Punch* preserves as a condensed essay on a question that affects a vast number of unfortunate but otherwise respectable men:—

"The Grand Jury, assembled at the Quarter Sessions for the Borough of Birmingham, respectfully represent that while recognising the duty of every citizen to aid, regardless of inconvenience, in the administration of the law, whenever required, yet cannot terminate its labours on the present occasion without expressing a very strong opinion that the time has arrived when the functions of Grand Juries in large towns and districts should cease, as having been long practically superseded by the full investigation in public that invariably takes place before competent magistrates, with the invaluable aid of skilled legal advisers of both prosecutor and prisoner before them, and before whom the evidence is thoroughly sifted and commitment thoroughly weighed before being resolved upon. Contrasted with this, the unaided, haphazard, and entirely one-sided investigation in the Grand Jury room, must appear to every thoughtful mind as superfluous and unsatisfactory, relating as it does to a state of society long since vanished and gone. The Grand Jury, therefore, cannot but feel that the loss of time most valuable to them involved in their attendance here is not compensated by any real assistance that they have given in the administration of justice. It may also be stated, on good authority, that criminals have ever counted upon the difficulties Grand Juries have to contend with in eliciting evidence as an important point in their favour."

There is, clearly, no denying the presence of good sense in this appeal, although there may be some slight doubt as to the presence of good grammar. But there is not the slightest doubt that, to "every thoughtful mind," the serving on a jury of any sort or kind can rarely be regarded as being "satisfactory," or, indeed, as being anything except a horrid nuisance. It entails, in most cases, a costly waste of time, and an alarming cost of temper; and although a Special Juror may pride himself on having done the State a special service, the odds are, after all, that, unlike the jury, the service is a

petty one. A Grand Juror, however, not merely finds his work a nuisance, but may well be fearful of its causing an injustice. "Unaided, haphazard, and entirely one-sided," his criminal investigation can hardly be considered a harmless superfluity. If rogues and rascals can count upon the voice of a Grand Jury to favour their escape from the punishment they merit, surely honest people shortly will come to the conclusion that the calling of Grand Juries is a grand mistake.

CHRISTMAS-DAY FOLK-LÖRE.

If Christmas-Day falls on a Sunday, they say in Shropshire that valuable pieces of Church preferment will become vacant during the next twelve months.

If it falls on a Monday, there is a prevalent belief in the East Riding of Yorkshire that the apple crop will be different from the pear crop, and the cherry crop show a marked contrast to the plum crop.

If it falls on a Tuesday, there is a common saying in Glamorganshire that the emigration will be greater from Liverpool than from Lowestoft.

If it falls on a Wednesday, it is impossible to persuade the lower orders in Huntingdonshire that there will not be vacancies in the House of Commons before another year is out.

If it falls on a Thursday (as this year), every school-boy in Northumberland knows that the Bank rate of Discount will be subject to considerable fluctuations.

If it falls on a Friday, the old women in Suffolk nod their heads and predict that a per-centage of the adult population will contract unlucky marriages.

If it falls on a Saturday, you cannot shake the strong conviction which runs through all the Home Counties that the Peerage will receive an accession to its ranks before another December comes round.

A RITUALIST RECITAL.



ACCORDING to the *Morning Post*, the VENERABLE ARCHDEACON DENISON recently gave one of his highly celebrated imitations at the church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate-street, where "there was a high ritualistic ceremony, with incense, banners, and processions;" and MR. DENISON preached a sermon on "confession," maintaining that "it was most blissful and most full of all peace." The *Post* mentions that,—

"When speaking of the joys of Heaven, which confession would secure, the ARCHDEACON lifted up an elaborately embroidered stole, kissed it, and then solemnly placed it around his neck."

It may, perhaps, be objected that this bit of pantomime was a little out-Heroding Herod, if we may venture to apply such a name as Herod to the character of a Roman Catholic priest, of which the original performer does not at least make a practice of kissing his clothes. ARCHDEACON DENISON, however, must have all due credit for acquaintance with a part which he has no doubt carefully studied.

If Dissenters were sufficiently liberal-minded, they might derive a lesson in mutual toleration from ARCHDEACON DENISON'S example. None of them, that are at all orthodox, differ so widely as he does, both as to doctrine and ritual, from the Protestant clergy of the Church of England, in which, however, he is content to abide. Why cannot they, then, conform to it as well as he does, and dissent from its principles and practice, within its pale, to any extent they please.

CHINESE CAPERS.

SEVERAL Liverpool grocers have lately been fined for selling tea largely adulterated with steel-filings and sand. The public analyst was of opinion that the adulteration was effected in China.

The tea imported from British India is reported perfectly pure. This is so far a comfort. We rejoice in that fact for the sake of the mild Hindoo, who grows, and the mis-used British consumer, who has to drink. Let us all make a note. While we stick to the growth of Assam and Katchar we are safe from such strange ingredients in "the cup that cheers, but not," &c., as steel-filings and Prussian blue, China clay and catechu.

The tea impounded at Liverpool was of the kind known in the trade as *Caper*. It is somewhat comforting to know that this particular rascality may be called a Chinese caper. But how many English capers of the same order has the unhappy consumer still to put up with!

If we could but see JOHN BULL cutting such capers, we might put up with all JOHN CHINAMAN can do to prove himself more than a match for English JOHN in the inglorious field of adulteration.

It is a bad race to enter for, and the worst of it is that the

Heathen Celestials' skill in this kind of swindling, and the British Christians' run so nearly neck and neck, that it is impossible—all Celestial capers to the contrary notwithstanding—honestly to pronounce JOHN BULL a bit behind JOHN CHINAMAN in the race of roguery.

A BOLD RYDER.

"NAY, the deuce take those who cannot say a good word for themselves," retorts *Miss*, in *Polite Conversation*, when her lover has credited himself with some merit. ADMIRAL RYDER BURTON is in no danger from the gentle little "cuss" breathed by *Miss Notable*. Having to defend himself from the charge of writing some objectionable letters, the gallant Admiral, according to the reports, incidentally mentioned that "from the earliest period of his existence to the present time he had always borne a religious, moral, and chivalrous character, and every Admiral or Captain under whom he had served could and had certified that he was one of the most gallant of officers, and an ornament to his profession." The Admiral is aged, and has learned wisdom, and knows that when you want a thing done well you should do it yourself. Ha! ha! Admiral, *Punch* drinks off a can of flip to you, and is sorry that you should be bothered in your old age. He remembers you when your jolly sailor voice rang out on the hustings, as no doubt it did on your quarter-deck, and how boldly you then asserted your individuality. Was there not some poetic version of one of your speeches ending—

"None of your humbug, none of your shammy,
I'm CAPTAIN RYDER BURTON,—

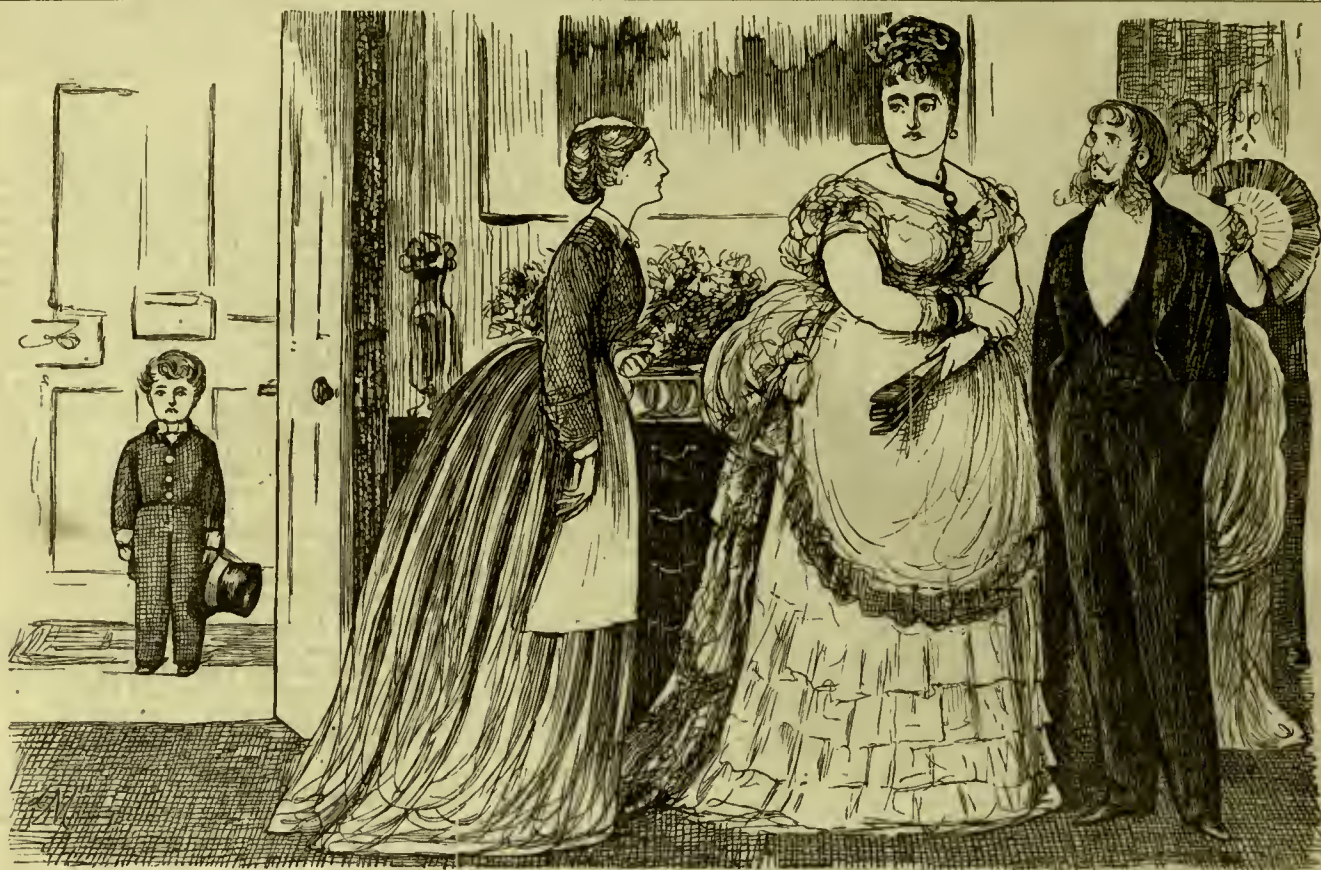
it is so long ago that *Mr. Punch* forgets the rhyme. But he makes this memorandum to show you how well he recollects old friends. You have been wounded in your country's service, and he wishes you well out of this botheration, however it may have been brought about.

THE MASK OF HOME RULE.

LET us hope that Germany and Italy, respectively united and combined together, may be strong and strong-looking enough to deter France from going to war for an idea, with an object, and from a motive—the idea of replacing the POPE on his temporal throne, the object of regaining Elsass and Lothringen, and the motive of revenge. Then will not come to pass the contingency foreboded by MR. DISRAELI at Glasgow, that "it may be open to England again to take a stand upon the Reformation, which, three hundred years ago, was the source of her greatness and her glory." Nor, in that case, will be realised the calamity which the RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN contemplated when he proceeded to say, that "our connection with Ireland will then be brought painfully to our consciousness, and I should not be at all surprised if the visor of Home Rule should fall off some day, and you beheld a very different countenance." The visor of Home Rule is a very thin mask indeed, and quite pellucid enough to be seen through already with half an eye. Ireland does not want Home Rule for Home purposes; wants nothing for those but subsidies and exemption from taxes. The countenance behind the visor of Home Rule is a countenance that looks to foreign policy. Granted the visor, it would drop off and show the countenance behind it, on the first opportunity for making that disclosure, to the detriment of England. The foreign policy behind the pretence of Home Rule is the policy of making common cause with the United States in case of a quarrel between ourselves and America, and it is the policy of aiding against this Protestant kingdom, with any Ultramontane Crusade that may break out in Europe.

CLANDESTINE MUNIFICENCE.

FROM a letter in the *Times*, bearing the signature of CHARLES OPPENHEIM, it appears that the statue of the late PRINCE CONSORT, on the Holborn Viaduct, is the gift of somebody unknown. Here is a fact fit to puzzle a psychologist. One can understand the discovery of bank-notes to any amount in a poor-box, they having been put there, possibly, by a reasonable person. A logical but literal understanding, combined with theological convictions, forms, indeed, the very condition which would account for secret and unlimited almsgiving. But he that (as DR. JOHNSON may be imagined saying) clandestinely presents the public with a work of Art, performs an act which, however munificent, is not one he can hope to be rewarded for hereafter. As he gets neither fame nor money by it, he puts himself to an expense for which he obtains no reward here that is perceptible. Self-approval may be supposed to afford some minds a gratification which might repay anonymous expenditure on the erection of a monument. But what sort of minds? Those, surely, of individuals possessed of money in a proportion much exceeding that of their brains.



A PROTECTOR.

"IF YOU PLEASE, MISS LILIAN, YOUR MAMMA HAS SENT THE FOOTMAN TO SEE YOU HOME!"

WHITEWASHER AND WHITEWASHED.

BOB he whitewashed Bobby,
Praised his pluck, his pith;
Magnified his merits,
Called his spots a myth;

Swore that ne'er was City
Blessed with such police,
Needs must he should praise them
Who so keep the peace.

Of whitewashing Bobby
Bob has done the job;
Wanted, now, a Bobby
That will whitewash Bob.

Get rid of the notion
That Bob is a screw;
Penny-wise, it may be,
But pound-foolish too.

(Idem: *Latinè Redditum.*)

BULL's *top-pocket* buttons
Bent so to keep tight,
That the holes at bottom
He o'erlooketh quite.

Wanted a brave Bobby
Who can staud at ease,
Offering to whitewash
Bob of spots like these.

DEALBATO DEALBARI.

ROBERTULUM ROBERTUS
Nuper dealbavit;
In laudes Robertuli
Fortiter juravit.

Quenam urbs vidit unquam
Defensorem talem,
Furibus, grassatoribus,
Manum plusquam æqualem?

Ubinam Robertulus,
(Fronte audaci, certo)
Dealbandi vices
Qui reddat ROBERTO.

Hunc qui probet plusquam
Asse-sapientem;
Longius quodeunque
Desit providentem:

Nec in ore loculi
Eo usque intentum,
Ut foramina in fundo
Prætermittat centum.

Ubinam Robertulus
Manu fidâ, forti,
Hasce ad dealbandum
Maculas ROBERTI?

Smoking in Sicily.

ACCORDING to a telegram from the Eternal City:—
"The tobacco monopoly will probably be extended to Sicily."

Why the lightning-wire does not say; all we know is, that Etna smokes.

LIQUOR LAW FOR LAWYERS.

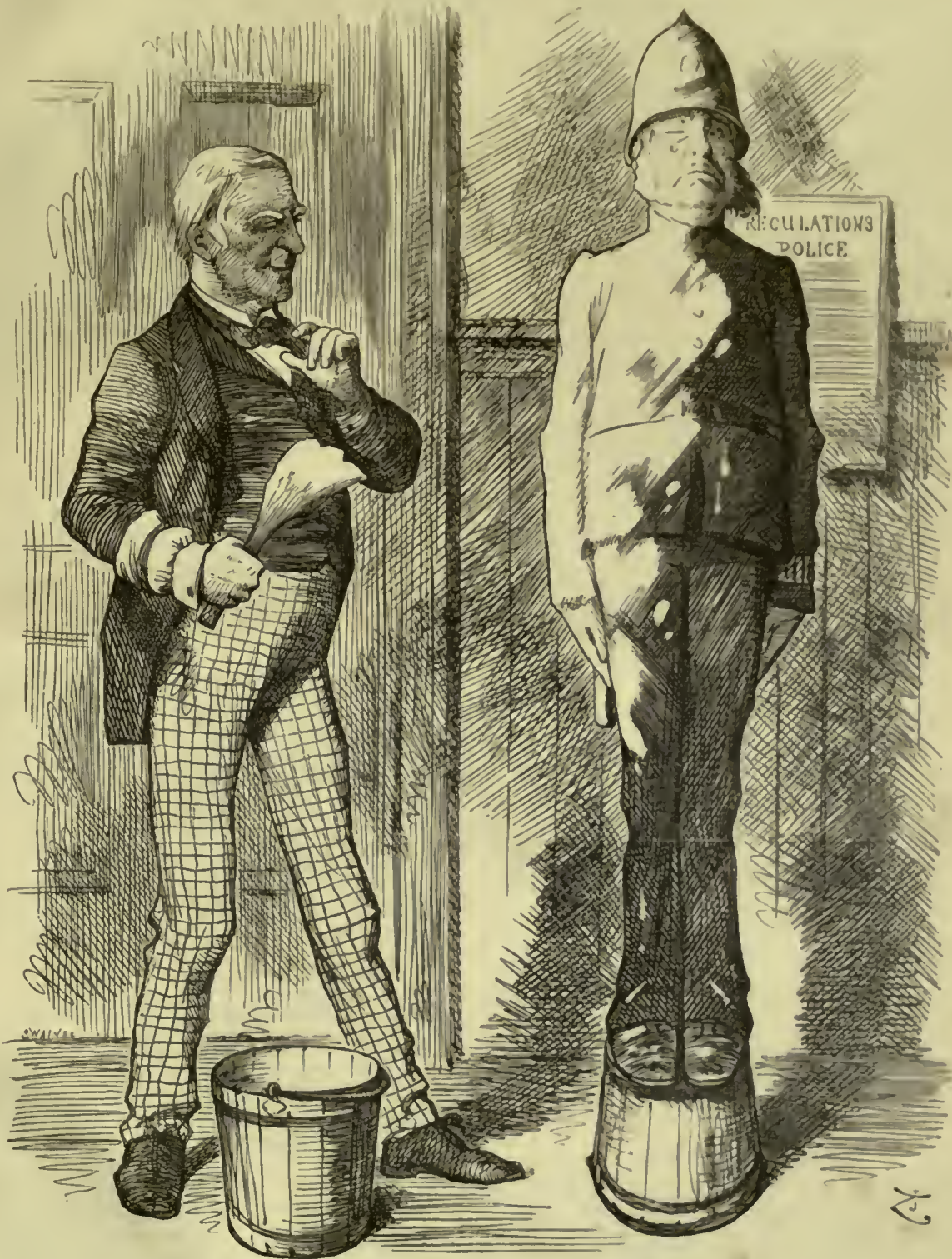
THE fanatics of the United Kingdom Alliance will, no doubt, next Session, make another attempt to get their Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law enacted. Perhaps they will introduce into it a clause for shutting up the Inns of Court.

Quakers' Meetings.

THE Society of Friends have lately held a Conference in London, to take into consideration the declining condition of that Body. The reason is very apparent. The discipline of the Society is too severe. At least, it is fair to draw this inference from the gloomy fact that the Conference was opened by "the Clerk of the Meeting for Sufferings."

WHAT ORNITHOLOGISTS SMOKE.—Birdseye.

WHAT THE PEERAGE SMOKES.—Cavendish.



LOW(E) ART AND WHITEWASH.

[See the HOME SECRETARY'S Defence of the British Constable.]



CHRISTMAS AND AUSTRALIAN BEEF-EATERS.



Striking Classes for Australian meat is one more gratifying proof of their progressional elevation, whereof the ascending scale is visibly measured by the rise of beef and of oysters. Don't mention Australian meat to those who are accustomed to rump-steaks and oyster-sauce. Not a word to them, especially just now, about any description of animal food of lower quality than good old English fare—roast beef and turkey, preliminary to plum-pudding and mince-pie. Washing down all those good things with abundance of "fizz," the sons of toil, and especially the jolly colliers, will generally, let us hope, thoroughly enjoy their Christmas.

THE butchers may or may not be pleased to hear that attempts are in course of being made to bring into consumption, besides Australian meat, also frozen joints, and steaks preserved in a liquid of which the nature has not as yet been disclosed. There is some doubt whether this latter food will go down with those inconsiderately called the poorer classes, who refuse the meat which comes from Australia. Referring to the parts and pieces of beef, mutton, and pork, fresh-killed, to which only they will vouchsafe to abase their appetites, the *Times* observes:—

"The prejudice to be overcome before the mass of our population will take to any description of meat beyond these, can be seen in the fact that Australian tinned cooked meat, which is far more economical than the lowest-priced butcher's meat, besides being more nutritious, is not yet sold in the poorer neighbourhoods to the extent it is among the middle and higher classes."

No doubt. The very paupers in the workhouses turn the nose of scorn up at Australian Meat, which they, whilst they were earning a truly good living, never tried. But what are called poor neighbourhoods contain many comparatively rich people, highly-paid artificers, inhabiting low-rented houses, being cheaply clad, and subject to next to no taxation but that of their gin. These prosperous people can, in fact, afford to eat butcher's meat much better than the great majority of the higher and middle classes, who pay all manner of taxes, have ostentation to support in respect of abode, attire, and other externals, and are fain to eat the cheapest meat they can at their own tables, seeing that none but the best the butcher sends is put up with in the kitchen. The contempt of the

A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR BISMARCK.

A MERRY Christmas to members of all denominations! Our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, on Sunday last week, were treated to a spiritual draught of water from the fountain-head, or, let us say, beer from the brewery. In all their Churches and Chapels, at High Mass, by order of their Archbishop, they had read to them either part or the whole of the plucky old POPE's thoroughgoing Encyclical Letter, just out, "upon the present persecution of the Catholic Church." There are thoughtless Protestants who, perhaps, under-estimate the severity of this persecution. They compare the treatment of the German Ultramontane Bishops of the present day with that which the early Christians experienced under NERO, and some of that Emperor's successors. And they pretend to say that ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOVSKI and his fellow-sufferers undergo no martyrdom because they are not any of them thrown to lions, or wrapped up in pitched canvass and set on fire, but merely get fined. Those cavaliers forget, or ignore, or deny, or do not know that LORD BYRON says:—

"Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket."

Religion does not make an Ultramontane less sensitive of a fine than an Evangelical is, unless perhaps in case the former have taken a vow of poverty. Moreover, being fined, though it is, in a sense, bleeding for the faith, does not, or used not to, for aught that has appeared, constitute the victim a canonical martyr, nor make him a confessor even. The persecution of the Ultramontane Prelates and Clergy is very real, and quite as severe as would be enough to make most Protestants subject to it roar. That is, the faithful are really and severely persecuted if they are really and truly fined for their faith.

Because, on the other hand, BISMARCK says that Ultramontanism is punished not as religion, but as rebellion; and then comes the question where religion ends and rebellion begins. Some light may be thrown upon this point by the statement in the *Times*, that, on the reading of the Encyclical, as above-mentioned:—

"By desire of ARCHBISHOP MANNING the faithful were at the same time formally warned, in their several congregations, that those who dispute or deny the definition of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, or impugn the decrees and dogmatical constitutions of the late Vatican Council, incur the penalties attaching to the sin of heresy, and are in danger of being excommunicated from the Unity of the Church, and from the Fold of Christ."

For Ultramontanes it thus seems clear that religion must include

everything which the POPE, *ex cathedra*, may declare to be religion. By the way, now that those within the Roman Catholic Church who do not believe this are to be shut out of it, not many more outsiders, perhaps, will enter it but those who have a fancy for a leap in the dark, which may some day commit them to collision with their country's laws. However, Infallibility only can draw the line between things civil and religious for its own. But, in the meantime, could it not cut the German knot which, for heretics at least, it cannot untie? Here the faithful, by order of DR. MANNING, have had the POPE's Encyclical read to them in every Roman Catholic Church and Chapel in London. What liberty for them to enjoy! Was the diatribe of His Holiness likewise read at Berlin? If not, why not? Apparently because there is no such Archbishop in Prussia as the titular ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. Now, could not his Holiness contrive to create such another there? Could he not reconstitute the whole German hierarchy, and turn the Church now bound to the State into a voluntary association? Suppose, in short, he caused it to disestablish and disendow itself. Then his Bishops in Germany would be as free as they are in England; and perhaps PRINCE BISMARCK would interfere with ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOVSKI as little as MR. GLADSTONE thinks of doing with ARCHBISHOP MANNING. What a reasonable stroke of policy on the POPE's part a decree of dissolution of partnership between Church and State would be! Prussia would, as for religious concord, no longer be in case to envy Ireland; the most persecuted of German prelates would lead as jolly a life as that of CARDINAL CULLEN. The repeal of that union which is the excuse of the Prussian Government for meddling with ecclesiastical affairs, would, if immediately pronounced in a papal edict, be a message of peace and good-will, peculiarly suitable to this festive season.

A Railway Safety Act.

A Goods Train is in the act of starting; a Mail Train dashes into it; the passengers escape with shakes and contusions, nothing but property is destroyed. Then what ought to be done? Of course the Board of Trade admonishes the Railway Directors of the line on which the accident occurred, in consequence of parsimonious arrangements, to be more careful for the future—or. What? The Board of Trade will do something. One thing it might do is to apply to Parliament for an Act, imposing a heavy penalty in any case of collision, whether attended with actual loss of life or not. If collisions were made more expensive to Railway Companies than precautions to prevent them, the precautions would be taken immediately.



"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, DE MOWBRAY? YOU SEEM SAD AND DEPRESSED!"

"HOW CAN I HELP IT, MY DEAR FELLOW? IT'S THE ANNIVERSARY OF A SAD EVENT IN OUR FAMILY. YOUNG AUBREY DE MOWBRAY (A YOUNGER SON, BUT A TRUE DE MOWBRAY) FELL THIS DAY, BY THE HAND OF A LOW-BORN SAXON, AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS!"

[De Mowbray weeps.]

CHRISTMAS ABROAD.

IN Poland they fasten up all the back doors, in the presence of unimpeachable witnesses, with gilt-headed nails, and burn branches of laurestinus and lavender, liberally steeped in brandy, before the houses of the wealthier inhabitants, to the music of castanets and hautboys.

In Greece the boys (if under twelve) and girls are allowed to remain in bed an hour later than usual; and the most muscular men in each parish take it in turns to sit astride the church weather-cock and proclaim the hour from four A.M. to four P.M., when they adjourn to the house of the Chief Architrave, and are regaled with sweetmeats and syllabubs at the expense of the rate-payers.

In Asia Minor the streets are strewn with crocuses and snowdrops at daybreak, and soft music is played at intervals, by wind instruments, in the piazzas and arcades without intermission.

In Illyria the principal dish is an Ibex roasted whole, stuffed with pistachio nuts, truffles, olives, ortolans, oysters, forcemeat balls, plovers' eggs, and Sultana raisins, and served up with a sauce consisting of cream, currant jelly, port wine, prunes, sweet almonds, and the best Maraschino.

In Sweden, all the dogs, cats, and domesticated poultry, have blue ribbons tied round their necks by the local Magistracy, to which little silver bells are subsequently attached by the unmarried ladies. A procession is then formed, headed by the hand-bells and companies of minstrels, answering in some respects to our Waits, but dressed in scarlet and orange, which makes the circuit of the town walls till the clocks strike twelve, when the torches are all extinguished, and the crowd go home to sup off curlews and cranberry tart.

In Savoy, the curious old custom of charming the spider—handed down from pre-historic times—is still kept up with much pomp and ceremony. Deputations from all the principal Guilds and Corporations attend, with flags and banners emblazoned with green spiders on a gold ground, and for many days beforehand the passes and

REQUIEM ON THE RHINOCEROS.

ZOOLOGY, that modern Muse,
In Regent's Park bewails her loss,
Hark how, whilst tears her eyes suffuse,
She mourns her gone Rhinoceros:

"Your holly with your eypress twine,
And blend your mistletoe with yew.
That loved Rhinoceros of mine
Has paid the debt to Nature due.

"As 'twere a seven-fold shield, his hide
Was proof 'gainst human thrust or throw.
But that fell shaft which Death hath shied
Lays Hog in toughest Armour low.

"Yet shall the Prince of Pachyderms,
Although his vital spark hath fled,
Become a banquet for the worms,
As useless creatures do when dead?

"The Lion's or the Tiger's maw
Sarcophagus more meet would be,
Unless the medicine-men foresaw
That with his tomb he'd disagree.

"But wheresoe'er his flesh have gone,
We'll piously preserve his bones,
Of him at least the skeleton
Shall ne'er descend to Davy Jones.

"And fare his carcase how it may,
No greedy grave shall gorge his skin,
It shall be stuffed and stewed away
A fit Museum's walls within.

"His snout, now sunk in brief repose,
Again in mimic life shall rise,
And so the horn upon his nose
Continue pointing to the skies."

TIT FOR TAT.

A "NATIONAL Federation of Employers" has been formed for defensive purposes against the designs of Trades' Unions. When Extortionists combine, Employers should unite.

gerges re-echo to this quaint ditty (sung to a street-organ accompaniment)—

"The Spider we charm,
To keep us from harm,
From warlock, and weevil, and drought;
From the sting of the bee,
And the foam of the Sea,
From toothache, lumbago, and gout."

And then they join hands and dance round the blazing yule log.

A Rare Waterfowl.

At a public meeting on Monday last week at Plymouth, convened by the Mayor, the medal of the Royal Humane Society was presented on behalf of that Association by the BISHOP OF EXETER to a young lady, MISS REYNOLDS, for having, in August last, saved a girl from drowning by swimming out to her assistance. This act of courage recalls to mind the similar exploits achieved by the brave GRACE DARLING, whose name has a sense in which it may be considered applicable to MISS REYNOLDS, with this addition, that a young lady who has saved life by personal swimming deserves moreover to be accounted a regular duck.

A Motto Vindicated.

"MR. VERNON HARCOURT, the new Solicitor-General, has received the honour of knighthood."

"SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT observes that," &c.—*Times*, *passim*.

"SIR WILLIAM now, he talks like other folks,"

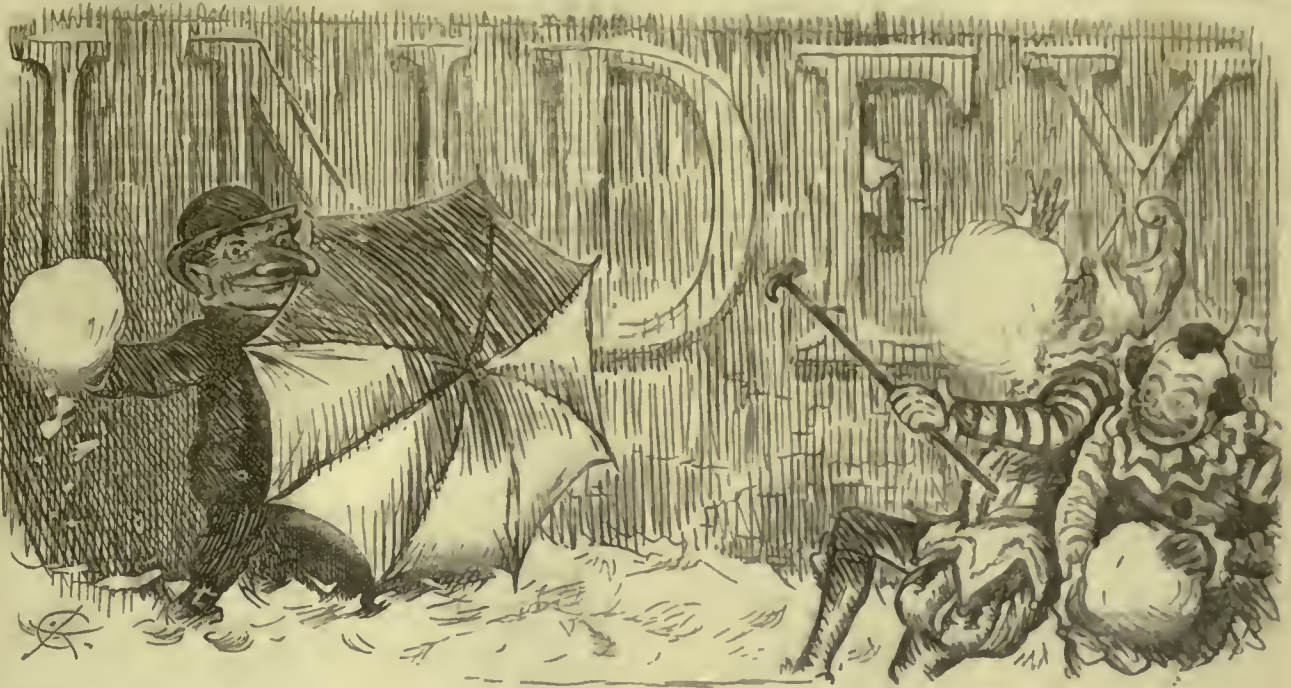
But the prænomen this remark provokes—

Why "WILLIAM," and not "VERNON?" Every fool

His *ver non semper viret* learned at school:

So HARCOURT flourishes, and merit's crowned,

And withering VERNON flutters to the ground.



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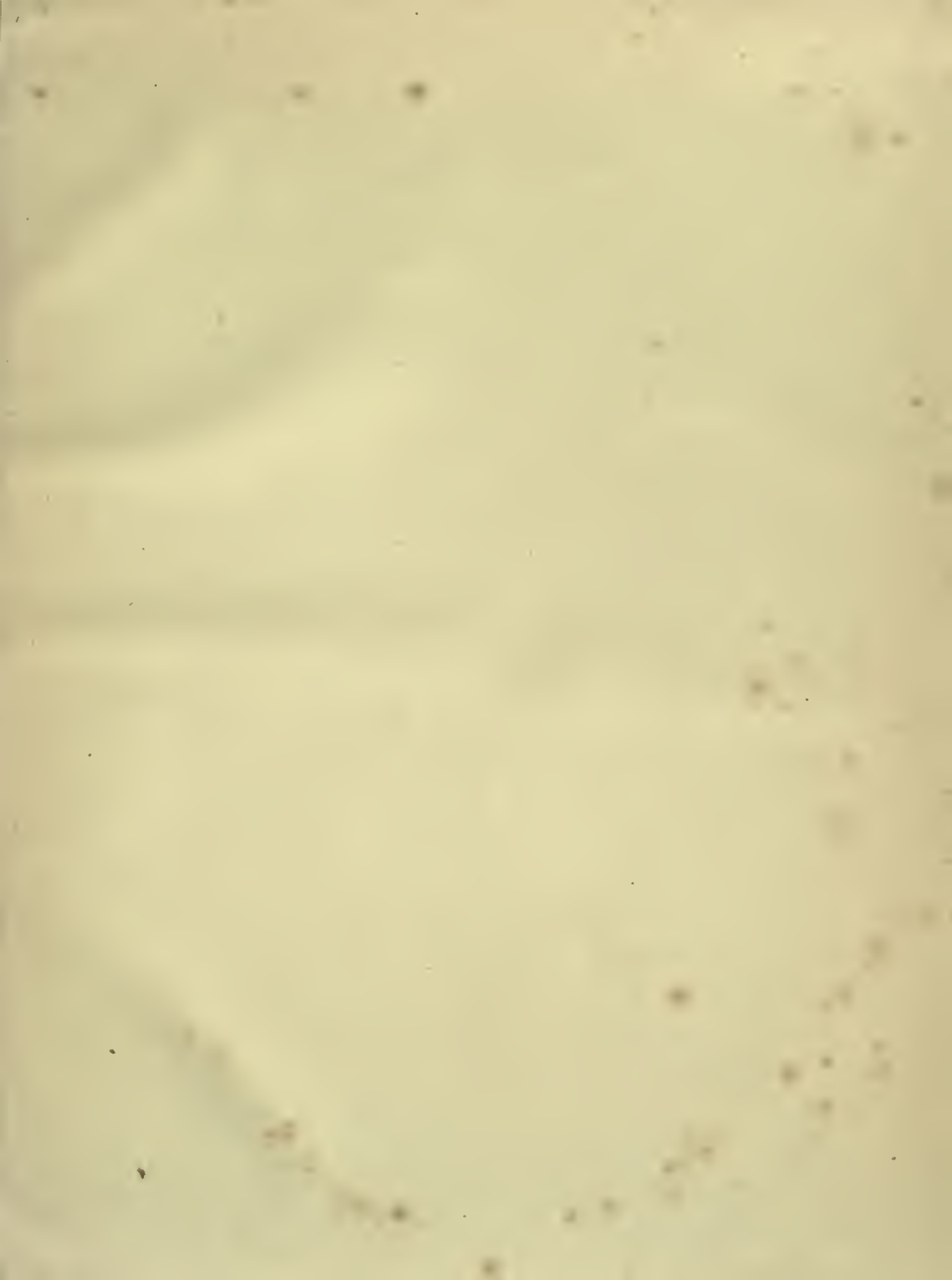
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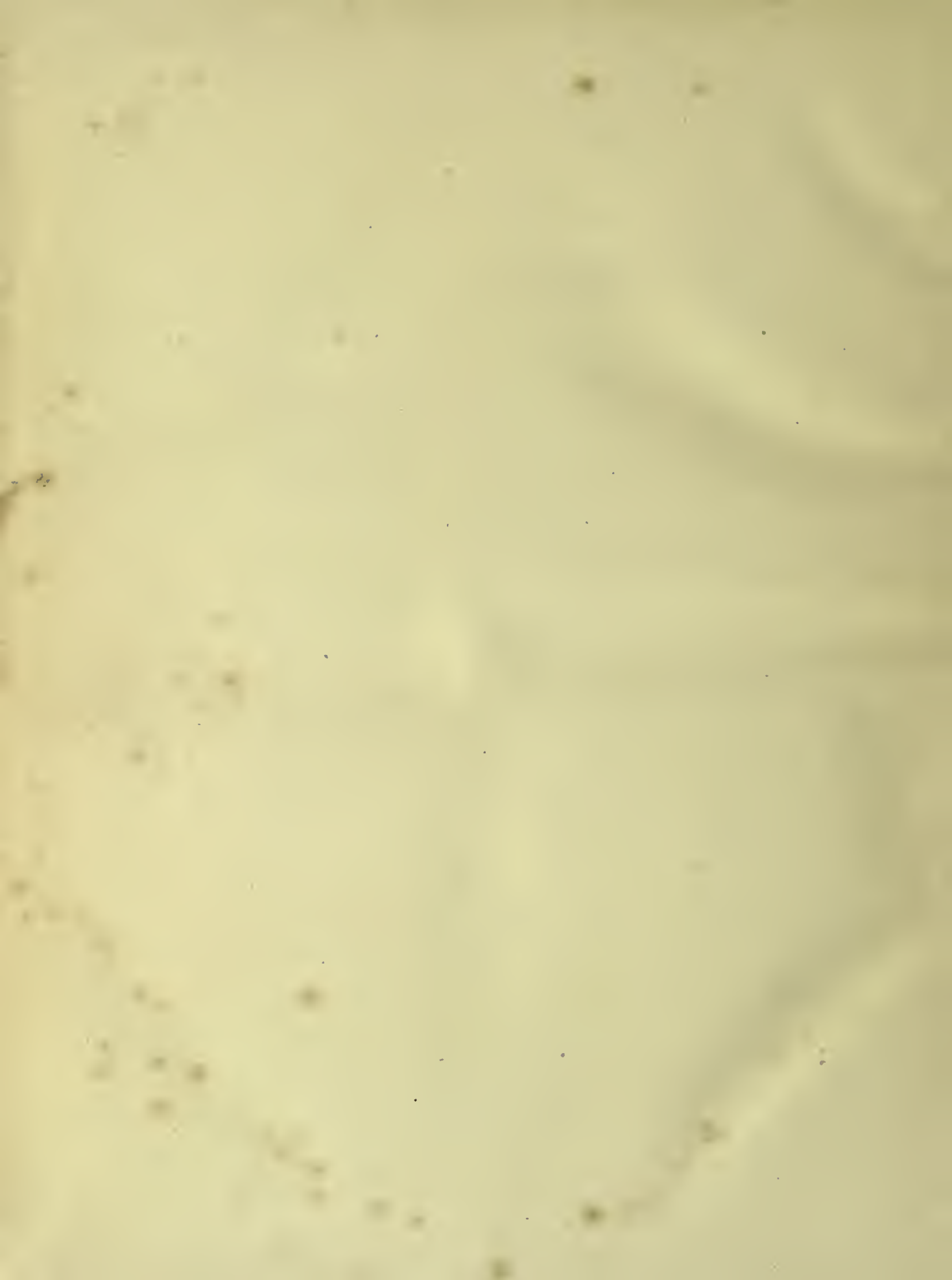
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